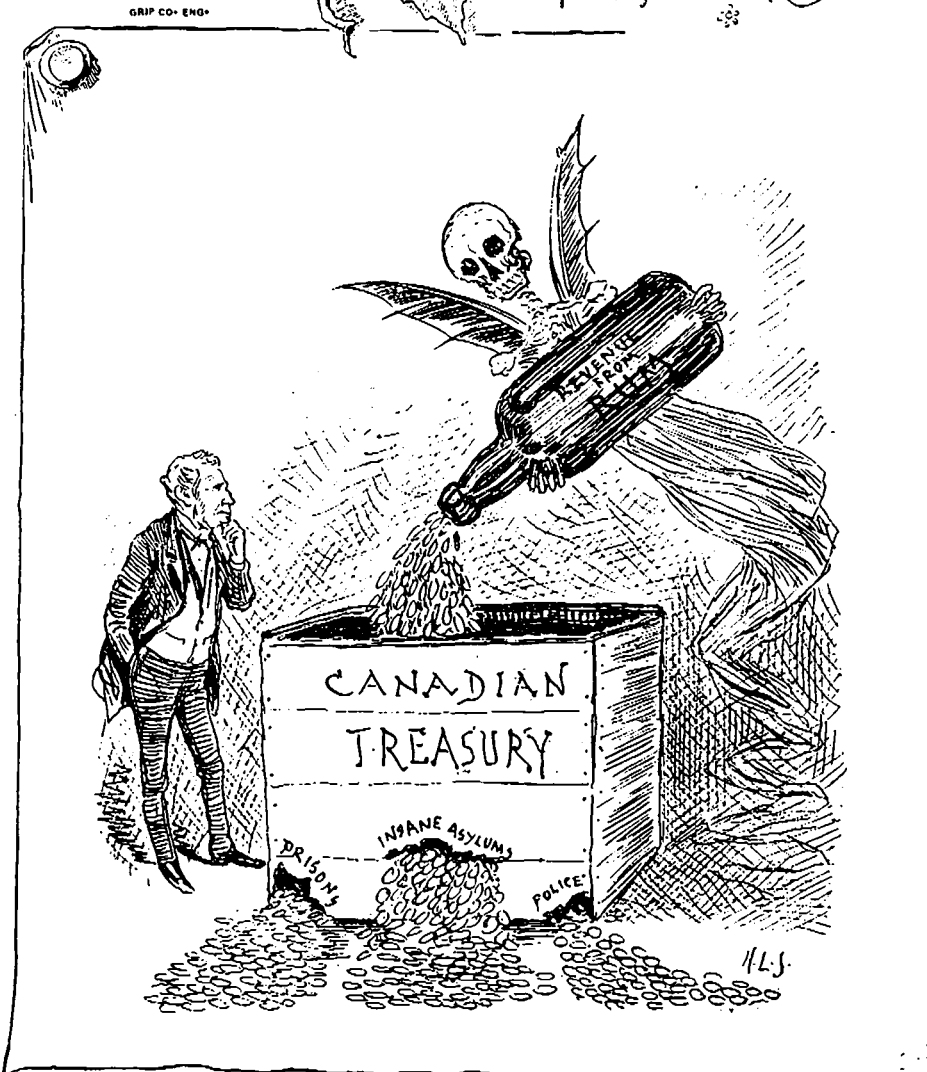


GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BIRCHOUGH

GRIP CO. ENG.

LIT. TER. ATUITE.



The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.

— J. W. Miller.

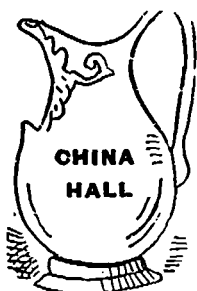
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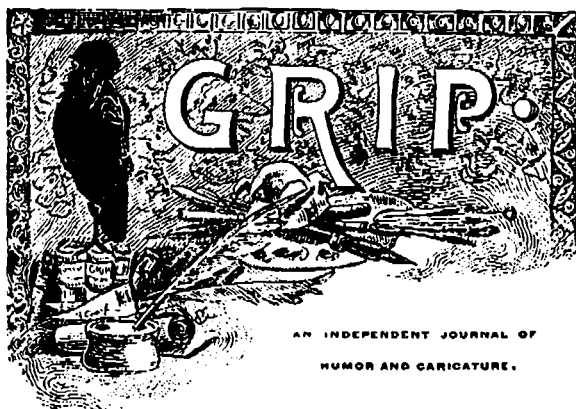
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J. W. BENGOUGH EDITOR.

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Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

Comments on the Cartoons.



THE DOCTOR ARRIVES!—The feverish anxiety with which the arrival of Sir C. Tupper was awaited by the Government and their supporters was a confession of weakness which it must have been humiliating to all concerned to make. And yet it had a flavor of honesty about it, for no Government was ever in greater need of the Doctor. And now that the renowned medico-political expert is on hand, what can he do for the patient? Can he by some occult hocus-pocus transform the record of extravagance and corruption into a record of good and business-like administration? No, but he can bellow and browbeat and bluster upon every platform in the country, hiding the truth in a cyclone of words, words, words; and if brass and lung-power are capable of saving the Cabinet, Tupper is the man to do it.

PANDORA'S BOX.—In his address at the Pavilion ex-Gov. St. John illustrated the beauties of the "revenue" from the liquor traffic by giving his audience the figures for Toronto, from which it appears that the people of this intelligent city pay over the whiskey counters \$14 per head per year, and obtain in the shape of "revenue" to the city treasury the munificent sum of 50 cents per head! And this without taking into account the expenditures necessary for police, prisons, etc., for which the traffic is directly responsible.

PROOF POSITIVE.—The *Mail* has reiterated its declaration of independence, and its columns are being daily scanned for the evidences thereof. In the issue of Friday last, the escapade of 1873 is referred to as the Pacific "Scandal" instead of "slander" as heretofore. This looks promising. But why should an Independent paper hesitate to come out in plain English in denunciation of the many crooked acts of more modern times?

IS HE ONLY FOXING?—This question still troubles the Grit party and the country at large, and the *Mail's* professions of independence will count for little until it squarely denounces the wrongdoings of the Government as it now does those of the Opposition.

THE 22ND.—At last the fateful day is named. Feb. 22nd will decide the fate of the Government one way or the other. The campaign promises to be red-hot, but if possible, brethren, let us all keep cool.

BATTENBERG's baby expects to be made brigadier-general of the English army next month.—*Life*.

HE TO HIS CHUM.

"I WONDER if— But try those weeds, old fellow,
And draw that chair up closer while we talk—
You'll find this whiskey ten-year old and mellow.
I wonder if— That is, you know the little walk
I had alone with her? The stroll—and—aw—the—talk ?

"Just so, I guess, I made them feel it badly ;
But then, she was so coy and sweet and—Well—
Say, see ! Don't these socks need some darning sadly ?
'Twas mean to rob the ball-room of its belle.
I'm free to say so now—Here's to us, my dear fell. !

"'Handsome?' By Jove !—'What photo's that one yonder?'
My latest dog—No? Oh, the young thing in tights?
Thereby doth hang a tale. But, say, Jack, I do wonder
If— No, sir ; not in this town's ballet lights !
But let us change the talk to last eve's dear delights.

"I wonder if— You know I went it awful spooney ;
And my divine one—no, she's got no heavy cash—
Gave me full swing, and I, so help me, Patrick Rooney !
Was, for an old stager, mighty, mighty rash !
I wonder—if—she—really—marked—it—down—a—
mash ?"

A DISGUSTED DUTCHMAN.

MINE GOOT FREUND GRIP,—Mine Cracious ! I laugh to death mit choke, at der big funny shoke der *Telegram* lasht week got off. Der *Telegram* vants der goferment to sell liquor to der peebles undt der saloons shut up—der vay they does in Gottenburg ! Ven I vants mine peer, I to der goferment agent goes, undt der agent he takes der price of mine peer and to der goferment hands it ofer—de left,—de vay they does in Gottenburg ! Der peebles can drink, undt drink, undt drink, hard as efer vas, only mit goferment vishky, und der goferment all der big refenue gets—Mine Cracious ! und der *Telegram* cry Gottenburg ! Der poys to ter Teufel goes hard as efer vas—only der *Telegram* say, you go by vay of Gottenburg ! Ve can get trunk, undt steel, undt murder, und go madt, und see snakes,—put—do it de vay they does in Gottenburg ! Ach ! Mine Cracious ! Vat you makes Canadians Gottenburgers for ? Ven der drink hurt der peebles, der peebles put it avay mit Prohibition, not mit Gottenburg—If der *Telegram* not like Prohibition let him go to—Gottenburg ! Ich bin,

AUGUST FREIZETERDOLLER.

ASSUREDLY, woman suffrage is a necessity. A blow has been struck at an inalienable privilege of old maids. What new oppression may not follow, to be protested against only in tears and tea, since they are called on to suppress their felinea.



MISS FORTESCUE, the well-known actress, is appearing at the Grand this week.

MR. DAN. SULLY will occupy the stage of the Toronto Opera House this week in his amusing and successful Irish comedies, "Daddy Nolan" and "The Corner Grocery."

(All Rights Reserved.)

The Lay Preacher ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD REFORMER.

- “ WE mortals are mere rudimentals of man,
While passing through sense into soul ;
Nor can we conceive of the Spirit's vast plan
Till death forms us into a whole :
- “ With faculties broadened, brute instincts rubbed out,
And freed from the passions of clay,
To a region where never come darkness or doubt,
The spirit soars singing away :
- “ Not dead are the dear ones that left us lang syne,
Ah, no ! they have only withdrawn,
And still round our hearts their affections entwine,
In that beautiful Land of the Dawn :
- “ Each high aspiration, each prayer sincere,
Each true deed, without earth's alloy,
To the friends gone before us they straightway appear
As pure living fountains of joy.
- “ They sit down beside them and muse on the past.
On dear ones still left in the night,
And dream of the time when they'll join them at last,
In the ever green Land of Delight.
- “ The height which the greatest can ever attain
In this murky planet of ours,
Is but the initial of heart and of brain,
The germ of humanity's powers ;
- “ But their intuitions have hardly a bound,
E'en the growth of the grass on the lea,
To their delicate organs would heave with the sound,
And the roar of the fathomless sea :
- “ With senses unknown to the children of earth,
Those beings majestic are fraught,
They breathe in the air where ideas have birth,
And bathe in the fountains of thought.”
- Yes, his was a grand, a magnificent faith !
That robs the grave even of gloom,
That bridges the great gulf that yawns over death,
Yea, glorifies death and the tomb !
- And he wondered much why from this point of time,
Our eyes should be fixed on the past,
While here in our presence God's working sublime,
On a scale so o'erwhelmingly vast :
- His miracles were not all wrought in the past,
The same sun is shining to-day ;
And the stars every night from infinitudes vast,
Come forth in their mystic array :
- And all is a wonder ! this soul and this sense,
From dust unto Deity all !
And the wonder of wonders, the wonder immense !
Is just that we're living at all.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FROM HALIFAX.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—Doun ye know that in this the last hour of our trials—the Skeme of Confederation has busted, knocked completely out of time and tune. I knew it wud be long afore it was thot on, and so did you.

Anythingk wud fail to be appreciated by a people as was forced upon them, and before they was ever ripe or ready for it.

There is a rite gude old saying as to one man taking a horse to the water, but six can't make him drink.

Now supposin you was taken by the hair of the head to do a job and your assailant left you ; why as soon as

he war gone you would do the very opposite, if it were for only pure cussedness. So it is with this fair land of ourn. The people was pushed or dragged rite into Confederation afore they had time to think on it. And you don't know what a thinkin' climate we have here. You can't think an act in a day here, if you do, you'll get left. Yes, sir, so sure as yur a live man all the rest will be away behind, and you'll find yursel' *left*, away in front, alone and unsupported, without a post to lean upon, the konsekewnce will be you'll have to double up and then you'll be a krank.

Why we wanted a dry dock a few years ago and sot a thinkin' about it, and thowt and thowt and thowt so much over the business, that the kommit-tea at last had to actually implore the citizens to let them give out the job of building the Dock to the Commander-in-Chief of the Admiralty and so listen them of the bisness, as they could'nt sleep for dry-dock on the brayn. This is a new disease what developed here some years ago, the simtoms are very pequyer. I will treat on it at some future time. The kommit-tea couldn't transac any bisness, for whenever any of 'em went to sign his name he'd write down dry dock instead ; and they was getting a very bad name for the manner in which they was *treating* this *dry* bisness ; then they said it was only *halifalucinations* or something of the kind.



They said as how there was a piece of land in the Dock-yard as they oughter have for a Dock, so they trudges off to the Commander-in-Chief, and asked him jist to leave one wing of the Dock-yard gates ajar, and the chairman with crule wink in his eye tickled the old man's palm with a sovereign. I think they wanted that gate left so to have a look at the servant girls as the sailors had their eyes on ; anyway they yused to go down and see that fine piece of land, through the back of the gate ; the sly old beggars was a kalkulating how they could steal it away one of those fine nights. After a pile of thinkin' enuf to bild a tower of Babel they konkected a skeme, copied I think from some American engineer. Everything was got ready, wire ropes, capstand, cranes, falls, blocks, crowbars, jacks and marlin spikes, etc., and the Bowson of the Yard, and all the Ships ready with all hands piped to quarters ; when lo behold ! A dark coated sanktimoniys, sinister individule comes up in a fearful sweat with D.Y.P. on his arm, which I interputed as “ Don't you pug.”—“ Hello ! ” says he. “ Hi there ! Avast heaving ! Gentlemen, you kant take that land, it's for the store-keeper's *Cows*.” “ The Store-keeper's Cows ? ” says the chairman. “ Who's the Storekeeper and who are his cows ? I don't know what you mean, sir.”

“ Never you mind,” was the tart reply. “ Them's the horders signed, sealed and delivered. So pack up your duds and walk.” So they did. They tried to entice the fellow over to have a taste at the “ Victoria,” but not a bit, he was too offishus, but it weren't his fault, as he said



as how didn't mind if he did, but they all had an eye upon him. If he'd ha' only kept away for five minutes we'd a had that land out as slick as a whistle. But we were foiled and then fooled. Never mind. An ill wind blows somebody good. I think the wind that has been



a playing on the bagpipes to the tune of Confederation, must 'a' been too strong of late or too vile or somethin' of the kind, for the bellus has bust, and we'll have to get a new bag made, no patching up will do, but somethin' solid and tight right through. I think there has been a little too much *grip* used in the playing of the tune lately, next time we'll have to use more *grip*. Grip and Gri goes well together. I don't mean to take your name in vane, but you know what I mean by the *grip*—it is the propensity of holdin' on; for instance, when you shake the

hand and grip it,—which I must now do in bidding adieu. Yours true till death,
BAGUM.

P.S.—I never write P.S.'s to my letters as it is so characteristic of the weak sects. P.S.'s and underpinning—I mean underlining. I was thinking just then of underpinning a timber with some solid—there is a striking similarity between the two. I now find it necessary to make note about the sketches. They were drawn full size so that the artist would make no mistakes, but like everything else, if you want it done properly do it yourself. The artist has made a perfect botch of them. The whole affair, however, will explain itself. I notice one has been marked D.Y.P., "Dear Young pet." I in my letter translated the words, "Don't you pug," but have since been informed it is the initials of the Dock Yard Police,—with all humble meekness on bended knees I beg these honorable gentlemen a most pathetic pardon. To make amends I will send for each member a fine uniform coat and mocassins in Indian beadwork, made expressly to order by the Koknewahgah Indians, and for the chief extra a peace-pipe and Tomahawk, long may they reign. I should say the animals in the background are some of the storekeeper's cows. They appear frisky, whether at the great victory against Confederation or because they are not going to lose their favorite pasture, and with their horns greased once a week with olive oil well rubbed in, they should be happy. I think by their looks it is the pasture that has set them on their heads—no, I mean Confederation—however, it makes little difference. I'm feared my P.S. is getting too long, so good bye. *Au revoir*. Yours, &c.

A YOUNG lady who visited Fla.
Used to say that it greatly had wra.
To see young alligators
Play and sport round her gaiters,—
For nothing, indeed, could be hra.

The Toronto News says:—"The amount is trifling, but the principle at stake is important and the tendency to extravagant generosity . . . must be vigilantly checked." Not at all—not at all—Mr. News. The tendency to extravagant generosity with a trifling sum is very popular, and I will probably remain so as long as the church plate goes round. Why check it?

THE BRIDE'S LAMENT ON SEEING HER PRESENTS.

SEVENTEEN cruets and ten saltettes,
Thirteen pickle-stands, and six toilet sets,
Sixteen fish-knives, and ten pickle-forks,
A spirit-stand in ruby, with silver on the corks,
Six morocco cases which forks and spoons enclose,
Three cushions—crazy—invincible to repose,
Two silver tea-sets; of match-safes nine,
A salver, and a kettle hanging from a vine,
Portrait-cases, seven; a perfume-stand in plush;
A calendar à tennis-lot; a scent-case done in rush,
Mirrors half-a-dozen, most charming things to see,
In satin, plush, and oxide, in brass and ebony;
Paper-racks in olive wood, a small "Benauski" screen,
A lovely velvet dressing-case, an easel—ivorine,
Four five-o'clocks, with waiters, some curious in "Jap,"
And a terra-cotta pug; must I hold him on my lap?
Flower-stands, vases, dishes, wrinkled,
And some all curled and crinkled
Like a leaf of early lettuce, or a hart's tongue fern I've seen
Of panels there's a score, and of plaques as many more,
And of *mouchoir*-cases ten, with handkerchiefs between;
Of clocks are two or three—there's one in ormolu,
And one to put behind the door, from whence he calls "Cuckoo."
Here are brooches set with emeralds, and ear-rings set with pearls,
And bracelets of the order that twines around in twirls;
Here are watches, gold and silver, when for the time I look,
Here are riches in abundance, BUT NOT A SINGLE BOOK;
And yet such lovely folios I saw in town to-day!
Of Ruskin's "Stories of Venice," and the genius of Doré,
And charming *Bijou* volumes of Roberts and Fréchette;
And volumes whose fair jewels within the page are set;
There was Heavysege's "Jephthah," and Sangster's "Saguenay,"
Reade's "Prophecy of Merlin," and "Lyrics" of Le May,
Mair's "Tecumseh," great and tragic, and "The Princess," of
Maclean,
And "Wild Flowers," by that gentle pen will never write again.
And Machae's "King and Country," and Adam's "The North-
West,"
And many and many another. Let who will select the best.
Dear friends, on these mementos I shall ever proudly look,
But still it strikes me harshly that no one sends a book. s.



ARCTURUS is the name Mr. John Charles Dent has selected for his new literary weekly, the first number of which appeared on Saturday, 15th. He calls it *Arcturus*, because it is "A star of the first magnitude in the northern heavens"—according to the astronomical dictionary. We only hope the name will be kindly taken to by the public, for the paper promises to be bright and able, as, indeed, in Mr. Dent's hands could hardly fail to be. The typographical appearance of the new comer reflects high credit on the printing establishment of James Murray & Co.

LIFE IN CANADA FIFTY YEARS AGO.—This is the theme which Mr. C. Haight has treated in an interesting volume published a few months ago, and now enjoying the favor of many readers. The book was written as pastime by Mr. Haight, who sought only to revive the pleasant memories of his youth, and without any intention of publication. No conditions could be more favorable for the production of a really good work of the

kind, and to a rich experience of early pioneer life in Canada, it fortunately happens that Mr. Haight added the talents of a capable writer, so that both matter and manner of the story are excellent. There are a number of excellent illustrations which greatly add to the value of the work.

JOHN IMRIE'S POEMS.—We should at an earlier date have called attention to this modest little volume, the honest work of an honest man. John Imrie's name is familiar to most newspaper readers in Canada, but many may not be aware that it belongs to a workman—an ardent follower of the printer's calling, who puts in a sturdy eight hours per day at his office on Colborne Street. Poetry is his recreation, not his business, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that it is a propensity which he *must* gratify after hours. His theme is the Home and its sacred pleasures, and in this day of artificial enjoyments, God be thanked for every joyful Home-poet, whether his literary merits be great or small. Mr. Imrie's poems are not great as such, but they are good and pure, and they have that special quality which marks every utterance that comes from the heart. The book is very neatly bound, and costs but one dollar.



LANSDOWNE'S LEVEE.

FIRST CIVIL SERVICE DUDE, P. O. D.—“Well, owld boy, are you going cwal on his Ex. to-day?”

SECOND C. S. DUDE, INTERIOR DEPT.—Blawst it, na, owld chap, for weally these weceptions, you know, are positively getting so awefully common. There is no discrimination between gentlemen and ordinary trades-people, and a fewlow, you know, who wishes to keep up his wespectability cannot affword to be rubbing elbows with his tailor.

FIRST C. S. DUDE, P. O. D.—Of cworse my dear fewlow, it is werry annoying, you know, but one cannot help that swort of thing. The only wemedy is to ask his Ex. to hold two weceptions, one for gentlemen and one for those dreadful trades-people.

SECOND C. S. DUDE, INTERIOR DEPT.—That's a capital idea, owld boy, but did I tell you, owld chap, of my twerri-

ble expervence at the levee last year? I was just receiving the congratwulations of his Ex., who still held my hand, when a horwid fellow who keeps a window on Sparks Street, who was just behind me, tapped me on the showlder and said, “Can you pay me that little bill this month?” Just imagine my mortification, perfectly awful, you know, and the same thing might happen again this year.

No, I wont go, owld fewlow.

AN EPISODE.

THERE was a wild gleam in his eye as he broke into the sanctum; his gait was rather unsteady, and he seemed to have been rolling a little in the snow. After glaring around him for some time with an air of dignified uncertainty, he pleasantly poked the ribs of the gentleman who wields the blue pencil. “What's the matter with the eminent journalist?” he inquired in a husky, explosive voice, winking benignantly at the rest of the congregation. He then carefully steadied himself against the mantel; and having extracted from his pocket with great solemnity a large sheet of paper, he proceeded to read what he called a poem:—

JANUARY.

The snow a covering mantle weaves
Over each winter field,
And hanging from the sharpened eaves
Ice-daggers gleam congealed;
Fierce blows the northern blast, and leaves
The ice-man a rich yield.
The plumber worketh night and day
At every man's behest,
Rejoicing to himself alway
With many a merry jest,—
For frozen water-pipes convey
Much gold unto his chest.
The portly citizen doth chase
The horse-car from afar,
And badly worsted in the race,
Doth cut a sportive star;
He landeth in a slippery place,
With a right pleasant jar.
The small-boy, while he sadly sits
As white as any lamb
All in a snow heap, round him flits,
And calleth him a clam;
The portly citizen emits
A frequent, cheerful damn.
The busy barkeep ministers
To all who throng his den,
And carefully pours, and mixes, and stirs,
For worthy aldermen;
The festive druggist, on wealds and wolds,
Driveth a roaring trade
In “Muggin's Mixture for Coughs and Colds,”
And “Anti-Chap Glycerade”;
While the poet, rolling his flashing eye,
With a fine frenzy fired,
Doth stride about full loftily,
And feeleth himself inspired.
He setteth his foot in the broad gateway
Of the Muses: and lo! cftsoon,
With a mirthful whang he begins straightway
To croon this melodious rune.

UNIV. COLL.

W. J. H.

HIGHLAND TOURISTS.

IRISH PACKMAN (with an eye to business)—Are there many tourists knocking about the West Highlands at prisint, M'Donald?

HIGHLAND CROFTER—Well, tere's yoursel', ant ta mareens, ant what not! Ant if you wuss aal kno'ket about a wheen more ta Hielants wad pe nane ta waur o' you! [Exit.]—*The Bailie.*

HOW MISTRESS BURKE'S NEW YEAR'S GOOSE WAS COOKED.

OCH! musha thin, *that* was the goose! An' I'll just be afther tellin yez how I belave the shpooks an' the ghosts are as fond av a bit av good aitin' as ourselves. Ye see it was Misthress Richards—she live next dure neighbor to me own firsh cousin Misthress Burke, as foine luckin' a woman as ye'd see in a day's jorney, only fur thim blaguard pockmarks on her face, an' the bit av a squint in her left eye. Well, the two back-yards were all in wan, wid just a bit av a boord fince atweene them to kape the wan from seein' what the other was doin' all the time, an' Misthress Richards she was afther buyin' a toorkey an' a goose, the way theyd run around the back-yard an' get fat agin Christmas. The toorkey, ma'am, sure he was a beauty;—wid the mosht beautiful tail—an' he'd shpread it out an' come struttin down the back-yard the very way Misthress Burke 'ud come home from mass on an Aister marnin whin she'd her ould weddin' dhress on, an' a foine new bonnet to match. An' the ghoose too, as white as the drifted shnow, an' she walkin' around wid his lardship an' thim gabblin' an' talkin to aich other like Darby an' Joan—an' Misthress Burke a-feedin them up wid pays an' short stuff, till they lucked as fat an' tindher as any butermilk pig. Ye see the toorkey was fur Christmas company—an' the ghoose it was fur New Year's. Well ma'am, thim two powltry were the greatest divarsion to Misthress Burke! an' she'd sit be the hour watchin' thim, till the water ud run out av the carners av her mouth;—an' Misthress Richard's, she'd shtand in the yard an' admoire them—an' she'd luck up at Misthress Burke's back window—an' shmile, an' shmile, the way that woman ud shmile! You'd never hear her laugh—she was too prim an' polite entoirely for the likes av a good laugh, wan av your civil quiet kind, wid fair hair an' blue eyes an' thin lips, always as cool as you plaze, an' thin she'd a way av shmilin' an' shmilin', the way it 'ud make yer blood boil, an'—Mother av Moses! that woman ud shmile the two horns aff uv a goat. It was just four days afther Christmas whin I was afther loosin' me comb, an' I couldn't find it high nor low, widin the four carners av the house; so I wint over to Misthress Burke's to borrow the loan av her comb, an' there she was, sitting at the back window up shtairs, wid her mouth waterin' an' she gazin at the big white goose waddlin' round Misthress Richard's backyard, an' lookin as lonely as a widdy woman the day afther the funeral—the way she missed the gobble av the toorkey.

"The tap av the marnin to yez," sez I, "Misthress Burke." But the divil an answer she made me, only she kep her oye on that goose, an' sez she, "Whisper!" sez she. "What evir is it," sez I. "This wurld's moighty onaiquil, Biddy Flynn," says she, noddin' over at the goose. "Onaiquil!" sez I—an' sure its all over goose-flesh me skiu was—thinkin she was after takin lave of her sivin sinsis. "Yes, Biddy Flynn, onaiquil!" sez she, shtartin' up an' stretchin' out her arrum right over towards the goose, "just luck at that, wud yez, an' tell me if there isnt a screw loose in this wurruld somewhere, whin that shmilin' good-for-nothin' omadhaun next door musht have her toorkey an' her goose up to the handle, an' daycent honest payple like you an' me, Biddy Flynn, musht lick our fingers afther carned beef an' cabbage on New Year's Day," sez she. "Well," sez I, havin' a big sigh, "Its thrue fur yez, Mrs. Burke, but how are yez goin' to help yerself?" sez I. "Help meself! Biddy Flynn, is it a thafe ye'd be after makin' me, to be talkin about *me* help-

ing meself? No, ma'am! I nivr stales; I'm as honest as the sun, but yez know very well that its moighty hard-up I am fur kindlin' just at present, an' its often I've to take the loan of a loose boord aff the backyard fince. Now, Biddy Flynn, supposin' I was to light the fire wid a boord an' that goose ud walk in to me back dure throug the hole in the fince—would *you* ait corned beef an' cabbage fur your New Year's dinner?" sez she, lookin at me wid the shquint in the left oye. "Divil a bit," sez I, "Misthress Burke," sez I, "yer a credit to yer country." "Biddy Flynn," says she solemnly, "this is an age av progress an' aiquality—an' aigual rights fur all. Me-self was come of an ould family—an' was brought up in daycency an' 'onesty, an' I cant abear cuvetousness, but whin it comes to payple makin' hogs av themselves wid geese an' wid toorkeys, an' their betters only wid praties an' carned beef, its high toime to let thim oonderstand that this is Amerikey an' aiquil rights fur all. We don't want to be afther raisin' a bloated arrahstocracy on this continent wid a toorkey fur Christmas, an' a goose fur New Year—set them up indade!" Wid that she comes down shtairs an' she goes an' shlips a boord aff uv the back fince, an' sure enough just as we were havin' a drhop av the craythar to flavor a cup av tay—who should walk into the back shanty but me laddyboy the goose! "Biddy Flynn," sez Misthress Burke, "howldin' up her two hands an' rowlin up her oyes wid devotion"—"just luck at that! luck at the kindness an' mercy av providence to sind a poor widdy woman a goose fur her New Year's dinner! just shut the back shanty dure on him, Biddy Flynn," sez she, an' wid that she grabs a knife an' cuts the throat av the goose afore she had time to turn around. An' thin she sat down, an' musha! the beautiful pillow av shnow fhwhite feathers she got out av that goose! Thin she hung him up in the cellar to stiffen, an' afther gettin' the lind av the comb, I cum home—but just as I was afther passin' Misthress Richard's dure, who should be shtandin' on the shtep but me leddy herself, an' she a-lookin' at the white feathers av the goose shtickin to me gownd—an' shmilin' to herself—an' shmilin' an' shmilin' more an' more. On New Year's marnin' who should open the dure but Misthress Burke, all dresht up an' ready fur mass. "A good New Year to yez, Biddy Flynn," sez she, "I'd like to begin the new year well," sez she, "so its to mass I'll be afther goin' an' whin I come back its a few ingans an' a wisp av sage I'll want to borrow from yez—an' the pleasure av yer company to ait me New Year's goose." Well, when mass was over, we wint acrasht the strate to Mrs. Burke's—an' we stuffed the goose wid ingans an' praties an' sage an' butter—an' widout a word av a lie we got more than a pound av goose grease out av him for the childer wid the croup—an' we put him in the oven an' we roasted him just beautiful an' brown, an' Misthress Burke had him just set on the platter on the table alongside av a mosht illigant dish av mashed praties—whin there cum a murtherin' rat-tat-tat at the back shanty dure—"Mother av Moses! Biddy Flynn, what's that!" sez she, turnin' as white as the wall, "Ye'd better open the dure," sez I, throwin' me apron over the goose, an' wid that I opens the window wide to let out the shmell av the burnin' grase, an' all thrimblin' an' shakin she opened the back dure a leetle bit, an' keekt her head out. Och thin! savin yer prisince, its the drhum av me ear was clane split open wid the awful yell she let out av her whin she flew pasht me an' cleared out av the window like a cat. An' its meself wasn't long behind her whin I saw a long white ghost walk in, all in a windin sheet, glory be to

P. QUILL'S POLITICAL
STAND.

LET party organs libels write,
It is their nature to ;
Let Grits and Tories growl and fight—
With that I've naught to do.

If Meredith at Mowat rails
Or Cartwright squibs Sir John ;
To neither wind I trim my sails,
But steer my bark straight on.

I do believe in truth and right,
And take no stock in lies ;
Nor see things black instead of white
From soreness of my eyes.

I don't believe in Popish plots
Got up to stir the land :
Nor hypocritic cries, nor lots
Of party contraband.

I do believe that honesty
Will in the long race win,
No matter what's the policy
Or which the party in.

I don't believe in figures much—
It's hard to keep them straight ;
But surpluses are matters such
As don't do up the State.

I do believe that facts are facts
And don't tell double tales ;
But tricks and lies and double acts
Is where my nature fails.

And most of all I do believe
That honest people will
Endorse these sentiments that leave
The pen of Peter Quill.

RARE BEN.

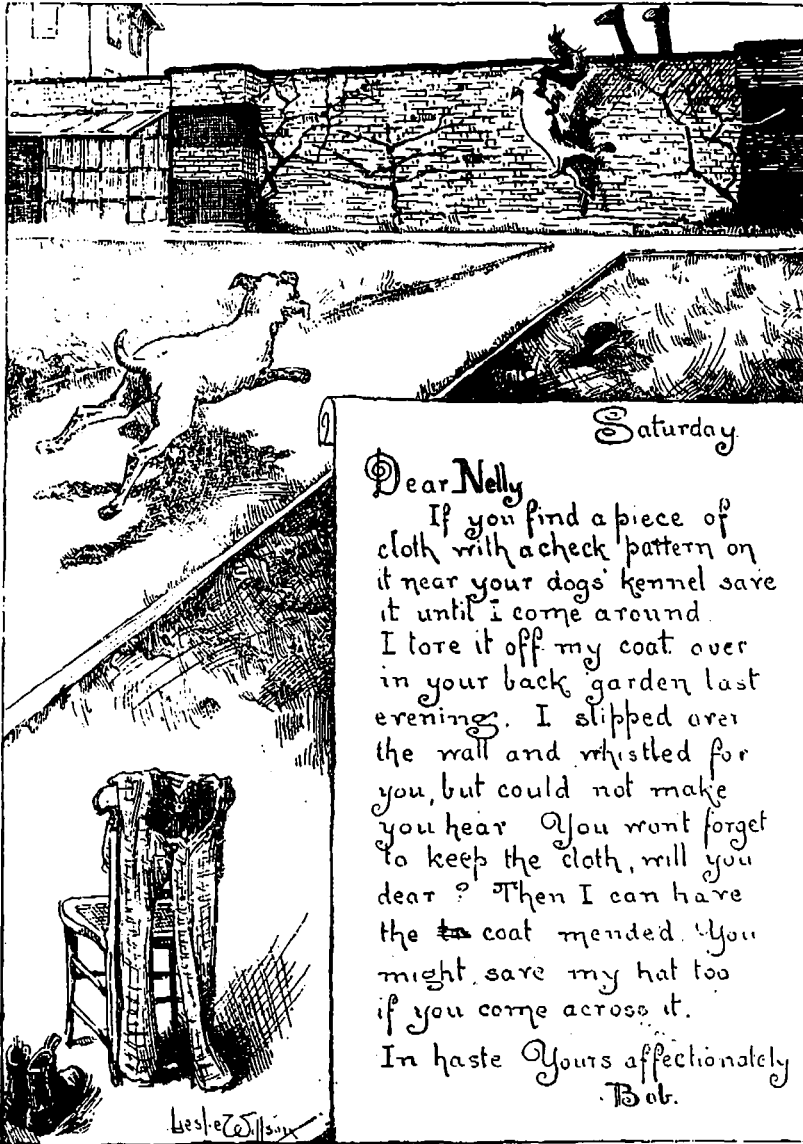
THE artists love Ben Butler. He is to them a perpetual joy. He is never in politics without ideas, and he loves to place himself in the most unexpected of political places. He is always a sweet surprise when he is to be seen, and a source of sorrow when he is in retirement. When shall we see another face like his? When shall there arise another man who knows so much and places it to

such small account? Ben, rare Ben! remain with us always. A dozen men to make up for your departure would breathe an atmosphere of loneliness and bring despair.—*N. Y. Judge.*

The cartoonists of New York are green with envy of Mr. GRIP's list of available character faces, and would give almost anything for a phiz like John A's. Ben Butler is the only good subject they have left—and he is no circumstance to our "old man."

FROM AN AMERICAN-CANADIAN.

MANKATO, Minn., Dec. 28, '86.—Your last number of GRIP is "immense." That hit on Blake is good, and I am sure will be appreciated by friend and foe. Barney O'Hea's piece is extra good, and McLachlan's poems are grand, and Scottie Airlie is a "pawkie chiel" beyond all criticism. We have laughed more over his productions than any other Scotch writer. Long may he drive his quill is the wish of
T. McTUFF.



God! an' not a bit av flesh on the head av it, only a big mouthful av teeth grinnin' at me an' the oyes av it all eaten out wid the wurrums, and it walks up to the table moanin' an' groanin' an' wid two human hands it tuk the apron off the goose an' walked out av the back dure wid it, an' through the hole in the sence, into Misthress Richard's back yard! But Misthress Burke couldn't be persuaded by no manner av manes to ivir cum back to that house again, an' that's how she cum to live wid me—an' that's how her New Year's goose was cooked.

JAY KAYELLE.

WE offer a prize of \$1,000 or its equivalent, viz: a bound volume of GRIP for 1886, to any person, no matter of what creed or nationality, barring Archbishop Lynch, who will prove to our satisfaction that there was no connection between the fact of Jim Hughes being away from home on the spout, and the bursting of the steam pipes in one of our city schools.

Tough Case, for sure! But Poooh! Cheer up, old Man!
I'll pull you through if brass and muscle and
Lung-power can do it!



THE DOCTOR ARRIVES!

MATRIMONY is something like a circus, for there is generally a ring to hold the performers.

A MASSACHUSETTS philosopher, recently deceased, used to divide the poor into three classes—the Lord's poor, the devil's poor and the poor devils. He claimed that the last classification was the most numerous of them all.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

A LADY in Portland, Ore., spoke to a Chinaman about finding her a good cook. Soon after she received this letter: Mrs. Lady—Friend She: You when at there told me to want to boy cooking. I had have a boy is good man and honest man he neat and clean and doing nicely that this one best one never you have before like he does. I wish could take him to stay with you and Leong Gitt recommend to him to come to she.—*New York Sun.*

A DOLLAR will go further than it used to, and it makes the distance in quicker time.—*Life.*

DOUBTLESS this blessed climate means well, but it hasn't any tact.—*Boston Herald.*

IT'S queer; the tighter a man becomes, the looser his tongue gets.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A GOOD collector must be patient as a post, cheerful as a duck, sociable as a flea, bold as a lion, cunning as a fox, weather proof as rubber, and as watchful as a sparrow hawk.—*Americus (Ga.) Recorder.*

"WHAT'S the matter, Uncle Rastus?" he asked facetiously as the old man came limping in, "got the gout?" "No, sah, Ise got de bill fo' dat whitewashin' what I did fo' yer las' yeah."—*Life.*

A YOUNG woman in Maine cries by the hour because she is tall. She hopes to dissolve herself down a head and shoulders.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

A STATISTICIAN claims there is one divorce to every four and a half marriages. It is the half marriage that accounts for the divorce every time. The half married are wholly miserable.—*Albany Journal.*

KING LEOPOLD heard that Stanley was going to lecture, so he sent for him to come home. We believe that we voice the sentiment of the American public when we extend to his majesty the assurance of our most cordial and distinguished consideration.—*Life.*

LAST summer a pretty and romantic city girl spent the summer on a Maine farm, and got up a mild flirtation with the young man of the house. He was not particularly bold, and so one evening, as she swung in the hammock in the moonlight, she coyly said to the young fellow, "What is God's best gift to man?" He pondered a moment as he watched the color come and go in her cheeks, and then said, decisively, "A hoss." The young woman said that it was getting damp, and she must go right into the house.—*New York Sun.*

MEDICAL testimony says "I am as well as when a girl and feel about twenty years younger." Now, the question is, how old does she feel?—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE Sobranje of Bulgaria proposes smearing the throne with a thick coating of tar before another ruler sits on it, so as to insure greater stability for the next reign.—*Life.*

ONE of those unkind, plain spoken beings, we meet now and again said of a certain fair vocalist remarkable for her capacity of mouth: "She certainly sings in very good time and tune; but then it would be somewhat peculiar if she did not, considering how near her mouth is to her ears."—*London Judy.*

HOPE SHE'LL FIND HIM.

A WASHINGTON woman bid on and secured a dead letter package, and found therein a pair of jean trousers. She is now looking round for a man to put in them.—*Judge.*

A COMPLETE STOP.

CONDUCTOR—Here, my good fellow! don't you know that if you pull that strap in the middle you will ring both bells?

MIKE—Faith, an' Oi know that as well as myself. But it's both inds av the car Oi want ter shtop.—*Judge.*

PROFOUND IGNORANCE.

WESTERN Young Lady (unacquainted with college terms)—Oh, Mr. Snodkins, did you have a good concert out at Cambridge last week?

Mr. Snodkins (of Harvard)—Oh, yes. There was a double quartet of '35 men.

Western Young Lady—Gracious, what a lot! I thought there were only eight men in a double quartet.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

AT THE BOX OFFICE.

"SAY, mister, I get in for half price; don't I?"

"What for? You're a full grown man; are you not?"

"Yes, but I've only got one eye."

THE WATER ALL WRONG.

"I'SE disgusted with this yer watter supply," remarked a colored gentleman, as he took a drink at the hydrant.

"What's the matter with it?" asked a man who heard him.

"Why, the city's runnin' ice water, now it's cold weather, but in summer, when yer wants ice water, it's as warm as yer please."—*Tid Bits.*

AN UNSUCCESSFUL PROCESS.

"AND that is silver ore, is it?" said Mrs. Snaggs, as she examined a piece of curious looking mineral. "Yes, my dear," replied her husband. "And how do they get the silver out?" "They smelt it." "Well, that's queer," she added, after applying her nose to the ore; "I smelt it, too, but didn't get a ny silver."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

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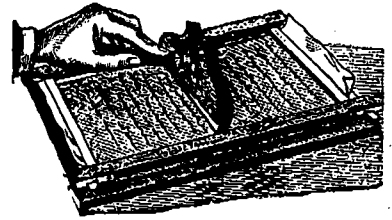
'Twas heard upon the city streets,
Not very long ago,
What interests the human race,
The highest and the low.

'Twas not a Grit was found to vote
Upon the Tory side,
Nor a reporter for the press
Confessed that he had lied.

'Twas not that John A. said to Blake,
"You are the better man,
Come here and step right in my place,
I can't do right, you can."

'Twas not that Blain to Howland said,
"Toronto voted fair,
Come temperance ladies, carry him
And place him in the chair."

'Twas, "if diseased the lungs should be,"
And if the blood not pure,
Try Dr. Jugs' great medicine,
That sure and certain cure."



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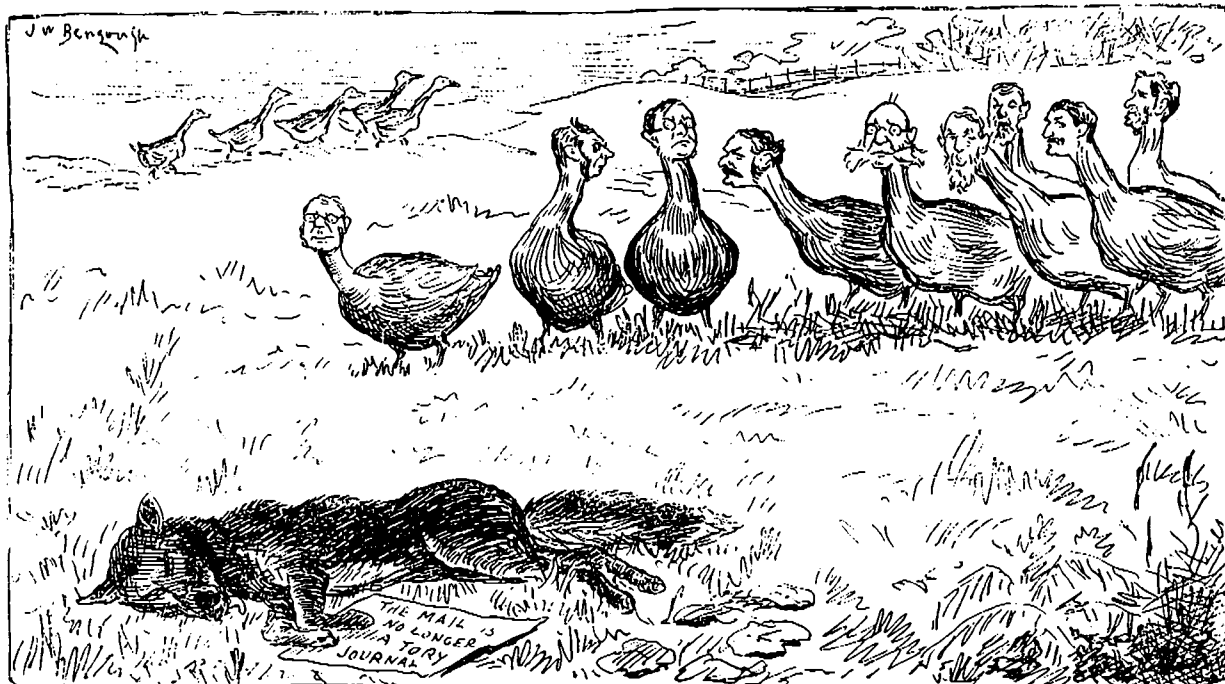
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Yours truly,
(Rev. Dr.) **E. J. BADGLEY, VICTORIA COLLEGE.**

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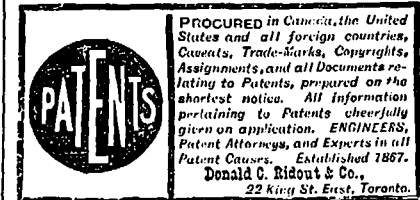
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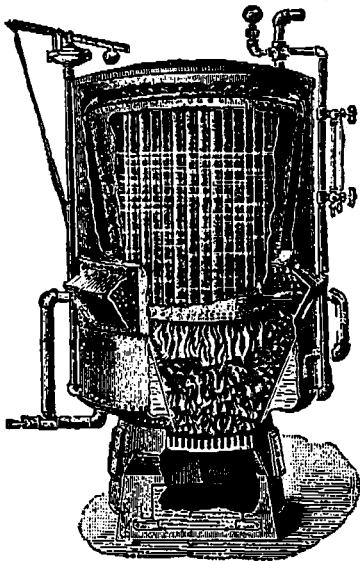
Reader—This week we give to the public a remarkable cure: one of those cases the old-fashioned Medical Moss Back invariably places away to rest beneath the green clods of the valley. The lady's name is Mrs. Barnard; her address is 496 Queen St. East, Toronto, and you will find her story more than corroborates the facts here stated if you call on her. A victim of disease and ignorance for years, she now rejoices in health and strength. In regard to the case of Peter Cook, the Greek, 79 Agnes Street, we will publish it in a few weeks for the benefit of the poor hospital sufferers who sent a deputation this week to this office to verify the facts. In regard to the medical men there who stated that we did not tell the truth, we challenge them to lay a finger on a false sentence we have ever published. We have called the hospital by the right name and we can prove what we say. Furthermore we say the record of that institution is rotten; that the men who are in charge are unfit for the position, and, considering they are spending the money of the people of Toronto, their impudence is unbounded and intolerable. The little girl's case we published last week was opacity of the cornea, causing blindness, and the original disease was Catarrhal Ophthalmia. Her name is Maggie Wilson; her address is 10 Bishop Street, Toronto.

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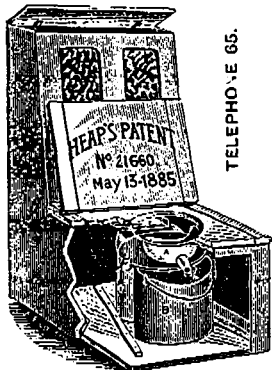
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