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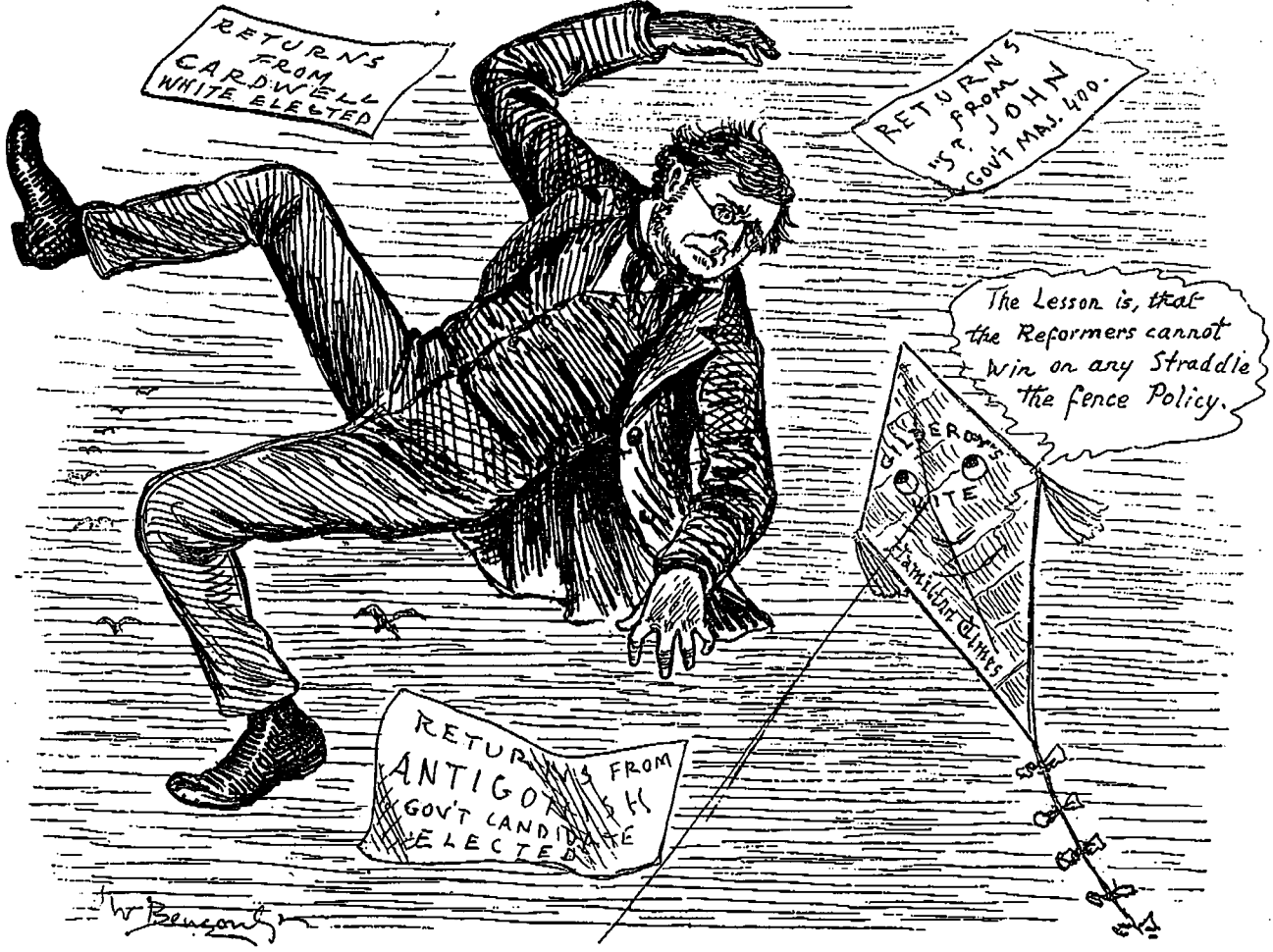


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# GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND  
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.  
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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.

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## Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The life of Louis Riel now hangs upon the word of Sir John. A. Macdonald. If that word come not in the form of clemency before the 10th day of November, the death sentence will in due form be carried out. Meantime, the Premier finds himself between the opposite pressures of Justice and Mercy. Ordinarily, for any public official in this painful and perplexing position we feel a keen sympathy, which is notably absent in the present case. It is felt univocally that Sir John has nobody but himself to thank for the Riel case from first to last, and the awful responsibility which is at this moment in his hands is but the natural result of the "tactics" which for a long time he has practised under the name of statesmanship. If the Rebellion and its bitter fruits have the effect of impressing upon Sir John's mind the homely truth that Honesty is the best policy, Louis Riel will not have lived—or died—in vain.

FIRST PAGE.—Another county heard from! Everett elected for St. John, N.B., and the Reform party knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite. This was really an unexpected hoist, and it has set the Reform organs thinking. The result of this reflection in the case of several intelligent Grit organs is the conclusion that, as the *Hamilton Times* expresses it: "Reformers cannot hope to win with any straddle-the-fence policy." These papers have, we believe, guessed it the first time. The Reform party owes its successive disasters to the want of a policy. The *Globe* naturally objects to this theory, but so long as the *Globe* is unable to set down categorically the positive measures of Reform which distinguish the Grit party from the

Tory ditto, its protest can have no weight. Negative promises are of no use; the people are not at all impressed with the pledges given by Reformers that they will curtail expenditure and reverse the Tory method of business in other details; but they are ready, we believe, to respond to a bold, vigorous and radical programme, announced by a man who is brave enough to raise the standard and fight for it. What we want in Canada at this moment is a Canadian Chamberlain. Will the gentleman have the goodness to step forward? He will hear of something to his advantage!

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is proposed to start a Reform Club in this city as a rallying point for the party. We have no particulars as to the exact scope of the intended organization, but to be of any practical use it must certainly differ very materially from clubs in general. A swallow-tail club house is the last place on earth where a Canadian yeoman, either Grit or Tory, would feel at home, and so long as these worthy representatives of the agricultural classes remain the back-bone of our political parties, it is worth while to make them feel comfortable and to bear them in mind when projecting a political "meetin'-house." Whether a fashionable Club will be of any use to the Grit party is a question, but there is a club which they do most urgently stand in need of, as our cartoon suggests.



SAINT JOHN.

(N.B.)

### THE ALDERMANIC CANDIDATE.

'Tis now he rises early and  
Is on the street by half past-eight,  
As clean and neat as any pin,  
The aldermanic candidate.

We see him stand the corners at,  
And bow and smile in all his state—  
Just now he's everybody's friend,  
The aldermanic candidate.

He knows most everybody, and  
Shakes hands alike with low and great,  
He's very cosmopolitan,  
The aldermanic candidate.

He's English, Irish, Scotch, and French.  
He's quite a *roue* and profligate—  
On Sabbath he goes twice to church—  
The aldermanic candidate.

A while he shakes the ward tough's hand,  
And slangy talks at fearful rate—  
He teaches Sunday school just now—  
The aldermanic candidate.

He coyly kisses all the kids,  
And softly rubs each fluffly pate;  
He calls them earthly angels—does  
The aldermanic candidate.

The married man he tattles by  
Enquiring for his worthy mate.  
"Fine woman, that of yours!" he says,  
The aldermanic candidate.

Oh, yes, he's everything at once.  
His heart is big, his head is great;  
To be a hypocrite, just be  
An aldermanic candidate.

—R.



The second Popular Concert will take place on Monday evening next, when another brilliant programme will be presented. We are glad to note that the directors have reduced the prices materially, good seats being now available for 25 cents. We trust the public will respond generously to this considerate action, and support the concerts as they deserve throughout the season.

Miss Rose Coghlan, an established New York favorite, is at the Grand, appearing in a fine drama called "Our Joan."

The indefatigable Torrington is already busy with the preliminary arrangements for the great musical festival to be held in this city in June, 1886. Already some of our public-spirited citizens—who are alive to the best interests of the city—have come forward with generous subscriptions towards the festival, and everything indicates that the affair will be a brilliant success. We will take pains to keep our readers posted as to the progress of the arrangements from time to time.

### SWELL SUITS AND LAW SUITS.

MR. GRIP: SIR,—A great question now excites the public mind which actually has evoked an editorial in the pages of our old friend and ancient, the *Globe*, of over a column, to the rejection of politics, John A., and the N.P. To wit: the propriety of tailors publishing the names of delinquent customers. This, indeed, is a grave question. A dude, let us say, or a cheeky and pretentious person, goes to Messrs Cassimere & Co., merchant tailors, and orders and is measured for a "nobby" suit, and coolly tells the proprietors to send the suit to his address; all this the D. or C. P. P. will do with the greatest *sans froid*. The clothes are duly sent with the bill, and the messenger is told to call next day, week or month, as the case may be. Slowly but surely time flies, month after month goes by. The merchant tailors insist on payment. "Let them insist," says the D. or the C. and P. P. Another suit is furnished the delinquents in the Division Court. Judgment is given, writs are issued, and returned *nulla bona*. D. and C. and P. P., you are frauds. Judgment summonses, don't affect you much, and perhaps, "after many days," providing you are not capaised to prevent your skipping, you will be compelled to pay fifty cents a week, it won't break you, and your clothes are good yet. Now, all this is mighty hard on Messieurs Cassimere & Co. to be thus "beat" by these gall-posseessed swells, but—let this be a large

and emphatic *But*—let you or me go, oh! honest, though seedy youth, to Messrs. Cassimere & Co., Fashionable Clothing Emporium, and explain to these gentlemen our circumstances, our future prospects, our honest intentions, and our temporary state of impecuniosity, and our desire to get a pair of 25-cent socks on credit, would we get them? No. By the Holy Grail, I trow not. We would be told that they "don't do business in that way." I maintain, therefore, if a tailor, "merchant" or otherwise, on the strength of a comparative stranger's cheek and audacity, gives him credit, he is not a subject for commiseration. But whether he chooses to publish the names of the delinquents or not, I, being one of the untrustworthy, care not a continental.

CYNIC.

SELF-DENIAL.

Green, waving palms and drooping brakes  
Along the southern stream,  
Bright-colored tropic flitting birds  
Live in the planter's dream.

And in the planter's house there dwells  
The fairest flower around,  
The brightest bird of all that wing  
The glade or skinn the ground.

Eyes like the dewdrops that bedeck  
The palm in early morn,  
Hair fairer than the fringy moss,  
That all the trees adorn.

She flits among the tropic flowers,  
A bright-hued humming-bird;  
At noon and eve, 'mid bowery grove,  
Her sweet-voiced notes are heard.

Free as the birds that wing the glade,  
Blithe as her tropic mates,  
My pretty Leda, far away,  
My presence now awaits.

She waits and watches all the day,  
Her truant love to meet,  
I should not linger long away,  
But hie me to her feet.

Oh, Leda, love! I long to go  
To claim thee as my own,  
But *passes* now are obsolete,  
And money have I none.

So wait not, love, but wed with one  
Born in the sunny south,  
Inured to fevers, ague, chills,  
And scorching summer's drouth.

—W. H. T.

THE MARKISS AND THE MANY-HEADED.

What horrible tale is this we hear from London, about the Markiss o' Lorne going down to Brentford town as Liberal candidate for Hampstead, where he was pelted with ancient and odorous eggs, had his hat knocked over his head, and sought flight through the drenching rain to the train to take him to London? Can it be true that the hope of the Macallum Mores, and the son-in-law of Her Most Gracious Majesty, has been treated with such indignity. Alas! we fear it is too true. Where was his claymore, his skein dhu, his cairngorm or spleuchan, that he did not smite these outrageous Philistines hip and thigh? What was the cause of the mob's riotous conduct? He goes in for disestablishing the Scotch Church, but what had that got to do with the Brentfordites? He likewise champions the Free Land League, but opposes Mr. Chamberlain in his desire for free education. Land sales *en bloc* he would tax heavily. Those to be subdivided he would allow free. Yes, the mystery still remains unsolved. It is not likely that any of the "mob" of Brentford have large estates to dispose of, either *en bloc* or otherwise, then why the row? It must have been his anomalous position as son-in-law that made the mob furious. What right has he, an aristocrat, to be such a confounded Liberal? An English, or any other mob, is very hard to please, and a row is generally a pleasing

event with them. Verily, the English Stalwarts are getting as free, independent, and democratic as even the Democratic champion of the Toronto *News* could well desire.

A RADICAL.

(Three workmen; one happy through drink, listens to the others who are discussing Chamberlain's opinions on land.)

1st Workman.—Am a liberal. Nane o' your Conservatives for me.

2nd Do.—You ought to be a Radical.

1st Do.—Ma mate's a Radical. (Slight pause.) He has naethin' in his claws but needles and pins, and he'll dae naethin' but argy. He'll no let me work.—*Baillie*.



BLUE RIBBON PROSPECTS!

1st Citizen.—Fancy the lot of slush we'll have to drink to get nicely tight if we're confined to this Blue Ribbon beer!

2nd do. (who knows more of human nature).—Don't be alarmed, sir, they'll make it strong enough once it is admitted to the Scott Act counties!

A FRENCH PARADISE.

Some of the "English-speaking" papers are endeavoring to inflame the minds of the "English-speaking" Upper Canadians by recounting the dreadful state of affairs that may arise from the French occupancy of a "triangle formed by the three lakes, Nipissing, Nasbonsing, and Tomiscaming," where "no frost has been felt this year." This "fair portion" of Ontario, which is threatened to be settled with "Johnny Crapeos," lies somewhere east of Lake Nipissing, on the old French trail from the Ottawa to the Lakes. We have all heard of Nipissing, but where in thunder is Nasbonsing and Tomiscaming! What size is the triangle? Is it of the right, acute, or obtuse order, where no snow has been felt this year? Perhaps the Frenchmen will build a fortress at each angle of the triangle, or perhaps, indeed, they will find another lake and make a "quadrilateral" to threaten us if we don't look sharp. Of course this triangular paradise is rather remote from our higher order of civilization, otherwise doubtless it would have been gobbled by land grabbers, perhaps by the "English-speaking" race, before this. The Frenchmen will likely contend that they have as much right to settle in Ontario as the English have to settle in Quebec, and may instance the Eastern Townships, where almost all are English-speaking, and, strange to say, have not pro-

voked the enmity of the *habitans* of the seignories. In the meantime, however, GRIP will await with awe and bated breath the development of the triangle of which the eastern shore of Lake Nipissing is the base, and where "no snow is felt" until late in the fall, a rather remarkable phenomenon on the part of its climate, it lying, as we must infer, far north of the frozen whiskey region.

THE KRO.

BY THE RIGHTFUL HEIR OF THE LATE MR. BILLINGS.

The kro is a very pekuliar burd. He ez a biped—and, like sum uther bipeds i no, he boasts of 2 legs, 2 I's, end wares always a blak kot with considerabel oph a tale to it. His voyce is a husky, hi-pitched baritone—kind uv' owt uv' toon, end when hee opens his mowth to sing you'd think he was one oph them old-phashund kuntry presenters raisin' the toon in meetin'. The kro also ons a magestrate which sum ignerent people call a beak, this artikel he keeps fur his on yuse eggklusively—to be yused as a prod, a shuvul, a pikaks, or anything els as occasion rekwiress. He ez a famly man, ez the kro, he thinks his yung wuns the whitest in creashun, end he wayts till they ar comphurtably mated and setled in liphe bephore he sais good bi too them. The kro's wiphe lais eggs, but when a boy tries to steel them he phindes owt he hez bin too fresh end gets leph, his descent phrom that tree ez moar speady than graseful, end iph the parent kros have leph a solitary optik in his head the enterprisen young man's gratitood is manyphested by pelten roks, et cetera, at them. The kros ar deth on pikniks, and a ded hors is the signoll fur a piknik. When a karkidge is carted out to a feeld, the boss kro ishoos invitashuns by the hundred, an' in less'n ten minutes that carkage is blak with kros campen owt on it an' hevin' a gay old time—singin', speechyfyu an' holdin' a regeler camp-mectin' over it. When the kros cum away hoam agen, that hors looks like the bleecht ribs of an old ship stiken up in a sand bank. The kro is grate on hoin—he hos with his magestrate, end he strides akross the korn pheelds like a man that nose his biznes. He maiks a be-line phur a korn hil, hauls up in phrunt oph it, skwints at it, phurst with wun eye then with the uther, then he liphs his kot tale & skoops owt every seed. The seeds disapeer down his throte like the bailsless pbabrik oph a dreem—and the korn hil duns't need no moar hoin' all that summer. There lezure ours ar spent in jawin'; they'll sit on top uv a tree end jaw, end jaw, end jaw, till you can't hear yure ears phor them. Sum ar good at shoeten kros. When a kro is shot he deends suddenly phrom his perch, but I wunce heard oph a kro that was shot throo the hart with-owt budgen an inch—he cudn't budge bekaws he was phasocened up with wire. The man who shot it said severel wurd in a phorren lang-wige, but he eggspined to the boys who wear snikerin' behind the phens that he new all the time. The kro is a vano anymul, it is so phond oph joolry and glitren things—it will gobel them rite down without ny mstasycation what-ever. In addishun to his uther akumpleshments the kro, when taimed, ken be taut to speak, end ken also utter sencebel remarks without noin the meanin' oph said remarks. There are uther bipeds besides kros ken do that.

Milkman.—"Johnny, did you put water in the milk this morning?" *New Assistant*.—"Yes, sir." "Don't you know that is wicked, Johnny?" "But you told me to mix water with the milk." "Yes, but I told you to put the water in first and pour the milk into it. Then, you see, we can tell people we never put water in our milk.—*N. Y. Mail and Express*."



MOTHER CHURCH'S TRIBULATION.

Gladstone.—Yes, it is a terrible thing to become a mere Denomination, and to be cut off from the public pap, but you'll have to bear it with Christian fortitude. We must all bow to the vox populi.

WHY ?

Why doth the hayseed halt his boss  
Just on the street where people cross?  
Why and wherefore is the reason  
Each new play's the success of the season?  
Why is each dramatic star  
Better than all the rest by far?  
Why does the man who works hard all day  
To the Salvationist his money pay?

Why doth the brewer put on airs  
O'er the bun who's got drunk on his swipty wares?  
Why do they license these men of sin  
To scoop all the poor man's loose cash in?  
Why it's allowed in a Christian land  
Is a thing that I can't well understand.  
Why ain't they cleaned out root and branch  
From behind the bar of each noisome rancho?

—B.

OLD-TIME ROCKS.

"While stands the Colosseum Rome shall stand,  
When falls the Colosseum Rome shall fall;  
But our old ramshack brick doth still command  
The veneration of our statesman all." —Byron.

He was an old man, very, very old. On his back he wore a tattered and oleaginous Capuchin once white blanket overcoat. His head was adorned with a venerable and exceeding mangy coonskin cap, the mutilated tails of which played fitfully in the strong northern breeze. Shoepacks, patched and worn, were on his feet, and over his shoulder he carried an old flint-lock "fuses" which, like the etched powder-horn slung to his person, seemed to be a relic of the old French régime, and might have done good service against the Iroquois in the hands of one of Monsieur De Frontenac's fusillers. The old man was plodding down Yonge Street, and had just reached the top of the magnificent height that flanks the northern verge of the vale of Hogg's Hollow. He moved along stealthily, like a brave on the war-path, ever and anon pausing to take a lengthened pull out of a peculiarly shaped antique vial, not of Venetian manufacture, which probably contained cold tea or—something. "Ah!" the old man said, with a sigh, "I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead."  
"Drunk, I guess," portly remarked a smiling youth, who suddenly came upon him.

"You look like a secondhand effigy of Louis Real. Where are you bound for?"

"What place do I now look upon, boy? Answer me, or, by the great crotch all hemlock! your parents may mourn at the size of a fresh undertaker's bill incurred on your behalf."

"Hogg's Hollow, sir," said the now affrighted boy, who liked not the cold, clammy stare of the black, snake-like eye of the stranger.

"Ha! hollow. Aye, everything's hollow—even Hogg's hollow? Boy, am I on the right trail for Toronto?"

"Yes, sir, keep right on," said the embryo Hogg's Hollowite, and skipped away with flying feet to tell his dad that he had met and fit a wild man.

The old man sighed heavily, took another pull at the ancient flagon, and proceeded on his way. He reached what was once Yorkville. "I kinder recollect this spot," murmured the traveller. "Thar uster be a toll-gate right about here. I must be gittin' near Toronto." Musing thus, he still kept on the down grade, leaving a very perceptible odor of muskrat and fox skins in his wake, and the further south he went the more he was bewildered and astonished. Getting well down town, he made a lateral traverse to the west, where he saw some trees and concluded that he had reached the limit of the city. But the University Building soon struck his eye, and as he passed that temple of learning, still to the west, and in fact all around, he saw nothing but houses, houses. "By the great horn spoon!" he muttered, looking around and about him, "can this be Toronto that I left when it was called Muddy York. I kin hardly believe it. I'll strike south, and see if I kin find any spot that I uster know." So the poor old man tramped and tramped around and about until his shoepacks began to gape like the mouths of the listeners to a debate on finance. Not a place could he see that reminded him of the past. After making a long detour he came down Bathurst to Front Street, where he gazed over at what he recollected as Gibraltar Point. What did he see?

Quite a large town, with hotels and colors flying. That could not be "the point." Sadly he continued his way easterly on Front Street, and coming to a fence enclosing grassy grounds he leaned against the same to rest his weary frame. "I wonder what in thunder this place is," he ruminated. "I'll jist take a look round. Whoop! Hurray! Great suckers on a string! Wall, I'll be dog durned, here I am at last! Wall, wall, who'd a-think it? Why, here she is, as natural as ever! The old Parliament House, by gosh!" and the old man wept with joy at seeing the venerable structure that brought to his memory the happy days of his childhood.

B.

PAUL DE HOWARD.

A LAY OF MODERN TORONTO.

After Macaulay (a little way).

In future days the world shall ring when the story shall be told  
How Paul De Howard crossed the Bridge in the brave days of old.  
How Paul De Howard, the bank cashier, Toronto's petted swell,  
Skipped out across Suspension Bridge—and did it very well;  
And how he left the bank behind to mourn and eke to weep,  
Because the brave De Howard chose to make a high old sweep.

Toronto stands, as all may know, upon Toronto Bay,  
In front Ontayreoo's shining lake in distance fades away  
A city 'tis of much renown; full many a white-sailed ship  
Sails forth from there—it also holds the offices of GARR.  
Full many a bank with coffers full is found within its streets,  
And dudes by scores, on King and Yonge, the traveller often meets.

Now Paul De Howard was head cashier in one most toney bank,  
He was, in very sooth, a swell, as well became his rank.  
Yet he declared "By Jove, y'know, upon my salarce  
I cannot live; I'll skip, by Jove, to dear Amerikce.  
But how?" He called his trusty chum, and ere the sun went down  
A plan the twain concocted and De Howard left the town.

"I know a corpse," exclaimed the chum, "he lies in state just now,  
But all his friends are very poor: we'll buy him; what say'st thou?  
We'll buy him—twig? we'll hide him well, his coffin then shall be  
A safe receptacle for bills and gold—and also thee,  
Within his coffin thou shalt go; I'll ship thee, Paul De Howard;

He died of typhoid; thou won't mind, for thou'rt no craven coward.  
I'll ship thee and thy swag, old boy, and then I think that!

The peelers and detectives cute can easily defy."  
The brave De Howard agreed; the plan was executed soon,  
And with one hundred thousand dols. Paul skipped that afternoon,  
For though the cash was missed at once and cops were on the watch  
They never thought of coffins—and so they made a botch.

Paul's friend had bored full many a hole upon the coffin's lid  
In order that De Howard might breathe quite freely—which he did.  
More chums were in the secret; but they were true and real,  
One touch of such dishonesty makes friends most kindly feel.

They passed that coffin right before the cute detectives' eyes  
And shipped it off to Buffalo with all its golden prize.  
And from the Union Station the train did swiftly glide.  
The coffin in the baggage van—and Paul De Howard in-side.

And, ere the sun rose up next day, De Howard, cramped yet free,  
From out his coffin stepped him forth in fair Amerikce.  
Five hundred years from our good days the story shall be told  
How Paul De Howard crossed the Bridge in the brave days of old.

—SWIZ.

A society paper in describing the order in which a bridal party passed down the church aisle, says: "The bride walked on the arm of her father." This may be all right, but it seems to us that the church was hardly the place for her to display her acrobatic accomplishments.  
—Chicago Rambler.



J.W. Bancroft

BETWEEN JUSTICE AND MERCY.



A SHIELD FOR THE "TRAFFIC."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FLY.

BY THE ONLY ONE THAT'S LEFT OF ALL THE FAMILY.

I am a lone, tired fly, slightly bald-headed, and pre-disposed to inflammatory rheumatism.

I have taken up quarters for the winter in the radiator of one of the latest patents in base-burner coal stoves; but I am sadly afraid I shall have to remove to some slightly warmer locality before long. At first I was snugly ensconced for several weeks under a beautiful vase on the dining-room mantle-shelf. But the lady of the house undertook to relieve the two servant girls of the dusting, and I had to leave.

It was on the first of May, if my memory serves me right, that I was born. The family with whom my parents had been residing were moving on the occasion, and I well remember my mother remarking to a neighbor who had dropped in to enquire whether she hadn't noticed the peculiar flavor of the new season maple sugar the folks had bought at the grocery store round the corner, that she was real glad new people were coming into the house, and she hoped they would use ice on the butter and serve up the dinner gravy a little cooler and with less water in it. Hot gravy, too much diluted, as I afterwards learned, always gave my mother indigestion and a weak back. It sometimes struck me as singular that my mother's antipathy to water did not reach in other directions. Now, for instance, she could drink with the keenest relish the Pure Country Milk delivered at the house daily, and never experience any ill-effects. But, alas! her fondness for the lacteal fluid cost her her life. She mistook a pan of whitewash for a dish of milk, and, notwithstanding all that the best medical skill could do, she succumbed to the effects of her injuries. She could stand chalk, but lime was too much for her.

My education when young was so carefully attended to that I grew to mature flyhood without a single injury of any consequence befalling me, except a sprain of my off hind foot, sustained in a fight with one of my blue-bottle cousins who assaulted me because I championed the Scott Act. I am a temperance fly on principle—never intoxicated but on one occasion, when I was persuaded to try a celebrated brand of Hop Bitters, under the

false assurance that it was a tonic without whiskey ingredient.

When only six weeks old I could tell a fly-paper ten feet distant, and would sooner go hungry or regale myself with store molasses than

Linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to lunch away

on one of those seductive sheets of stickem.

Permit me to observe here that the popular phrase, "There's no flies on it," would scarcely be applicable to a sheet of stickem.

As my education progressed and my faculties developed I learned to tell an ink-spot from a black spider without walking over it; while it also became quite easy to me to distinguish between the saucer with the fly-poison mixture in it and one containing the boarders' tea leavings, although, to tell you the candid truth, a person has to have an educated taste in these matters if he doesn't want to make a mistake.

My finer instincts soon made me appreciate the advantage of spending a well-earned leisure on a newly-ironed shirt bosom over remaining out in the sink among the dirty dishes; nor would I ever think of sporting during play-hour on the kitchen window if I could possibly discover a freshly-cleaned mirror on which to gambol. I would instantly quit sampling the plum cake whenever I could locate where the newly-baked custard pies were kept; and if I couldn't get a bath in the cream jug I went unwashed, contenting myself with polishing my feet up a little on the soda-biscuit plate.

I made it a rule of my life never to sit down twice on the same spot, except it was a particularly attractive bald-head or an uncommonly enticing nose on a sleeping baby. In such a case I could not restrain a wild impulse to go back again and become more familiar with the spot.

The narrowest escape I ever had was one day when the new cook was making the bread. I incautiously happened to alight on the piece she was kneading and my lame leg got caught. I am positive the cook saw me. In fact it runs in my head that she actually laughed in my face. At all events, without a word of explanation, I was abruptly and unceremoniously rolled up in the dough and soon lost consciousness. When I came to myself I was lying on the broad of my back, and a small boy was exclaiming: "Maw, if here ain't a dead fly, and I was jest agoin' to eat him for a curm!"

With a superhuman effort I staggered to my feet and got away. I took my revenge out of that callous-hearted cook by paying strict attention, during one whole afternoon, to an unprotected boil on the back of her neck.

Though fairly educated, I have lost interest in books ever since the day they closed the family Bible on me after the minister left. I don't suppose I would have escaped to this day (except the minister had called again) only that the eldest unmarried daughter of the house had occasion to consult the family register for the purpose of making some alterations in the dates.

I emerged very much squeezed, and have ever since had contracted views of life.

I got rheumatism from being locked up one night in a bank vault around the corner. The drafts, you understand, affected me.

Some of my ancestors must have been of a literary turn, and that's how I come bald-headed.

I am tired because of my propensity to keep my tongue waggin'. And being "burrowed" in here I naturally am "lone."

If this is not too much for you, "when the spring-time comes, gentle Annie," you may hear from me again.

T.

LAWDEDAW ON LITERATURE.

I have no sympathy with the—aw—litchaw of the masses. I think it is absehd to suppose that a fellow of my culchaw could weally be intewested in a lot of pussions who are always in a cwonic state of impecuniosity. No amount of—aw—honesty—or—aw—vehctue can compensate faw the lack of, aw—culchaw. Honesty, vehctue and culchaw combined, might, by a clevah authaw, be made to appeal vewy chawming, but honesty—and integwity in wags!—well, of caws—one might occasionally meet with such a wawa awis, but granting this, why dwag him fawth fwom his obscurwity and hold him up as the—aw—wepwewesentative of a class?—heahby cweating a wewpect faw the lowah classes which is as unwawwantable as it is uncalled faw. I think it is an insult to ouah intelligencw-and wewpectability faw an authaw such as Dickens, to suppose faw one moment that we could by any possibility be intewested in the vulghar quawwells of a thild-class monthly nubse and her diswaweputable and dwunken cwony Betsy Pwig; Sairey Gamp I considew a most scandalous chawwacteh, unfit to be spoken of in decent society, and only fit to be the nubse of that "pwecious wictim," the editaw of the *Poll Mall Gazette*—ha! ha! Then, again, there's that howid little wetch, Jenny Wen, if she had blistehed my back with vinegah and peppeh like that, by Jove I would have—aw—choked her! I don't see why poor Pecksniff should have been so severely punished aftah all. I think he was an exceedingly well-bwed fellow, always in good fawm, if he *did* take good cayah of numbah one, whewas youah honest, upwight fellows are always—so shockingly—bwutally stwaightfawwawd. The wide on the staga-coach is one of the few things of Dickens that I like. I am fond of dwiving myself, and am considewed vewy good indeed at handling the wibbons—then, again—Pickwick isn't half a bad sort eithaw—but why the doose a gentleman in his position should be so gween—is, to me—aw—incwedi-ble. On the whole, I decidedly object to the litchaw of Dickens. It is pwepwewstewous, the idea of intwoduwing such chawwactehs into wufined society through the medium of the—aw—pwess. Yet it is a lamentable fact that in the libwawies of the most culchawed litewawy people you will find Dickens, with his genewous convicts, his bowible mid-wives, his bloated dwawfs, his old, insane beggahs, his schoolmates of all kinds; thieves, pwetty girls, debtors, jail-buhrs, all jumbled up—

is, aw—depowwable—and, as the *Week* very cowctly wemahked concehning the *Pall Mall* business, moah likely to do ham than good. Now, there's Thackaway—see how exquisitely he depicts the life of a gentleman of family—nothing offensive about the sowing of his wild oats, aw—nothing whatevah—women depicted as they ah, quite willing to—ovehlook all sawts of peccadilloes, so long as the settlements ah satisfactory. On the othew hand, Scott, I considch a boah—why, I could condense into three lines descriptions which he would spweed ovah ten pages. He should have wemebehed that cwewybody is not so fond of Scottish scenery as himself aud—aw—Queen Victowia. Shakespeah, too, though I like some of his plays—aw—pwetty well—pwetty well, on the whole—yet he falls into the same mistake—too long, and too—aw—pwosy. Faw instance—ewewybody who isn't an idiot undehtands what Mohcy is with-out Pawshia's long and tedious explanation of the tehm—and there is that famous soliloquy of Hamlet's: "To be, or not to be"—pawdied *ad nauseam*—put the whole thing into a nutshell and what does it amount to? Just this: "*Suicide aw no suicide*"—and now why the doose couldn't he have said so and pwocceeded with the—aw—play?

MY CHUM JACK.

We're chums are Jack and I, a jolly pair  
Without a scolding wife or other care,  
We haunt each other—where the one is, there  
You'll find the other.  
Each loves the other as a male twin ne'er  
Loved his twin brother.

It's nearly seven years since Jack and I  
Became acquainted. I was on a high  
Cliff, by a stream, and Jack was standing by.  
I tumbled in.  
My boyish fifteen years flashed by my eye,  
My hope was thin.

But Jack, without removing e'en his coat,  
Made one great leap, as leaps a butting goat,  
And caught me just in time, death in my throat—  
I couldn't swim.  
My lifelong friend is Jack. My life, I owe't,  
My life to him.

And ever since that day beside the stream,  
Each holds the other high in his esteem;  
We live together and I think we dream  
Each of the other.  
Ours is affection stronger, it doth seem,  
Than child for mother.

Such a Platonic friendship, some may say,  
Is sure to burst and vanish some fine day—  
It's so un-nineteenth centuryish, such a gay  
Love between males.  
But Jack loves me and I'll love Jack always—  
'Tis sham love pales.

Jack's a kind-hearted, faithful sort of friend,  
Good-looking, but so fat he scarce can bond,  
Black hair—no baldness—a good "recommend!"  
(True sketch this of him)  
And then those eyes, where love and kindness blend!  
Can't help but love him.

Jack doesn't drink, he thinks the habit bad;  
He doesn't smoke, in that he is a cad;  
He doesn't dance—a sign he isn't mad  
But how he eats!  
His appetite's descended from his dad,  
Likes juicy meats.

For company he's fond of only me,  
Shuns all flirtations and society,  
He has his dislikes too; they number three,  
And they are that  
He can't bear the sound of, or to see,  
Boy, cow or cat.

He's not a very literary chap.  
He yawns at verse and drops off in a nap  
When I read to him—cutting sort of snip  
For one he knows.  
Not very cultured, doesn't care a rap  
For rhyme or prose.

A parting would be sad—hope I'll die first.  
I couldn't bear to see poor Jack all bearsed  
And ready for the grave. 'T would be the worst  
Thing that could be.  
If ill he may rely on being nursed  
By faithful me.

And so we're chums and neither cares a fig  
What haps the world while turns time's whirligig;  
While each still loves, who cares for "infra dig"?  
Along we'll jog,  
Two jolly chums, myself and my great big  
Newfoundland dog.

—C. M. R.

CRITICAL CHIT-CHAT.

BY OUR GRUMPY CONTRIBUTOR.

The London *Advertiser* has an alleged informant whom it terms "our esteemed crank friend." I am a reader of the *Advertiser*, I have to confess, and it strikes me very forcibly that this "crank friend" had is a clear instance of the applicability of the injunction, "Man, know thyself!" But perhaps there really is a pair of them.

\*\*

All the defence is going to cost in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—Gen Booth—Methodist Church—Mrs. Jarrett and so forth case is something over a quarter of a million dollars. What England wants is a system of law that will give the legal fraternity some sort of a chance to earn a livelihood. Mr. Stead did the decent thing when he resigned the conduct of his case in order to supply a poor but deserving lawyer with a little job.

\*\*

We were informed in a glaring heading in the Montreal smallpox department of the *Mail* the other day that there was "an increase in the immortality of the city and suburbs." This is not a subject about which to joke, even were I at all addicted to such a practice. But it seems to me that head-lines of this sort could be slightly improved without impairing the *Mail's* usefulness.

\*\*

There are some powerful-brained newsgatherers on the *Mail* staff, to judge by its local items. Fancy a reporter devoting twenty-five lines to the account of how an able-bodied policeman captured a vagrant cow in the city the other day. Or rather, fancy a reporter taking stock of such an incident at all! Is it vagrant cows or news-items that are scarce in Toronto? Or is it policemen's exploits? Or is it reporters? I want to read *news* in my paper, even if it is only in the shape of free advertisements! Vagrant-cow items I can imagine to suit myself.

\*\*

A well-meaning but thoughtless friend sent me a copy of the Barrio *Examiner* yesterday. I find this paragraph in it:

"A copy of the Coldwater *Investigator* has reached us. The journal claims to be over seven years old, but strange to say this is the first knowledge we had of its existence. We cordially greet the *Investigator*."

Cold water—investigate—seven years—humph! Well, considering Barrie's reputation during the last decade, there is nothing strikingly singular in this editor's admission. But see what an awakening there has been since the Scott Act went into operation up there!

\*\*

"Blue Ribbon Beer," eh? B-e-l-e-w R-r-i-b-b-o-n-n B-e-o-ah! Do you want to know my candid opinion of this delectable decoction? this innocent bottled bosh, with half as much intoxicant in it, twice as much Bay water and Heaven only knows how much more or less druggist stuff to distinguish it from the alleged real beer? this plausible preparation the budgers want to rank with ginger-pop, soda-water and lemonade? Well, the doctors give us an idea of its constituents so far as chemical or medical science can determine what modern brewers' beverages really are. But the opinion of a man who has sampled it ought to be worth something, and that opinion is that it will fuddle you if you take enough of it and sicken you if you take any of it. I'll leave it to the crowd if this isn't so! "Blue Ribbon" beer!

Blue Ribbon grandmother's ducks! Stand up like men, you fellows, and say you are ashamed of yourselves for trying to smuggle this swash into the Temperance tent. I would sooner make and sell beer openly and in defiance of the law; I would sooner run a swamp still; I would sooner be a druggist and fill every blessed bottle handed over the counter with a wink—than I would make the mean pretence of falling in with sobriety sentiment by trafficking in a mixture with a pirated term for a trade-mark to give it a place among harmless drinks where it no more belongs than—than—than does a rattlesnake among a baby's playthings. "Blue Ribbon" beer! I could laugh at the audacious label if the meanness of the trick didn't make me so mad.

THE LUCKY VOLUNTEER.

At the close of the recent North-West rebellion, The Toronto Stove Manufacturing Co., of this city, offered as a present one of their celebrated "Diamond A Ranges," or a "No 14 Square Splendid High Art Self-feeding Base Burner" to the volunteer who served in the recent rebellion and was the first to get married after the 17th day of July, 1885. Applications with proof of marriage were received up to the first of October. The firm on being interviewed by our reporter, informed us that Mr. Fred J. Nixon, of "C" Company, 90th Battalion, Winnipeg Rifles, who formerly belonged to "G" Company, Queen's Own Rifles, of this city, was married in Winnipeg on the 18th day of July. The Range or Parlour Heater will be shipped to him as soon as he informs the Company which he prefers.

*M. le Marquis de Rien de Tout.*—"I have ze honor to ask of you ze hand of your daughter. Oh, sir, she is zo charming. I find her all zat zere is of ze best in face, in form, in caractaire; she has won my heart. She—" *Old Boodles.*—"Which of my daughters do you mean, sir?" *M. le Marquis.*—"Oh, monsieur, *c'la m'est egal.*"—*Life.*

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SONS' Ordered Clothing Dept., and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

(They had been to a masquerade, where she recognized him at once.)

"Was it the loud beating of your heart, my darling, that told you I was near?" murmured he.

"Oh, no!" she replied, "I recognized your crooked legs."

In the coming election Tammany will be recognized by its crookedness.—*Texas Siftings.*

A VICTORY SCORED.—Every time when Hagyard's Yellow Oil is used for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Aches and Pains, Sore Throat or Deafness, Frost Bites or Burns, a certain victory is the natural result.

It is not permitted a Mexican to ride in the same carriage with the woman to whom he is betrothed. This is probably because there is always more or less danger of people in a carriage falling out. When a senorita has lassoed a bean she takes no risks.—*Boston Transcript.*

Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.

*Young Lady* (to army officer at Washington).—"Captain Drypowder, of the many famous remarks made by General Grant, which do you think reflects the most credit on him?" *Army officer* (unhesitatingly).—"Let us have peace."  
—*N. Y. Sun.*



THE "CLUB" THEY NEED FOR THE TORY HYDRA.

Punch, a monthly comic short-hand magazine containing 32 pages full of fun. Photographic Books reprinted Wholesome and Healthy. Short-hand thoroughly taught by mail. Teachers sent to country towns where classes can be formed. Address all letters, etc., to the head office. THE ONTARIO SHORTHAND SOCIETY, Head Office, 36 Adelaide-street East, Toronto. Branch, 20 Adelaide-street East, Toronto.

Engineering, Certificates granted, and situations procured. School teachers and advanced students will find this a very valuable school to attend, and should at once send in their applications so as to secure the advantages we now offer. Shorthanders should send for application form to be enrolled a fellow of our Corresponding Society, and also enclose 10c. for sample copy of "Photographic

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*Rog Man.*—"Got any old things you want to get rid of?"  
*Smith.*—"Yes. What are you paying for mothers-in-law this morning?"

"The autumn winds do blow,  
And we shall soon have snow."

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of Wm. West & Co.'s lace boots. They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

*Customer.*—"Have you some good imported cigars?"  
*New Clerk.*—"Not just now; but we will have in about an hour. The printer around the corner is at work on the labels now."—Chicago News.

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SPECTACLES THAT will suit all sights. Send for an Illustrated Catalogue, and be convinced. H. SANDER, Manufacturing Optician, 185 St. James Street, Montreal.

BRUCE IS STILL AT THE FRONT AS heretofore, and always on hand to attend personally to his patrons. All work in the highest style of the Photographic Art at bottom prices.  
Studio, 118 King Street W.

There is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, Parler's is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

COOK & BUNN, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Hand Stamps, daters, self-inkers, etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 36 King-street west, Toronto.

What are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a DOMESTIC, but one that no lady will part with. Found only at 98 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

LEAR'S  
NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM,  
15 and 17 Richmond-street West. Proprietor, having business that calls him to the Old Country in June, has decided to offer for the next two months inducements to buyers not often met with. Ten Thousand Dollars Wanted. Cash customers will find this the golden opportunity.  
R. H. LEAR.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—It pays to carry a good watch I never had satisfaction till I bought one of WELCH & TROWER'S reliable watches, 171 Yonge-street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.

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Best Value in Canada.  
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ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER.  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.  
Trade Mark. Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.

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PHOTOS—Cabinet, \$2.50 per dozen. J. DIXON, 201 to 203 Yonge-street, Toronto.

VIOLINS—First-class, from \$75 to \$3. Catalogues of Instruments free. T. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge-street, Toronto.

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