

Parent, if you have a family,
Rolling round the cottage floor,
Take 'em home GRIP'S Comic Almanac,
If you want to make 'em roar!

Profusely illustrated; funnily written;
splendidly printed; and rapidly sold for ten
cents per copy—GRIP'S Comic Almanac for
1885.

HIGH ENGLISH.

"The old man McCaugue, who was too rapidly im-
pelled from the church at Thornhill, is recovering."—
Vide Mail, 23th ult.

Do you observe, dear MR. GRIP, "too
rapidly impelled." I-n't it an admirable
phrase? So gentle, so refined, so polite?

What a contrast is this elegant mode of ex-
pression, to that vulgar bluntness, that brutal
plainness of speech so indicative of want of
breeding, that would have said "thrown out."
How redolent this beautiful phrase, of the rare-
fied atmosphere of the fanctum where it had
its birth, and of those fragrant groves of
Academe whence it issued on its beneficent
errand of captivating the public ear, and ad-
ministering a well-deserved reproof to the dull
coarseness of the local press!

May the example thus delicately set have
corresponding results; dear MR. GRIP, so that
people of super-sensitive organizations will
for the future enjoy complete immunity from
injury by the most pointed truths, and law-
suits for libel be known no more, henceforth
and forever.

DEAR GRIP,—Hope I'm first! "Vice-Admiral
De Horsey is announced as successor to the
Duke of Edinburgh in command of the Chan-
nel fleet." Consequently we need no longer
doubt the existence of those heretofore
apocryphal individuals, the "Horse(y) Mar-
ines." Yours in haste,

QUIP.

"Lord Randolph Churchill is to make a voyage round
the world."—*World*.

Always thought there was something missing
in Randy; it was "the grand tower," as Mrs.
Malaprop calls it. If he only brings back
Discretion no one will grudge him his holiday.

THE STREET CAR CRUSADERS.

You see, we had made up our mind
We'd stand it no longer; not we!
It was all very well to be kind;
But not in that way. D'ye see?
So we boarded a Queen-street car,
And we filled every blessed seat;
And we each took a vow then and thar'
If we budged our own heads we would eat.
At the first crossing, up came a woman
Rather tired—she works out by the day;
Her face was as yellow's a lemon,
And her hair—well the truth is—'twas gray.
But I stuck to my seat like a blister.
Then two girls came; they stared and cut up.
Said one, "These big eubs has no sister."
"Oh! they don't know no better, shut up!"
Next crossing they took up another,
An old lady, quiet, meek-faced;
She reminded me so much of mother
I felt, as I sat, quite disgraced.
But finally, capping the climax,
Who should step in but my fiancée,
And me sitting there like a lunatic!
Don't talk of a man turning grey—
I turned all hues of the rainbow.
The—a live interrogative point—
Gazing at me as if I was Jumbo,
And guessing what was out of joint.
Of course I got up; "Don't bother,"
She said with such sarcastic glee;
"I can stand just as well as another,
"Here mother, sit down here," said she
To the elderly party.—'Twas over!
I had struck my big foot in my dream;
And now I'm a lone, withered liver.
Take warning—things ain't what they seem!

"Best thing I ever read, ha, ha, ho, ho,
ho!" splattered Mr. Jobkins, choking with
laughter. "Let's see it!" demanded the
crowd. "Not much," replied the sturdy old
fellow, "Go and buy GRIP Almanacs for your-
selves." And they did. Price 10c.



YE HAZING OF YE FRESHMAN.

(After Coleridge) Dedicated to the University College
Literary Society.

It is a cheeky freshman,
And he stoppeth one of three;
"By my bran new gown and college cap,
Now wherefore stoyst thou me?"

"My boarding-house is distant far,
And I am short of tin;
My dinner on the table cools,
I prithee, let me rin."

He held him with his trembling hand—
"Last Friday night," quoth he,—
"Be off! unhand me, cheeky loon!"
Eistoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him by his gleaming eye.
"It was like this, as soon—"
Ye listner pressed, he beat his breast,
"Out with it, cheeky loon!"

"Last Friday night, when Teefy said,
"To study man and nature;
There was no hint, no warning wink,
On any single feature.

"Down dropt their eyes, their eyes dropt down,
There was no sound nor motion;
All innocent, as tho' of fun
They'd not the faintest notion.

"Oh, man a'live! we were but five,
Alone in that hazing spree;
And never a one took pity on
Our souls in agony,

"Each muffled head, they blindfold led
Into ave cellar dim;
Where Judge and Jury sat arrayed
In paste-board faces grim.

"Students, students, everywhere!
And everyone did wink
Behind ye eye-holes of his mask,
Like skaters at ye rink.

"With noses huge, and noses red,
And noses in ye air;
They bobbe, they bowed, they grinned, they leered,
A multiplied nightmare.

"My name was called; I stood appalled,
My heart stood still amain;
Uprose my hair, 'sirrah! ye wear
Outside a brass dog chain."

"And one had walked beside a girl,
And one had che-k to spare;
And all had passed ye seniors by
Without saluting fair.

"They made us sing, they made us dance,
They made us kneel and swear
We would not hah to mortal cars
Of all we suffered there.

"On one who would not bow ye knee,
They turned ye water-tap;
Adown his spine ye water ran,
He shivered with ye sap.

"But saddest he who with his girl
For weeks must not be seen,
On pain of being hazed again;
Ah! woeful doom, I ween.

"Oh, man a'live, though we survive,
Our cheek it dropped away;
Sank like a stone thrown at a frog,
Or needles into hay.

"And now I've told my woeful tale,
Of course it's *entre vous*;
We'd rusticated be, sure pop,
If ye professors know."

BEWILDERED.

Old Fogleton is always imagining that some
one is trying to get a rise out of him—why, no-
body knows—and when a man to whom he had
just been introduced in a certain rendezvous
on Younge-street asked him, "How do you
sell papers in this city?" he was immediately
on his guard, and determined to bite the biter,
so he replied,

"Sell 'em? Sell 'em by the quart, of
course."

"No, no," replied the other "I mean how
much are they a-piece?"

"Oh! you can't buy a piece of a newspaper
here; you've got to take the whole sheet, or if
you do buy a piece you must pay for the whole
paper," replied old F.

"You are obtuse, sir," said the other, "I
am a stranger here and want to buy a news-
paper. Surely that's simple enough."

"Simple enough, I should say it was. Al-
most any of 'em I guess would be willing to
sell—maybe not the *Globe* or *Grip*. The diffi-
culty is to find a purchaser who will pay
enough," said Fogleton, with a look in his
eye which said as plainly as looks can speak,
"not to be done this time, old Cocky Wax."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the stran-
ger, "I never met such a man. I—merely—
want—to—buy—a—newspaper"—this very
distinctly and slowly—"Now can you answer
my plain question; what's their price?"

"Oh, you must see the proprietors about
that. Some of 'em 'll sell themselves for very
little, I guess; some won't."

"I don't want to buy their politics, you old
humbug. All I want is to buy a copy of some
Toronto journal. Will that do you?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," returned Fogleton,
"but if you go to some of the proof-readers
you might get all the 'copy' you want for very
little, I should think, after they get through
with it."

"Isn't there a paper here—the *News*?
Well, I want that."

"They're all newspapers," retorted Fogle-
ton, without a muscle of his face moving.

"Well, well, well," sighed the other, "this
is the worst old lunatic I ever came across."
And then said aloud "Can't you tell me the
price of a copy of a paper called *The News*?"

"It varies; morning edition is double the
price of the evening."

"And how much, in the name of Job, boils,
patience, Bildad the Shuhite, and all Job's
friends, is a morning *News*?"

"Two cents," answered Fogleton, laconic-
ally.

"And why couldn't you say so at first?"
"Because you didn't ask me."

[Just then a boy was heard calling out
"*Globe, Mail, Grip, News, Week, Telegram!*"
and the stranger rushed out and cried "Here,
boy, gimme a GRIP," and tendered two cop-
pers.]

"Five cents, sir," said the boy, sniffing at
the coins with disdain.

"Give me a two cent paper or I'll kill you,"
howled the now desperate man.

"Hain't got one, boss," replied the boy,
"these is all hevenia's and weeklies."

"What's the weekly?"
"GRIP."

"Any other?"
"Week."

"Give me a *Week*, then," still proffering
the coppers.

"Here y'are; seven cents."

Then the bewildered man said a bad word,
dashed away down street, crying in his agony,
"A city of lunatics; a city of lunatics!"

And the boy gazed after him and said, "crank
broke loose, I guess."

And all this came to pass because old Fogle-
ton had sworn never to be the victim of a
"put-up job."