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IMPORTER.



CHINA HALL.

GLOVER HARRISON,

49 KING ST. E., Toronto




The Gravel Bear is the Ass.

The Gravel Bird is the Owl.

The Gravel Man is the Fool.

The Gravel Fish is the Quill.

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VOLUME XX. No. 2. TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1882. \$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.

EDUC. DEPT.
 "Marmion" having been found distasteful to the R. C. Church, we hereby adopt Goldsmith's "TRAVELLER" as an optional alternative.
 37.
 A CROOKS



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BRUCE THE PHOTO.

1ST GENT—What find I here
 Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god Hath come so near creation?
 2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, a he alone car so beautifully counterfeit nature.
 STUDIO—118 King st. West.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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

Please Observe.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTICLES HELD OVER.—Lucy and Maria; Gold and Gore; A Disagreeable Paper; De Principle Devolved; The Coalition; A Few Remarks; The Red, White and Blue.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The other day, Sir John received a manifesto from the Conservatives of Southern Manitoba, warning him that unless the policy of disallowance were reversed the success of his party in that section would be doubtful, if not impossible. To this Sir John replied to the effect that disallowance is the only course open to the Federal authorities, but that so far as the Manitobans are concerned, "All that is required is a little Patience." Our cartoon is an interpretation of this, which we feel sure will meet the unanimous approval of the people of that Province.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Crooks appears to have blundered again. Goldsmith's "Traveller," which was placed on the list of school text books as an alternative to "Marmion," is now discovered to contain allusions to the Church of Rome almost as uncomplimentary as anything in Sir Walter Scott's poem; and is accordingly being denounced by outraged Catholics. It only remains for the Archbishop to call the bungling Minister of Education to "book," and have the "Traveller" put aside with "Marmion." Wouldn't it be well for the Archbishop to superintend the matter himself? Otherwise Mr. Crooks will be sure to adopt Bunyan's "Pilgrim" next.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is announced in Government organs that Sir John proposes a change in our license law, whereby the license is to be given to the house instead of to the occupant. This, it is claimed, will be a move in the direction of curtailment of the traffic. It appears to us a move in exactly the opposite direction; indeed, nothing could be devised more favorable to perpetual whiskey than to establish vested rights in licences. We hope

our people are not so far gone as to be willing to retrograde in this way. Meantime, we wonder what that grand old teetotaler, Sir Leonard, thinks of this proposition.



The great German comedian, Charles F. Gardner, begins a week's engagement on Monday at the Royal Opera House in his successful drama, "Karl." Mr. Gardner has a reputation for ability equal to that of Joe K. Emmet, and those who go to witness his "Karl" will undoubtedly spend a very pleasant evening.

Lose no time in securing your seats for the Damrosch Orchestra Concerts on the 1st and 2nd of December. The chances are that the Pavilion will be packed, as it certainly ought to be.

Our contemporary, the Yorkville News, appears to have fallen at last into enterprising and able hands. The appearance of the paper indicates renewed vigor, although the News has for some time been a credit to our Northern suburb. We understand that Dr. Mulvany still retains the editorship, and backed as he now evidently is by a pushing publisher, we predict for the paper a great increase in circulation and influence.

SELECTIONS FROM THE STANDARD POETS.

YE WEDDER PROPHETES.

Now cometh winter dreere, wi' ice, wi' snowe,
And ye reddie breisted robin lyeth lowe;
Ye fowles and bestes putteth onne newe cotes;
Vennoore perturbed is, and Moses Otes
Now hangeth upp his fiddel in ye Globe.
Astrologie is notte ene payninge jobbe,
Necromancie he now esteemeeth badde,
Ne gold, ne silver to be hadde.
'Vclept is he ane fallse profete,
Cold snow falleth when he declareth wette.
Anon ye villiene Vennoore saithe snowe
Wi' Norden wedder cold—and lo!
It raineth softlie at ye selfe sa... e tyme!
Or, mayhap, coudelisse bee and wander fyne;
Gad! Zounds! ye yeoman is butre led astray;
He knoweth notte ye tyme to cutte his haye.
Ye vassals saye, "I would be fair curtesie
To hangge both prophetes to aneappel tree."
—Chaucer.

YE FAYRE LADIE.

Within ye turret walles ye fayre ladie
Sits mournfullie alone—Her cunninge handes
Seeke to bynde uppe her hayre that floweth free,
And twisteth the ringlettes into classick bandes.
Her backke hayre now she parteth skillfullie,
The goldenne tresses deftly putteth inne
Her sweete young mouth; but she weepeth bitterlie—
She cannot fynde ye long-sought brass hayre pinne!
—Spencer.

POLITICS.

Sir John—Marry, I... thee good Ned these hands are clean. Aye, marry, cleaner than thine or any of thy Jack Cade following. Beshrew me, Master Edward, these be strange times, when steel rail and harbor jobs are sneezed at while honest men get naught but words of contumely. Go to—
Master Edward d—Go to thyself, Sir John, thou'rt but a trixer at best; and when thou say'st that *we* have acted knavishly, by Saint Boniface, thou lyest in thy tee! h!
Sir John—What a lie! Impudent Springald! Gad, zooks! I'll cut thy comb for thee. By the Great Harry another word an' I draw!
Master Edward—Nay, nay, Sir John, I did but jest. I prythee do not draw. (Aside) By the Holy Grail, he hath drawn enough already.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

BOUNDARY LINES.

Lord Oliver—What ho! what ho without! Hallo, the Guard!
Oh, what a life this is on tented plain
To toss and tumble till the lazy sun
Doth condescend to rise and chase away
The dread Muskeeter—(Enter guard.)
Guard—My lord, what would ye?
Lord O.—Rest, good soldier, which I cannot get,
The black flies bite, the "bull-dog" buzzeth round,
More dang'rous than the fabled dogs of war;
The hooting owl doth through the hours complain;
I would that he would "mope" like owl of Gray,
But he is no such bird—"To-whit-to-who!"
He shouteth loud as rustic politician
Shouts on the stump for noble Granger ears,
Is Sir John yet in sight?
Guard—Not yet, my lord.
(Enter Fraser, Crooks, Hardy, Pardee and Woods.)
Lord O.—What news, good gentlemen, how fare ye all?
Will ye have Appoinaris?
All—Aye, my lord. Here's luck!
Hardy—My lord, a scout has just come from the East,
And tells me that Sir John's not left the Capital;
He deems the Bound'ry question of no moment;
He says he'll leave us to our noble selves,
And flies and things, which he doth call his allies,
And rolled his head and laughed as is his wont.
Now, craving your most noble lordship's pardon,
I think we'd better summon in our forces
And make a bee-line for Ont-ary-ry-O!
Lord O.—What say ye, gentlemen?
All—Keerect! Keerect!
Lord O.—Then let us go whilet ye the weather's fine,
The deuce can take the beastly bound'ry line.
—Shakespeare.

MONOPOLIES.

When monied chiefs wi' siller bags
Buy up our country's bras and crags,
An' leave our guid folk claited in rags,
Like ony thief,
They'll bring our land, Ah, wae is me!
Wi' cringin' face an' bowed knee,
Before their graun' monopolie
An' Tory Chief!
Whiles I have thocht it o'er and o'er,
We a' maun beg frae door ta door,
Or damp the fields wi' bluidy gore,
An' sack each toon!

For we maun rise like Bruce's sons,
And hoot aw' the sons of guns,
White aye our veins wi' Scott's bluid runs,
Hech Gordy Burns!
—Burns.

MINSTRELS.

The act was long, the house was cold,
The Minstrel's jokes were stale and old;
Methought the stories told by "Bones"
Had long been sent to Davy Jones.
Jests that have many seasons seen,
Were told again by "Tamborine."
The Middle-man doth still unfold
His stupid questions; Oh, so old!
The banjo player's silly rhymes
Bring memories of olden times;
The old tin horn's discordant blast
Awakens echoes of the past.
And yet Toronto's people go
In crowds to see the "nigger show";
But oft this prayer my lips has passed,
"I would these minstrels were the last."
—Walter Marmion Scott.

TEMPERANCE ACTS.

A little whiskey is a dang'rous thing!
Drink deep and praps you'll find yourself next Spring,
When snowy daisies are the meads upon,
In Castle Green beyond the flowing Don.
Or 'cross the bourne beneath the weeds and ferns,
(That bourne from whence no traveller returns).
—Pope.

SOLITUDE.

I'm monarch of all I survey;
My rights there are none to dispute,
But I find that my farm doesn't pay,
And shortly straight homeward I'll scoot.
Assinaboine where are thy charms
That seemed to enrapture the "Dook"?
He can have all my share of the farms
That border that blizzardy brook!
—Cowper.

HEARTLESSNESS.

He took her up tenderly,
Then ran her in;
She on a tender lay,
Smelling of gin.
Taws off her officer,
Hard-hearted cop!
You're not the boss of her.
There let her stop.
Tom Hood.



ONE FROM THE SHOULDER.
SCENE—Central Prison Bible Class.

Member of Clerical Association.—What is it that the Lord cannot look upon but with abhorrence?

Bill Sykes.—The conceit and presumption of a "Christian" who refuses to act with the "Ministerial Association" because he regards them as "dissenters."

[Class promptly dismissed; clericus retires.]

THE ABOLITION OF PUNISHMENT.

LECTURE BY PROF. JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL WASHINGTON.



LADIES AND GEN'LEMEN,— I've gwine to expositilate faw a few momints dis ob'nin on de subjick ob de ablushun ob punishmint. Dere is seh'ral flofshahs dat wants to de-bolish wot are commonly called capital punishmint, aw, puttin' a man to def, 'cawdin' to law, faw murdah. Well, Ladies an' Gen'lemen, I jist carrys out dare views. I holds dat if a prinsipi are good, den we shoold push it ahead as far as we kin. Dis are an age ob libetty ob 'pinion. I'tought are adwansin'. We is no longah in de chains an' de slabery ob bygone days, ashooah you.

Befo' takin' up my subjick, 'low me to make a rema'k on de expre hun "capital punishmint." De wud "capital," means "fust rate," aw "werry good," as wen we says "a capital joke," aw "a capital song." Well den, to call puttin' a man to def "capital punishmint," are indeed a capital joke. Yah, yah, yah. But to pursue.

It are sed dat de murd'rah are insane, an', derfaw, not 'sponsibil, an' derfaw, he oughtn't ter be killed. But eb'ry man dat breaks de laws are insane. None but a crazy man wood break dem. Faw instins, dere are Bill Jones dat so offen gits drunk, and are gilty ob ri'tus conduct, (de effects ob old rye, yah, yah, yah,) an' beets his wife. Dere kin be no dou't dat he are sufferin' frum mental operashun—as de doctahs calls it. His bruddah's wife's uncle take fits sometimes. Den dare's Sam Patch dat got tree monse in jail faw robbin' a hen roost. One ob his grandfaddahs used to go 'bout wit a shoe on one foot, an' a boot on tuddah, de snout ob his cap on de back of his head, and de bowl ob his pipe turned down. Den dere's Pete Brown dat got five yahs in de 'tenshary faw housebreakin'. His wife's cousin offen giggles at nuffin. Yes,

Ladies an' Gen'lemen, I holds dat de man dat break de laws are insame, and, derfaw, it wud be unjust, croocel, outrajus, to punish him. He must be kindly delt wit.

It are sed dat some has bin exekewted dat wos in'sint. Some in'sint pussons has bin imprisoned faw life. My faddah an' muddah has sometimes spanked me faw doin' wot I didn't do. Now, 'spose an in'sint pusson has bin imprisoned, ken his lost time be bro't back? It kant be done, nohow. 'Spose an in'sint pusson hab bin flogged. Kin his bodily sufrins be made a ting dat nebbah happened? It kant be done, nohow. 'Spose an in'sint pusson hab bin fined, dare are de fack ob de sufrins ob his mind at partin' wit his money dat kant be remobed, no how.

It are sed dat capital punishment are agin de scripshaws which bids us lub one anuddah. Well, do we lub a pusson if we cage him up like a tigah, whip him like a dog, an' fine him? Are dat returnin' good for eb'il, an' doin' to uddahs as we would like dem to do to us? I'se won dat kant see dat it are.

Eb'ry pusson hab a right to life, libetty, and de pursoot ob happiness,—as de Dicklarashun ob Independence says. Now, jist look at de last ob dese. If we shut a pusson up in prison he kant sit in de cornah grocery takin' a leetle ob suffin, smokin' his pipe, an' spoutin' pollyticks, he kant go to hoss races, aw do sich like tings. How den kin he be happy? 'Spose dat one ob de fair seck are shut up in prison, she kant go to kwiltin bees and help to rip up her naybah's karacktahs in gossip. A women compelled to hold her tongue! I 'peel to yooaw feelins, ladies, if dat aren't de werry height ob croocety. Yah, yah, yah. How kin a pusson be happy dat's trimmed wit de cat o'nine tails, de rawhide, de tawse, aw de strap? How kin a pusson be happy dat's fined? faw taint de Scotch fo'ks alone dat likes de bawbees. Yah, yah, yah.

Ladies an' Gen'lemen, away I say wit de gallows, chains, bolts cats o'nine tails, rawhides, tawse, fines an' sich like tings! Let dem go down to obliibium as de relics ob de ages ob bobberism. I adwokates de reign ob lub. Ise a great admirah ob maw'l swazhun. I holds dat de fit an' propah pussons to gubbern de wuld is not sich as de ca'pentah, de black-smit, de ropemaker, an' de fannah, but sich as de shugah makah, an' de konfeekshunah. Tankin' you faw de onah witch you has put on dese few progressicashuns, I now bid you adoo.

ODE TO JACK FROST.

Jack Frost! it seems to me at last you've come
To stay the season!
Our feet and hands grow very cold and numb—
We're almost freezin'.

Your icy breath invades each squalid garret;
As cold as death you strut about and "star it"
Like Larry Barret.
In "Marble Heart." Your heart is quite as cold
As Lady Dedlock's down in Chesney wold,
And yet we'll be, through the long winter, bossed
By thee,
Jack Frost.

Jack Frost, you hoary-headed-varlet!
You're rightly blamed
For painting ladies' noses a bright scarlet!
A'int you ashamed?
Your ice-clad trottoirs keep the people slipping,
And "down" the damsel as along she's tripping,
"The keen air nipping"
Her little cars—and praps she sprains her ankle.
'Tis then, Oh, Jack! in her young breast doth/frankle
A hatred keen, a being so rudely tossed,—
Oh mean
Jack Frost!

But still old Jack, let's not be very
Hard upon you.
With lots of snow you're oftimes merry!
En grande tenue
We drive with merry maids in sleighs and cutters,
With wolf or buffalo robes, and no one mutters,
Or one word utters
Against thee, Jack, while pallid Luna brightens
The well-trod track, and snow the bare field whitens,
We shout with joy! our hate for thee is lost,
Good boy!
Jack Frost!



PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED TORNTONIANS.

Not by FRANK MILES.

I. MRS. SLAMMOCKIN THE BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER.

We have selected this lady to fill the honored position of first in our gallery of distinguished personages, because of the awful grandeur of her ancestors and past associations, and the severe, though unquestionable respectability of her contemporaneous relatives. That these latter have never been beheld by mortal eye, is a curious instance of the irony of fate, and a fine opportunity for the recipients of Mrs. Slammockin's confidences to practise the virtue of faith, in the evidence of things not seen.

Mrs. Slammockin was born (by her own account, than which none of course can be more reliable) in the year 1854. Her daughter, a dashing young lady of nineteen, is frequently heard to corroborate this fact. She (Mrs. S.) was the daughter of people who kept their "carriage," her father being worth "thousands! my dear! thousands!" At the age of seventeen she married algenteleman of independent property, but who, by his wife's account, was the "worst man breathin'." He "fooled away all his property and hers," so that she was obliged to keep a boarding-house to put bread in poor Georgina's mouth, for no other reason would she so "bemean herself."

For a woman so well acquainted with all the luxuries and delicacies of a refined life, we must own that Mrs. Slammockin's mode of housekeeping is peculiar. For a long time after our arrival in this country (as long in fact as we continued to depend on that lady's charity), we labored under the delusion that Canadian meat was invariably tough, tasteless, and stringy. Mrs. Slammockin "always purchased the best meat," we shuddered to think what the worst must be. Mrs. S. invariably keeps a "gal;" said "gal" the terror of the boarder's lives. Whether she ever washes face, hands, or apron is one of the questions that can only be decided at the day of doom. Certain it is, that if ever she makes so great a mistake as to perform her ablutions in a fit of absence of mind, promptly, and at once, must she rectify it, by flying to her friend the kettle and lovingly clasping it in her arms. She leaves an imprint of her fingers on all the plates and most of the dishes, and in her hurry to serve the gentlemen boarders, for whom she has such an affection, she generally falls over a hole in the carpet and upsets the contents of the plate into the would-be diner's lap.

Mrs. Slammockin also keeps a cat, and when

we have said this we have told a volume. It is a large bony animal of hungry mien, and much given to the evil habit of exercising its abnormally lengthy claws upon the boarders' ankles. Long and loud are its execrations (and those it causes) in the silence of the night. From attic to cellar, and from cellar back to attic, it wanders alone, raising its voice the while in long and mournful cries from midnight to dewy morn.

Most cats have nine lives, but this one has ninety-nine. Its acquaintance with the substances of which the bed of the river Don is composed, must be deeper than the river itself, judging from the number of times it has been sent to study geology there. Thrice has it been banded; once was it stoned; ninety-nine times a day is it sent to perdition; but all without effect; and once a month it presents the world with a batch of kittens as detestable as itself.

Mrs. Slammockin has a large share of that wonderful tenderness for all living creatures, that is at once the delight and the charm of her sex. In each of the bedrooms, in addition to the regular inmates, she boards and lodges a prolific and highly miscellaneous collection of bugs, fleas, and cockroaches. The lodging of the latter is on the cold ground, but occasionally they are found to prefer the warmth of the bed. The two former species are always provided with lodging in the bed, and are boarded by the charity of Mrs. Slammockin off her human boarder's blood. Thus by an ingenious circular arrangement, the beefsteak and apple pie provided for boarders at \$4 per week passed on to these secondary boarders through the exercise of the charity that suffer-eth long and is kind.

Another beautiful and touching trait in the character of Mrs. Slammockin is the simplicity with which, in her guileless innocence, she has allowed former generations of depraved and worthless boarders to cheat her out of her just rights. But, "she never will do it again, never! no never!" And so far as our acquaintance with her reaches she adheres to her resolution. The eagle eye with which she spots the unfortunate dry goods salesman, who is sneaking out of the back door with his week's wage in his pocket; the sharpness with which she cross questions the luckless youth, who wishes to buy "a seventeen dollar suit" this week, and will pay up on Wednesday; the stern and unflinching firmness with which she lays bare the wiles of the arch-deceiver whose "governor has not stumped up this week" are a wonderful instance of the ease with which a too confiding nature can be transformed into one of stern and unflinching determination.

Our readers must be singularly deficient in perspicacity if they have not long since discovered that Mrs. Slammockin is nothing, if not religious. She believes in the religion that helps its fellow creatures when in need, and says nothing about it; not in that which is always preaching. "As for them canting, psalm-singing, go to church hypocrites, who spend one half of their time in praying, and the other in reviling their fellow creatures behind their backs, she hasn't common patience with them." And indeed there are a good many other people with whom Mrs. Slammockin has not either common or uncommon patience, if her own remarks and conduct at different times are to be believed. One of her boarders has been cruel enough to enquire whether Mrs. S. has ever been known to have patience with anyone or anything. Even the daughter of her affection, the beloved and cherished Georgina, comes in more often than occasionally for a taste of her mother's tongue. From early morn to dewy eve Mrs. S. may be heard (by those who care to listen and those who don't), raised in reproach, in correction, and in proof to the "gal," to the

daughter, to the ubiquitous cat, and occasionally to those boarders who neglect to tidy their rooms, or had the hardihood to request that it may be done for them.

"Do you think," we heard her asking one day of a green youth of the calicospecies, "that me an' my gal has nothin' to do all day but to keep this pig-sty of a place in decent order. Aint it enough if we make your bed and empty your slops every day, and sweep once a fortnight. It ought ter be. An' here you come into the house, a shovin' and a pushin' as if you was a lord; and askin' to have yer room swept oftener, and you only a payin' me three dollars a week, and that not reg'lar. An' I tell you what, the sooner you take your hook the better I shall be pleased. Suit yourself and you'll soot me." With which expression of her just contempt for a youth so utterly lost to all principle as to require his room swept once a week, Mrs. S. flounced out of the room and into her private chamber, where good reader, with your permission we will leave her. Should anyone desire her further acquaintance, or covet the luxury of good board at her liberal table, we recommend them to call at 223 Virago St. where they will no doubt be accommodated.

J. E. DOWNES.



THE WORKINGMAN'S CHANCE.

SCENE—A gentleman's house.

Tom Plane.—Jack, how long do you s'pose it will be before you or me owns a library like this?

Jack Square.—Not long. I expect to have something finer than this early in the new year.

Tom.—Nonsense! What do you mean?

Jack.—I mean that I'm going to vote for the Free Public Library at the same time that I mark my ballot for John Taylor as Alderman.

"Why, your hands are quite cold," said the editor's wife, as she helped him off with his great coat. "It shows a warm heart."

"Does it?" asked the editor, who had a practical mind, and was not addicted to the sentimentally imaginative. "I thought it showed a poor circulation." "Now, Harry," she exclaimed, angrily knitting her brow, "I wish you would leave your horrid newspaper affairs in the office when y come away!"

A FEW REMARKS.

"My dear young lady," said the professor, "It is foolish of you to spend the best years of your life at college. Why not cease from study and engage in flirting, which is the natural pastime of your age and sex. Consider a moment; you will be over twenty when you graduate." "My dear professor," replied the wise virgin, "I care not for pastime, I have considered several moments, and the pleasure of graduating is the only thing that will reconcile me to being over twenty."

They say that the worst conundrum ever invented is this: "Why is the Shah of Persia like the Shah of Persia?" and the answer is: "Because he is the Shah of Persia." But, dear me! many's the time I have made a worse conundrum than that, and never thought anything of it. This, for instance: What would woman do without pins? Now, it's no use for some of you to say you don't know, and for others to exclaim, "Why, do without them, of course!" because neither solution is correct. The right answer (more shame to her) is: She begins right away to blame her poor, unhappy, hard-working husband for money to buy some with.

To thee I long to flee,
Fair Amelia!
To thee I bend the knee
Rare Ophelia!
Oh pity—pity me,
In my love agony,
Sweetest Celia!
For dearest my life must be
Until I hear from thee
My own Lelia!
Unless thy form I see,
Darling Delia!

Poor young Geoffrey Lushington gave his foot a turn right in front of the Ardory mansion, and Seraphina Ardory has been caring for him during his long and painful illness. She feels quite like the heroine of a novel, having this fallen hero in charge. The other morning she brought him up a plate of gruel. He couldn't eat it, and, not wishing to hurt her feelings by leaving it, in the wildness of delirium he scraped the greater part of it down a convenient hole in the floor, which happened to be a vacant stove-pipe hole, directly over the family breakfast table. Seraphina was much surprised to see a great slab of cold porridge splash down on her plate, and the rest of the family politely concealed their smiles in their napkins. The young lady came up stairs to inquire into the cause of the phenomenon, and the suffering invalid feebly indicated the empty plate. "Why, I'm afraid I didn't bring you up enough," she said regretfully. "Oh, plenty," was the reply. "There was enough for two." "Well, I wish," said Seraphina, in her kindest tones, "that in future you would save my share until I come up for it, as I am not accustomed to receive visible blessings from on high."

"But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie, When you and I were young."

Now this must mean one of two things: either the old man was so blind that he could no longer recognize his wife, and took some young girl for her, in which case the poem is entirely unfit to be used as a text-book in our schools, or else the old lady was an uncommonly homely specimen of girlhood when she was young.

"Nelly dear," whispered the heartless deceiver, bending over the latest object of his affection, "I feel that I have wasted the best years of my life in sipping sweets from flower to flower, but now, if I should ask you, the loveliest flower of all, to bloom alone for me, would you listen to me?" "Would I?" she answered, with softly kindling eyes, "would I? I'd jump at the chance—of saying No to you."

"The autonomy of every Province,
 the independence of every Province,
 the independence of every Legisla-
 ture should be protected, unless
 there is a Constitutional reason
 against it. The Government
 here are not to set up their
 opinion against the Opinion
 of the Local Government or
 Local Legislature.

Sir John A. Macdonald
 H. of Commons
 Apl. 14. 1882



ALL THAT IS REQUIRED IS A LITTLE "PATIENCE!"

—Sir John's Letter to Emerson Conservatives.

Bunthorne (Norquay)—I'll meet this fellow on his own ground, and beat him at it.
 Lady Jane (Manitoba)—You shall; and I will help you! Sing, "Hey, to you—good day to you," and that's what you shall say!

Both—SING—Boo to you—poooh pooh to you!
 SING—Bah to you—ha! ha! to you!
 SING—Hey to you—good day to you!
 And that's what I shall say.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

AMERICAN FABLES.

A Peasant took great pains to sharpen up his knife in anticipation of an opportunity to strike down a Doe which came every day to drink at a certain spring. As he crept through the Forest the Knife was accidentally thrust into his own leg. Dancing around with the pain, and angered at the sight of blood, the Peasant cried out:

"Base ingrate! You have stabbed me?"
"It is true that you have been stabbed," replied the Knife, "but had you not sharpened me for the purpose of drawing blood this would not have happened."

MORAL.

Lies and scandals sent out of the kitchen may come back home through the front door.

THE GOOSE AND THE HARE.

A Hare, which was running away from pursuit, came to a stream, and was hesitating about making the plunge, when a Goose alighted near him, and inquired:

"Pray, what is the matter, to put you in such a tremble?"

"I am pursued by the dogs!"

"Oh, that's it? Well, the dogs won't touch me."

"But they will soon devour my meat unless I cross the stream. Please give me a lift on your back."

"You should have been born with less legs and more wings," chuckled the goose, and she flew away and left the Hare to get across as best he could:

A few days subsequently, the Hare was crossing a meadow, when the Goose came running and fluttering and cried out:

"For mercy sake! aid me to escape!"

"What's the trouble with you?"

"I am pursued by a man who seeks my quills and feathers, and unless you help me away I am doomed."

"Oh, that's it? Well, I have no quills or feathers to lose!"

"But you will help me to get away?"

"You should have been born with less wings and more legs," replied the Hare, and off he galloped.

MORAL.

It's a long lane that has no turn.

MRS. LANGTRY.

Mrs. Langtry is still a topic all over town, though chiefly above Madison Square. Some of the critics say very cruel things about her "Rosalind; but so long as the crowd keeps on rushing to see her she probably won't care. This reminds me, by the way, of a Jersey man who came to town the other day to have a look at her. He had heard that she was from Jersey, and he felt that every Jersey man should do his duty. After enjoying a fifteen-cent restaurant dinner he asked for a three-cent cigar and said to the man at the desk:

"Been to see that 'ere han'some Jersey woman yet, Cap'n?"

"What Jersey woman?"

"Sho! I guess ye know. Ther ain't so many of 'em that's beauties. Lemme see, what's her name? Bangtree, or sunthin like that."

"Oh, Mrs. Langtry."

"That's it, Whar kin I see her, Cap'n?"

"At Wallack's."

"How much does it cost t'git in?"

"Oh, not much; a dollar."

The Jersey man fell back, but edged up again and said:

"That's purty steep, by gosh: ain't ther no way cheaper'n that?"

A brilliant idea struck the man at the desk, and he promptly gave the member from Jersey the benefit.

"Yes," he said, "you can get a good look for twenty-five cents."

"That's my figger, old man. Whar?"

"At Bunnell's musetum, on Broadway."

"What's she doin' thar, though?"

"Why, haven't you heard of the Congress of Beauty? All the handsome women in New York are there, showing off for a prize of \$200. If you hurry up you'll see Mrs. Langtry before she leaves to get ready for Wallack's in the evening."

"By gum, I'll do it. Twenty-five cents. Much obleeged, Cap'n; gimme another o' them segars."

He turned up in the same place for supper, and resumed the subject. "Well, she is a beauty, an' no mistake. Gosh! but I didn't think they turned out anny women so han'some as that over in Jersey. No, sir."

"You saw her, then?"

"Saw her? Cap'n, when I invest twenty-five cents I want the goods for my money. Yes, I saw her. I had to poke roun' some time fust, but arter a while I asked a young feller which was Mrs. Langtry, an' he pinte her out. He was so plite that I asked his name, 'n he said he was Hoss-car Wilde. Yes, indeed, she's a beauteous beauty, dead sure. Gimme another o' them segars."

The softer your job, the easier it is to get hard money.

To save a dollar is the easiest thing in the world—don't spend it.

Anything but a pleasant trip: Falling over a sidewalk obstruction.

The poorest borrower can always return thanks.—*New York News.*

Definition of a soldier of fortune—A soldier who has none.—*From the French.*

Bugle trimmings are recommended for a windy day.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Come up higher," said the choir leader to the tenor who sat with the congregation.

"I never hear anything that's said against me," remarked the deaf man.—*Boston Star.*

To a communist in a beer saloon the ship of State is a schooner.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The journalist, like the carpenter, makes a living by means of his ads.—*Louisville Courier.*

An adage amended: Birds of a feather flock on new bonnets.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

This criticism is made on Tenyson—that when he descends to simplicity he rises to grandeur.

Bismarck is said to look like a dollar store when he gets all his decorations on.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

We suppose trout fishing is called angling because there's nothing straight about it.—*Somerville Journal.*

There is an East Indian lady in Paris who can talk in twelve languages. Fortunately she is not married.—*Boston Post.*

The False Prophet who is disturbing Egypt is the old man who knew how the election would go.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The man who was hanged at the yard-arm had his obituary under the head of "Ship-noose."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A lady's train has to take the back track.—*Boston Transcript.* So has the person who steps on it.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The husband who finds himself confuted in argument by his wife instantly begins to out-roar her.—*Freyrau von Ebner-Eschenbach.*

An exchange says: "Women seldom stop to think." True enough, but you might have added: "But they never fail to stop and talk."

A prima facie case: When a clock is accused of being behind time there is something wrong on the face of it.—*Troy Telegram.*

Dyspepsia, liver complaint, and kindred affections. For treatise giving successful self-treatment address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

At Cleveland a man has invented a "vacuum gun." This is bad. It is always the empty gun that kills the small boy.—*New Haven Register.*

Strange as it may appear, no one turned up at Philadelphia during the Penn celebration who remembered William.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Translated from the *Omnibus*: Housewife—"Before I you employ, must I you ask, 'Have you a lover?'" Servant maiden—"One? I should snuile!"

A Western editor tells what he would do if he were a jackass. A rival journalist remarks that what people want to know is what he would do if he wasn't one.

Many London ladies crop their hair short. It is painfully evident that the married men in the city will soon lose their grip.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Mistress to new cook—"On Wednesdays and Saturdays I shall go to market with you." New cook—"Very well, mum, but who's agoin' to carry the basket, mum?"—*Quiz.*

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a most powerful restorative tonic, also combining the most valuable nerve properties, especially adapted to the wants of debilitated ladies suffering from weak back, inward fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, or from nervousness or neuralgic pains. By druggists.

EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil

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

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

Hear what the Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case.

I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much better.

I have been greatly benefited.

My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

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

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

Only imported by HAYLOCK & JENNEY,

Sole Agents for Am. Rica.

7 Dey-st., N. Y.



"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."

After long and weary search, Jones secured a servant girl—a pattern of truth and goodness.

Visitor.—Is Mr. Jones at home?

The Gal.—Yes, sir; but he is unable to see anyone to-day.

Visitor.—Is he ill? Not anything serious, I hope!

The Gal.—No, sir; he's drunk.

ON-LOOKER.

No. 1.

One with a flash begins and ends in smoke;
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,
And without raising expectations high,
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.

That sagacious bird who presides with such gravity over the management of our Canadian Punch, having found me out in the retirement of my well earned corner of repose, and dragged me from my *sanctum sanctorum*, now introduces me to the public. Not so much to give me that publicity which I so heartily detest, but in the hope that my long experience in living here in your midst may prove a benefit to the present generation as I touch upon the many thoughts, fancies and follies that I have gathered up in my checkered career—gathered from all sorts of characters, who in the past or during the present have acted, or now act, their part on life's stage.

A very common feeling of the race may tempt you to wonder who I am, but the knowledge would not help you much, for, like Topsey, "I have growed," and taken root solitary and alone, and my studies have ever been centred in my fellow-men.

I live alone and yet am not alone. I am old and yet am young; have been born, been educated, have thrived and still exist, and yet now in my old age have no one to care for but my books and my own thoughts. I have travelled every land, have spoken every language, have poked my physiognomy into every nook and corner; and though well known by sight to many, yet none knew me by name. I have assisted an ancient historian in "Toronto of Old," and have carved out the "National Policy." I have prepared the best *bon mots* of Sir John, and inspired the speeches of the "Prince of Proverbial Philosophy." I have written "Essays and Reviews," and stood godfather to "Canada First." I am quite familiar at the "National," and took part in the burial ceremonies of the "U.E." I have applauded "Nickenson" at the "Lyceum," and clapped hands for "Neilson" at the "Grand," have marched with Col. Otter—and the Queen's

Own and counted on the 10th Royals. I have been taken for everything under the sun, even to being "the Wandering Jew." Thus I have lived in your midst, speculated on all things around me, until I have become versed in the duties of men, the thievery of politicians, the conventionalities of life and the shortcomings of both sexes. These it has been my great pleasure to criticise with my seven familiar friends, as we gather weekly in "Jewels" private room, and over our pipes and "lemonade" to spend an hour in social intercourse with no intruders until GRIP, becoming possessed of the password, procured entrance and now forces the company to make their proceedings public. The responsibilities of the future rest upon this sagacious bird, and as it is evident each of the seven will require to give his experience, it will be but right that having given so much of my own personal history the public should know who are the seven who will thus have the pleasure of making their bow—we trust to an appreciative audience—we are but "on-lookers" on the world around us (not simply "by-standers") and "current events" have ever a charm for us even if we mourn the want of our "Canadian Monthly" budget of news. We "Mail" no free copies to our readers, but as the "Globe" is our stage, we ask for a liberal distribution of our ideas, and "GRIP" has made this department, his task and pleasing duty.

Our name is of no consequence, and having conscientious scruples as to giving our age, we simply conclude by stating that any kind friend who thinks "the cap fits him" will find out, the true meaning and intent by addressing any communication to Room 505 Club Chambers, in care of your obedient servant,

—LOOKER.



ANOTHER "IDENTIFICATION!"

Dr. Wild, (reading placard on bill-board)—
Ha! I'm on the right track! The children of Israel can't be far off where *Manna* is advertised by the grocers!

It was at a festive party given in honor of the son and heir, who had lately returned from the great city to his quiet country home. "And what do you do in town on Sunday?" called out the old Puritan from the head of the table. The young man blushed and pretended that he didn't hear, which roused his father's worst suspicions, and some of the guests near him began to exchange glances, for they had always supposed him to be a steady church-going youth of unimpeachable character. "Come! out with it!" bawled the old man; "what do you do with yourself on Sunday?" And the young fellow, driven to desperation, was compelled to confess: "Well, I generally wash my feet on Sunday."

THE MODEL GIN'RAL OFFICER.

"I deem it inconsistent with the traditions of the Queen's troops to retire before any number of Egyptians." —WOLSELEY.

I'll now take off my uniform and turn a wise philosopher. What's the use when I've a peerage, and rank a Gin'ral Officer, 'To go again to Egypt? except, perhaps, to read inscriptions, Hieroglyphics on the works of dead and gone Egyptians; And even that I leave to those who want to write a thesis On Tamerlane, or Genghis Kahn, Ostrus or Ramesses, Or "remarks upon the old canals," which long ago were dug by Mummies p'raps, I leave to boys of Eton and of Rugby; For I deem it inconsistent that I again should cross over The stormy seas—I'll take my ease, for I'm a Gin'ral Ossifer.

For I'm Lieut. Gin'ral Wolseley, Lord of Egypt, G. C. M. G., G. C. B., D. C. L., and, by Jupiter! an LL. D., For I'm a "man of letters," which none I hope will er dispute, For have I not been trying to teach the "young idea how to shoot?" I remember in the old times with the "cat" we used to tickle 'em When'er they'd make a blunder in learning their curriculum; And when their belts were slovenly, they'd be sure to catch a tartar then, I'd give them twenty-one days cells, and they'd come out much smarter men; For I deem it inconsistent that a commandant should gloss over Such faults as these—I think so now—and I'm a Gin'ral Ossifer.

When first I joined the army it was in the year of fifty-two, I used to be a howling swell, and live reverse of thrifty, too, But they sent me off to Burma to fight the Chieftain Myatatoon. Who by the way turned out to be a very brave and gritty coon; For I got sorely wounded by a great big and nasty ball, So for a change they sent me away to Sebastopol. I laid around there in the mud, or the soft side of deal benches, Till in a sortie I was shot while working in the trenches, But I deemed it inconsistent that just as I'd have the moss over My grave—for here you see I am a jolly Gin'ral Ossifer.

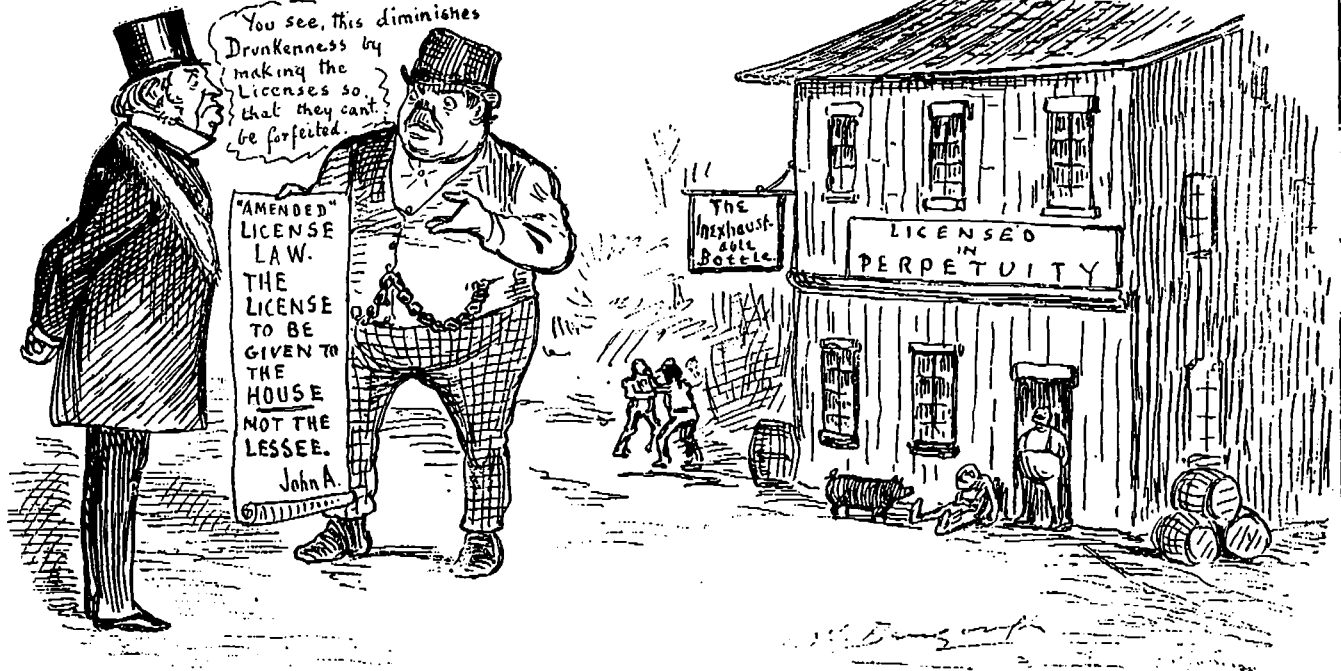
It was then I got a medal with the clasp of Medjidje, And they ordered me to India, which made me rather fidgety; When we cleaned out the Nana, that scoundrel most infernal, I was given then a Brevet of a bold Lieutenant-Colonel, So off I went to China, in charge of beef and bacon, On the Quarter-Master-General staff, 'till Taku forts were taken; In '70, in Canada, I had to shake and shiver While travelling the portages a marching to Red River. And I deemed it inconsistent that all night I'd roll and toss over, But mosquitoes don't care a red cent for any Gin'ral Ossifer.

But as we could'n find the foe, of course, we had no fighting, And (harrin the mosquitoes), my duty was a light one; So I packed off to the Cold Coast and occupied Ashantee, And sent some nigger "curios" home to the dilettant. I was ordered then to Natal, and afterwards to Cyprus, (That charming acquisition, so rocky and so virgous), But after that I had a rest at home as Quarter-Master, When lo! the war clouds in the East were rising fast and faster, Then I deemed it inconsistent the grub too long be boss over, So I packed my bag for Egypt like a sturdy Gin'ral Ossifer.

I said, we'll find the enemy no matter now how far he be, And we soon at Tel-el-Keber made short work of Arabi; For I deemed it inconsistent that troops of all descriptions That serve the Queen, should e'er retire when fronted by Egyptians; And I deemed it inconsistent not to see the fort and gain it, And I deemed it inconsistent not to charge them with the bayonet, And I deemed it inconsistent that each corps should not be trying 'To be the first within the rebel lines and set the foe a flying. And I deem it quite consistent that Egypt will be bossed over, At least, that's the opinion of a model Gin'ral Ossifer.

MORAL.

Take my advice, young gentlemen, who wish to wear a uniform, Read for the Bar, or join the Church, or study letters omniform,



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, BROTHER SIR LEONARD?

For soldiering is a risky trade, and there might come some harm to you, Your eyes blown out, your head knocked off, or p'rhaps you'd lose an arm or two; Get married then, and take a wife, perhaps you won't be boss of her, And over your own "Infantry" assume the Gin'ral Ossifer.

QUESTIONS OF PRIVILEGE.

Would it be in the *spirit* of righteousness to designate inveterate whisky imbibers as subjects for malt(treatment)?

Can prison delinquents be classified under the heading of re-fined society?

Was the late seizure of deistical works at the Customs here a pain(eful) duty for the collector to perform, and did the consignee fail to carry out his paying-full duties?

In instituting a search for his composing stick can a printer be said to be performing a *mystic rite*?

Would the air of Mimic-o act as a stimulant to the stale mimicry that invariably accompanies itinerant minstrel shows in this city?

Does a man necessarily *lower* himself in the estimation of others when his *tre* nature shows itself?

CONSOLATION.

I don't know how it is with you,
With me, I kind of grieve,
And always feel a little blue
When Summer takes her leave.

There's something in an autumn day,
When nature all is still,
That melancholy *will* convey,
Resist it how I will.

The silent grove, the cone-clad firs,
The birds that southward hie,
And the horse-chestnut burly burrs,
That on the side-walk lie,

The changing color of the trees,
With glowing verdure dressed,
And many other signs like these
Affect my feeling breast.

But if 'tis hard to stay the tear
When all is well—as yet,
How dreadful at this time of year
To be in love, or debt!

Ye nature in her saddest mood
(And such I've often felt),
Had always some reserve of good
Some compensation dealt.

And nature, even in this case,
Her promises will keep,
And bid me wear a smiling face,
With oysters getting cheap!

"Dan," said the grave and steadfast Henry, "you should not talk so much foolishness; there's no sense in it." "No," answered Dan, "but there's plenty of nonsense in it." "It's a bad habit of mind," continued Henry. "Now I believe you would make a joke if you were going to be hanged the next minute." "I'd be hanged if I wouldn't," said Dan.

"I know a man just as queer as that, said Brig. "He is a crusty old soul, too, and is noted for never having a decent word to say to anybody. One time a stranger in the place said he believed he could make him speak civilly, so he came up to him when he was at work, and said quite pleasantly, "Nice morning, isn't it?" "Wal," growled the hero of my tale, "who said 't'want? D'ye want to argy?"

Consumption in its early stages is readily cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," though, if the lungs are wasted, no medicine will effect a cure. No known remedy possesses such soothing and healing influence over all serofulous, tuberculous and pulmonary affections as the "Discovery." John Willis, of Flyria, Ohio, writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' does positively cure consumption, as, after trying every other medicine in vain, this succeeded." Mr. Z. T. Phelps, of Cuthbert, Ga., writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my wife of bronchitis and incipient consumption." Sold by druggists.

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Asthma. Bronchitis. Catarrh

and consumption in its first stages are treated at the International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church street, Toronto, where the Spirometer is used an instrument invented by Dr. M. Souville of Paris, and ex-aide surgeon of the French army, which conveys the medicines in the form of cold inhalations to the parts diseased. Suitable constitutional treatment is used when required. Consultations and trial of the Spirometer free. Poor people bearing certificates furnished with the instrument free. When not convenient to visit the office write, enclosing stamp, for pamphlet giving full particulars to International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips square, Montreal.

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