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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.

**A Happy New Year.**

With a flutter of joy  
And a twinkling eye,  
Grip wishes his readers dear  
Long life and light hearts  
(Which Grip's humor imparts)  
And a genuine Happy New Year.

**Galt's Lament.**

If you see Moses Oates send him home—  
To be absent so long is a shame;  
While his loving wee wife  
Is most scared out of life  
And nobody thinks she's to blame;  
And since from our midst he took flight,  
There is none our affairs to indite,  
And we're now in the blues,  
Having wardmen to choose,  
With the grand civic conflict in sight,  
Without Moses to lead on the fight.  
So, though neither a priest nor a lord,  
To want him we'll can afford,  
For, with insight so keen,  
He's both gleg and far seen,  
While beyond moon and stars he has soared,  
Till his prophecies can't be ignored.

On the editor's stool and the street,  
We thus miss the clay pipe and big feet,  
And more harassing still,  
We're deprived of his skill.  
The clouds on the carry to mete,  
Foretelling of sunshine or weat.

Even Nature her reckoning has lost,  
And the weather has run all to frost,  
Neither raining or snowing,  
But freezing and blowing,  
Till of sleighing our last hope is lost—  
Hence Moses should be at his post.

JOHN GALT.

GALT, Dec. 15, 1880.

**Grip's Christmas Cards.**

Grip expresses his entire satisfaction at the manufacture of Christmas Cards in the Dominion, and is struck with the thought that the idea may be carried even further. With this object in view he offers to supply the public with plain Christmas cards in the shape of pen and ink sketches (on fine cardboard) of Canadian events of startling interest. No. 1 represents Sir Charles Tupper inspecting the Union Pacific Railway at Cottonwood Swamp. No. 2, Sir John and Mr. Huntington walking arm in arm in Ottawa. No. 3, Mr. Gordon Brown dining with Mr. Goldwin Smith. No. 4, Major De Winton rescinding the low-necked dress order. No. 5, Mr. Perrault and Mr. Goldwin Smith receiving the honor of knighthood from Her Majesty, and many other scenes of permanent historical value to Canadians. Price \$1.25 per million which barely pays for the cards. Early orders solicited. No Rag Baby money received in exchange.

The discussion of the Pacific Railway Bill has been carried on in anything but a Pacific manner. To some the terms Syndicate a new way of settling the country.

**Curing a Clucking Hen.**

She was a long, lanky, dispirited hen of the Dorking variety, but it is useless to discuss all her points now, as she was discussed long ago. Well, this hen for some time manifested a desire for incubation, patent even to my unlearned eyes. It was in the beginning of winter too, when a young brood of chickens would infallibly perish. I had systematically stolen her eggs, and now seeing the maternal instinct strong upon her, I determined to gratify it. So I started out for the corner grocery store and asked Smith for five cents worth of eggs. He looked at me seriously, and then fished up one fine new laid egg, and asked me if I would have it in paper? I said that quality was not my object in buying eggs that day, but quantity, so after favoring me with a prolonged stare of amazement, he filled a paper bag with the merchandise, adding that he was willing to warrant that they had been in the store for two months. This was exactly what I wanted, so laying down my five cents I went home and put them under my yearning hen. She looked at me with thankful eyes, and settled herself on the eggs with every appearance of unspeakable joy. Well, she sat, and sat, and sat. To do her justice, she did her level best with those eggs, but it was no go. Twenty-five days passed, and one afternoon I was smoking my pipe in the woodshed and not thinking of anything in particular, when I noticed the hen step out of her nest, and gently and charily trundle one of the eggs out into the light and scrutinise it closely. She must have thought that something was up, for she gave it a furious peck driving her head up to the eyes in it. Uttering a fearful scream of dismay, she flew through the doorway and buried her head in a snow-drift. All this time the old rooster was standing in the doorway, taking mental notes and smiling inwardly. Seeing his wife fly out in that summary manner, he, with an assumption of awful dignity stepped up to the egg to investigate. After looking at it askance for a moment, he turned it over with his beak and—fled from the shed screaming at the top of his voice. This was highly interesting, and went far to prove that the egg was not as fresh as it might be. I was confirmed in this opinion a moment after, for my sister's cat came slinking and blinking into the shed, and spying the egg steered straight for it, licking her chops in anticipation. Pusey gave it one sniff and the next moment might have been observed trying to extract whingle nails with her teeth high on the roof of the shed. I often feel sad when I think of the unmanly ungentlemanly deception I practised on that poor misguided fowl; but it is too late now for anything but regrets, and fervent resolutions never to do such a mean trick again.

DELIBERATIVE DORMOUSE.

**"She Stoops to Conquer."**

The moon hung placid in the sky  
One summer night,  
Two lovers sat upon the stoop  
In the silvery light,  
The drunken little stars were blinking  
All their might.

He gazeth in her darksome orbs,  
So liquid bright,  
She gazeth fondly up again  
With tear-dimmed sight,  
A hermit bull-frog chanted by his  
Firefly light.

Sweet maid, see'st thou yon twinkling world  
Small to the sight,  
That days ago rose late at e'en  
And satellite?  
A star shot bias o'er the azure  
Infinite.

"The stars are nothing new to us,  
Alphonse," she sighed,  
"Like thee, each is a feeble spark—  
And nought beside;  
Did'st look to planet with a ring, I'd  
Gaze up willingly."

BUN.

**Notes from Our Gaddy.**

DEAR GRIP,  
O.

GADDY.

P. S.—Happy New Year and many on 'em.

[NOTE.—The above was handed in, highly perfumed with stale tobacco, and a strong suspicion of beer. Gaddy, if this happens again we shall have to call you an M.P. or something particularly disagreeable.—ED. GRIP.]

**Blake's Meeting.**

Perhaps a more disgraceful and disgusting spectacle has never been witnessed than that presented at the meeting called to discuss the Syndicate Bargain, in St. Lawrence Hall. The interruptions made during Mr. Blake's speech were not only ungentlemanly and absurd, but in most cases, were impertinent. However, it was at the close of Mr. Blake's speech that the audience showed to advantage. Hoots, yells, groans, and oaths filled the air, and the efforts of the chairman to preserve order only served to make confusion worse confounded. In one corner two men were fighting, in another a small clique of Conservatives were making determined and successful efforts to prevent the speaker's voice being heard, while the conduct of a great many in the audience was such as would be expected from a crowd of bar-room loafers, rather than from men of good standing in society, many of whom have had the advantages of a University education. Both political parties were equally bad, and both deserve the severest censure and condemnation.

**The Champion Mean Man.**

An instance of the beautiful working of the law relating to distraining for rents has recently come under our notice. Under the old law, the landlord in default of payment could seize the goods and chattels of the tenant, but was compelled to leave him certain specified articles of furniture. At present the law has been so amended that he need leave nothing, and the instance referred to is a case in point. A Toronto landlord in the disguise of a man, seized upon the furniture of his tenant and completely stripped the house, taking the bed from under the sick wife; and, coolly laying the baby upon the floor, walked off with its cot. Comment upon this is unnecessary.

Grip predicts a very severe storm on or about the 3rd January, 1881, accompanied by a very high wind and numerous orthographical thunderbolts. The storm will be general throughout Ontario, but will be felt most severely in Toronto, and the U. E. Club will have a very close escape from being demolished. Another storm will commence about the 5th., confined principally to Ottawa, and which will raise the temperature some thirty degrees before it subsides. As Grip cannot see more than a week ahead, we will wait until our next issue, when the dark veil of futurity will be again lifted.

The Union pays a deserved compliment to Major Theodore Byxbee, speaking of him as a gentleman of ability, standing and character. —*Meriden Recorder*.—Correct, Bro. Riggs, correct. We have some of them around here too, not just at this season of the year, but in warmer weather, and they are all of considerable ability, but very apt to give a stinging retort if disturbed. We cannot say about their standing, in fact, don't remember to have ever seen them stand, but they will destroy any single mans character in ten seconds, if they happen to catch him while out with his girl. The ones we mean have striped backs, and always carry a piece of chain lightning with them.

If you are oiling your hair and spill, the oil over your face you will attain a facile expression.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 281 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Purity and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

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