

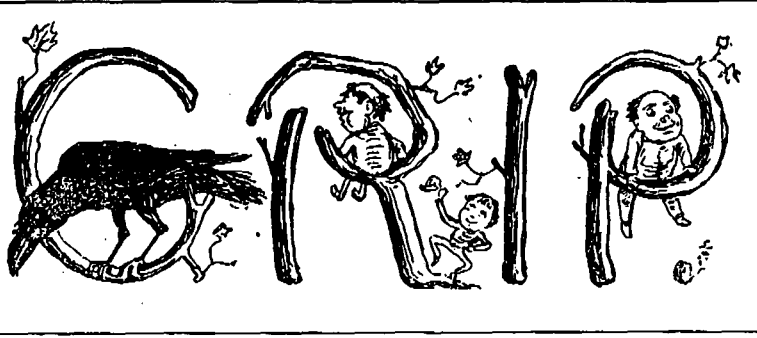
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VOLUME XXIII,
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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BRNGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Flab is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

TO SUBSCRIBERS—OUR EXTRA SUPPLEMENT.

In accordance with our announcement in last week's GRIP, we publish with this number a magnificent colored portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald, G.C.B. This handsome work of art is worthy of a place in every refined household, and possesses the additional interest of being the first and only picture of the Premier in the costume of the Order of the Bath. Every subscriber forwarding us ten cents will receive a copy, post free. Orders should be sent in immediately, as the edition is limited, and the demand is already active. Non-subscribers may secure the picture (with GRIP), for 15c.

Cartoon Comments.

DOUBLE PAGE CARTOON.—Our artist informs us that this is an attempt at the heroic. He has for the nonce (so he says), spurned the low ground of the ridiculous, and boldly attempted the sublime. He has imagined himself called upon to design a cartoon for the historic walls of Parliament, and has done his best to rival Maclise and other masters of fresco work. Our editorial opinion is that the outside world will fail to catch his meaning. The yeomanry of the country, especially those belonging to the Grit party, will insist on considering the picture a literal representation of the manner in which Sir John went in to the banquet. This is certainly a mistake. It is, we assure those noble yeomen, a purely imaginary sketch throughout. Sir John walked in to the banquet, and he did not wear a cloak or a cocked hat. But then it was a triumphant occasion. That's the point, sec? Our artist has tried the grand, classic style of depicting Triumph. But his mind is essentially modern and matter of fact. That is very evident.

FIRST PAGE.—Our Roman Catholic friends have been jubilating over the 25th anniversary of the consecration of Dr. Lynch. Twenty-five years ago the right reverend gentleman was united to the fair diocese of Toronto, and the silver wedding, which was celebrated last week, was an event which evoked pleasurable interest from all, without regard to sectarian lines. There is no more sturdy Protestant than Mr. GRIP anywhere—nobody is more fully convinced that St. Michael's cathedral ought to be devoted to the proclamation of good

Presbyterian doctrine—and yet Mr. GRIP takes off his hat most sincerely to the good archbishop, and wishes long life both to him and his venerable spouse.

EIGHTH PAGE.—For an exhibition of amusing, yet humiliating child's play, commend us to the list of "bad words" now being paraded in the *Globe* and *Mail*. Surely neither of the editors imagine any of their readers read the "adjectives" and "substantives" with any seriousness, unless it be a seriousness occasioned by the reflection "What fools these mortals be." To say the least of it, the editors are wasting time in this work. Everybody knows that the *Globe* has called John A. everything that would indicate a "bad old man;" and that the *Mail* has exhausted the vocabulary of Billingsgate on Sir Richard Cartwright and, by-the-way, both knights still live.

POTPOURRI.

When is a piece of hen fruit like a miasmatic fever? When it is an egg-you-shake.

Charlie Ross is said to have turned up at St. Catharines. Charlie turned up some time ago—his toes.

A St. Louis paper says that the men who cross their hands under their coat-tails are growing less. So are the coat-tails.

The London *Globe* says that the higher the civilization the later the dinner hour will be. And, it should add, the more indigestible the dinner.

Winnipeg sports have asked John Lightening Sullivan to visit them and win-a-peck or so of their real estate profits.

Dr. Tauner, the faster, has gone to Mexico, where he is living on a cattle ranch. That's better than living on nothing.

Alphonse Daudet announces that he never has offered himself and never will offer himself to the French Academy as a candidate for "Immortality."

"Riding whips as wedding presents are quite the thing. They have the monograms of the bride-elect on the silver handle." Rather suggestive, aren't they?

Here's another chunk of fashion news. "Fine push has made a mark in displacing furs." It is expected that in Toronto this winter, as last, the highest mark in displacing fur will be made by burglars.

George Augustus Sala is going to give fifteen lectures while passing through the United States on his way to Australia. Raise a statue of him in New York bay, and call it "G A S enlightening the world."

"Fichus of bright crimson velvet are worn," says a fashion paper. Notwithstanding this the average man, when he goes fishing where he has to stand knee-deep in water, will wear ordinary rubber fish shoes.

A man in Pittsburg has over a hundred customers whom he supplies with hot water. They must be strange people who pay for being kept in hot water—but perhaps they're not married.

It is said that an unoccupied Philadelphia plow factory, which was closed because the joint stock company which ran it got into financial difficulties, is haunted. The "ghosts" must be the sad-eyed stockholders looking for their lost plow-shares.

An American paper says "girls of marriageable age are worth \$16 a piece in Japan, with few takers." That's nothing to blow about. Here in Toronto there are lots of girls worth \$16,000—in their own right, too. There are few takers, but many askers.

Wonder if General Gordon is a regular subscriber to Canadian country newspapers. If not he ought to be for they take a great interest in Egyptian affairs, and present about 1725 different ways of getting him out of his fix. They are intimately acquainted with roads about Ambigol, Akasheh and Akweh, and it is certain that the editors could walk from Khar-toum to Bacninh with their eyes shut. It is positively funny to hear them talk about Wady Halfa, Wady Matugah, Wady Atterah, Semna, Tangur and Del.

THE HUM OF THE B—G.

PREPARATORY TO RETIRING FOR THE WINTER.

Oh! I'm a biting bed-bug bold,
And this is no time for me;
For the weather is far too chilly and cold,
And I have to retire, d'ye see?
But, oh! when the spring comes round,
With its warmth and song of the bird,
Then I wake from my lethargic sound,
And my little song is heard.

(Which is)

Coal oil hasn't killed me,
Here I am alive;
Deep revenge hath filled me,
On human gore I thrive.

Ah! even now I look ahead
To the time of summer's coming,
When I shall crawl from crack of bed
To the tune of skeeter's humming;
And alack-a-day! how, throughout the night,
I shall make to wince the winners,
As they start in bed in dire affright
At the wince of my little pinchers.

(Chorus, please.)

I shall drive my forepaws in,
I shall bite, and bite, and bite,
And mortals will swear like sin,
Through the watches of the night.

They strive to kill us, mortals do,
When winter comes around;
And they search all cracks and crannies through,
And they think that all they've found;
But bipeds—people—make mistakes,
For, though they deem us dead,
The spring once more us b—gs awakes,
And we crawl from our little bed.

(Chorus, all together, if you please.)

And we bite, creating pains,
As we nip the suffering cowards;
For the best of blood runs in our veins,
For ain't we Norfolk-Howards?

So now, as I've said my little say,
I'll retire till winter's o'er;
But at the first note of the cuckoo's lay
I'll appear on deck once more;
For it's very well known you can't
Kill one of our glorious race,
So I'll wind up this, my lyric chant,
With the chorus here in place,

(And that is)

Oh! I am a bed-bug bold,
And I shall not die just yet;
Please wait till we're through
With this weather cold,
And I'll be on hand, my pet, good-bye—
Put me in my little bed-crack.

NOTE.—The vulgar but well-known singer of the above in his allusion to the Norfolk Howards intends, doubtless, to recall an incident which may not be known to some of our 50,000 readers, and which was, that several years ago a person bearing the low-sounding appellation of Bug; felt disgusted with it, and, by Act made and provided in such cases, was permitted to change it for that of Norfolk-Howard! Since that time, in England, would-be-extra-refined but silly people always refer to the objectionable pests, commonly known as bugs, as Norfolk-Howards.—Ed.

"An Original Belle," by E. P. Roe, now in course of publication in *The Current*, having been begun in the issue of December 6, has advanced sufficiently to show that it will be his most important work, for he has taken a noble theme, and essayed an elaborate exposition of the philosophy of human nature, at the same time preserving that fascinating play of incident in which he is so conspicuously successful.

A POOR ARGUMENT.

Jim Muggleton takes too much of the bad tangleleg occasionally, and when he gets that way poor Mrs. M. does her best to set his feet in places where they won't get mixed up, in other words, to straighten him up again.

Her great aim is to keep him inside his own domicile till he is once more presentable to the cold world.

James had been "off" the other night and wanted badly to go out next morning.

Mrs. M. protested, coaxed, and did all she could. In vain. James was bound to go out.

"Think of what the papers said yesterday, dear Jim," pleaded the poor woman, "two men who had been drinking died in the streets. Just fancy! How awful."

"Yes," replied the heartless good-for-nothing, "and did you see that thirteen men who had been drinking died right in their own houses? 13 to 2. Odds in favor of the street. I'll take chances on the latter," and he dived into his overcoat, banged his hat on his head and darted out of the door with the speed of a man shooting through a sub-way after a kick from Mr. Baxter.

MARRIAGE A LA DARWIN.

A DRAMA OF SCIENCE APPLIED TO THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

ACT I.—Study in the brown-stone mansion of Dr. Axiom, at Murray, Prince Edward County.

Dr. A.—Ernest is more frivolous than ever; He takes after his mother's family, and to prevent the race of the Axiom's being hopelessly ruined, he must marry in accordance with the principles laid down by the immortal Darwin; he must marry, as he promised when I paid his debts last fall, Sarah Jane Lumpner. Sarah Jane is tall, solid, red-haired, and therefore of sanguine temperament; she has never read a poem or heard of aestheticism!

Enter Theophilus softly, the most moral young man in Prince Edward County.

Theophilus.—Sir, I grieve to tell you that your son Ernest is in love with an actress, at the Vanity Fair Theatre, Toronto.

Dr. A.—But you will at once proceed to Toronto and bring him back to the arms of Darwinian science, and of Sarah Jane.

Theophilus.—I will!—(they embrace; train arrives; exit Theophilus by Pullman car.)

Dr. A.—He will succeed in his efforts; yet there are dangers even here, for these Prince Edward County girls have something about them that is very fatal to the scientific state of mind!

Close of Act I. Jeunessee Dorée, tramp through the lobby en route to the Anti-Scott Act studios outside.

ACT II.—Before the elevator door, on ground floor of Iniquity Chambers, elevator boy. To him Enter Theophilus.

Theophilus.—Is Mr. Ernest Axiom in his room?

Elevator Boy.—He's gone to Florida to get cured of consumption (breaks out into comic song).

For he is consumin' of a porter-steak, a plate of ham, a dozen of eggs, a pail of jam, and all for fifty cents.

Theophilus aside.—I fear this youth's attendance at Sunday School has been irregular;—(aloud, producing a fifty cent piece.)

Unlock your Axiom's door; and, boy, I mean to give you this fair image of your Queen.

Boy.—Boss! I catch on, produce the five-fold dime I tumble to the racket every time. (Both exit by the elevator. Scene changes. Ernest's room, a studio strewn with cigar stumps, sun flowers, billets doux, and other properties. At right centre. Ernest engaged in painting a tall, female figure with red hair.)

Enter Theophilus. Strikes attitude before the picture.

Ernest.—Welcome to the most moral young man in Prince Edward County, (pointing to picture.)

Does't recognize in this, my Sarah Jane?

Theophilus.—Why, you've painted her in uniform as band-master of the Governor's body-guard.

Ernest.—I think I can introduce you to a young lady of a more attractive style of beauty this evening. Come to the Temperance Coffee House, and let us have tea. I have a pass from the dramatic editor of GRIP for orchestras at the Vanity Fair Theatre.

Theophilus.—I go to a theatre! that avenue to the Pit.

Ernest.—We call it the Parquette. But come, Theophilus. You shall see the brilliant acting on the stage of two young ladies to whom I will introduce you to-morrow, in the house which they support by their talent for acting.

Exit. ACT III.—Vanity Fair Theatre. Ernest and Theophilus in stalls. On the stage, the Great Model Spectacular Drama of Paradise Lost. Enter Amanda and Alice, as Eve and attendant Fairy.

Ernest (pointing to Amanda.) There, Theophilus, has Sarah Jane a figure like that?

Theophilus.—I'm afraid it is my duty to say that I don't think she has, Ernest!

Ernest.—Has Sarah Jane eyes like that?

Theophilus.—Sarah Jane's eyes are green, Ernest.

Ernest.—And see with what infinite grace she wears her kirtle of golden leaves, au naturel! But to-morrow you shall meet her in the simplicity of home, and feast on the domestic muffins she has toasted.

ACT IV.—Ernest's studio. Ernest, Theophilus, Amanda and Alice.

Theophilus (aside).—It is all settled, I quite approve of Ernest's choice of Amanda, and am myself engaged to marry her sister Alice. But come, ladies and gentlemen, we must do something to save Ernest from being sacrificed to science and Sarah Jane. We must write such letters to Sarah Jane's family as will persuade them that Ernest is a profligate and penniless artist.

Amanda.—Only fit to paint the town red. Theophilus.—Write from my dictation.

Amanda writes.—To Mr. Lumpner, Lumperville, P. E. County:—

SIR,—Your daughter Sarah Jane is about to wed my faithful lover, Ernest Axiom. He is not worth regretting, and if he recovers his third attack of the jim-jams before the wedding, I shall attend at the altar with a pound of dynamite.

BRIDGET O'HOOLAVAN, St. John's Ward, Toronto.

A knock at the door. Enter elevator boy with letter for Ernest, who reads it.

Ernest.—Great Sallust! here's a letter from Sarah Jane's brother Jim, to say that he has heard painful reports about us, and is coming here to have a serious talk.

Amanda.—Delightful! By all means let us give brother Jim a lively reception. Alice and I will get ourselves up in full ballet-costume, and Ernest must borrow all the old champagne bottles he can get from any of his acquaintances who are not, like ourselves, strict adherents of the Blue Ribbon Brigade.

ACT V.—Ernest's room—Table with champagne bottles and pipes—Amanda and Alice dressed as fairies—A bell is heard.

Ernest.—Hark! 'tis the elevator boy gives the signal. Brother Jim has arrived.

Now let us begin the mystic rite.

Enter Theophilus.—He and Ernest begin to fight with broad-swords, after the manner of stage ruffians—Amanda and Alice dance a pas de deux, singing:—

Not I have got the jim-jams, Not I, but brother Jim.

Enter elevator boy, who makes frantic signs for silence.

Boy.—Hi—I say, quit this, it ain't Jim, it's your father!

Ernest.—Keep him waiting for five minutes. Quick, girls! go into the room and change your dresses while we stow away these signs of dissipation. A delay of five minutes clearing, while the orchestra plays chords, and the jeunesse dorée stamped to the Anti-Scott Act committee-rooms.

Enter Dr. Axiom—Ernest at a table writing.

Dr. A.—Well, my son, at your studies I am glad to see.

Ernest.—Yes, sir, as usual, I am writing an essay for the Canadian Institute, on "The effect of the lager beer breweries on the nervous system of the cat-fish." But you look sad, sir?

Dr. A.—I have reason. I thought, and Lumpner thought, to have seen you married this day to Sarah Jane. I was there this morning intending to drive Sarah Jane here—Lumpner had ordered the coach—but—

Ernest.—Control your feelings, Father.

Dr. A.—Sarah Jane has run away with the coachman.

Enter Theophilus with Alice and Amanda gorgeously apparelled in Society dresses and twenty dollar hats. Ernest presents Amanda to his father. Tableau of ethereal innocence and blinding glazes of bliss.

A FAIR QUESTION.

DEAR GRIP:

A nice young man, rich, tall and slim,
Who calls himself a poet,
Has asked me twice to marry him,
But I'm afraid to do it.
I could not bear to be ill-used,
Shaken, sworn at, or bitten,
And poet's wives have been abused—
Bear witness, Lady Lytton.

Then Jimmy ———, but you'll know him well.
For my consent is waiting,
He is not quite so much a swell,
Nor quite so captivating—
I really don't know which to choose,
Now isn't it perplexing?
To hesitate and both to lose,
Would be—ah well! more vexing.

This poet may be no great catch—
Oh! dear! what shall I do, sir?
He's socially a better match
Than Jimmy burns the grocer.
Oh counsel me for pity's sake,
Whichever shall it be, sir?
Do tell me dear, which would you take,
That is, if you were me, sir?

MARIAN.

A CANADIAN ARTIST.

Hereafter Canada can hold up her head when the question of Magazine Illustration is up for discussion. Mr. L. R. O'Brien's illustrations to Mr. Pollock's article on "Clovell," in the December number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, are as good as anything that has lately been done anywhere. The pencil of our clever townsman is sure to be in active demand after this, and we trust all his future efforts will be as successful. The magazine, referred to is a new venture of Macmillan & Co., edited by J. Comyns Carr, and modelled on the lines of *The Century*. It has had a phenomenal success, won by good writing and excellent art work. Messrs. Hart & Co. are the local agents for the Magazine.

"GOING to the concert to-night?" enquired an acquaintance of an American distiller.

"No, I guess I won't," was the reply of the whiskey manufacturer.

"But that new tenor is going to sing."

"Well, that's the reason I don't attend."

"And how is it that, pray?"

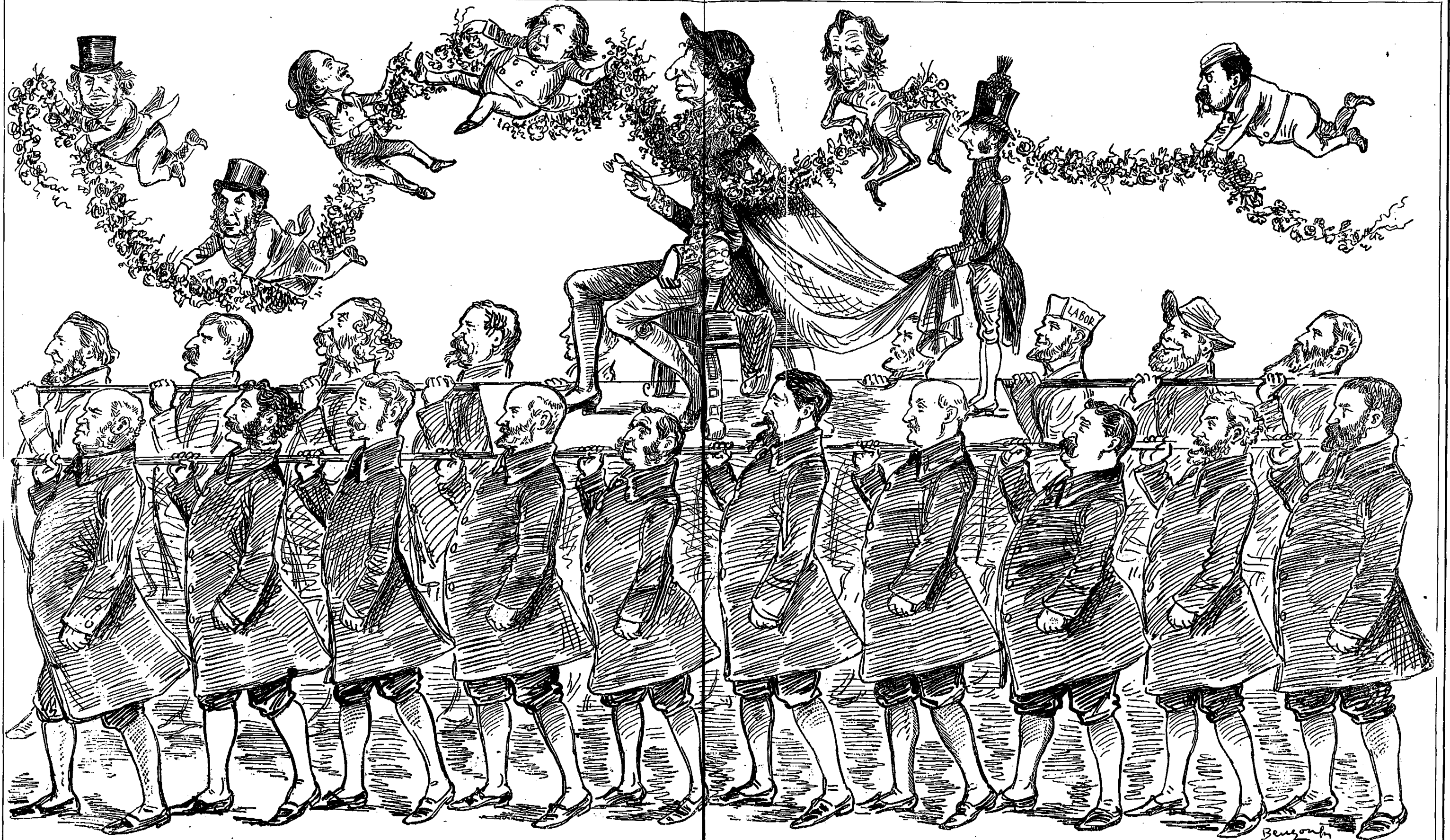
"He's going to give 'My Pretty Jane,' isn't he?"

"I believe so. Don't you like the song?"

"Oh, the song's all right enough. It's the sentiment that lacerates my finer feelings."

"The sentiment?"

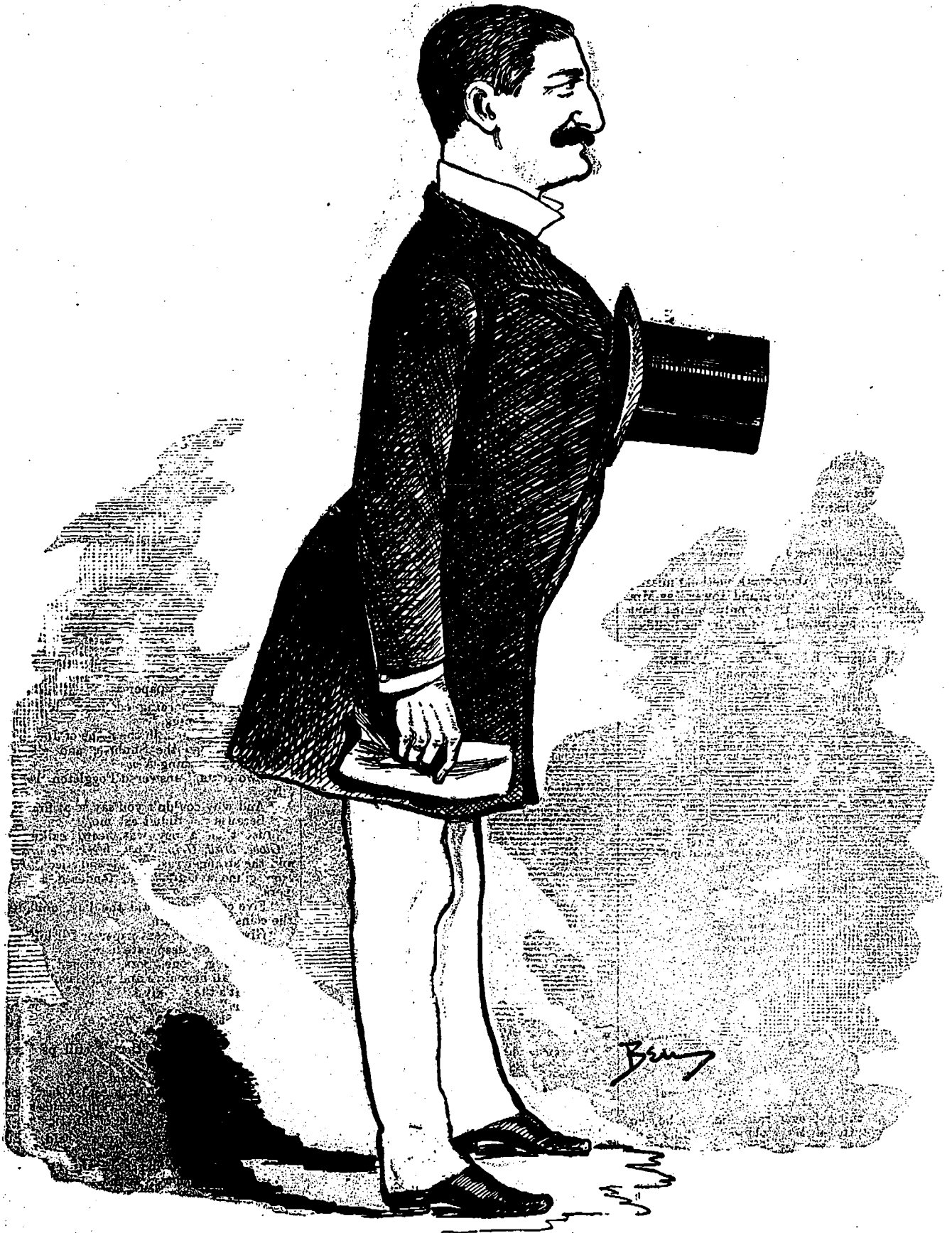
"Yes. You know there is a reference to 'When the due is on the rye.'"



IO TRIUMPHI!

Benzon

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.



A TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE STANZAS.

Winsome maido,
Perfume laden,
Seen paradin'!
Twilight fadin'.

Dude a-coming,
Softly humming,
Conquests summing
Bent on chumming.

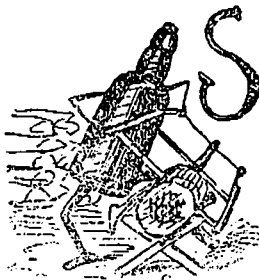
Garden gate;
Rather late;
Bull-dog wait;
Mournful fate!

Retreating dude,
Bull-dog food;
Awfully rude,
Anatomy nude.

Maiden weeping;
Servant swooping;
Papa peeping,
Canine sleeping!

THE SCOTT ACT.

DOODY HEARD FROM.



IR.—So I'm a social assassin, eh? A incubus! A destroyer av public immorality. I write ye in haste to neutralise the paralyzing properties av sich propagations.

I'm down an taysokers, I'm down an the be-

nighted Templars, an' the brass Band of Hope, an' the whole liquefaction. Death to the whole corroboration.

Yis sor! what's the use trying to convince the brains whin the stomach is prejudiced. Whin the heart is insensible the head is invincible. Whin liquid punch won't work, nothing but the solid sort will avail.

Whin the taste is callous to the excruciating appeals av the craythur, the intelligents is far beyant arguability, affability, or common sense.

Oh, ye ridiculous Radicules. Sase yere hydrostatical criticisms; sase building a foundation av falsity an' a corona av forgery.

I charge ye, shrike fair ye villyins.

The freedom av public opinion is intolerable.

Patchin' one wid adult eggs is not argumint, 'tis almost an insult.

Sich perfumery is quite illogical and infelicitous.

I can shwally wan or two av these past perfect ornithological contributions in the exigencies av the camphene, but to make me a common receiving house for gallinaceous garbage is an extraordinary office.

Nayther animosity nor bellicosity is an excuse for atrocious. Patience and pantalunes is onaquil to sich a conthestr.

I assume, sir, that a verbal war should be governed by lexicography an' politeness—*pari passu*.

I am prepared to observe the convolutions av ortography, epology, syntax, and progeny.

There I am—grammatically spakin'—at home. Shtandin' in an imperative mood an' the objective case, I defy defoyance.

Whiskey, sor, is mate, dhrink, an' ejuication; irrigation to eloquence, polishing to politeness, galvanizing to goodness.

Sir, the country is laborin' under an *hiatus* banishing the beneficent benefacther from creation.

A liquid, the use av which divides us from the animal quadrupods by a rampart formed av a barricade av bulwarks.

Och! 'tis a friendly craythur. Many an' many's the time it has cut a cord of wood for me, an' me in a shitate av thransport, merely

goin' through the motions wrigglin' me ar'ms, but imaginin' I was Daniel Demosthenes addressin' the Athenians on the Scott Act.

I thrimble to think what I might have been if whiskey hadn't got the betther av me—maybe a railroad king, a J. Goold, or some other bone fire for consumin' poor mins sirmins. Perhaps a dude or a S.O.T., as Florence jayntially remarks.

I'm sorry for thim monks av ould in the dark ages av iniquity sarchin' trow the dust-holes av chemistry for the *elixir vita*, which a Kerry gossoon in the hills unbuttoned out av a modest potatoe.

Talk about electriciry an' the curiosities av chemistries. The electric light is useful, but the electric tight is cheaper an' more sustentatious.

I must poz. Good-bye, down wid tay-swillers.

DANIEL DOODY, L. V.

THE SHOPPING EXPERIENCES OF THE COUNTRY M.P.'S WIFE.

RURAL DELL.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I went to Toronto to shop and buy Xmas boxes, for the stores in Rural Dell charge dreadfully and give me no choice, so I go to the city when I can, but for a stranger there are disagreeables in the way. Now I know a good article when I see one, and am always the best dressed and most fashionable in Rural Dell, besides going to Ottawa sometimes, so when a clerk showed me a last winter's dress and smiling in an insinuating way said, "Madam, you'll find it just the thing for the country," I was pretty angry; just as if I lived in the backwoods. It wasn't that my appearance was countrified for I wore my best gold and black satin striped dress, my fur dolman trimmed with cardinal and my old-gold plush bonnet with the bird of paradise feather in it to match the rest, and I flatter myself that I carry my clothes with all the dignity of an M.P.'s wife. No; it was simply impertinence on the young man's part, so to snub him I prevaricated a little, and answered, "As I am living in the city (that was true for I had slept the night before at the Queen's) I don't require things suitable for the country, and as to that being a new fashion, I knew better; I saw it here last spring when I came up from Rural Dell to do a day's shopping." You'll hardly believe it, but the clerk smiled again as he began to show me newer things. I wouldn't stand that, so I rose magnificently with a "thanks, you are too old-fashioned for me," and sailed out of the store fully intending to leave the door open for him to shut, only unfortunately it closed with a spring.

The next store I went to was larger. I sat down on the first convenient stool and asked for dress-goods; the girl behind the counter said, "We sell collars and laces." "Then why do you hang cloths and cashmeres in the window?" I asked. She looked at me as much as to say, "How stupid you are," and aloud, "Go to the next counter but two and you'll find plenty of dress materials," and then she turned to another customer. However, determined to keep my temper, I said quite pleasantly, "Couldn't you bring over some pieces of cashmere for me to choose; I am pretty tired." "No," she said, "we never do that for our best customers." That was all I could get out of her. "Then I won't trouble you," I replied, and felt half inclined to give up shopping in Toronto, but as I had come up on purpose I thought better of it and walked off to what I thought was the second counter but two, but got into the elevator by mistake and nearly got carried up two stories. At last, after asking two or three persons the way, I found the dress-goods counter and bought what I wanted, but anything like the superior airs that man gave himself I never saw.

Struggle with myself as I might and assure myself that I was Mrs. Fencberman of Rural Dell, I never felt less like a member's wife and a grandee. I felt old-fashioned, insignificant and unimportant. Though I spent heaps of money the gentlemanly clerk thought nothing of it, and made me feel unutterably small as he condescendingly measured off yards of expensive silks and brocades for me with a manner that said, "You are rather behind the times, madam; evidently from remote parts; allow me to show you what the world wears; if you take my advice and don't interpose any ideas of your own you'll improve." It was the same in all the other shops; they all seemed to know I didn't belong to the city, and informed me of the fact in twenty different ways, till I wished I could send the whole pack of them to farm up in the North-west, and then bring them to Rural Dell to see that we aren't so awfully out of the world as they fancy, even if we are not in Toronto. I believe I shopped to advantage in the city and got some good bargains, but I think if ever I feel the sin of pride getting the upper hand of me I'll leave home and do a day's shopping in Toronto, and find out what a know-nothing I am, and go back and thank Providence that in Rural Dell at least the store-keepers know how to treat an important person like myself, and if I asked for sky-blue-scarlet, would at least be polite enough to look and see if they had that shade. Yours,

ELIZA FENCBERMAN.

P.S.—I don't believe there is any chance of my being taken for a country person again, for I ordered a complete suit—bonnet, mantle and dress—in the very latest style, and told them if there was the least countrified work about it I would never buy from their establishment again. I wonder, MR. GRIP, if you would recognize me in my new electric-blue suit.—E. P.

MR. NEEBRITCHES ON PIERS.

MR. GRIP, dere Sur,—

once moar i rite you to igspress my disgust and disaperlashun with sum of the wais of this beesly country. i ave befor now hured my grevantses throw yure inestimbl columns as i think yure circulashun is chiefly amungst the hupper classes with whom i ave in my timb ad much to dew wel what disguste me now is this i here that sur john hay staita that canady is to ave a pearage my wig what kind of a pearage end you ave in this blasted ole who wood be the pears—pears as i take it is moastly men who is boarn to that posishun thow as burns sais—a king can maik a belted nite—and so i supoas can creat a pier at one blow if he chuses likewise a quean besides wich a pier ort to be a fellar as doant kno much about anything igsept peddigeans and eraldy & so 4th i must say as canadyans is as a rool a pretty intelagent lot of fellars far two much so to be pears wot do you want with piers ennyow wot use are they its all very vel in england ware theres a lot of haristicrats as aint got nothing else to do but ware roads and kernets and maik thunderin jakases of theirselves in the hupper ouse but this countrys too bizzy theres too much traid a pear wud no moar be found sellin shugar and sope inn the land of pears hold halbion than ho wood fil i am rather in faver of rele haristicrats but we doant want no arf & arf class now do we

they tell me sur john hay looks very fine in his roabs and nec britches by jove! i halways think them fellars is hapin us gintlemen thow i'm out of livry now sum of them swells look moar like flunkeys than henny think else thow mind you a flunky isnt to be sneared at no sur thats about hal i ave to say this timb it haint much but it shoas that i think it wood be a moast lamentabl thing fur canady if she ever created a ouse of pears yures truly

CHARLES NEEBRITCHES.



BEAUTIFUL EXTRADITION ARRANGEMENTS.

Fugitive criminals are such a desirable acquisition to the population, that neither Uncle Sam nor Miss Canada will on any account arrange to give them up mutually to justice, unless they are precisely specified in the existing Extradition treaty. One would think that civilized neighbors would be only too glad to extend the operations of that treaty to every class of scoundrels. The existing state of things may be very pleasant for the fugitives, but have the decent citizens of the countries no right to be protected from such "emigrants?"

A BIT BY MARK TWAIN.

(Specially written for Grip's Christmas No.)

When you asked me to write some little thing for your Christmas number I expressed a doubt as to whether I would have time. It did not occur to me at the moment that you had afforded me a chance to serve a certain personal end of my own. I have reconsidered your invitation, and find I have time—just time to tell you of an incident that occurred in '76 or thereabouts, when I was in Switzerland. One morning Harris and I started out to go up Mount Blanc. My appetite had been poor for some days, and I thought a run—or even an easy trot—to the summit of Blanc before breakfast would do me good. I hadn't gone very far in a perpendicular direction—not over five hundred yards—when I met a man coming down. He appeared to be a literary man, and when he came close up I recognized him as a particular friend of mine—an American author. He was in tears. He told me he had been robbed. He said there was a brigand further up the road, about half a mile over head, who had stripped him of all his manuscripts, and he wanted me to do what I could to recover them. I told him I certainly would. No countryman of mine, and an author least of all, should appeal to me in vain. I bade him be of good cheer, and then I sent Harris up to kill the brigand. I didn't wish to exhibit bravado in the presence of my friend by going up myself, and I knew Harris could kill him single-handed if he got half a chance. Well, Harris started off, and I accompanied the traveller back to the hotel, where I took care of him. Harris did not return that night, but along next day he reached the hotel more dead than alive. I hastened out to meet him and enquired at once as to the last dying words of the brigand. Harris said he was not dead; the last he had seen of him, he was just disappearing down a gorge of the mountain. He

had escaped, but before escaping he had robbed him (Harris) of several manuscripts and newly published books belonging to me. Harris gave me a particular description of the pirate, and I have ever since been watching for him. This incident is recalled to my memory just now because I think I saw the brigand on King Street to-day. He was in a crowd, and when I got my eye on him he visibly quailed. I did not stop to wonder how the Swiss freebooter could have got to Canada, above all places, but I determined to capture him dead or alive. I moved forward briskly. You have seen me go off the platform after a reading. I moved that way. I was just about to grasp him when he eluded my clutch and disappeared into the Telegram office. I would have followed him, but as I had to leave on a train to meet an engagement that evening, I couldn't remain.

TOPICAL TALK.

Now that Sir John is a G. C. B. he will have a better chance than ever to say "these hands are clean." He will, doubtless, give them a rinse in the Bath of which he is a G. C.

It is gratifying to learn that the Emperor William has bestowed the first class Order of the Crown on the Chinese Minister of Berlin. There are three classes of this Order, and I presume the second is the Half-crown, and the third of the Order of the One and Three-pence.

I AM told that the Dukes of Wellington and Marlborough forfeit their dukedoms unless they present, Her Majesty annually with a small flag. What kind of a flag it is my informant does not say. It may be a banner, or one of those flags you see growing on the banks of English rivers, or it may be a paving or flagstone. Whatever it is, it would be a mighty good thing if he of Marlborough should neglect to make his annual present sometime, and so lose a dukedom that he disgraces.

CHRISTMAS is close at hand. Any presents, monetary or otherwise, sent to the writer of "T. T." will be thankfully received. Packages weighing over a ton may be left at the office of GRIP; smaller articles should be sent by express to his residence—that large brown stone house on the corner of Isabella and Jarvis Streets.

THE Buffalo tug-of-war men will doubtless be swelling about through the streets of their city with their hard-earned medals pinned to their peelerian breasts. There appears to be about as much manliness in them as there is in most of the American hippodromists. In addition to the medals which they won by not pulling, they should be presented with a complete set of ostrich feathers of the purest and most immaculate white, which they should display wherever they went.

I AM sorry to read that Martin Farquhar Tupper is living in extreme poverty in his old age. Still he is cheerful and contented, and is dubbed the "Mark Tapley" of poets. Well now, that is just the kind of a man any one who has read Martin's "Proverbial Philosophy" would imagine him to be; a regular jolly, rollicking Mark Tapley wherever he went and in whatever circumstances placed; full of fun and jollity, indeed the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" must be.

TRUTH.—We are afraid the publisher of *Truth* has done his journal an injustice by his unheard of liberality in the way of rewards to subscribers who correctly answer bible questions. For a year past the name of *Truth* has been a household word in connection with big prizes; it deserves to be so for the intrinsic excellence of the paper itself. With the last issue comes a new cover, splendidly designed, and a table of contents that would not discredit any magazine. There is room in Canada for a paper on the line of *Truth*, and Mr. Wilson appears to be the very man to make it go. He has enlisted the pens of many leading Canadians and Americans, and proposes to give his readers hereafter the best literary things procurable. GRIP is pleased to note the success of his contemporary.

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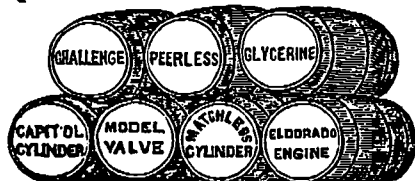
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NIGHT.

Oh, night!
Oh, silent night! Oh, starry night
Oh, night!

How calm and still, how grave thou seem'st to me;
And yet, thou art not such as I once one, night,
Blivone beneath the broad boughed beechen tree;
Beautiful thou art, but cold thou art to me.
Altho' the stars above shine down so bright,
Bright as the collar of some belted knight
Lately created 'cross the wild deep sea;
And apropos of Knight, I fain would be,
A first-class knight, an A1 G.C.B.
Good night!

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