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GRIP.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY **J. W. BENGOUGH.**

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

Our Own Egotist.

It has been arranged to give Mr. Archibald Forbes a reception at the Queen's on Christmas Ev'g. I trust the newspaper press of the city will be thoroughly represented on the occasion.

A brief breathing space has been granted to Parliament, and I fervently trust the time will be usefully employed by members of the House of both parties, in learning the views of their constituents. Much to the chagrin of all right thinking men, and greatly to the danger of our country, the question involved in the Syndicate debate is descending to the level of party.

A term in the Penitentiary would not be too severe a penalty to inflict upon any man who would aid or abet such a crime against the country, as would be involved in making the fixing of the destiny of generations yet unborn a subject of mere partisan wrangle, and if the Government persist in forcing this confessedly grave matter through for the sake of a party triumph, they will deserve, and will receive, undying execration.

I say nothing for or against the terms of the bargain. They may be bad, as Messrs. Blake and Cartwright say, or good, as Messrs. Tupper and Plumb declare. What I demand is that we, the sovereign people, shall have a chance to look into the matter and form our independent opinion, before we are hopelessly committed to any contract.

At present it is notorious that the constitutions are far from enlightened on the subject, and I have no hesitation in saying that there are members in the House on both sides—dumb, driven cattle—who have no intelligent conception themselves as to what the document on the table really means.

In ordinary cases, Parliament can be trusted to reflect pretty fairly the public opinion, but the present case is not ordinary. If I am not utterly astray, the question involves the weal or woe of the grandest portion of this best of countries; a country that I know is loved alike by Reformers and Conservatives. Let the fate of Benedict Arnold await those who betray us, from whatever motives.

That was rather a smart "dressing down" that the editor of the *Globe* received from Sir Charles Tupper the other day. Mr. Brown ventured into the gallery, and the Minister of Railways seized the opportunity of giving him "a little on account." Mr. Blake reproved Sir Charles for his unparliamentary conduct, but it was only a fair case of tit-for-tat.

Mr. Gordon Brown was guilty of as great a breach of parliamentary etiquette in assailing a defenceless Minister through his newspaper, as that Minister committed when he assailed a defenceless "stranger in the gallery."

The Tupper-Cartwright episode was less defensible. It was ludicrous as well as disgraceful. Cartwright's perversion of Tupper's words, involving a charge of villiany, was very mean and unbecoming, and had the victim been content to merely call attention to the slander, and afterwards treat it with the contempt he professes to feel for its author, he might have gained something.

But he followed up his denunciation of the "miserable insinuation" by making one against Cartwright equally miserable.

A Resolution for the New Year.

Best Resolution? That depends
On him who makes it,
And also somewhat on the ends
For which he takes it.
An athlete who has been o'erthrown
And flooded, dejected,
A resolution, not a groan
From him's expected.
The man who Hanlan always beats
With splendid rowing,
A row-solution, that defeats
Should stop their blowing.*

A chemist whose deception fails
When it is tested
Should make a re-solution (quails) †
Before he rested.
Who wants to be an early bird,
And catch the worm when,
A rise-solution from him's heard
From out his worm den ‡
The wearied man with business tired
A rest-olution—§

* I am well aware that this verse is terribly defective and that a verb and several other things are lacking. I'm not to blame for that however. I ordered a complete winter stock of verbs, of the very latest patterns but they are frozen in somehwere between here and N. Y.

† "Quails" is merely put in here to rhyme with "fails." I flatter myself it is successful. Besides quails are plentiful just now and very nice birds to have on a foundation of toast.

‡ I know it. But then the sweet singer of Mich. can make "rhinoceros" rhyme with "parapetetic," so I think "worm then" and "warm den" may be allowed to pass.

§ [There! that's enough! Stop this machine! —Ed.] **LUKE SHARP.**

The Masher of the Matinee.

CHAP. I.

'Twas a bleak, cold afternoon in the month of December of the present year. There was no snow on the ground, and the western winds sent the dust up from the hardened streets in clouds, half blinding the eyes of the pedestrians, as each successive blast invaded the squalid apparel of the corner loafers, and asked them what they were doing all winter with their summer clothes on.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, vast crowds of people, the majority being ladies, might be seen on Adelaide street moving, it was apparent to the observer, to the doors of the Grand Opera House. It was Saturday, and a matinee was to be given by the **BANG UP VAUDEVILLE CIRCO OPERATIC COMPANY**. Never since the opening of the house was such enthusiasm raised as during the week of B. V. C. O. Company's entertainment. They had played 400 nights in Kalamazoo, and 300 nights in Oshkosh, and no wonder, their play "A Piece of Hash" being probably the best of its kind ever produced, carrying away the audience in rapturous though somewhat confused delight.

As the hour of two p.m. was rung by the mighty clock in the towering steeple of St. James', a youth might have been seen hurriedly coming up the lane leading from King street. He was chewing a clove, and the air was made redolent of spices and doubtful *eau de vie* as he took post at the theatre door. The youth stood for some minutes, his hands deeply buried in his ulster, and he gazed with evident delight into the face of each muffled damsel as she passed on her way to the box office. Who was the youth?

'Twas none other than Marmaduke McGriffin, the Masher of the Matinee.

"Ah," sighed Marmaduke, "and they call me the Masher *par excellence* of the Matinee. True, there is some reason for the public bestowing upon me the title. I may venture to say (here he drew himself up proudly) that I have made more mashes of the female heart than any one of my age in Toronto. But alas! there is one whose graceful form is impressed upon my susceptible mind. Oh, that I could see her face. It must be divine to belong to that Venus-like form. Ha! that blue dolman, that white hat and red leather! She comes!"

CHAP. II.

The lady thus apostrophised by the youthful Marmaduke was closely veiled, and without even casting a glance at the enraptured swain she tripped lightly up the steps, bought her ticket and passed into the theatre, followed as closely as possible by her admirer, who took a position so that he could see the mysterious lady's face when the curtain would rise, and on which occasion he fully expected her veil to rise also. He was disappointed. The curtain went up, and the serio-comic lady came on and gave the audience "Meet Me in the Lumber Yard," in her usual inimitable style, followed by "Dance Me on Your Knee," but still the lady kept her veil down. The tumbler took the stage and tumbled, the tenor and soprano came on and sang, the niggers, Irishman and Dutchman turned "flip flaps" all over the stage, and at last the curtain was run down, but the mystic lady yet sat immovable and closely veiled. Marmaduke was maddened. "Am I, or am I not myself?" he whispered inaudibly, as he found that all his killing glances towards her proved of no avail. "Shall I, the Masher of the Matinee, be discomfited? By heavens, never! I'll follow her home. I will make some excuse and accost her. Once I make her acquaintance, she will soon regret having treated with indifference Marmaduke McGriffin, the Masher of the Matinee."

She arose and he arose. She went up Adelaide street, and he followed. He followed her up Bay, on to Queen, up Queen to Elizabeth, up Elizabeth to Chestnut street. "Doubtless, she will cross the avenue at Elm street to some of the aristocratic mansions in the north-western quarter," thought Marmaduke, and still he followed her. Her graceful form he perceived on its way up Centre street, and quickening his pace he gained steadily on her, when the lady stopped short in front of an ancient wooden building, the steps leading to the door thereof being ornamented with three "pickaninnies." She raised her veil. Great Washington! She was as black as Othello's grandmother! This is what she said to Marmaduke, "See hyah, tell yo' what it is, I don't want any of yoah Matinee loafahs follerin' me up. I've been a watchin' of yo' fo' days. George Henry, come hiah! Here's a loafah been insultin' me, George Henry debouched through the door with a ten foot white wash brush, (calculating being that gentleman's profession,) and smote the too enquiring youth with it. Wiping the white wash out of his eyes, Marmaduke fled in haste to the seclusion of the avenue. And from that time thence forward the portals of the Grand have not been graced with the form of the Masher of the Matinee.

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