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EDITOR'S NOTE. ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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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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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

DI MURSKA is singing in Berlin.

OLIVE LOGAN is coming home to lecture.

Wilhelmj goes back to Germany next year to organize an orchestra for his future concerts in America.

James O'Neill is to receive \$500 a week—so they say—for his impersonation of Christ in the "Passion Play," at Booth's.

There is no truth in the rumor that Joe Emmet and John B. Gough will double up for next season and give temperance songs and dances.

Do not forget the engagement of WILLIE EDWIN and his Company at the Grand. "Dreams" is declared to be the funniest thing ever put on the American stage.

A combination for a concert tour through the United States and Canada has just been organized by Mr. C. H. Dittman, consisting of the following artists: August Wilhelmj, violin virtuoso; Constantin Sternberg, the Russian pianist, and Miss Lelitia J. Fritsch, soprano.

As De Pasqualis was singing "Rigoletto" in Rome he noticed a commotion in the parquet, and a woman was carried out in a fainting condition. He sang on, and applause encouraged him. When he reached home he found that it was his mother who had fainted. She was dead.

The Boston Ideal Opera Company are to present "Fafnita" and the "Chimes of Normandy" at the Royal, as the next attraction. This Company deserves the title it claims, as it is composed of the *creme de la creme* of Boston's vocalists. An enjoyable entertainment is certain for all who attend.

Miss Mary Beebe, of the Boston Ideal Company, will retire from the stage at the end of this week. She is to be married to Mr. Richard G. Haskell, a wholesale shoe and leather merchant, about the middle of December at Boston. She is a daughter of the late J. H. Beebe, Law Librarian of the State of Ohio.

Beethoven's piano is about to be offered for sale by its present owner, a resident of Klausenberg, Transylvania. It was presented by the maker, Wagel, of Pesth, to Beethoven, when he was writing "Fidelio." Upon one of the panels of the piano is painted the portrait of the great musician at the age of twenty years.—*The Eye*.

Edgar L. Davenport (son of the late Mr. Davenport, the renowned tragedian) promises to succeed in the dramatic profession, which he has adopted. He is at present playing Cyril Gariand in "A False Friend," at Harverly's Brooklyn, but needs a gay and brisker character to display his best qualities most favorably.

Though not strictly a literary matter, nobody will object to our dropping in a paragraph here about the opening of the Granite Skating and Curling Rink last week, for certainly "Authors Artists and Journalists" ought to feel interested in these healthful exercises. And for those who have the opportunity of enjoying them there is no better place to be found than the new Rink on Church street. The building is large and handsome, and a decided ornament to that choice section of the city. It has been built on thoroughly liberal principles, and is in all respects a model establishment. The season tickets are placed at a moderate figure, and there can be no doubt that this rink will be the scene of some of the merriest meetings of the winter season.

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Subscriptions received by **BENGOUGH BROS.,** Toronto.

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Bret Harte is writing a Christmas story for the *London Graphic*.

Miss Cora L. Seward is preparing some very fine work for the holidays at which she will possibly give a reception to all lovers of art.—*The Eye*.

Mr. Valentine's satirical "Fitznoodle" sketches, which have been a feature of *Puck* ever since the first number appeared, are to be "booked."—*Herald*.

The *Wheeling Sunday Leader* has emerged from its financial gloom, and makes a fresh start, with new proprietors. Mr. Chas. Johnson remains on the editorial staff.—*Free Press*.

The *Williamsport, Pa., Sunday Breakfast Table*, one of our prized exchanges, has passed into the hands of a new firm, SWEELY & STEINER. Mr. SWEELY is known to fame as a paragrapher.

Alfred Tennyson is about to publish a new volume of ballads and other poems. It is to contain various "English Idyls" and verses in dialect after the manner of "The Northern Farmer."—*Herald*.

On Tuesday Mr. Henry Fitzhugh, city editor of the *Springfield Post*, died of pneumonia. He was a young journalist favorably known to the fraternity of Illinois, and was possessed of much ability.—*The Eye*.

"I think your GRIP the jolliest of my exchanges, and watch for its coming each week." These are the fraternal words of Mr. Geo. H. Hubbert, editor of the *Waterloo, N.Y., Observer*, though it makes us blush to print them.

Owing to sickness, Prof. Haanel was obliged to postpone his lecture on Musical Acoustics, which was to have been given on the 26th, to the evening of Friday, Dec. 10th, when it will be delivered in Newcombe's Hall, Church street. The admission is by invitation.

The Adams family in the paragraphic fraternity, although probably not very nearly related, are a host in themselves. Charles F., in the *Boston Journal of Commerce*, Ed. L., of the *Marathon Independent*, and last, and fully up to the standard, is Kit of the *Modern Argo*.—*Waterloo Observer*.

JOHN S. CLARKE has entirely recovered. The London papers speak approvingly, as of old, of his performance of *Bob Acres* at the Haymarket on the evening of October 28. Also of the performance of LINDA DIERZ as *Lydia Languish* and of Mrs. JOHN WOOD as *Mrs. Tooldes* to the *Tooldes* of Mr. CLARKE.

It is with peculiar pleasure that we chronicle the opening of Mr. MARSHALL's fine new bookstore, on King St.—perhaps taken all in all the finest establishment of the kind in this Province. Mr. MARSHALL's prosperity is the result of honest Scottish work, combined with business intelligence and good nature. He was one of the earliest friends of GRIP, and in fact may be said to have assisted in hatching that wonderful bird.

The *World* is plain spoken in reference to the *Telegram's* Mortlake dispatch, on the morning of the 16th, and says in so many words that the report was written beforehand. The *World's* great forte is honesty and we have no doubt that its statement is borne up by facts. Now this kind of thing should not be allowed to pass uncondemned on by the press at large. *Donna sive* dispatches are commendable and merit the sale of over 24,000 copies of a paper enterprising enough to go to the expense of getting them, but bogus reports are only worthy of the contempt of every newspaper man—worthy the name.

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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.

I am glad to see Rev. Dr. SUTHERLAND's in dignant repudiation of the authorship of the alleged slanders against the N. W. Mounted Police. Everybody who knows the rev. gentleman will of course accept his statement as final. The charge against him seemed to be incredible from the first.

It seems to be a favourite amusement with some miserable people, however, to say nasty things about this body of men. I have frequently heard reports crediting them with anything but respectable conduct. The assertion of a recent writer in the *Globe*, one who knows whereof he speaks, is that they are as decent and well behaved a lot of young fellows as could be brought together in any town in Canada. This I thoroughly believe.

Ah! now I begin to see it. I have for some time wondered why the *Canadian Spectator*, a professedly non-political or independent paper, had such a strongly pro-government tone on the question of the Pacific Railway syndicate.

The *Belleville Intelligencer* gently lets the feline out of the bag in the following news item: "Mr. McIntyre, a member of the Pacific Syndicate, and principal owner of the *Canada Central*, has purchased an interest in the *Spectator*, the Rev. J. Bray's paper."

Poor old THOMAS CARLYLE's closing eyes are greeted with a scene of Hero-Worship, which proves that that form of idolatry is as strong in the human heart as ever. The way in which the world is running after Beaconsfield's new book is a caution, indeed.

And what does *Endymion* amount to after all, that it should put £30,000 into DISRAELI's pocket; bring probably twice as much into the treasury of the publishers, set the literary world ablaze, and all but extinguish the glory of HANLAN? Every impassionate reader will agree that it is in itself quite unworthy of so much fuss, and that had it been written by Mr. JOHN SMITH, very few would waste their time in reading it.

But it is by DISRAELI, and of course nobody who aspires to "culture" will dare to meet society until he has done "*Endymion*," good, bad or indifferent. And no reader need dread the task if he is capable of being amused with the outpouring of infinite egotism relieved with occasional flashes of undoubted genius.

Speaking of "*Endymion*," let me take a jump from BEACONSFIELD to ROBERTSON, JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON. Alas, poor JOHN! The cruel copyright Act prohibits him from pirating it, and

publishing a 15 cent edition, and, of course he has to sit by and enjoy the good luck of his indispensable friends, the booksellers.

I have a communication from an "Anglican"—a "High" Churchman—protesting against my remarks about the recent services in Holy Trinity. This is no more than might reasonably have been expected, but "Anglican" should remember that I only spoke for myself, CRAMMER, BAXTER, and a few other churchmen who respected the plain English of the Prayer-Book.

A little pupil attending the Dufferin school, went home the other night and set to work like a young Trojan upon the task set for the following day. Amongst other unreasonable claims upon her memory, she had thirty Latin roots to commit. As this little girl is fitting herself for the position of a tradesman's wife in after years, of course Latin roots are indispensable to her. But she happens to have a sensible father, who forthwith prohibited her from undertaking the task, 'bad marks' to the contrary notwithstanding. I like that!

Well, HANLAN is to receive the freedom of the City. Good! Now, let the Council confer this same benefit on a score or so of those poor but honest people who can't afford to pay their taxes.

The Statesman's Scheme.

BY J. A. KASSER.

"When I have reached the world above,
A brighter and a better sphere,
Who'll guide the party that I love?
Who's fit to take my mantle here?"

Thus spoke Sir JOHN, and, anxious care
Sat brooding on his marble brow;
"Sir CHARLES won't do, I'd never dare
To leave the Party to him now."

He is a man of much conceit,
And most dogmatic too, withal,
He ne'er could smile in grim defeat
He'd go to pieces should he fall.

Sir LEONARD T. shall be my choice,
Urbane, polite, not much for show,
The Party now may well rejoice;
He'll follow in my steps I know.

But how get rid of TUPPER? ye! ye!
But there's the rub; he'll ne'er consent
The second violin to play,
For aught that I may represent!

But hold, I think my way I see:—
An enquiry I'll start about
The contracts on the "Section B,"
And that will smoke poor CHARLIE out.

For he will think that all my aim
Will be to make MCKENZIE sick,
Not dreaming of my little game
For dropping on his head a brick.

His little profits I will show,
In quite an incidental way,
Enough to make his spirits low,
And make him feel reverse of gay.

And when the Opposition press
In leading articles benign
Present his case I rather guess
That he'll feel happy to resign."

He called Sir LEONARD in and showed
The little plan so shady kept,
Sir LEONARD shouted, "I'll be blowed!"
Then fell on JOHN A's neck and wept.

They both agreed the scheme would work,
And then, kind reader, only think—
(From telling truth I will not shrink.)
Sir JOHN and LEONARD took a drink.

Sir LEONARD drank cold water plain,
(I was sent him bottled from Toronto.)
Sir JOHN took water, too, but then
He'd something strong to pour it on to.

SUNDAY School Teacher,—"Why did Moses hold his rod over the river?" (four or five hands go up.) Teacher, "ANDREW." ANDREW, "please sir, he wanted to catch fish."

The Return of Hanlan.

A meeting to decide upon the reception EDWARD HANLAN is to receive on his return to Toronto was held one afternoon lately at the National Mutton-pie House, Mr. GORDON BROWN presiding. After the usual devotional exercises (at the shrine of Bacchus) the chairman called the meeting to order. Mr. MACKENZIE immediately moved that "HANLAN be requested by a deputation of Torontonians to allow himself be nominated leader of the Grit party, (as he is a living specimen of that commodity.)"

After a little discussion Professor GOLDWIN SMITH moved an amendment to the foregoing, saying that General GARFIELD should be requested to resign in favor of HANLAN, as the American nation are greedy for him, and that probably thereby the cause of annexation would be materially advanced and the "historical unities" would be preserved. Doctor SHEPPARD differed from the learned professor, and stated that in his opinion the only adequate return which the City of Toronto could make to HANLAN would be in purchasing the CAWTHRA Estate and presenting it to him free of legacy duty. This opinion seemed to find great favor with the audience (amongst whom might be noted several of the disappointed survivors of the CAWTHRA will.) The editor of the *Mail* said that the proper way of honoring HANLAN's great victory would be to have the Island transported to the main thoroughfare of Toronto City. He thought that the HANLAN Hostelry would pay better upon King Street than it would do upon the Island. He was also prepared to grant permission to the champion to paint a portrait of the *Mail's* sporting editor upon the sign-board of the house, just over the words, *Good accommodation for man and beast*. Mr. JAS. BRATY, jr. suggested that the candidates for the mayoralty be requested to withdraw, and that the civic chair be presented to Mr. HANLAN by acclamation. Mr. Ald. CLOSE begged to enquire what HANLAN's politics were. He was afraid HANLAN had more or less Grit about him, and if so of course the Mayoralty was out of the question. Mr. GRIP suggested that Ald. CLOSE might go snooks with the Champion on the pile he expected to make out of Section B., and that the purse of money which was being raised should be presented to the starving poor of the city in HANLAN's name. Great indignation was manifested at this common sense proposition and the meeting forthwith broke up in disorder.

Old King Coal is a Capital Soul.

It is awfully unpleasant to the genial GRIP to be obliged to criticise a contemporary, and when that contemporary is the Toronto Government organ, his reverence for the powers that be almost chokes his utterance. Yet what can GRIP do when he reads such editorials as the following: "To tax capital would be to cripple industry. Capital is just as essential to manufacturing industry as the raw material, indeed it is, in a sense, the raw material by which, instead of upon which, we work." This is written of course in one of those brilliant articles in support of the "N. P." to which the *Mail* occasionally treats its readers. All these editorials are very clever, and therefore we incline to the opinion that the printer's d—l has been at work here. Had the imp let it alone the sentence would have read thus, "To tax coal would be to cripple industry. Coal is just as essential to manufacturing industry as the raw material, indeed it is, in a sense, the raw material by which, instead of upon which, we work." Had it been printed thus, which of course is what the *Mail* intended, the *Globe* man wouldn't have needed to "sit up nights" to reply. The *Mail* Editor has GRIP's sincere sympathy. "Sympathy" has been defined by Dr. JONSON or MILTON or somebody, to mean "I crow over you."

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The Awful Printer!

Mrs. PARTINGTON.—Well now, if here ain't another case of the intelligent impositor! Here's a whole lot about the "Deceased Wife's Sister Bill," when it ought to be "Deceased Wife's Brother Bill!"

A Legend of Long ago.

BY J. V. KASSR.

A many weary years ago an artist, named O'Bea Was just about the smartest man that ever you did see, In fact he was so clever that not one in all the land Could hold a candle to him; at intriguing he was grand. He courted high society and he did so well in short, He was created painter, by appoint, to the Court, And his creations brought him fame and store of shining gold, Till he became the chief of all the artists so I'm told, Alas he grew so selfish that he laid awake all night If any other artist sold a picture, (honor bright), No matter if commissions came for more than he could paint If any brother made a cent it nearly made him faint. This greed at last became so bad, that crooked things looked straight. His mental balance lost itself, his love was turned to hate, And truth was lies and lies were truth and black looked always white. He did some people grievous harm, by doing wrong for right. At length he got a contract for a car load and a half Of pictures, and to make them he must needs employ a staff Of artists, but he hired none who in Canada did dwell but sent across the lines and got some Yankees, one named —well No matter what he called himself, the fact remains the same. Canadian artists felt enraged at such a paltry game. Now I'm an old, old man, but still, I was a young man then. (For that was in eighteen fifty odd, and now its nineteen ten. But well I remind me of the row that this thing brought about. O'Bea grew morally afraid that he would be kicked out, So he reformed, behaved himself, and ever since that hour Canadian artists won't be run by any one man power.

The telegraph tells us "the Kurds have fallen back," which, perhaps, indicates that the whey is clear.—*Free Press*. If this be so, it smears cause of luck with their adversaries, which, when it occurred they should have taken advantage of it.—(*Every Saturday*.) Oh, cheese it.

A noise that can be felt—the broomstick.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*. A top that cannot be spun—the shortstop.—*Rome Sentinel*. The bier that cannot be drunk—the undertaker's.—*Yonkers Gazette*. A pen unfit to write with—a pig-pen.—*Whitchell Times*. A cravat that cannot be worn—a pigstye.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*. The horse that cannot be driven—the clothes horse.—*Agents Herald*. A key that won't open a lock—a don-key.

When is a carpet like a sailboat? When it is tacked.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*. When is it like a riot? When it is put down.—*Richmond Baton*. When is like a note? When it is taken up.—*Every Saturday*. When is it like a defeated candidate? When it is beaten.—*Waterloo Observer*. When is it like a field? When it is ingrain.—*Moderate Argo*. When is it like a foreign elime? When it is in Brussels.—*Bloomington Eye*. When is it like a certain fish? When it is carp-eat.



The Systematic Charity Movement.

MENDICANT.—I hope you don't go in for this scheme of poolin' the charity shops—organizin' of 'em all under one general management, as they talk about, my reverend friend, do you?

CLERGYMEN.—Well, yes, I rather favor the idea. Why do you ask?

MENDICANT.—Why do I ask? Are you aware, sir, that that arrangement will drive hundreds of us to do what we must but shall be very sorry to do?

CLERGYMEN.—(Startled.) What do you mean?

MENDICANT.—Work!

Ice bound to win—win-ter. (*Every Saturday*.) Oh, Ice sea.

"Hair switches." So reads a sign on Washington street. Well, so it does, particularly on the south end of a horse in fly-time.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. We've had some experience of 'hair-switches' that were not on a horse at all. They were 'hair' switches, and were in a woman's hand.

The telegraph says the Kurds and the Khans are at it in Persia and Armenia. The Khans will no doubt endeavour to force the Kurds to cheese it, but it is doubtful if they Khan accomplish their end. The Kurds have a whey of making it warm for their enemies, and they do not remnet at the first fire. They are mitey warriors and they press all able-bodied men into service. In this sage cheese is strong, and Kurds are next to cheese. Dairy-men say anything against this argument.—*Home Sentinel*. We Khan. It has oc-Kurd to us that if they Khan get enough cheese pots, they can make considerable whey against their mitey foes.



The Two Great Skulls.

HANLAN.—It takes US to make a sensation in the world, doesn't it Dizzy!

Women's hearts and violins are very much alike. It takes a beau to play each of them.—(*Every Saturday*.) Yes, but the violin wants four strings to its bow; and the average woman needs four beaux to her string.

What three poets are Catholics obliged to abstain from on Fridays? Bacon, Lamb and Hogg, but they can always have Herring or Crabbe.—(*Every Saturday*.) Just so; and they like it done with a little "Browning." If the man who wrote this gets off "Scott" free he must be a Long-fellow.

Making a joke is like spinning a top. If it does not come down on its point it will not spin.—*Herald. P. I.* That's a tip top similie.—*N. Y. News*. Peg away we are right ter hum on this sort of thing.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. Spin a long time we've been called upon top publish such jokes as these. This is a lively whirled, isn't it?—*Modern Argo*. We had concluded not to string this subject out any further button the whole have decided to take another turn.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. This is s-pun out long enough. Try some other top-ic.



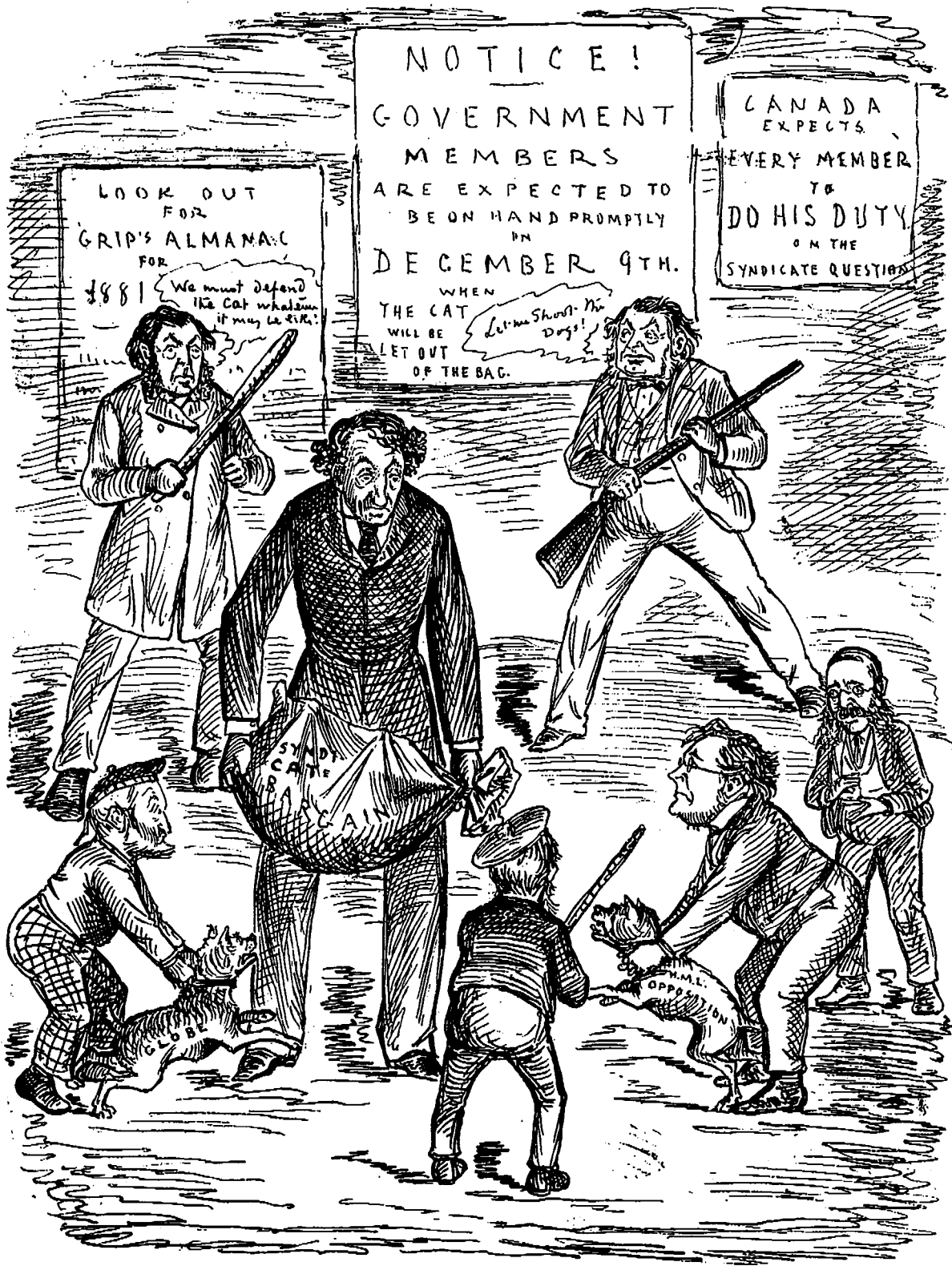
Sad News.

GORDON B.—Why my dear Richard what's the matter? Whence these tears?
CARTWRIGHT.—Oh, Gordon, boo-hoo! haven't you heard the sad intelligence? The price of burley has taken a rise!!



In a Rather Bad Mess.

JITTLE BOY CLOSER.—O-o-o! How can I ever appear for the Mayorality in this condition? Oh! Oh! Oh!



WAITING FOR THE CAT!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Man wants but little here below and he gets it.—*The Eye.*

Youth, mumps; middle life, bumps; old age, dumps.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

There's many a slip 'twixt the pave and the hip nowadays.—*Det. Free Press.*

John Sherry repairs boots and shoes in New York city. A sort of a Sherry cobbler, as it were.—*Yanook Strauss.*

Why hasn't somebody trotted out that phrase about Hanlan being the noblest rowman of them all.—*Det. Free Press.*

If the Freemasons run out of badges they can get all the Maltese crosses they want at the feline pound.—*Puck.*

Too many pins go to waist.—*Newburgh Register.* How dare you sir? Take your arm away this instant!—*Cutskill Recorder.*

Krupp, the Prussian cannon man, once ran for office, but they got up a Krupp-shun fund and defeated him.—*Det. Free Press.*

King Calico, of the Sandwich Islands, threatens another visit to this country. He evidently wants to see himself in print.—*Det. Free Press.*

"Grate seize her!" was the exclamation of an unkind husband on seeing his wife's new silk dress entangled in the fire place.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Wife (he had brought her a little present)—"No, William, I will not have him brought up by the 'bottle'! Look at your own nose, dear."—*London Punch.*

The Czar's yacht makes fifteen knots an hour, and it isn't a circumstance to a needleful of thread that a man is trying to fasten a button with.—*Boston Post.*

"Well, miss," said a knight of the birch rod "can you decline a kiss?" "Yes, sir," said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "I can but I hate to most plaguily."

Theodore More had married eight different women. So whenever he joined a party of villagers in a frolic they welcomed him with "The More, the marrier."—*Rome Sentinel.*

When Brutus and Cassius were boys the girls used to say that Brute was such a nice fellow, but they preferred Cash. The girls haven't changed one bit.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

A convict wanted a pen to suit him, and the sheriff, ble-s the old codger, took him to the pen-itiary, suited him with striped clothing, and yet he was not happy.—*Bloomington Eye.*

The price of a bonnet in Lima depends on the currency you have. If Peruvian, the figures are \$150; if gold, you can "take it along for \$2 and please call again."—*Nashville Sunday Times.*

'Tis easier to rush into print than into office.—*New York News.* We just now met a sad eyed young poet, coming out of the editor's sanctum, and he assured us to the contrary, that it is a great deal easier to rush into the office than into print.—*Rodman.*

The world isn't growing more wicked although thousands of American women have sat down upon the Bible. They were merely pressing autumn leaves.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

A boy who had been engaged in a fight was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait till the other boy "pitched upon him." "Well," exclaimed the little Caesar, "but if I wait for the other boy to begin, I'm afraid there won't be any fight."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Said the angry judge to the lawyer: "The prisoner would steal horses, and I consider you no better!" And the lawyer said he flattered himself that he did know better, and wished he could return the compliment, with justice. And this was one of the most enjoyable incidents of the trial—for the audience.—*Boston Post.*

"The cheapness of the American newspaper is simply wonderful," said Mr. SALA during a recent speech in London. We should smile. There is the Conway (Ark.) Traveller, for instance, which calls the Republican party a yellow dog, mongrel, two-faced, pop-eyed, flat-nosed gang of marauders"—all for two dollars a year in advance.—*Ouray Solid Muldoon.*

"Sal says you cant come to see her any more;" remarked a Marathon boy to the admirer of the youth's sister, "Why not?" "Because you come seven nights in a week now, and how could you come any more without spreading the week like blazes?" A stillness as big as a Cortlandt girl's foot then spread itself all around the rooms.—*Marathon Independent.*

A little boy named Johnny, from the interior of the State, who had been raised on a stock ranche, and had heard a good deal about the consequences of stockmen killing yearlings that did not belong to them, came to Galveston to live. The other day Johnny's Sunday school teacher asked him; "Why did not Abraham offer up Isaac?" "Perhaps Isaac didn't belong to the old man's mark and brand."—*Galveston News.*

MR. O'RAFFERTY is sitting in his room with his head tied up and his arm in a sling, when a little boy sticks his head in and asks:

"Me feyther sint me to inquire how your eye was coming on this morning?"

"Tell yer feyther to attend a Galveston ward-mating himself and call the chairman a liar, and he will foind it all out for himself widout askin'."—*Galveston News.*

PAT—"Och, Bridget, did ye niver hear uv my great spache before the Hibernian society?" Bridget—"No, Pat, how could I? For sure I was not on the ground." Pat—"Well, Bridget, you see I was called upon by the Hibernian society for a spache, and, be jabers, I rose with the inthusiastic cheers of thousands, with me heart overflowing with gratitude, and me eyes filled with tears, and divil a word did I spake."—*San Francisco Wasp.*

"You ought ter have been ter the pantermine," and Jimmy Tuffboy. "That's the fun. More pounding with stuffed clubs, and smashing window glass, and stealing sausage, and getting the best of the 'cop,' and, and oh." "Twas't half so funny as the picnic at our house last night," said the listener. "Pa ohucked the servant girl under the chin and ma caught him at it. Maybe there wasn't a pantomime then."—*New Haven Register.*

"What do you charge for a shave here?" asks a dusty travel stained man, entering a barber shop. "It just depends on a man's occupation," was the reply; "what do you do?" "I'm a book agent." "Then it will cost you twenty-five cents." "Why, you charged the man who went out only five cents." "I know it; but he's a lightning rod agent and a peddler of photographé tickets, and he allows me to hone my razors on his cheek."—*Somerville Herald.*

SPOOPENDYKE AND THE TOWEL.

"No, my dear," said Mr. SPOOPENDYKE "just wait until I wash my face and hands and I'll be ready," and Mr. SPOOPENDYKE plunged his fists into the basin and began polishing his face with soap. Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE primed around before the glass putting on the finishing touches. For the worthy couple were getting ready for the theatre.

"Where—where—where's the towel?" gasped Mr. SPOOPENDYKE, holding his head down and clawing around with both hands. "What—what's become of the towel?" he sputtered, rasping handsfull of soap out of his eyes.

Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE glanced at the rack and saw that the towel was gone.

"I don't believe that there's a towel up here," she commenced.

"What d'ye suppose I'm going to do?" howled Mr. SPOOPENDYKE. "Think I'm going to the theatre looking like a soda fountain?" Gimme something to wipe on, will ye? Dod gast the soap; I've got my mouth full! Ain't ye going to get a towel? Going to let me hang out and dry like an undershirt?"

"Wait and I'll ring for one," said Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE, toiling away at the bell. "Be patient a moment."

"How's a man going to be patient with his eyes full of soap? What d'ye mean by keeping 'ouse like this? Think I'm going to stand around here till winter and then freeze up? Gimme something to wipe on. Fetch me a door. Tear up a carpet. Gimme a skirt. Where's the bed-spread? Dod gast this measly soap," and Mr. SPOOPENDYKE tore the shams off the pillows, but being smooth they slid around on his visage as though they were skates. "What am I going to do with these?" he yelled. I won't be dry in four months," and he grasped the sheet and rubbed his eyes as though he were polishing silver.

"Ain't you got something coarse?" and he hauled the flannel blankets off and got the wool in his mouth, and finally he emerged with great globs of soap hanging to his forehead and chin.

"Never mind, dear," consoled Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE. "You're all right. Take this handkerchief and wipe your face."

"Oh! I'm all right, ain't I?" raved Mr. SPOOPENDYKE. "You've only got to say so, and anything is all right. Some day I'll sew your heels to your head and hang you over a roller. Look at that chin. Is that all right? See that eye. Think that's all right? I'll go to bed and wait for a towel," and he spun around like a top and turned over the centre-table.

"Why here," said Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE, "What's this?" and she untied the towel and took it off his neck. "You must have put it there when you were shaving," and Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE smiled sweetly as her lord growled away through the rest of the toilet.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Know all men by these pre-ents," read the old bachelor lawyer. "Why don't they put in women, too?" asked his lady client. "Because," said the o. b., "if one woman knows it, all women know it."—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

A sad-looking man went into a Burlington drug store. "Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections?" And the druggist nodded and put him up a little dose of quinine and wormwood, and rhubarb and epsom salts, and a dash of castor-oil, and gave it to him, and for six months the man couldn't think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his month.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Our Grip Sack.

Isn't a man's wind-pipe a gas-p pipe?

THE man who struck a light found his match.
SHYLOCK was a Jew—but his daughter was a jewel.

HANLAN'S is the only mussel whose shell contains a pearl.

THE best kind of hats for "doubleheaders"—"Chips."

Good summer resort for Hotel-clerks—N-arrogant set Bay.

Fashionable young ladies in Toronto will wear the "Grip" sacque this winter.

Whose house is this? ADAM'S house, until you get up to the roof, and then its E(a)ve's.

When a debater loses the thread of his argument he had better wind up his yarn or he may get worsted.

Young men who "ante" frequently, need not be surprised if they are forced to "call on their "uncle" occasionally.

THE Empress of Austria introduced the fashion of wearing the tiny gold pig for a charm. She probably thought it looked stylish.

DICKENS always wrote with a quill pen.—*Ex.* We know one of the characters in "Old Curiosity Shop" was drawn with a "Quill" pen.

A LONDON editor recently jumped off a swiftly moving train and received serious injury.—It is supposed the conductor wanted to read an original poem to him.

THE Democrats of Boston have re-nominated Prince for Mayor. The "Citizens" have nominated LUCIUS SLADE. If Mr. PRINCE is beaten, it will be clear that LUCIUS Slade him.

MR. HENRY HARTMAN, of St Louis, lately married MISS LIZZIE DOLLAR, of Sacramento; and now says that as she has no intrinsic worth, but is merely a representation of value he has concluded to "change" her.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I'll pay before I go to bed,
That bill I owe the printer?—*Ex.*

Yes, there are some we know full well,
Who never such a tale could tell,
But these we fear will go to—well,
The place where there's no printer.

PROF. DAVID SWING, of Chicago, has sued the *Times* of that city for publishing a sermon of his before it was delivered. Now let DAVID have full SWING and he will surely slay this Goliath of Manuscript purloiners.

The New York *Herald* says, "This paper has the largest circulation in the United States." Of course it might be expected that its circulation would be larger in the United States than in Canada or any other country.

THE St. Thomas *Journal* speaks of "a number of pigs hovering around the C. S. Railway yard." And is it possible that we have lived to see the fabled time foretold by the poet—that apochrophal period "when the pigs begin to fly?"

BOARDING HOUSE SCENE.

Mrs. B.—Mr. "TOMPRINS, do you think the weather will be fair to-day?" Mr. T. (who has been surfeited with mutton for several days) "Wether's been fare long enough, Mrs. B. and I'd like a little fowl for a change."

AN EASTERN paper announces in its obituary column, the death of a Mr. PARIS GREENE aged 24. It is consoling to know that although Paris Green has departed from this mundane sphere, in the spring time of his youth, R. Senic and Lord Annum are still alive and ready for work.

Dick Dead-Eye the Boy-Fiend or the Crimson Car of Crime.

A DIME NOVEL OF THE PERIOD.

His Highness, the Lieutenant-Governor of Toronto, Ont., in the banquet-room of his gorgeous palace on Front Street, Lackeys in the royal livery stood ranged before him, a hundred eggs in golden eggcups, a myriad of muffins, and unnumbered cups of Li-quer tea and Kaoka stood untasted before him. It was no mere temporary indisposition, no headache born of his labors for the good of the Province, although, sooth to say, there had been a plentiful consumption of the midnight oil, not to speak of liquors of a very different description, in these vice-regal halls the preceding night. The eyes of his Highness were fixed on a letter that lay before him. It was written in a clear feminine hand, was superscribed with a death's-head and cross-bones, and contained a warning, in intelligible but badly-spelt language, to prepare for some terrible impending fate. There had been plenty of burglaries that week, which the police were totally unable to trace; it was rumored that they were effected by a gang of boy-thieves organized by a leader whose marvellous beauty had but one defect, the lack-lustre expression of the one eye with which Nature had gifted him. The burglaries were always of large amounts, and in every case the police were unable to trace any injury to the doors or ground-floor windows! They had several times got sight of suspicious groups of boys in the neighborhood of the scene of crime, and had, in one instance, traced them to the court-yard of a deserted street near the lake; after as little delay as possible the policemen had broken open the gate, to find no trace of the mysterious opponents save a honey jar labelled D.D., whose strong odor of rye forbade the thought that it belonged to a Doctor of Divinity, and whose empty condition made the worthy officers exclaim, "this is truth the poet sings that a policeman's life is not a happy one."

As the Governor read the letter he was keenly watched by a young lady in the dress of a page, who had recently been engaged in answer to an advertisement in the *Telegram*, for "a lady of high birth and great expectations, to do chores in the Governor's palace." Owing to a temporary lowness of the exchequer, his Highness could not provide her with a dress fitting her position, she therefore wore the garb of her predecessor, the boy in buttons, which became her exceedingly well. "Tyrant!" she murmured, "didn't thou refuse my pa a post office? To-night the CAR of CRIME sweepeth down to bear her to the lowest dungeon beneath the island caves." "Nay," said his Highness, "this threat is of the thinnest. The spoons belong to the Government, and I haven't a red for them to steal." That night, when midnight chimed from the clock which the Dean of Toronto gave himself away by making a five-cent show of last summer, a dark sphere moving at a height of fifty feet above the sidewalk, might have been seen, had not the night been as black as "Doc." Sheppard, or had there been any other light but the darkness visible of petroleum gas. It was a balloon—the "CRIMSON CAR OF CRIME," it carried five boys disguised as demons, it was guided by a cord held by a handsome lad attired in the height of fashion and armed to the teeth. The CAR of CRIME floated on till it reached the best bed-room window of the Governor's palace. The door was opened for Dick, for it was our hero, by the beauty disguised in buttons. "Hast thou robbed the carriage?" she eagerly asked. "No, only a bus, like this," and he bent over her blushing face. They hastened up stairs, where the boy-demons had entered by the window and stood beside the Governor, whose heavy sleep was the result of a bottle of Winslow's Soothing Syrup, which the deft hands of Miss Buttons had mingled with his curacao. He slept, but partly wakened to hear a dismal chant sung

close to his ear in a sepulchral tone:

"Oh what shall a man full of sin do,
Whose death doom swoops on him unknown,
When the black faces frown at the window
On him in his guilt left alone!

As he wakes, will he wonder to watch it,
In the horror of listening there,
To the groping of hands at the furnace,
To the fumble of feet on the stair!

Let him wait then for what shall come after!
The claws and the wings that shall bear
Their captive, with terrible laughter,
Away to the Prince of the Air!"

While this was being slowly chanted, four of the boy-fiends lifted the Governor out of bed and placed him bound in the CRIMSON CAR of CRIME. When first wakened by the chant, the Governor thought he was at a concert in the Horticultural Gardens, and exclaimed, "Confound that fellow Pictou, I though I swore off going there any more." But when fully roused by the cold, as he looked on the terrible faces of those who carried him, consciousness returned and he said, "Well I'm d---." He was not allowed to finish what he intended, he did not mean to swear, not by any means, but merely to record what he felt to be the natural result of his past career. The balloon, guided by Dick with the cord, moved unseen in the darkness to the wharf, where a boat conveyed Dick and his Buttons to a sequestered spot on the northern part of the island. Then a trap door in an old boat house led to a subterranean chamber with three strong cells, in one of which the Governor was incarcerated. He found to his surprise, that it was exceedingly cold. The next night the mansion known as The Range, was visited by five boys habited as *Globe* news-boys, its distinguished occupant was seized, gagged and conveyed upwards, a direction in which he never expected to travel. He, too, was imprisoned at the Island Haunt. The following night the editor of the *Globe* was interviewed by five lads who said they came "fræe Scotland." The interview ended in the distinguished journalist taking a higher flight by the agency of gas than even he had ever taken before. The Governor was treated royally. He feasted on stolen venison from the stores on Yonge Street, on bulk oysters from Queen Street, and on turtle soup from Ogden's. They ever pressed him to partake of rye, which, as his feet had got wet, and he was affectionately warned he might catch cold, and as an ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure, he consented in his most gracious manner to accept. But the visitant from The Range and the editor from the *Globe* were treated otherwise. An immense ransom was demanded of each, till it was paid, one of the boy-fiends sat day and night at the door of each cell and read incessantly to him of The Range, the trenchant leaders of the *Globe*, agent the treasures of a certain traitor, and reviews of books, written by request, for which the *Globe* was indebted to foreign talent. To the *Globe* magnate the boy-fiend in charge read from the "Shylander," all about that malevolent mud-thrower, that mass of malignity, who stabs with point/less stiletto the backs of better men from his foul lair in King Street. Both gentlemen gave in after a week, they signed the cheques and went home wiser men. The Lieut.-Governor signed free pardons for all concerned. Dick married Buttons, to whom he disclosed the fact that the supposed boy-burglar was a baronet in his own right, and that the "bloody hand" belonged only to his coat of arms. C.P.M.

CAN a coat of mail be classed as hard-wear?

An advertiser in the *Mail* calls for "Agents and peddlars to introduce a new household article which sells like wild-fire." Credulous people should be on their guard against this seductive advertiser. Since the inauguration of the N. P. the sale of wild-fire has been far from brisk in this country.

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USE MYRTLE NAVY

See T. & B. on each pkg.

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VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 3.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 4TH DECEMBER, 1880.



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AND GENT—Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits.
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Moses Oates.

As is generally known, MOSES OATES, the renowned weather prophet has been spending a few days in the city, and yesterday a Grip reporter had the honor of an interview. The weather prophet is a large man; especially about the mouth and pedal extremities; with whiskers of that particular hue which no amount of sun or storm could possibly fade, and a form expressive of congeniality with the good things of this world. Mr. OATES wears eye-glasses; he was never seen without them; it is darkly rumored that he does not remove them when he goes to bed; in fact it is doubtful whether he ever sleeps. Mr. OATES smokes a clay pipe; but never a dirty clay pipe. He has been known to remove this from his mouth—when it needed refilling. The glasses, and the clay pipe are as much a part of the prophet as the name, the large mouth, or the big feet. The following conversation took place.

Reporter.—Mr. Oates what is your opinion of the weather.

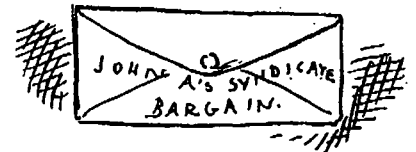
Mr. Oates.—From the collateral consanguinity of the Great Bear and Orion, corroborated by the tendency to molecular action caused by the interterre trial presence of Saturn, I am led to believe we shall shortly have a period of rain or snow intermixed with sunshine, and possibly accompanied by hail and fine weather.

Reporter.—What are the signs on the political horizon.

Mr. Oates.—I do not anticipate any serious disturbance of the political elements for the next few weeks, but owing to the presence in position of the Pacific Railway and also to the contagious conjunction of many of the larger political stars, on or about the 9th Dec., I apprehend from thence a couple of months of serious elementary convulsions, accompanied with much thunder from the region of South Brant, considerable lightning from the Lower Provinces, and a large escape of "gas" from the greater part of the whole Dominion. About the 12th of July next there will be a terrible storm of wind break over the British Isles, accompanied by a shower of brick-bats and a noise resembling thunder. It will be felt principally in Ireland. There is at present a comet with a short tail, but surrounded by much "gas" taking a course which will bring it in contact with the earth in 1883. It is known as the "Rag Baby," and its presence will cause some disturbance in the political elements of that date, but from its extremely gaseous state it will produce but little effect beyond causing a high wind with some noise. Beyond this the stars are dumb.

When our Reporter had regained consciousness he bade the prophet a tender adieu.

"GRIP'S"
FUNNY
ALMANAC!

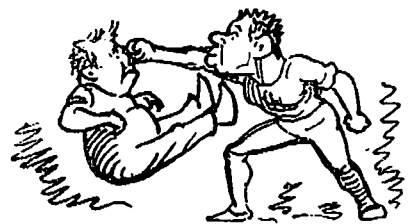


WILL BE OUT

IN

DECEMBER,

AND IS GOING TO BE



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