

faced old humbug that ever lived. When Jay Gould sent that congratulatory message to Grover Cleveland on his election to the presidency of the land of clocks, bass-wood hams and whittling, after doing his utmost to keep the president, cleft out in the cold, he proved himself a worthy disciple of the old Roman (imaginary) fraud. This double-faced nature he may have acquired from his nurse for she was, there is no shadow of a doubt, a veritable Jay-nuss.

Having given the origin of the name of this month, let us now proceed to consider some of its chief characteristics. First and foremost it is remarkable as being the month in which New Year's day comes, to the front.

This is followed by January 2nd. Nothing does more to cause a man to regard himself disrespectfully, as some men do on January 2nd, than to discover that he has slept in his new plug hat and patent leather boots; to perceive unmistakable signs that he has endeavored to wind up his watch with a plug of tobacco and that he has carefully locked his clothes-closet door and left that of his apartment wide open. And yet such things occur more frequently in the month of January than in the other eleven all put together; therefore January must be regarded with the suspicious eye of a Toronto detective.

This month is, perhaps, the coldest of the year; it is, certainly, for those candidates who run for the proud position of alderman, but who, owing to misconduct in the matter of Holly engines, esplanades and so forth, are requested by the voters to remain in the chilly atmosphere—outside. Some would-be aldermen have been known to take this request so much to heart that they have attempted to blow their brains out, but, even as it is a difficult matter to shoot a rabbit when he isn't there, their success has, in most cases, been only a partial one. A large number of aldermanic candidates prove themselves true (or rather false) followers of Janus, for, during the few days immediately preceding the civic elections, which invariably take place during this month, they look both ways at once; forward to a chair in the Council Chamber and backward to their past records, and in many cases this latter is a very unpleasant view indeed. They also talk as they look, making promises they know they can never fulfil and grasping the hands of those men they would have to vote for them, with a fervor only equalled by the extreme frigidity of their recognition of these same men as soon as they themselves are declared duly elected city dunderheads.

All nature, or most of it, appears to slumber during the month of January; no song of blithely carolling bird is heard; the feathered songsters are all away to a clime that is warmer than this, with the exception of the Tom cat who continues his nocturnal melody as though no biting Borean blast—(that alliteration puts me in mind of the Brawling Brood of Bribers—*vide Globe*)—could cool the ardor of his love. He cares not for chilly breezes; he is a patriarchal cat himself; the father of many cats; a regular cat's-paw? Even if he should have his felines hurt by getting his tail frozen it merely acts medicinally on him; it is but a dose of cat-nip, after all. So all night long he sits on the roof or garden wall and sings and chants and carols away; and if Maria, his loved one, cometh not, lonely indeed is Thomas; very lonely; and he feels like emigrating to cat-alone-here: (gentle reader, this is meant for Catalonia; but I won't insult you by explaining so excellent a pun.)

Now, having said all I know about January and cats I beg to take my leave before this is published, for my life is still sweet to me and I feel that I have placed it in jeopardy.

THE CHRONOLOGIST.



MISERACORDIA!

MR. GRIP.—DEAR SIR,—That the end of all things is right at hand, no thoughtful and intelligent man will for a moment attempt to deny. Measures wrought with the very strongest principles of disintegration have been advocated and promulgated with such vigor, that they are now a part of the political and educational system, and are slowly doing their deadly and decomposing work. Of these I may mention co-education and the Scott Act—two innovations of which it would be hard to say which is the most absurd or the most dangerous. That woman, who has always been likened truthfully to a creeping plant that throws out feelers or tendrils whereby she may raise herself by clinging to that noble and time-honored symbol of man, the oak, that she, I say, should come out boldly as a maple, a poplar, a willow, or an ash,—is an absurdity on the face of it. But that she should be admitted as a co-student in our universities is tantamount to breaking up the whole social system, disorganizing the marriage relations, and introducing a state of chaotic confusion that cannot be sufficiently deplored. But, saddest of all, the authority and grandeur of man as a superior being will be gone. As no man is a hero to his valet, so no man, however learned or intellectual he may be, can possibly be a hero, or a learned phenomenon, to the woman who has beat him in honor classics or mathematics. The result is plain to the most ordinary observer. Men in despair will take to drinking, and here again another destructive principle meets him at the very outset. He cannot get even that relief; the Scott Act has passed; the law says, man will not be allowed to drown his regrets in the flowing bowl, the foaming tankard, or the assuaging schooner. Liberty itself is denied him, the glorious prerogative of a Briton, to do what-over he chooses, no matter who may suffer, no matter if he himself suffers, no matter if his family suffers, no matter if the country suffers, nay, even if he dies—what of that—it is Liberty! The glorious inheritance of every true born Briton. And this forsooth—must also be taken away at the instigation of a few wretched fanatics! *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

But, sir, if this were all, there might yet be hope for the world. But as a man, I ask you sir, can any one gaze upon these six columns of widow's and spinster's names, in the *Telegram* without feeling his joints loosening and his knees smiting against each other. I may here confess to you personally that I have not felt the same man since, and on the evening of the publication of that list of women voters I was under the necessity of taking a large dose of Gregory's mixture, a bowl of hot gruel while I sat for an hour with my feet in hot water to prevent any fatal effects. I, sir, am no admirer of that writer, Mr. Dickens. I have always been under the impression that he was a cad, one who had no proper respect for the aristocracy as his natural superiors. But, Mr. GRIP, he has written one sentence which is worthy of being immortalized as a

golden precept, and which deserves to be tacked on to the decalogue as the eleventh commandment—I mean that remarkable utterance of the elder Mr. Weller—“*Beware of the widders!*”

Sir, if ever there was a time in the history of mankind when such a precept should be inculcated it is now, when widows are allowed to vote. Personally this new and disastrous measure has deprived the City Council of my valuable services. I had for some time back observed that things in the city were not being managed properly, and I had resolved to run as Alderman, in order to save the city from going to utter ruin. I was prepared to sacrifice time and money for the good of the city and for its being managed on a true British basis. And I think I may say in all humility and without egotism that the city would have been the better for my advice and suggestions. Now, however, that is impossible. To run the gauntlet of six columns of widows and spinsters is a task I must really decline. Besides I consider it beneath the dignity of a Briton to owe my elevation to the post of Alderman to the votes of a sex whom I always have thought, and still do consider, inferior to my own. If people will persist in passing ridiculous measures and granting uncalled for liberties they must take the consequences, I shall certainly not now run for alderman.

I have the honor to be, dear sir,

Yours most Respectfully,

FREDERIC OLDFOGINGTON.

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GASTRONOMY.

A NEW YEAR'S SOCIETY TALE.

Tootle-tootle-tootle, toot-toot-toot! That's a flute.

Tweedle-tweedle-tweedle, twice-twice-twee! Fiddle.

Oompah-oompah, comp-oomp, boo! Trombone.

Tink-a-link-a-tink-a-link-a-tink, tink-tink! Piano.

From this introduction it is evident that something out of the way is in progress. It is The grand New Year's ball, an annual affair, is going on at the mansion of the Van Kerosenes.

On this particular occasion, however, the affair is far grander, far more resplendent than those of former years, for this is to be the wedding night of Julia Raventress Van Kerosene, the heiress, who, as the clocks toll the hour of midnight, ushering in the New Year, (for be it known this is New Year's Eve) will, so it is arranged, wed young F. Ponsonby Ashbarrel-A-hbarrel.

Julia is in high feather and looks well. She has never cared much for young F. P. A. A., but he is very wealthy, and the fortunes of the two will maintain quite a princely establishment—and style is what Julia dotes on. Moreover, she will be enabled to cut out her dear school-chum and bosom friend, Laura Higinks, who was last year married to the Polish Count Sviudlerinski and who has never lost an opportunity of throwing her title in her darling friend's face whenever occasion has offered. But the Count is poor, and when Julia becomes Mrs. Ashbarrel-Ashbarrel, then—ah! then.

By preconcerted arrangement F. Ponsonby, etc., is not to appear till the first stroke of midnight. To this he had not demurred, and had stated his intention of spending the evening at his club, the Gastronomic, famed far and wide for its choice culinary department, presided over by the most skilful and ingenious chef ever sent on earth by the Bad Old Man.