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IMPORTER.  
**CHINA HALL.**  
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The Greatest Bear in the Air.  
The Greatest Fish in the Ocean.  
The Greatest Man in the Forest.

IMPORTER.  
**CHINA HALL.**  
GLOVER HARRISON,  
49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

VOLUME XIX. No. 21. TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1882. \$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.

1) Canada first puts in her claim. Hudson Bay Co. vs. The Dominion. 1856.

2) Chief Justice Draper argues the matter in England. Canada's claim under Act of 1774.

3) His official Report. Upper Canada has an undoubted Right to Territory as far west as the line of the Mississippi. 1867.

4) BRIT. NORTH AMERICA ACT. Ontario shall have all the Territory which formerly constituted the Province of Upper Canada. 1867.

5) 1868. WE HEREBY GIVE UP TO CANADA 1,300,000 Square Miles of the N.W. The Hudson Bay Co. admit the claim, argued by Carter and Macdougall.

6) 1872. B. N. A. ACT. Sir John. We will appoint a Commission to settle the boundary as between Ontario and the Dominion - but it must be fixed as I dictate.

7) 1874. CASE FOR ONTARIO. CASE FOR QUEBEC. It is mutually agreed to refer the question to Arbitration.

8) 1878. Unanimous Award of the Arbitrators. Ontario is entitled to 97,000 square miles more than she at present holds. Harrison, Hincks, Theobald. The Result.

9) I will pass a similar Act at Ottawa. ACT TO RATIFY THE AWARDS OF ARBITRATORS. Sir John changes his mind.

10) 1882. DON'T PASS THAT ACT, OR WE GO BACK ON YOU! "Not one foot of land, one stick of timber, or one lump of lead, iron or gold will Ontario get!"

11) THE END (?)

## THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF THE BOUNDARY AWARD.

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**Horticultural Gardens.**

3 GRAND CONCERTS.

**FISK JUBILEE SINGERS**

October 16th, 17th & 18th.

RESERVED SEATS for sale at Nordheimer's on and after Thursday, October 12th.

**BRUCE THE PHOTO?**

1ST GRNT—What find I here Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god Hath come so near creation?

2ND GRNT—It must have been BRUCE, a he alone can so beautifully counterfeit nature.

Studio—118 King st. West.

# RAIL COAL. LOWEST RATES. A. & S. NAIRN Toronto.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH,  
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,  
Manager.

**SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.**—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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

#### Plains 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.**—If the worthy premier of Ontario understood the science of bamboozling the public as well as certain parties we could name, he would not hesitate to act upon our hint—go at once and get a razor and a suit of bishop's canonicals, and proceed to assume an appearance which would insure him success amongst those Catholic voters who couldn't see the difference.

**FIRST PAGE.**—These are the facts as nearly as we can get at them—and they are well worthy the study of the people of Ontario.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—The Government deserve commendation for their action in refusing to allow North-western colonization companies to transfer the settlement duties undertaken in their charters to other shoulders. The immediate effect is the collapse of nearly three hundred of these fraudulent speculating concerns. We sincerely trust this good work will be followed up, and the evils of speculation and monopoly counteracted as much as possible.

#### A CLASSICAL ODE.

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

I.

Oh, what afflictions Mr. Crooks' crochets  
Brought on the hapless people of the Province!  
Publishers, parents, bookstore men and students,  
How they must suffer!

II.

Were I a school-marm, I on Marmion studied;  
Publisher were I, published an edition  
Which students ordered and their parents paid for,  
Gage's or Campbell's.

III.

For the wicd Crooks has suddenly discovered  
Archbishop Lynch first gave him points about it;  
What we thought purest poem of the period  
Is most immoral.

IV.

O most unhappy, miserable creatures!  
Gage's expense who'll recompense, and Campbell's?  
Gage from the fence will get and poll the Tory  
Vote next election.

V.

But the most wretched sequence of it all is  
The dull and spiteful scolding of the Mail man,  
Which neither Crooks nor any one else cares for  
One continental!



The Lingards appeared for the first three evenings of the present week at the Royal, and did a fair business. The present attraction at this house is the McDowell Company. Mr. and Mrs. McDowell are highly popular with Toronto audiences, and in fact throughout the Dominion. After a tour of the Provinces it is their intention to proceed to the West Indies, where on a former occasion they achieved a brilliant success.

"The Lights o' London" is drawing immense audiences at the Grand. The play is a melodrama of the modern school, and depends chiefly for its success on splendid scenery and realistic effects, though it is by no means deficient in plot. The engagement concludes on Saturday night.

All lovers of music, and especially those who have an ear for the quaint melodies of slavery, are promised another opportunity of hearing the famous Jubilee Singers of Nashville, now on their third Canadian tour. The company give three concerts, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, 16th, 17th, and 18th inst., respectively, at the Horticultural Pavilion.

Reeves' American Band, of Providence, R. I., give two more concerts at the Pavilion, to-night and to-morrow night. The feast provided by the managers of these concerts is such that no one who delights in music would willingly miss it. In addition to the band there are no less than seven instrumental soloists of first-rate ability—as well as several popular vocalists.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

Alphonse Daudet, the celebrated French novelist, will contribute to the November *Century* a vivacious and entertaining paper on "Victor Hugo," which it is said will have the double merit of being an intimate portrait of the great poet, with glimpses into his social and literary daily life, and of giving much information about Daudet himself. The writer describes his intellectual indebtedness to Hugo, and explains how his serious studies for his novel, "Kings in Exile," were made in Victor Hugo's drawing-room.

Charles Dudley Warner will discuss in the November *Century* the material and intellectual domination of "England," in which he will give due praise, it is said, to the commanding position of England in the modern world, and undertake to define the elements of English power. He will mingle some sharp criticism with the praise, and have a good deal to say about the relations of England and the United States.

In a profusely illustrated article for the November *Century*, Mrs. Lucy M. Mitchell will tell the story of the "Sculptures of the Great Pergamon Altar," which have been discovered in the last four years. The chief illustration of the paper will be a full-page copy of an ideal bronze head for which the British Museum is said to have paid nearly \$50,000.

"Keep off the grass" is a corporation way of interdicting a certain class of duelling; it forbids the public to cross swards.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

#### MR. MOWAT MUST GO!

GRIP copies the following editorial from the *Mail*. His readers must not suspect him of changing or substituting in the text, that being a thing which GRIP hardly ever does—at least, not more than is fashionable with leading newspapers. And GRIP must keep up with the procession. So he gives the following editorial from the *Mail*:

#### MR. MOWAT MUST GO!

We have previously explained the reasons why he must go; and, moreover, there are other and better reasons which have just occurred to us. They are:

1.—Because he is evidently in league with evil geni—probably diabolic.

2.—This is undoubtedly proved in certain ways.

3.—In this way, that his measures do not show those flaws, weaknesses, and stupidities observable in those proposed by folks on our side, and which, if proposed on his side, would enable a journalist fellow to get a good hit at him.

4.—His diabolic connection is therefore proved in this way:—Our men in the opposition, as we have frequently shown, are first-class men. They commit errors. All men commit errors. In Mowat's governmental career, we can't find much of the sort. But it is there. It must be there. It is the nature of things, upheld on the uncontrovertible basis of the physical foundations, that Mowat commits errors. But we cannot clearly discern what they are. Therefore, he shields himself by supernatural influences—probably infernal—and of course this cannot be permitted, and he MUST GO!

5.—We would respectfully direct the attention of the public to the condition of our own mind. We ask them if it is not plain that we are not in the full possession of our faculties. Our editorials are, we blush to say it, wild. Our readers,—our warmest friends,—observe with pain and frequent comment our injured state. Whence is this? Why, when we would be brilliant, are we muddy?—why, when we wish clever apothegms to pour from our pen do we produce the astonishing platitudes which fill our columns? It is the sorceries of the vile, the little, the tyrannical enchanter Mowat! It is he! HE MUST GO!

6.—He has extended, and does extend, his fiendish influence over our opposition members. As we said, all men commit errors. But let any one notice the state of the Ontario opposition. Is it in the power of the excellent Meredith, the commanding Lauder, the graceful Morris, the arithmetical Creighton, to evince statesmanship? Certainly not. And why? They are all born statesmen. The most clever men—except the Ottawa Government—in the Dominion. Then whence their illogicalities—their failure to overthrow the tyrant Mowat—their weakness in statement and in proof—in attack and in oration? Whence but from the enchanting glamour cast over them, across the House, by the fiendish eye of the wizard Mowat. And shall it be suffered? Never! MR. MOWAT MUST GO.

7. Because the ideas of Mr. Mowat frequently clash with, oppose, and contradict those of Sir John, Sir Charles—no, we mean Sir Charles, Sir John, and Sir Leonard. These three gentlemen are the salt of the earth, the cream of knighthood, the very savor of nobleness and essence of statesmanship. Proof is necessary, but if the vulgar demand proof, it is uncontrovertibly given in the fact that they have made us editor of the *Mail*. And he disagrees with them—disbelieves in them—contradicts them. Now, these gentlemen respectively represent the foundations—the

moral foundations of our constitution—Sir Charles, disinterestedness—Sir John, veracity—Sir Leonard, religion. Mr. Mowat disagrees with them, and is therefore the opposite of all that is noblest in our nature. MR. MOWAT MUST GO!

8.—Finally, and to conclude—he is an obstacle—a stumbling-block—a rock of offence. Get him out of that, and our way—our friends' ways—all our ways—the unalienable Conservative right to hold the purse-strings is open and is clear. Ye gods, what visions fill our eyes and flow from our pen! What glorious spoil in the surplus—five millions of GOLD! O! O! O! How we should roll among it, and fill our pockets and come out, and go in again. (Hi, office boy, run to the tailor—he now mends our work-day pants; tell him to put strong, deep pockets of stout leather, and large, quick!) Yes, and the places! O! the places! And only he is in the way! The Tyrant! the Little Tyrant! We declare, and shall declare in thunder tones, till our voice, rolling sonorously throughout all illimitable space, filling with reverberating resonance the immeasurable caverns of the Vast Unknown, shall oscillate the firm-set universe with one fierce, terrible, all-pervading outpour of sound, declaring to man, to angels, and to infernals, that MR. MOWAT MUST GO!



THE FIRST CUP.

The Shaftesbury Coffee House was opened with great *clat* on Thursday of last week, our popular fellow-citizen, Col. Gzowski, drinking the initial "cup that cheers but not inebriates," ably supported on the occasion by our worthy Mayor and many other notables. It is even rumored that the two gentlemen in the sketch went through the ceremony of "cooking" the coffee as well as drinking it, the stove fixtures having become unmanageable by the regular cooks. GRIP is glad to learn that the new coffee house is likely to be largely patronized, and hopes it may long go on and flourish.

CONUNDRUMS.

Q.—Why is a man going for a glass of whiskey after twelve o'clock at night, like a man going to be hung? A.—Because the bolt is drawn, he gets his drop, and he goes away with bad spirits.

Q.—What is the reason our Volunteers are like old maids? A.—Because they are always ready and never wanted.

Q.—What animal is it that most resembles an ass? A.—Why, a donkey, of course.

The signal service is now ready to announce the approach of cyclones over six hours in advance. This will give the farmer who hears of it time to go and sell his stock and tools and other property to the man who doesn't know what's coming.—*Boston Post*.

THE MURDEROUS MOUSE

(Respectfully dedicated to the Lady Operators in the G. N. W. Tel. Co.'s Toronto Office.)

There was a general stampede among the female operators of the North-Western Telegraph Company the other afternoon, and an unoffending mouse was the cause. One of their number had called on an acquaintance, and taking off her hat laid it on a table. After a rather prolonged stay she picked it up and



adjusting it hurried down to the office. On her way she became aware of an extraordinary sensation inside her hat, but being in an awful hurry she did not linger to investigate, or ascertain what the intruder was. Arrived at the office she removed her head gear when—horror—out leaped a mouse, and scampered along the floor. The other operators at the south end of the room gathered their skirts about them and jumped upon chairs and tables, in fact anywhere where they could escape being eaten alive by the tiny monster. It is even said that one more timid than the others threw open a window and screamed "murder" at the fullest extent of her voice. The interloper after making a couple of circles around the room discovered a way of escape into which it crawled, and the "nasty thing" having made itself scarce, work was resumed.—*Telegram, Oct. 2nd.*

A few brief days ago, sir, right in this very town, A storm began to blow, sir—we thought the wires were down.

Our lady telegraphers sustained an awful fright— Give ear, ye jolly laughers, to story of their plight,

One of their gentle number went visiting a friend Out westward towards the Humber, her spirits to unbend.

So calling on her chum, sir, her hat she gently placed, Nor thought with what a rum circumstance she'd soon be faced.

A mouse upon the hat stand, where lay the beauteous hat, Went down inside its broad band, and there in silence sat.

She reached her visit's tether, and quickly said good-bye; Replaced her hat and feather—oh! mouse, fie! fie! fie! For you are romping round in that unsuspecting hair; Ah! wait till you are found in it; won't the fun be rare?

Now see! the victim finds that there's something wrong above, Yet will not touch that swell hat for money or for love.

But now within the "ops" rooms head-gear goes "right about;" A rush is made for mops, brooms, 'cause why—the mouse is out.

The ladies ceased their "sending," their keys were open left, All biz. abruptly ending; some ten despatches cleft

In twain; so very quickly that in the outer world Thoughts crowded on "ops." thickly—the storm king's flag's unfurled!

But down on old Scott street, sir, no storm was seen at all, But shuffling fast of feet, sir, in old M. T. Co.'s hall.

One damsel jumped upon a chair; she looked with anxious eye, And when the mouse ran 'way from there said, 'how is that for 'hi?'

Another, braver than the rest, just giggled he! he! he! No foolish fears perturbed her breast, and she, of course was "E."

Alas! that it must here be told, one nervous 'gan to cry Out "murder, murder, manifold;" and she is known as "Ki."

And still another gasped for breath and covered up her head, She could but wish poor mouse's death; her "sine?"—well, it is "Ed."

A pretty damsel, too, there stood, who of the "quad" soon knew: 'Twas thought that faint she shortly would; sweet reader, that was (yo) "U!"

Then when the mouse had found a hole, and vanished quite away, One made with pen a handsome scroll and shouted hip—hip—"Ra!"

"Mo." slid down from off her desk, "M. H." heaved such a sigh "N. W." was glad the pesk-y thing no more was nigh.

What of "A. F.?" care she did not for wild beast such as this; The flying mouse her sweet smile got and waved her back a kiss.

A. PLUGGE, O. P. R.

DOOMED TO DIFFER.

A NOVEL OF POLITICS AND PARANOMASIA

CHAP. IV.

'Twas night, and all around was still, And soundless was the scene, When

Nor deemed she of the fearful fate Which might perchance impend.

Treach'rous friend.

—*Squigley's Poems. (School Edition.)*

'Twas after midnight, and the city of Ottawa was wrapped in slumber. Nevertheless a light twinkled in one window of a palatial mansion, where a thin, care-worn looking man of seventy, every lineament of whose features indicated more than Machiavellian astuteness, reclined on a couch. He was



deeply immersed in thought. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, and he started up and seizing a telegraph blank wrote in cypher as follows:—

"DUKE MANCHESTER, London.

"Vxb swldo cy pum 8. tn zchm xb ndku-mil.

"JOHN A. MACDONALD."

The interpretation is as follows:— "You must be one of the Big Eight or I'll bust your Syndicate." "There!" said Sir John, "that'll fix 'em." "Here, boy, take this to the telegraph office."

CHAP. V.

Where'er our fate at length may fall It either comes to one or all.

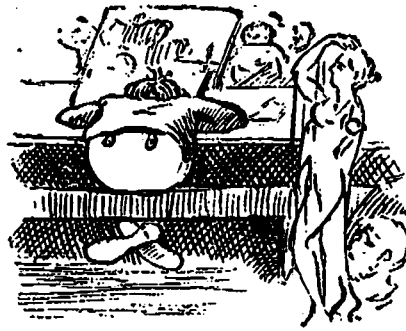
—*Anon.*

Ferdinand B. McIntosh walked on for some miles without meeting anybody in the wilderness, excepting a book-agent and a sewing machine peddler or two—well, say three, just in order to bring the thing within the bounds of probability. The scarcity of taverns had almost induced him to resolve to vote against

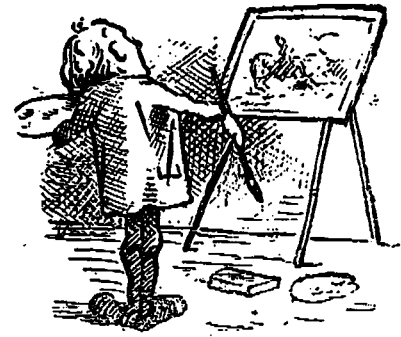
A SAD MISTAKE.



Snobbs believed he was an Artist, e'en from his youth.



He attended the Art School for a few years



At the age of twenty he commenced to paint a Battle Scene, in Oil Colours.



At the age of forty he gave it the finishing touch. "Now," thought he, "I will bring it to the Exhibition, where I can get a good price, and a prize perhaps."



This is the result



He now goes in for a higher style of Art.

the local government, when he reached the Mallory mansion. Offering a copy of the report of the Agricultural Commission which he



had preserved in pay for a night's lodging, he was accommodated.

"What, Ferdinand!" said Eugenia, on seeing the youth on her return from a neighbor's, where she had been to borrow a pan for preserving, "Why, I thought you must have perished."

"Why, no, Eugenia," he said, in the intervals of clasping her to his bosom, "although I must have passed through several parishes—parishes—see?—in the meantime,—in fact a very mean time. Nothing but the soothing reflections excited by the perusal of the report of the Provincial Secretary for 1880-81 sustained me. I wonder if your old man would trade a hat for it as I have lost mine, and he will find the report a mine of statistics for the approaching campaign, which, I need hardly

remark, promises to be an exceedingly close one, and will go far to decide the fate of the local government. Now obviously, a volume like this, neatly bound, very slightly damaged, and replete with the most copious information on a variety of questions in which the public are interested, is one which at a crisis like this in the history of our common country, at a time when the feelings of every patriot are awakened by the importance of the issues presented—"

"Mr. McIntosh," said Eugenia, suddenly tearing herself from his embrace, "I recall my pledge—I can never be yours!"

"But why—what—" he stammered.



"I will never marry a man who has been a book-agent. He is liable at any time to relapse."

And so they parted. Eugenia still leads an existence of blessed singleness, while Mr. McIntosh intends doing some stumping this fall if arrangements are satisfactory, failing which he will travel in the interests of a leading grocery firm.

THE END.

SIR AUGUSTUS FITZBROWN.

Oh! he was a warrior bold,  
A nineteenth century knight;  
And he sighed many sighs  
For the beautiful eyes  
Of his lady so fair and so bright.

His lance was his cane, light but true,  
His air was haughtily meek,  
With a cutaway coat  
And a well hidden throat,  
And clad in invulnerable cheek.

Oh! bravely he entered the lists,  
Where the modern joust is held,  
And he doffed his new helmet  
And he murmured well met,  
As his fair lady-love he beheld.

He threw himself low at her feet,  
He grasped her kid covered hand,  
And he swore, "Lady love,  
By this ten button glove,  
I am thine, ever thine to command!"

Three long weeks have passed since I first  
Met thee my charmer, my queen;  
In thy smile is my life,  
Oh! sweet bird be my wife,  
Ah! such bliss the old world has n'er seen!

The lady lay back in her chair,  
And never a word said she  
Till the bold knight had done,  
When she murmured "What fun!  
And then drew herself up royally.

"Presumptuous youth," she began,  
"Know'st thou that which you would beg,  
On this instant, begone!"  
Then she smothered a yawn,  
And hested to the far Winnipeg.

MORAL.

Oh! harken all gallant young men,  
Who now so anxiously wait,  
Take heed! Swear not your love  
On a ten button glove,  
Nor propose to an heiress au fait

LIMP O' THE LAW.



HOW MOWAT MIGHT INFLUENCE THE CATHOLIC VOTE.  
 GET A RAZOR . . . . . AND . . . . . HAVE A CLEAN SHAVE.

## The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

### THE NEWER ARITHMETIC.

Jones sells his farm for \$3,000, and invests the money in mining stock paying a dividend of sixteen per cent. How long will it take the company to absorb his capital and leave him as flat as a pancake?

A tramp hires out to a farmer for \$14 per month. He gets a boss dinner, works an hour and skips. Counting the dinner worth thirty cents, how much did he make? Counting the three bites he got from the farmer's dog at twenty-five cents each, how much did he lose?

A member of the Common Council promises the appointment of public weigher to seven different men; that of City Hall janitor to eight others; that of wood inspector to six more. How many promises did he make in all, and how many men thirst for his blood?

A druggist mixes two ounces of water and three cents' worth of powder together, and charges fifty-six cents for the prescription. Estimating the water at eighty cents, and his time at twenty, how much does he lose? It's curious, but druggists lose money just that way.

A boy buys a harvest apple for a cent. He gives a boy a taste for a kite worth four cents; another boy a small bite for a marble worth a penny; a third boy a big bite for a jackknife worth six cents, and then has enough left to get up a case of colic worth \$7. How much does he make by the speculation?

A servant girl works in a certain family for three weeks at \$3 per week. She breaks four goblets at twenty-eight cents each, three teacups valued at twenty cents apiece, throws \$1.20 worth of bread and biscuit into the alley, and gets away with half a set of knives and forks costing \$3. How much is the family out of pocket?

A citizen who thinks it would be nice to have fresh eggs every day buys thirteen fowls at sixty cents each; lumber to the amount of \$12; hires a man for \$5 to build a park, and in three months pays out \$4.20 for feed. In the twelve weeks he gets four dozen eggs and loses five hens by death and mysterious disappearance. How much have his eggs cost him per dozen.

A father pays \$200 to educate his daughter in music; \$50 to enable her to say 'good day' in French; \$100 to give her lessons in painting; \$25 to learn her to dance. She then marries a man who is working on a salary of \$14 per week. How much will she save by doing her own kitchen work for five years, estimating a girl's salary at \$2.50 per week?

Two men who regard their sacred honor as at stake go out to fight a duel. One shoots a calf in a field, and the other pops a farmer sitting on a fence, and they shake hands and declare their sacred honors freed from all stains. How much sacred honor does it take to fill a flour-sack, and how long would it take one grass-hopper to eat the whole business up?

Faro is but skin deep.—*N. Y. News.*

It doesn't do to engage a dispute with a chemist, for he always has a retort ready.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*

You know that coffin Sara Bernhardt used to sleep in? Well, she has had rockers put on it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

When did Mrs. George Scoville resemble a well-known insect? When she was a Miss Guiteau.—*Berkwick Gazette.*

A Green Bay, Wis., mother writes: "Are the children of Arabi Bey called Arabi Beibies?"—*New York Telegram.*

The Khedive is essentially a dead issue in Egyptian affairs, and should henceforth be called the cadaver.—*Boston Transcript.*

"That beats Saul," said David, when he took away the old gentleman's spear and cruse of water.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Well, yes, Arabi might go on the stage, and if he does we recommend him to select for his play "The Fool's Revenge."—*Boston Post.*

"Silence that dreadful belle," said Spicer, as the beauty of the hotel howled an operatic air in the parlor.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Scene—A fashionable restaurant not far from Madison Square: "What makes that man smack so?" "Sh! He thinks he's driving horses."

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague had six pianos in the parlour. It is not surprising that her husband applied for a divorce.—*Norristown Herald.*

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

Sir James Alderson, Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, is dead. Bliss, the extraordinary physician of American Presidents, is still alive.—*Picayune.*

Visitor—"Ain't them pretty old ducks for a base ball nine?" Rector—"My dearsir, they're not ball players; it is the theological faculty of my college."—*Puck.*

Jay Gould has invested fifteen million dollars in the name of his wife. This will insure his widow getting a little something, even if the lawyers do get hold of his will.—*Lowell Citizen.*

An exchange contains an article on "Young Women Who Die Early." This frequently occurs; but the cases of old women who die early are very few indeed.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Pa," said a Whitehall Miss, of her parent, "can anything alter any letter in the alphabet?" "Oh, certainly," replied the wretched man, "didn't you ever hear that circumstances can alter K, S, and the poor girl fainted."—*Whitehall Times.*

Hundreds of boys in this town will be pained to learn that a manufactory in Pittsburg is turning glass shingles, which are more pliable and elastic than the pine arrangement. There is nothing but trouble for boys in this world.—*Norristown Herald.*

Sydney Smith said that it is a man's duty to wave off trouble that may come and enjoy himself for the present. Sid didn't stop to consider that the trouble may come in the shape of a sixty-pound bull-dog, which isn't so easy to shake off.—*Boston Post.*

When the small boy in the near West asks his father if he may go to see "Jumbo," the father replies, anxious that his son may see the biggest curiosity, "No, my son, but if you will be a good boy, I'll take you to see the Tariff Commission."—*New Haven Register.*

"Your future husband is very exacting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to a daughter, who was about getting married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding, "these are his last wishes."—*Hartford Times.*

These are the days when the country lad, with a crooked pole, a rusty hook, and a wriggling worm, takes the trout, while the oil broker whoops the limpid stream with a silken line made fast to a split bamboo, and buys his string of "beauties" from the lad at a dollar a dozen.—*Brantford Star.*

The Gothic style of handwriting, now so popular among young ladies, may have its disadvantages. It is said that a young man who recently received a specimen of it could not tell, for the life of him, whether it was "Yes, with pleasure," "No, thank you," or a sketch of a picnic fence.—*Indianapolis Herald.*

"Ah, my boy, there's nothing like married life for genuine happiness!" exclaimed young Benedict, slapping his bachelor friend Bob on the shoulder. "You may like your pipe and your club and your glass; but, as for me, I like my wife and I like our home, and especially I like Quor Tea?" Bob fainted, but, on recovering, he made a note about the tea for future reference.

## RUPTURE CURED.



BY four months' use of Charles Cluthe's Latest Spiral Truss, Patented in U. S. and Canada. FIGURE OF EXCELLENCE: 1st, Weighs only one ounce, 2d, Perfectly ventilated, 3d, air circulates freely under pad, 4d, Constant pressure. In speaking the tongue acts as a valve in the mouth, which causes a corresponding pressure immediately on the hernia. The pad is so perfect that it instantly imitates the motion of the tongue when speaking. 5th, It will give to the slightest motion of the body. It is made of best brass, therefore rusting is impossible. The pad when pressed (as above shown) has a clamping pressure, the same as by placing the hand upon the leg, extending the thumb and drawing together. This truss is the result of a life's study and of twenty years' material experience. Twenty-four thousand adjusted in the last seven years by the inventor. Recommended by leading physicians. I defy the rupture cannot hold with ease. Pain instruments, most improved. A new apparatus for straightening Club Feet, without cutting or spinal. Send 6 ct. stamp for book on Rupture and the Human Frame (registered, by Chas. Cluthe), valuable information. Address: GEAS. CLUTHE, Surgical Mechanic, 115 King Street, West, TORONTO, Ont., and corner Main and Huron Streets, BUFFALO, N. Y.

## EARS FOR THE MILLION!

### Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil

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

This Oil is abstracted from peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as Carcharodon Rondeletii. Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing was discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.00 per bottle.

### Hear what the Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much better. I have been greatly benefited. My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & 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.

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

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

## THE BISHOP AND THE GYPSY.

(A TALE OF THE 19TH CENTURY.)

## I.

At Knock, not long ago,  
A pious bishop said:  
"In noble Toronto—(To-ron-to)  
To miracles we're wed;

"For there they often are  
Quite manifestly seen—  
'Tis not so very far,  
And there I've lately been."

Now, when the news did reach  
This city, fair to see,  
The fathers 'gan to reach  
How well such things might be;

But knew not how to meet  
The rather frequent sneer,  
That Bishop's *sans blas* neat  
Caused often to appear.

And so they cudgelled brains,  
And tried plans to devise;  
Unwonted were the drains  
Upon these men so wise.

They could not well succeed  
In working wonders rare,  
Although they did, indeed,  
Try all means, foul and fair.

## II.

When home the Bishop came,  
To meet him ran his flock:  
"Alas! we're filled with shame  
For what you said at Knock.

"No miracles, we find,  
Are working here about,  
And folks of every kind  
With laughter at us shout;

"For you, they think, have been  
A-stuffing folks at home—  
Folks very fresh and green  
To take such tales of Rome."

"Down on your knees," said he,  
"Until I bid you rise;  
Such words from you to me  
Quite fill me with surprise.

"I brought a bit of lime  
From off the blessed wall,  
And, at this present time,  
I feel no doubt at all

"That you'll be satisfied,  
Within a month or two,  
No range upon my side—  
Yes, every one of you."

"Within that space of time,  
Which soon away will speed,  
The tongues of all will chime:  
'Lo! miracles, indeed.'"

## III.

Unto Toronto city,  
There shortly after came  
A dark-haired stranger, pretty,  
Du Flot they called her name.

With horses gaily prancing,  
With music of brass band,  
Chariot in sunlight glancing,  
She took her James-street stand.

To dulcet strains of music  
She pulled out many a tooth,  
The dentists quickly grew sick  
To see both festive youth

And maid, with molar aching,  
Go rushing to the van,  
Where sat this money-making  
Eke handsome charlatan.

The blind went up most blindly,  
The lame and halt went too;  
They were received most kindly  
And "cured" without ado.

The crutches went a-flying  
Into the gutter then,  
And folk who erst were dying  
Felt good as new again.

She was the great sensation,  
September, '82;  
Beneath her dispensation  
Out the  $\frac{1}{2}$  \$'s flew;

For just as farmer, cunning,  
Doth fence the straw-stack round;  
Aware that, swiftly running,  
He cattle will feel bound

To eat that straw despised,  
Because it's hard to get;  
So Du Flot's mixtures prized—  
The stand by crowds beset.

## IV.

Ye Bishop looks on smiling,  
(Within his palace walls),  
And with a grace beguiling,  
The faithful fathers calls:

"Now wist ye not that wisely  
My time I bided well,  
Knowing the time precisely  
I could your laughter quell?"

"For spake I as a prophet  
In Erin's hallowed land;  
Not at the time I saw fit  
To tell the pilgrim band

"That our Canadian wonders  
Had not yet come to hand;  
I don't own any blinders,  
That you must understand.

"Now you have seen quite plainly,  
In your own city streets,  
The people rush, not vainly,  
To a princess of cheats,

"And come away rejoicing  
That they were cured amain,  
Her praises loudly voicing—  
(They'll ne'er do so again.)

"Not only faithful Roman,  
But Methodists were there,  
And other kinds, so no man  
To scoff need now prepare:

And if the cures by plaster  
From off the walls of Knock  
Don't wear off any faster,  
We need feel no great shock."

## V.

Then out he bowed his retinue,  
His tongue was in his cheek:  
"Alas! your grace, how'tis frettin' you,"  
His *secrtaire* did speak,

"To have to make out reasons plain  
To send the Diocese,  
So as to leave not slightest stain  
Upon your scutcheon's crease."

"Well, truth to say, when I had told  
About our wonders here,  
I felt as one most cheaply sold,  
And rather shook for fear.

"Twas but a *lapsus calamit*,  
Or *lapsus lingua* small,  
But yet compelled you see an I  
It something else to call.

"Ah! in my heart I much do grieve  
That Rome, my mother dear,  
Now teaches people to believe  
Things new with every year.

"Oh! would the day might quickly shine  
In which accretions should  
Be swept from thee, sweet mother mine,  
Leaving but what is good!"

## VI.

Up the street went the fathers true,  
They chuckled merrily;  
"What of His Grace's tact, think you?  
A cute old boy is he."

They did not think of the weight of care  
Which pressed him heavily,  
But each of the chance which he had to wear  
The robes of Toronto's See,

Sept. 7, 1882.

J. A. MEBAG.

JUSTICE—HOW IT OUGHT TO BE DIS-  
PENSED.

SCENE.—Court-house, consisting of a room, desks, table and two or three chairs, etc. Time ten a.m.

Enter Judge—public prosecutor and defender, and Constable "Boozer" (the latter still under the influence of his potations of the previous evening).

JUDGE.—(Taking his seat).—What's the first case on the list?

PUB. PROSECUTOR.—Your Honor, the court is not yet opened.

JUDGE.—Who told you that? It was open when I came in.

P. P.—You misunderstand, I mean that it

has not been formally declared that the Court is in awaiting for the procedure of business.

JUDGE.—Boozer! Open the Court.

(The Court being formally opened)

P. P.—The first case is one of drunkenness, and Constable "Boozer" stands charged with the same.

JUDGE.—Boozer, stand up! Is it true, that you were drunk?

BOOZER.—Very possibly.

JUDGE.—Can you pay \$5?

BOOZER.—No, not even 5 cents. None of the prisoners had any money on them when brought in last night.

JUDGE.—Then hand me your watch.

BOOZER.—I haven't got one, yer Honor.

JUDGE.—What! You haven't got a watch. You can't have been long in the force. Never mind, then, your credit is good at this establishment. The next case, please.

P. P.—The next case, your Honor, is one of embezzlement.

JUDGE.—Boozer, bring up the embezzler—I know her.

(Enter "Boozer," hauling in his char. by the cuff of the neck.)

The P. P. having stated the case,

JUDGE (addressing the prisoner)—I say, boss, are you guilty or not guilty?

PRISONER.—Not guilty, sir.

JUDGE.—Then get out of here at once!

P. P.—Your Honor! That will never do. You must not discharge a prisoner merely on the strength of his plea.

JUDGE.—Dry up, will you. Didn't you hear the sod say he was not guilty?

P. P.—Oh! but they all say that.

JUDGE.—Well! would you have had me call the man a liar, eh? Bring up some of those daring cases of begging and vagrancy.

P. P.—The next case, sir, is one of assault upon the police.

JUDGE.—Boozer! produce the offender.

(Enter Boozer, with a boy of some seven summers.)

JUDGE (to boy)—This is a very serious offence you are charged with. It appears you in company with other desperate-looking rascals, waylaid Constable "Boozer," and inflicted on him serious bodily injuries, by throwing at him rotten eggs, snowballs, and other such dangerous missiles. You are found guilty on the clearest possible testimony, (simply "Boozer's" uncorroborated statement)—the dignity of the law must be upheld. You will be sent to penal servitude for life.

Boy.—Please, sir, it was not—

JUDGE.—You had bet'er hold your tongue or you'll get other six months. Next case. (A "seedy"-looking customer having been placed in the dock.)

P. P.—Your Honor, the prisoner is charged with bigamy. He has thrice been married, his former wife in each case having been then alive.

JUDGE.—You have three wives, eh? have you.

PRISONER.—Yes, yer Honor, and I wish I had not any at all.

JUDGE.—I think you had better make tracks home as soon as possible. It will take all your spare time looking after them, without "loafing" about here. Get out. (To Boozer Boozer, adjourn the Court till I go and get a drink.

(Curtain.)

The "City Idyls" at present appearing in the *Telegram* are likely to convince the public of Canada that they have amongst them a true lyric poet in C. P. Mulvany. In average merit these contributions are far above ordinary newspaper poems, whilst occasionally we get gems that would do no dishonor to Tennyson, and are decidedly better than the Laureate's recent works!



WELL DONE, SIR CHARLEY !

BRINGS DOWN SEVERAL HUNDREDS OF WILD GOOSE COLONIZATION COMPANY'S THE FIRST SHOT.



"Christian Union"—Matrimony.

On dit:—That beer is going to hop up.

A full private—An intoxicated soldier.

"Cod fish bait,"—read Pat, "Niver !  
There's no better fish in the worruld nor cod fish."

We hear of many ladies purchasing a wedding dress, but of very few purchasing a wedding dress.

"Defences of Melbourne are being rapidly pushed forward,"—read Sambo. What dey want wid pushin' dore fences forward ; why didn't dey fix 'em right in de fust place ?

The expression "By the sad sea waves" probably arose from the ocean feeling melancholy over the number of fools gathered together on its shores at the summer watering places.

One day recently, a lady in Lindsay fell down on one of the back streets, showing in consequence thereof about four inches of pink hosiery above the ankle. "That," remarked our Funny Contributor to an onlooker, "is, in the language of the milliner, a lady's fall show."

A member of the police force who played in the lacrosse match last Saturday against the Canadian Bank of Commerce team, says he is satisfied with the triumph of the latter, as policemen are used to the beat, though he thinks they would succeed better at baseball, where their facility with the club would do them service.

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IN NEW YORK

recently Dr. M. Souville, of the Montreal International Throat and Lung Institute, and ex-Aide Surgeon of the French Army, was visited by over 3,000 Physicians and sufferers using his wonderful invention, the Spirometer, for the treatment of Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung diseases. Parties unable to visit his offices can be successfully treated by letter addressd Dr. M. Souville, ex-Aide Surgeon of the French Army, 13 Phillips Square, Montreal, or 173 Church street, Toronto, offices for Canada, where French and English specialists are always in charge. Full particulars free on receipt of stamp. Physicians and Sufferers can try it free at the offices.

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