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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO OUR READERS.

Happy New Year! Happy New Year!
Pleasant your passage wherever you steer.
Trim all your sails for a favoring gale,
Keep up your courage, and never say fail!
Look to the future and never say die!
The ship is autarko, seaworthy and dry,
Think not of lost hopes, that have gone in the past,
Nail up your colors aloft to the mast.
Fret not on politics, 'Tory or Grit,
Take such things easy, and care not a whit.
All will come right in the end, so they say,
Keep on rejoicing upon your own way:
Treat your wives kindly, and cherish your bairns.
Give the poor tramp his small quota of "farins."
Go to your church, and sit down in your pew
(Surely you can spare a short hour or two).
Don't get too pious and leave the world's scene,
Follow the footsteps of the Nazarene.
God speed ye all on your New Year's trip.
Is the wish from the heart of your sterling friend,
GRIP.

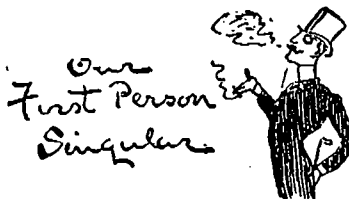
Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The governments of Ontario and Manitoba have mutually agreed to refer the question of the Boundary Award to the Privy Council, so far as it affects the relations of the two provinces. It is expected that the Federal Government will be a party to the reference, so that the question as between the Dominion and Ontario may be settled. Hereupon the party papers raise mutual shouts of "Surrender!" and do what in them lies to make the incident an occasion of further strife. GRIP, on the other hand, sees in the spectacle a beautiful illustration of the season of Peace

and Good Will. He has accordingly seized the opportunity, and idealized the facts as far as frock coats and awfully literal trowsers will permit.

FIRST PAGE.—One of the most beautiful and appropriate events of the Christmas season is the generous distribution of fatted calves and other butchered farm stock to the poor and needy, usually conducted by the St. George's Society and other benevolent corporations. Mr. GRIP, not to be outdone in liberality, has this year got up a similar distribution on his own account, a faithful illustration of which he now supplies. His clients are well known to be severally "noedy," and the reader who happens to know the peculiarities of the individuals will appreciate the nicety with which the munificent Mr. GRIP has met their respective requirements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—GRIP's cartoons are rarely anticipatory—they are usually founded on well authenticated facts. At this season of the year, however, special poetic license is permissible. It is by virtue of such a document that we venture to give this little sketch, though the Reform party will be only too much pleased to believe that there is really some foundation for the idea that Mr. Blake has been making such resolutions for the New year.



A growing root of bitterness—the Hudson Bay Route.

If the Buffalo Invincibles don't stop talking they will use up all their blow before they get to Canada. It is pretty well understood that they carry their dynamite in their lungs.

I saw a Professor at the Royal Museum last week eating molten lead and swallowing blazing sealing-wax. The exhibition would have been very edifying to Mr. Meredith, who has an engagement to do something similar in the political way.

Mr. Ross, the new Minister of Education, is anxious to get back to the common sense system of having a uniform set of Readers for the whole Province. I'm afraid it's too late now. To engage in such a task will be to drive a Campbell through a needle's eye.

I am glad to learn, from the Winnipeg Times, that the farmers of the North-West are not grumbling against the Government or C. P. R. arrangements. What they are driving at is left to conjecture. Very likely they are agitating for the Agricultural Right of selling salt at 25 cts. per lb. under the title of butter.

"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion."—Day's Business College, 96 King St. W., Toronto.

A CHRISTMAS "WAIT."

Ring out loud bells, Christmas bells!
Of late
Their sound portends, as it loudly swells,
That I must wait,
Wait on the street before the lordly halls,
Wait 'fore the window where, at high-toned balls,
In dance the great
To tread the measure of the mild quadrille,
Or whirl in giddy waltz, until
They've had their fill.
'Deed some are ill,
And heavy is the dude's well cared for pate.
Yet I must wait
On Christmas eve,
While people skate,
And I do freeze.
It's not the cheese!
Altho' I am a scamp,
Or, if you are particular,
A tramp,
The vamp
Is off my boot; my left auricular
Is froze.
My nose
Is damp,
Yet this is Christmas, merry, happy season!
And here I am, forlorn and almost freezin'.
I fain would sing a Christmas carol,
I would if I had, say, about a barrel
Of beer or rye,
At least I'd try
To make myself, alas! a little jolly.
What folly!
For what is mistletoe or holly
To me?
I'll go to the Queen's Park and there encamp,
What is this Christmas season to a tramp?
Nay, I'll seek some box car void of freight,
And rest
My wearied pate;
Mayhap go west,
Though tired,
I may get fied.
There is no refuge for a Christmas wait.
D'ye see?



On Thursday evening the East Toronto Cricket Club gave their annual concert in the handsome hall connected with All Saints Church. The audience having obtained its innings, the game was commenced by Mr. J. S. Pitman, who made a fine square hit, by his rendering of the Club Song. Mr. H. English next went in and scored "Once Again," after which the St. Matthias choir gave the "Song of the Tritons." Mr. Paul then went to the bat and stayed until he had made several capital runs on the violin. Miss Hamilton then bowled a maiden over (vocally), and Mr. H. M. Field, at the piano, did some splendid fielding, considerably increasing the score. Miss Morgan made a good hit before retiring, and then the first part of the programme was concluded by Mr. Darby, who shewed some funny play with the bawl, and retired with a good song to his credit. In the second innings the only new figures were Miss Wright and Mr. Morley Punshon. Altogether the concert was a fine success. The chair was appropriately occupied by Rev. Mr. Baldwin, who of course put in a little by-play. Shortly after ten the last player was out, and the concert "over."

MISS ADA GRAY—this is not the lady's real name, but it neatly intimates the fact that her appearance as "Lady Isabel" duces 'way back—has been the Christmas detraction at the Grand this year. Of course she has been playing "East Lynne" just as she played it when our grand'parents were young. Surely Mr. Sheppard can give us something better for our holidays than this venerable and boshy drama! In fact he has declared he will, for next week Augustine Daly's much-talked-of "7-20-S" will be seen here. Unless we are entirely misled by the New York critics, this piece will prove a genuine treat.

VIOLETS.

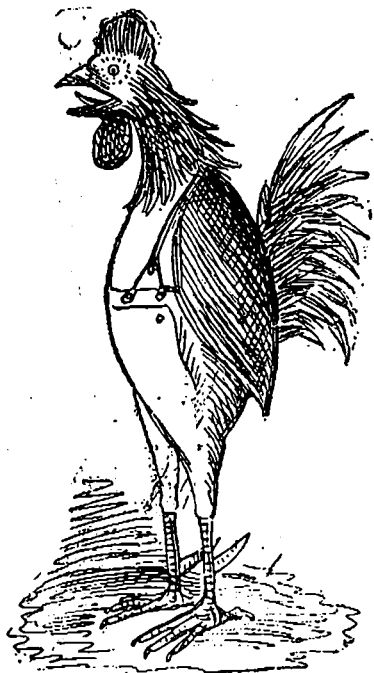
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE "WEAKLY" SER-
VANTS IN *The Week* OF DEC. 13TH.

I.

You read in green,
And in blue;
Again I dream
You're sipping cream
Upon a beam.
I sip! Do you?
Since you like cream,
"You bet" I do.

II.

Because I've nothing else to send,
This ring of rhyme I send you;
For rhyme is easier far than sense,
And yet it's just the same expense.
And so, while in the present tense,
You see, my dear, I'll make it do.
Because I have no sense to send,
This ring of rhyme I send you.



A LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CAMPAIGN ROOSTER

The Campaign Rooster belongs to the *genus Avis*, and is one of the most peculiar members of that extensive family. He inhabits the arid wastes of printing office racks, and feeds chiefly on dust. As a general rule, he is exceedingly shy, and although ranking amongst game birds, he is never seen during a fight. He has, however, a keen instinct for Right and Virtue, and never makes a mistake in following this instinct. He is rarely seen by man, excepting on the day after a political contest, when he comes forth in vast flocks and perches upon the topmost branches of triumphant editorials, invariably appearing in the journal which represents *Right and Virtue*, and never, by any accident, favoring the rival sheet with his presence. Our illustration is engraved from a drawing of a Campaign Rooster lately captured in the columns of the *London Advertiser*, where he had strayed just after the West Middlesex campaign. Mr. Piper, of the Zoo, is understood to be negotiating for a live specimen, but it is doubtful if he will succeed in securing one.

Dagonet, in the *Reserve*, gets off this:—The Dean of Bangor's French motto—*sans the, sante* (without tea—health).

THE FATAL RING.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY FLORA FERNFINDER.

CHAP. I.

Perhaps not in Toronto, nay in the whole broad Province of Ontario, were ever seen two prettier or brighter girls than Lillian McMurdo and Gwendoline Gertrude O'Flynn, her cousin, nor in the wide Dominion stands to-day; a more stately town residence than "McMurdo villa," which rears its massive *facade* overlooking a small tributary of the mighty Don river, adding its small quota of water to that proud and mighty current which, especially in the spring, rolls down fiercely to Ontario and Ashbridge's Bay, depositing therein its wealth of *sotsam* and *jet-sam* and other things, which, together with the aromatic offerings from Gooderham's distillery makes the mouth of that river so popular with pleasure seekers and lovers of the beautiful.

But enough of the Don and its bewitching surroundings. Let us to our story.

It was in the glorious joyful season of Christmas, and all was gay in McMurdo villa. The drawing rooms were redolent of hyacinths and precious exotics, wax candles shone from their sconces on the frescoed walls, the gas chandeliers glistened in their diamond-like pendants, and a huge electric light suspended in the great hall made the scene fairy like in the extreme.

Lillian McMurdo was a blonde of the most pronounced type, no canary in all her father's aviary could show a plumage to rival the color of her luxuriant hair. Her eyes were as blue as the skies of fair Italia, or the new tunic of the police officer who walked the boat on which the villa was situated. Her form, though inclined slightly to *embonpoint*, was to most observers perfection, and as she sat in graceful repose, with priceless pearls in her glowing hair, on one of the magnificent ottomans that bedecked the room, she looked, as indeed she was, a daisy.

She had invited her cousin and whilome schoolmate, Gwendoline Gertrude O'Flynn, to stay with her during the holidays. Ah, could she have foreseen the consequence—but we anticipate. Gwendoline Gertrude was a brunette. Her raven hair was as dark as the visage of an unsuccessful agent on his return from Algoma. She had the clear complexion of her father's race, and her charming *nez retroussé* also indicated her Celtic blood. She was a lady susceptible of great emotions either for love or hate, could love you half to death or blow you up with dynamite, just according to circumstances or the state of her somewhat wayward mind. She likewise was a daisy, but a daisy of quite another order.

"Dear Gwendoline," said the fair Lillian the afternoon before the eve of Christmas, "try and look your best to-night, and be as amiable as possible, and merry for my sake (in good sooth it must be confessed that during the day Gwendoline had given some evidence of her latent temper), "for," continued Lillian, "let there be no secrets between us dearest, young Fitz-Percy Smygthe is coming, and you know he seeks my hand. He is a most eligible young man—and as papa says has 'lots of hoodle.' So I intend to-night to allow him an opportunity to pop the question. There, dear Gwen, you see it all now, so you must help me dear, won't you?"

"Yes," said the dark-browed daughter of the O'Flynn, with a sardonic smile, "I'll help you," adding, *sotto voce*, "over the left."

CHAPTER II.

"I'll put up three balls if you like and give you a chance," was the remark made by an exquisitely dressed young gentleman to another elegantly dressed young gentleman.

Both were in full dress, each had a bouquet in his button hole.

The scene was in the Rossin billiard room, and the "putting up" referred to the fascinating game of pool.

"Cawn't do it, me boy!" answered the party addressed. "Cawn't stand playing with those wretched Canadian balls, besides ye know, we have to go to old McMurdo's to dinner, and be jove it's near 7 o'clock."

"Haw, be jove, forgot all about it; wait a moment and I'll telephone for a coupe."

"Do" said the other, "If you caunt get a coupe get an 'ack.'"

The two gentlemen were the Hon. Fitz-Percy Smygthe, of Smygthe Hall, Hants, and Captain Trevalyn Tomaskyns, of H.M. 140th Regt. of Foot, late from that part of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland known as England. Both were aristocratic in the extreme, as became their high lineage, both temporarily imppecunious, and both "waiting for a remittance from 'ome ye know." However, the Hon. Smygthe condescended to borrow a dollar of Bob the "barkeeper," a coupe was ordered, and soon the twain arrived at the scene of the Xmas festivities.

CHAPTER III.

Such an array of beauty, brilliancy, and brightness, seldom is seen as that which dazzled the eyes of the young English gentlemen, as they were ushered by the bedizened lackey into the best drawing room.

"Delighted to see you," said McMurdo *perce* to Fitz, as he entered.

"Same to you and many of 'em," replied that gentleman. "Low me to interjuice friend, Captain Tomaskyns. 'Avin' a good time I see."

Lillian then approached, and was at once taken possession of by the Hon. Fitz. He promenaded the rooms with her. He viewed the oil paintings, he inspected the aviary, the aquarium, and the conservatory; never was a more devoted slave than the Hon. Fitz Percy Smygthe.

What is that dark form hidden behind the Peruvian Gooseberry plant in the conservatory?

It is the form and eye of Gwendoline Gertrude O'Flynn.

"What, why, wherefore," she hoarsely muttered between her clenched teeth of pearls, "does this proud cousin of mine, the daughter of a vulgar tho' Plutoeratic old retired Scotch soap man, take up the attentions of these young fools, those hated scions of the detested Saxon, why? I give it up, no I won't give it up either. *Blathershin na bocklish blatherin ar oo*," she exclaimed in the language of the down-trodde Gael (which being interpreted, meaneth, "I'll sarve ye out") "Why should she take precedence of a daughter of a long line of Irish Kings. Ah, ha! ha! *Arrah na pogue shin Jane*, no surrender, but I must dissemble."

Fitz Percy Smygthe led the fair Lillian to a seat, his cup of happiness filled. He had proposed, was accepted, and he now thought of depleting in a small degree the claret cup in an adjoining room.

Gwendoline approached the fair daughter of the house. "Lillian," said she, "I know all, you have captured the Saxon, got him dead to rights, now I know, though you don't, dearest, the ways and customs of society on such occasions as this. Forgive me, dear, I've been to yourip and you haint (the fair Gwendoline in her excitement was getting a little off in her language). "It is the custom there on Christmas eve to put a wedding ring in the plum pudding, and whoever gets the portion containing it is supposed to be the first one of the company to be married. It is an old and perhaps foolish custom, but aristocratic, very aristocratic. Your lover will no



A TALK ABOUT ASSESSMENT PAPERS.

DIVES.—Hillo, Lazarus, got your assessment paper, I see. How does it pan out?
 LAZARUS.—As usual. I am assessed in advance on next year's earnings—at the rate of \$10 per week for 52 weeks.
 DIVES.—Well, you get \$10 a week, don't you?
 LAZARUS.—I do at this moment,—but I never get work 52 weeks in any year, and my wages are frequently reduced when I am working. Taking it all together, my income isn't more than half of the amount I am assessed for.
 DIVES.—Ha! ha! Just the opposite of my case. Now, I never pay on more than half my income. You see the assessor takes my word for it, whereas in your case he goes and asks your employer.
 LAZARUS.—I see. You do a little lying, as it were.
 DIVES.—Well, ahem, that is rather harsh, but you might call it that.
 LAZARUS.—I consider this a shameful injustice to the working man.
 DIVES.—No doubt of it, my dear fellow. You have my hearty sympathy!

doubt expect it, and I will see that you, dear-est Lillian, will find the ring."

"It shall be done," said the poor deluded Lillian, laughin'. "You know, between ourselves that I can get away with as much plum duff as the next one."

And so she did. She, the false, the perfidious Gwendoline knew too well, the alas! too healthy appetite of her cousin. She knew full well the cause of the fair girl's growing adipose tissues, hence her heartless plot, which she knew she could bring to a successful end.

Dinner was served; the soup, the fish, the joints, fowls, and entrees successively disappeared, and the Christmas pudding, steaming in all the glory of brandy sauce, was brought in, and served to the guests. Much was the merriment when the fact of the hidden ring was mentioned.

"Go in and win," whispered the perfidious Gwendoline to her cousin.

And so she did. Plate after plate of the pudding was served to the now roseate Lillian, and whether it was the sauce that stimulated her or not, still she got away with portion after portion. The Hon. Fitz stared, the rest of the company were aghast, but still the fair girl continued to hoist in the pudding. At last, with a deep sigh, she dropped her spoon, and faintly murmured, "Where is the ring?"

"Here," said the false Gwendoline, as she showed the circlet embedded in a fragment of the confection. "Here it is," and she turned and smiled sweetly on the Hon. Fitz.

Lillian fainted, the strain upon her mind on seeing her cousin's duplicity, and otherwise by the undue quantity of pudding, prostrated her. She was carried upstairs, the doctor called, but of no avail. Lillian McMurdo was soon lying in the tomb of her fathers, a victim to perfidy and pudding.

L'ENVOI.

Married, at St. James', in this city, by Rev. Roderick Rushen, assisted by the Rev. Pertinax Pogran, Hon. Fitz Percy Smygthe, eldest son of Baron Smygthe, of Smygthe, Hull, Muggleton, Cum Boozleton, Hants, England, to Gwendoline Gertrude O'Flynn, daughter of Major Miltiades O'Flynn, late of the Monaghan Invincibles, and of Castie Flynn, in the kingdom of Ireland.

THE DYNAMITE AVENGERS.

Having observed by the morning papers that it was the intention of the Buffalo Invincibles to avenge the hanging of O'Donnell by using dynamite in Toronto, Mr. Grip despatched a trusty reporter to interview Mr. J. J. McBride, the genial fiend who was credited with having put up the job.

The able and energetic commissioner having returned from his visit, has laid the following report upon our table:

"Upon receiving your instructions, I proceeded to Buffalo, where I arrived in time for dinner. We had ox-tail soup and ham pie, with (this being irrelevant, we cut the passage out.—Ed. GRIP.) Having ascertained the whereabouts of Mr. J. J. McBride, I proceeded to interview that gentleman. I found him in his shirt sleeves working at some chemical experiments in his back shed. I handed him my card, and he received me with true Irish hospitality, and requested me to be seated. I sat down upon a small keg. Mr. McBride, who was lighting his pipe at the time, touched the match to a fuse attached to the keg. I took no notice of this peculiar action, as I had been informed the gentleman was a little eccentric.

The fuse burned slowly, and at last reached the keg. I sat watching it with deep interest.

Mr. McBride appeared to be deeply moved, and stood some forty yards off. All at once there was a gentle puff of smoke and the suspense was over. Mr. McBride returned looking much puzzled and distressed.

"Be me sowl," says he, "O! didn't expect the loikes av that! Sure I thought that wud a riz ye higher nor Gilderoy's kite. Me chemicals doesn't work, bad cess to thim?"

"Is there any truth in this?" I asked, handing him the cuttings from the newspaper.

"Not if the doinamoite isn't av bether quality nor that you are sated on, I'm afeard," he replied pleasantly. "Sure that's the twinty fifth keg oive med, an bad cess to it nare a wan av thim wud work!"

"So you really do intend to blow up the parliament house in Toronto," says I.

"That was our intintion," says he.

"Can nothing induce you to forego your hellish purpose?" I asked, at the same time producing my tobacco pouch.

"Don't tempt me to bethray the cause av Humanity wid British gold!" says he, in a trembling, pathetic voice.

I took a chew. He drew a deep sigh of relief.

"Well, now, Mr. McBride," says I, "I represent the leading journal of Canada, and I have come to you chiefly to learn the exact object of your conspiracy."

"Sure it won't take long to tell that same, thim," says he. "Our object is to avenge poor O'Donnell, rest his sowl!"

"You mean O'Donnell who was hanged in London the other day?"

"The very wan," he assented.

"Very good, and you intend to avenge his death by blowing up the Ontario Legislative Building."

"Yes—av the doinamoite works," he replied, gazing abstractedly at the keg.

"Now, what I want to find out," says I, "is the connection between Toronto and O'Donnell."

"Are you Irish?" he asked, with an incredulous stare.

"I am not so honored," I answered.

"I thought not, or yez wud aasily see the connixion betune O'Donnell and Toronto. Sure we intend to dale a blow at the British Government, so we do. Now do you undtherstand?"

"You mean the Mowat Government, don't you?" I asked, becoming deeply interested.

"Mowat? F'what Mowat? Sure it's crazy yez are. It's Gladstone we're after. I niver heard av Mowat."

"But Gladstone dosen't live in Toronto now,—hasn't been there for years."

"The devil fly away wid you for a crank!" says Mr. McBride, losing patience at my stupidity, "av yez can comprehend anything listen to this: Canady belongs to the British Government, an av course the British government owns the Parlymint Buildings in Toronto to beyant. Now do you see the connixion? We mane to make Englan' sorry for the day O'Donnell swung, d'ye moind?"

"Ah, now I see," says I. "Now, in conclusion, tell me, Mr. McBride, is it true that you wish to do this without sacrificing any lives?"

"That is our intintion. We intind to express our feelins on the bricks an mortar intwairy."

"And of course you'll blow up the place when it is empty?"

"The same," he said, "blow it up regardless av the groans av the British Government."

"Well," I observed, as I arose to take my leave, "Toronto will feel obliged to you if you can do the job neatly without hurting any one. The folks there have long been of opinion that the Local House would look better at the bottom of the lake. So I hope—"

"What's that?" says Mr. McBride, springing up, "it wud plaze the British public, wud it? Thin perish this avenging arrum av a brick av it is touched! We'll lave it there as a monument of British maneness, as a type av Saxon shabbiness! O'Donnell is avenged!"

This closed the interview.



"PEACE AND GOOD WILL."

(AFTER—SEVERAL YEARS AFTER—MICHAEL ANGELO.)



"So the world wags."

WHY SHE LEFT THE CHURCH.

An officious old maid in a fashionable church up town isn't officious any more; in fact, she has left the church. It happened thus. The ladies were going to give a big fair and bazar, and Miss Wrinkle was bound to take a prominent part.

"I want to be 'Rebecca at the Well,'" she said with a simper.

"But you can't," replied one of the ladies, "because one of the prettiest girls in the church has it."

"Then I want to be one of the 'Lambs of the Flock.'"

"But they are all young girls."

"Pshaw, I won't be anything, then," and she flirted her dress and shook her curls in a real giddy way.

"Oh, I have it," cried a lady, after a minute's thought.

"What is it?"

"Why, there's a vacancy in the Antique Department, and that will be just the place for you. So artistically harmonious, you know."—*Merchant Traveller.*

THEN IT WASN'T HER HUSBAND.

"Mrs. Smipkin, I saw your husband in my kitenen to-day."

"Are you sure it was Mr. Smipkin?"

"I thought so. It looked like him."

"What was he doing there?"

"That's what I want you to tell me. I saw him talking to the servants."

"Did he try to kiss the cook?"

"Oh, no, of course not. He didn't do anything like that."

"Well, it wasn't my husband then. You'll have to serve your search warrant on some one else."

TWENTY-FOUR O'CLOCK.

MOTHER (upstairs):
Come, Sal, this work will never do,
'Tis time John homeward sped;
It's nearly half-past twenty-two,
And you should be in bed.

DAUGHTER (down-stairs):
He's just preparing now to go;
(John, don't you be so free!)
You said that he might stay, you know,
To-night till twenty-three—
(Now, John, you can't have any more;
I vow that that's the last!
You asked for one: you've taken four),
And ma, the clock is fast.

MOTHER:
Pray, Sal, what makes you pause so long
Between your words to-night?
The clock I am certain is not wrong;
There's something else not right.

DAUGHTER:
Oh, ma! (No, John, not one kiss more)
I've told you what is true:
(Just one? that's what you said before)
It's scarcely twenty-two.
(Well, take it quickly, then, and go,
He's going right away,
(My face is red as fire, I know,
And what will mother say?)

MOTHER (an hour later):
I'm coming right downstairs to see
If John intends to stay
All night; it's just half-past twenty-three;
Why don't he go away?

DAUGHTER:
(There, John, you hear?) he's going, ma.
(Now, John, don't, homeward jog;
You see it ma should waken ma,
Then he might lose the dog.)
He's gone, dear ma; I've locked the door.
(How quick the time has fled;
The clock will soon strike twenty-four,
And I must go to bed.)
—(*Somerville Journal.*)

WHY HE WAS SPANKED.

Almost every father knows about the inquisitive boy, and frequently has occasion to wish his boys were girls. A North Hill father began shaving himself in the presence of his four-year-old hopeful a couple of days ago. The boy commenced and kept on, with a result somewhat as follows:

"What you doing, papa?"
"Shaving."
"What you shaving for?"
"To get my face clean."
"Why don't you wash your face to get it clean?"
"At's the way I do."
"I shave it to get the hair off."
"What hair?"
"The hair that grows on my face?"
"What hair that grows on your face?"
"My whiskers."
"What does the whisker hair grow on the face for?"
"I don't know."
"Why don't you know why whisker hairs grow on the face?"
"Because—"

The interview came to a sudden termination. A long gash and flowing blood was the cause, with the sudden departure of Young America in his mother's arms as an incident.
—*Des Moines Mail.*

NEVER WON A SUIT.

"What's become of Pettifog, that uster to live here?" asked a visitor of Gilpin at the store Saturday evening.

"Oh, he located in a western town practising law."

"How does he get along? Is he successful?"

"Not very. He has never won a suit yet."

"What! Not a suit yet?"

"No. That is, not a whole one. He won a hat in Ohio, last fall, and a pair of boots in New York. But that's as near a suit as he ever got."—*Marathon Independent.*

A LITTLE DIPLOMAT.

"Good morning, children," said an Austin physician, as he met three or four little children on their way to school, "and how are you this morning?"

"We darasn't tell you," replied the oldest of the crowd, a boy of eight.

"Dare not tell me!" exclaimed the physician, "and why not?"

"Cause, papa said that last year it cost him over fifty dollars to have you come in and ask us how we were."—*Texas Siftings.*

"You can get first-class board for \$2 a week," said Trilobite. "No?" replied Crinoid, amazed. "Fact," insisted Trilobite, "wash-board." And then he curled up and petrified himself.

"What are you going to do when you are a man?" asked a gentleman of a four-year-old toddler. After a moment of deep thought: "Well, I guess I would be the father of some other little boy."

An Alabama wedding is thus described: "The bridal march was played by Will Corley

on a harmonica. The groom was attired in a hickory stripe shirt and copperas colored pants, and on his arm was gently suspended his bride, like a clear rib side of bacon or a bushel of meal."

"Johnnie, did any one have the croup in your house last night?" "Dunno! What made you ax me?" "Well, I saw a light in the house long after midnight." "Oh! that's my sister! She has something down in the parlor late every night, but I don't know whether it is the croup or not."

Mrs. Shoddy, to shopman: "Show me a thermometer—one of your best." Shopman: "This, ma'am, is one of our finest—Venetian glass and the best of quicksilver." Mrs. Shoddy: "Silver! That would be nice for the kitching, but I want one for my boodore. Haven't you one with quick gold?"

A jolly old uncle had been relating some incidents of his earlier life to his nephew. "Of all the women you ever met, uncle," said the young man, "by which were you most struck?" "By your aunt, my boy, by your aunt," replied the old gentleman, dropping his voice and feeling the back of his head tenderly.

A well-known journalist recently embodied in his editorial on one of the issues of the day a quotation, introducing it in this manner: "As a certain good writer once said," etc. When his wife read the article she asked, "Who is this good writer you refer to?" The editor hesitated a moment, then modestly replied, "Myself."

"My dear Mrs. De Peyster, you are looking splendid." "Yes, but for all that I am far from well." "Dear me, who is your doctor?" "Mr. Newton." "And you employ an allopath? Why don't you try Dr. Withers? He cured your sister's baby in short order." "Yes, my dear sir; homoeopathy may relieve infantry, but Dr. Newton cures adult-cry."

NOW.

Now Seraphina sitteth on the sofa looking pleasant,
While considering the value of young Charley's Xmas present;
Now still the damsel sitteth on the sofa and reflecteth
On all the New Year's presents that from Charley she expecteth;
Now Charley goeth through his purse and audits his exchequer,
And thinks of Seraphina and with what he will bedeck her.
Now Lordly Lansdowne giveth bids to all the old time stagers
To wrestle with viceregal hash, "Excuse us," said the mayors.
Now is it not preposterous, a most unheard-of dido,
That mayors should refuse to call at the great Hall of Rideau.
Now is the time that editors prepare their diagnoses,
And sling out mild high treason in two and one cent doses.
Now is the time to say good-bye to all things European,
So argues the bold editor who goes for things plebeian.
Now quoteth he the moss-grown "quote" *vox populi vox dei*.
That's brought up daily ever since old Socrates was knee high.
Now GTR would rather on the whole submit to law and order,
Than stand the rule of roughs and toughs that figure o'er the border.
Now cowboys with their killing ways may be all right in Texas,
But here they'd be much out of place, they'd only tend to vex us.
Now GTR would ask the Editor who loits of gall and gab has,
Who was it that some time ago stood in for one Barrabus.
In spite of one Pilatus, a ruler 'ristocratic,
Now was it not the populace, the people democratic?
Now is the time for democrats to soar on eagle pinions,
And strike a bee line 'cross the lakes to Uncle Sam's dominions.
Now do not doughty democrats, like heathen keep on ragin'
You've only got to cross the lines and skip from things Canadian;
You need not stay here, not a bit, except indeed you want to,
We'll try and make ourselves content without you in Toronto.

ANNESLEY CHASE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY.

PART I.

'Twas Christmas tide at Annesley Chase,
A stately, old time-honored place;
A mansion such as one may see
In England or in Normandy.
A park surrounds the ancient pile,
A park, whose area's many a mile,
Where oaks, whose bolls are gnarled with age
Have stood the fiercest tempests' rage
For many a century; larches tall
Raise high their towering heads o'er all.
Beneath the trees, in darksome glade,
The dappled deer seek out the shade,
And refuge take from Phoebus' rays
In the long, sultry summer days.
But 'tis not of the summer time
That now the minstrel chants his rhyme,
But of the merry Christmas tide,
When o'er the country, far and wide,
The snow lay deep, and all the scene
Was wrapt in pure and glittering sheen.
The frosted crystals on each bough
Flashed like the gems on snowy brow
Of high-bred ladies, such as grace
The halls of stately Annesley Chase.
The chill breeze o'er the country swept,
And bade the brooks sleep—and they slept:
The icy touch of Winter's breath
Had made them motionless as death.
The feathery snowflakes, pure and fair,
Fell fluttering in December's air.
What though 'tis cold outside, I ween
Inside is quite a different scene.
Inside the walls of Annesley Chase
The humblest hind may find a place
At Christmas tide; the poorest churl
Will be as welcome as an earl,
And none need ask for leave to stay,
And none need fear being turned away.

PART II.

Sir Neville Grenville's high-bred face
Amongst the guests at Annesley Chase
With welcome smile full oft is seen,
As, with his proud, though courtly mien,
He passes through his crowded halls,
Where hang the portraits on the walls
Of many a Grenville, dead and gone,
Who perished at Northallerton;
Or who mayhap, his life did yield



On Hastings' distant battle-field,
Where, fighting 'gainst the Norman foe,
Full many a Grenville was laid low.
From noble stock the Grenvilles spring;
The border minstrels used to sing
The glory of the ancient race,
Which e'er has dwelt at Annesley Chase.
The gallant Grenvilles are renowned
For many and many a mile around.

PART III.

'Twas Christmas time, as has been said,
And Gertrude Grenville is to wed
Upon the morrow—Christmas day—
Young Rudolph Rupert Rondelais,
A gallant youth of Norman blood,
And pedigree beyond the flood.
A comely youth, withal, was he,
As on the longest day you'd see;
As I have said, of lineage old,
And owning many a chest of gold.
In everyway 'a splendid match,
And all said Gertrude "had a catch."
And here I'll just insert a piece
Of information: she was niece

To good Sir Neville: now I've said
My little say: let's go ahead,
The banquet hall was filled; each guest
With knife and fork had done his best:
The servants stood around the board
To do the bidding of their lord.
The butler Muggins, portly, stout,
With noiseless step moved round about,
But it was noticed that he stood
As near to Gertrude as he could,
And once, instead of filling up
Her crystal sparkling champagne cup
As he affected, in her ear
He whispered something low but clear.
She plainly heard what he had said,
But never even turned her head.
The guests were mirthful, each one quaffed
The health of Gertrude, smiled and laughed.
Drank Rudolph's health and wished him joy
And said "You are in luck, my boy."
And Rudolph smiled with careless ease,—
The happy are not hard to please,—
And gazed with pardonable pride
On beauteous Gertrude by his side,
And whispered sweet things in her ear
Which must have been quite nice to hear,
For Gertrude smiled with action coy,
And whispered back "You dear old boy."
Fat butler Muggins oft would pass
And frown when filling Rudolph's glass;
It seemed as though he felt some spite
Against that happy, youthful wight,
And every time that he passed by
And managed to catch Gertrude's eye
He actually—what d'ye think?—
He actually gave a wink!
And Gertrude scarcely could refrain
From—what?—why, winking back again.

PART IV.

The banquet's finished, grace is said,
The guests soon after go to bed:
Beneath a sprig of mistletoe
Fat Muggins speaks in accents low
To Gertrude, she who in one day
Will be my Lady Rondelais;
And as she softly says "good night,"
The butler winks—perhaps he's tight.

The morrow dawns; 'tis Christmas day;
And Rudolph Rupert Rondelais
With lightsome tread bounds down the stairs,
With heart as light and free from cares
As any young man's ought to be
Upon the very day that he
Makes that important step in life
By which he comes to own a wife.
He bounds into the breakfast room,
He sniffs the coffee's sweet perfume,
He smells the scent of broiling steaks,
And sees the toothsome griddle-cakes;
He sees the guests; he sees the chair
Of Gertrude—but she is not there;
He'd not anticipated this,
And sadly missed his morning kiss—
"Sir Neville, is not Gertrude well
Or is she—yes—is this a sell?
She said last night that she would be
The first of all to welcome me.
I should have liked it, I must say,
Because this is our wedding day."
"She's not down yet," Sir Neville said,
"Perhaps she's not yet out of bed.
But ring for Muggins; he can go
And see if she be well or no.
If ill, pray act the part of host
And take her up some tea and toast;
I really hope she's not unwell;
However, please to ring the bell."
The bell was rung; a page replied
And glided to his master's side.
"You rang, sir?" "Yes, send Muggins here,
Why does not *he*, not *you*, appear?
He knows I like it, when he's able,
To see him round the breakfast table.
So send him here at once," "Sir Neville,
He's not down yet," "Not down, the devil!"
"No, not the devil, sir, I mean
The butler, and he's not been seen
This morning." "Well, you go, young man,
And get him out of bed, you can
Just knock upon Miss Gertrude's door
When passing through the corridor,
And tell her that it's getting late,
And that for her alone we wait."
The page retired; Sir Neville said,
With courteous motion of his head,
"It's only natural that she
To-day a *little* shy should be."
And as he spoke the page returned,
His eyes and cheeks with horror burned:
His hair stood up, his chattering teeth
His pale lips rattled loud beneath.
"What is the matter?" roared the host,
"What ails the boy? Hast seen a ghost?
Speak out?" "Sir Neville, when I knocked
At lady Gertrude's door, unlooked,
It open flew: my lady fair—"
"Well, what of her?" "She was not there.
The bed with sheets and covers white
Had never been slept in last night,

Upon her dressing table lay
This note for Mr. Rondelais.
To Mr. Muggins' room I flew—"
"Well, what?" "His room was empty too.
His bed, of course, was there all right,
But it had not been used last night."
"Read, read the note," the guests all cried,
"Oh I read that letter from your bride."



"My bride," howled Rupert Rondelais,
"My bride by now is far away."
And into shreds he tore the note
And placed the pieces in his coat;
(Of course the pocket's understood)
"I will not on this matter brood;
It's no use kicking up a row
But—Gertrude's Mrs. Muggins now."
'Twas even so; the faithless maid
So cunningly her plans had laid
That whilst young Rupert fondly hoped,
The girl and butler—had eloped.

A WORD IN SEASON.

Our toiling editor takes this opportunity of stating, for the information of his kind friends who, by card and otherwise, have wished him a "Merry Christmas," that he has had a Merry Christmas. And now he anticipates the Happy New Year they have all coupled in their benisons. If a good cigar can aid in producing the desired bliss, our editor is safe to that extent, for Messrs. S. Davis & Son, with their usual thoughtfulness, have laid upon his table a couple of boxes of the fragrant El Padre brand. Thanks, friends and brethren, one and all, and may your good wishes return upon your own heads a thousand-fold.

During a dense fog, a Mississippi steamboat took landing. A traveler, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel, and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog. Can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the urbane pilot; "but until the biler busts we aint going that way." The passenger went to bed.

"No use to take your medicine," said a patient to a doctor, "for as I never expect to get well, I could not pay you!" "Had you intended to pay me?" the doctor asked. "Yes, sir." "Well, then, I'll change your treatment. It's a hard matter and somewhat unprofessional, but as you entertain an idea of paying me you'd better take a little of this harmless powder instead of the dose I had mixed for you."

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says: "I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia; Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King-st. East either for a pad or for a treatise, etc.



NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

Always nappy to meet friends—bitchers.

There is a man up town so fond of "flash" literature that he won't read anything but a powder magazine.

An Ohio postmistress has resigned to get married. Poor thing! She'll have often to wait for a delayed mail.

Says Hans, the barber, "Shust sit down—I gif you one clean shaft, mine friend."
"I've just been getting one," said Brown, "Quite clean, at twenty-five per cent."

A Toronto man waited until he was eighty-three years old before he got married. That's like running three miles to get a good start for a fourteen inch jump.

First Railroad Man.—"How many children have you now?" Second R.M.—"Thirteen." First R.M. "Goodness! I think it is about time you put on the heir brakes."

The director of a matrimonial agency in Paris says the young girls ask only, "Who is he?" the young widows, "What is his position?" the old widows, "Where is he?"

His Mattie was a pretty girl,
As fair as one could be;
And every time he made a call
He had a Nat on knee.

"Don't go too much on show, my son," remarked Mrs. Yeast to her boy. "The drum-major of a band, to be sure, is very attractive, but he doesn't furnish any of the music."

"I was chatting," writes a lady, "with a bright young girl, the other evening, at a small friendly gathering, when our attention was directed to a tall and handsome woman who had just entered the room. 'Who is she?' asked my companion; and I, wishing to be poetical, answered: 'A daughter of the gods.' 'I don't know her,' my companion replied, critically examining the new comer through her glasses; 'the gods are not in our set.'"

Bass, who has been abroad, describes his experience of shipboard as follows: "You see it was very rough. The steamer kept going up, up, up, and then down, down, down; so that after a while my stomach staid up and the steamer went down."

"Which had you rather hear, Beethoven or Wagner?" asked Miss Matilda Greenbottle, who is a musical celebrity. "Why, I'd rather hear one of Wagner's pauses all day long than listen to Beethoven sing a single verse of 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"Mister," said a long, lanky young chap, as he entered a business place in Marathon, "do you want any help? I want to be hired." "Goodness! Is that so? I should think you was high enough already. If I was as tall as you I should want to be lowered instead."

A gentleman said to one of his friends that for some years his wife had persisted in saying that she was only twenty years old. "Mine is more reasonable," replied his friend. "I have succeeded in making her enter the thirties, but I have failed to make her come out of them."

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.



LADY.—Oh, Doctor, my little boy is so ill, do tell me what ails him?

DOCTOR.—It's a bad case of fever, Madam.

L.—How can he have caught it; we have paid every attention to sanitary matters.

D.—Have you had your bedding cleaned?

L.—No, we have never thought of that, though we have used it several years.

D.—Then send it to N. P. CHANEY & Co.'s at once, they will clean it thoroughly. More diseases arise from impure bedding than from anything else.

"Why do you not invite Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Smith to your reception? They are very nice ladies." "Yes, but you see my husband don't want to associate with them." "Indeed, what have they done?" "Why, they got divorces from him, and such actions, you know, are very insulting to a sensitive man."

"How long have you been married?" asked the clerk at the hotel desk, as the elderly bridegroom registered. "Two weeks," replied the happy man. "Front!" cried the clerk; "show the gentleman to parlor B. fifteen dollars a day, sir." "Third wife," calmly said the guest. "Oh! excuse me. Front! show the gentleman to 824, back. Take the elevator; four dollars a week, sir."

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