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GRIP

So Say We All,

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl; The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the gabest Man is the Fool.

VOLUME XVI. No. 8.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1881.

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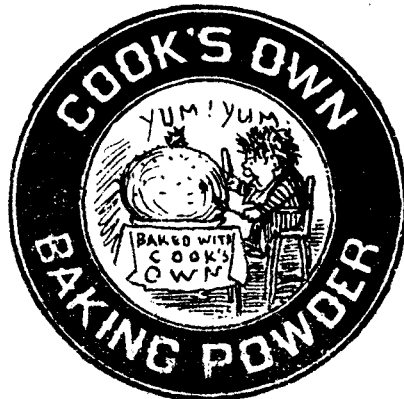
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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

Salvini is the grandest Othello since Forrest died. The party who does Iago may well shake in his shoes when the Italian blackamoor goes for him.

Monsieur L. H. Frochette, Canada's poet Laureate, has written a poem and dedicated the same with true French gallantry to the much abused Bernhardt.

George Riley, jr., has severed his connection with the *Oswego Record*, on which paper he served so ably as editor and paragrapher. He goes to Ottumwa, Iowa.

W. Barnett Le Van read a paper before the Franklin Institute, at Philadelphia, in which he held that ninety miles an hour was a safely attainable speed on straight and level railroads.

With the new year the *Sherbrooke Gazette* entered upon the forty-third year of its career. The proprietor signals the auspicious event by bringing out his paper in the eight page form and printing it on toned paper.

Many are the uses of the paragrapher, who, like the jester, mirthful and frolicsome, hath always a fund of merriment at hand, and finds their way, demanding fun day after day, finds humor in the press reports, food for laughter in common occurrences, great aid in the scissors, and fun in everything.

The English publisher of *Scribner's Monthly* telegraphs for seventeen thousand copies of the coming mid-winter (February) number, an advance of six thousand upon his orders for the same issue last year. The mid-winter *Scribner* will be, as usual with this issue, a number of especial interest and pictorial beauty.

The *British and Colonial Printer and Stationer* is an admirable semi-monthly publication which will be found invaluable to persons interested in the lines of trade indicated. Each number is a substantial volume of carefully edited matter. The subscription price is only \$2 per year. Mr. C. Haight, 92 King St. East, is authorized to receive names.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1891 is before us, and is one of the best, if not the best ever issued by the great American seedsman. The paper is of the choicest quality, its illustrations are beautifully done, and given by the hundred, while its colored plate is a perfect gem. Although costing only ten cents, this work is worthy a place on the parlor table. Published by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

Art has lost several of her most famous votaries during the past year, such as Pierre Paul de Pommarac, the French portrait painter, July 12; William F. de Haas, marine artist, July 16; Phillip, e Lemaire, the French sculptor, August 5; Sandford Robinson Gifford, American landscape painter, August 29; Robert M. Pratt, portrait painter, August 31; Jules Jacquemart, sketcher and engraver, September 29; and Leon Cogniet, French historical painter, November 23.

At Columbus, Ohio, at the close of the performance on Saturday night, the sheriff attached the baggage of Mrs. Scott Siddons on a claim for \$1,440 preferred by Walter Eytnges and his wife. The plaintiffs were discharged from the company at St. Louis for alleged insubordination. A bond was given for the release of the baggage, and the trial set for Jan. 29th. The parties drew a joint salary weekly of \$80, and the amount sued for is for the remainder of the season. A similar suit at St. Louis, at the time of their dismissal, was abandoned.

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

Laura Don, of San Francisco, is becoming a very popular actress of considerable reputation.

Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin have returned from England.

Amusements are very brisk and profitable, all over the country.

Byrne, of the *Dramatic News*, has been arrested for libel; which is nothing new for him, the "Galley Slave," and "My Partner," with Bartley Campbell, promise to make it very warm for Byrne.

RHYME FOR THE TIME.

Baby, baby Bunting
Your Close is gone a-hunting.
He's gone to get a rabbit skin
To wrap your wounded feelings in.

Messrs. Thomas & Co's Beauties and Wonders of the World, is one of the best things that has visited Toronto this season. The magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains, the beautiful Yo-semite Valley with its giant trees, scenes of Niagara, Lake of the Thousand Isles, scenery on the St. Lawrence, the most celebrated and beautiful buildings, monuments and scenery of Europe, Egypt and Palestine, celebrated paintings and statuary, follow each other with a rapidity that holds the audience spell-bound. To our mind the most beautiful parts of the programme are the transformation scenes of the Water Babies, and the interior views of St. Peter's and St. Paul's. Some of the scenes are most laughable, while the songs, which are reflected, both words and music, on the curtain, add not a little to the enjoyment of the entertainment. They exhibit in the Central Presbyterian Church on Friday, the 7th inst., and in St. John's Hall on Monday, 17th inst.

New Years week will not be remembered with particular fondness by Manager Connor, of the Royal, any more than by the patrons of that theatre. It was in every respect a lamentable seven days. All through the unfortunate engagement of a wretched troupe who, by some mysterious means, had secured most flattering press notices across the line. Mistakes will occur in the best managed theatres, and the Royal deserves our commiseration for this one. We trust Miss Emma Verne (who is a vulgar stick on the stage,) will take the broad hint she received at the Saturday matinee, and retire forthwith into private life. The popular play of "Nip and Tuck," with Harry Webber as Nicholas Nip, has drawn good houses at the Royal during the week, and will be continued until Saturday night, with matinee on Saturday afternoon. It is a most enjoyable play and is well worth a visit. Next week, commencing on Monday, January 10th, comes the greatest of all Dutch and Irish characters, Messrs. Baker and Farron, supported by their own company in their play "The Emigrants." Speaking of them the London (Eng.) *Era* says:—The amazing versatility of Mr. Farron, who in acts two and four impersonates a German fraulien so admirably as to conjure up a doubt as to the performer's sex, and in act three represents an impetuous Irishman, who, if not a faithful portraiture, is at least a very diverting vagabond; and the quaint dry humor and verbal contortions of Mr. Baker as the ubiquitous Dutchman, laid an irresistible hold upon the audience, and exercised to the utmost its risible faculties. The play may be described as a riotous carnival of fun, with just sufficient serious interest to impart coherence to its scenes. The stars are supported by a really capable company.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

G. E. Seymour and George Crammond are our only authorized travelling agents.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest least is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Newspaper Lying.

Lying is generally supposed to be a pretty strong word to use in reference to the press, but we want a pretty strong word, and we can think of no other that will clearly express our meaning. If we are to judge the newspaper of the day by the inexorable rule, that he who does not tell the truth is guilty of a falsehood, then it must be admitted that there has been a regular train of systematic lying carried on by the press, more particularly during the past few weeks. The practice of garbling a report has become so common, and is carried on to such excess that it is utterly impossible to get at the truth—through reading the newspapers—except, as the old farmer put it, "you knock off 90 per cent. for lies, and receive the rest with doubts." The political speaker who would attempt to quote from the *Mail* or *Globe* would be treated with derision, while the man who would give one of the London or Ottawa papers as an authority, would be considered a fit candidate for the asylum. A case in point is the newspaper reports by the two London papers, of the meeting held in St. Marys, to discuss the Syndicate Bargain. The reports are so diametrically opposite in character that it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell what they really did at that meeting. As far as can be ascertained, the meeting was called by Mr. Cassey, who allowed his opponents the same time as he himself occupied. This appears to us a very fair arrangement, but was taken advantage of by the Conservatives to break up the meeting. The Reform papers said the disturbance was caused by a few rowdies who received the censure of both parties, while the Tory papers magnified it into a ringing denunciation by the whole community of those who were agitating against the Syndicate. There is certainly a lie floating around there if it could be nailed down. Then there is the London *World*, in an article on Sir Hugh Allan, says the money furnished by him was a mere political subscription, and that subsequent events have shown that he was in the right. This is scarcely less surprising than the *Edin. Canadian's* statement that Mr. Blake gives no plan for the construction of the Pacific Railway, that nobody knows and probably he does not know himself what his plan would be. And thus we might go on indefinitely, even our own *Truth* making statements that have subsequently proven untrue. The moral of all this is—what is gained by these wild assertions and willful distortion of facts? Why cannot a paper give the plain truth, and nothing but the truth? What dependence can be placed in a paper that for party motives will resort to such dishonorable practices? When a man subscribes for a paper he pays for the news, the whole news, and for nothing but the news; and when a paper willfully gives a false report, it is as much cheating its subscribers as the grocer be would in giving light weight, or the merchant in giving false measure.

The Dead Beat.

He was long, and lean, and lanky. His bottle nose and saucer eyes gave evidence of great spirituality, that is, alcoholic spirituality. His rimont, old, dirty, and ragged, scarcely covered his shivering form. His boots, more holey than righteous, spoke of many a hard day's tramp. His hat, of the most undesirable nondescript pattern, looked the very essence of sorrow and humility; and as he took his seat on the woodbox of the eastern express from Toronto, he heaved a sigh that told of a great hidden sorrow or of tremendous lack of liquid nutriment. Presently along came the conductor. Tickets? Tickets? and the tickets were quickly produced and rapidly disposed of. At length he approached our friend on the woodbox. Ticket? exclaimed the conductor, but the D. B. replied not. Tickets, said the conductor, touching him on the shoulder. The D. B. looked up wearily, heaved another sigh, and then said,—When I was Gen. Scott's Aide-de-camp in the Mexican war, I—Ticket, said the conductor. The D. B. commenced over,—When I was the *Times*' correspondent in Turkey, Forbes and I—Ticket, emphatically exclaimed the conductor. He gave another half-smothered sigh, which shook his whole frame, and said,—When we were fighting the Arabs in Algiers, I was given command of a regiment of Spahis, and—Give me your ticket or get off, said the conductor. The D. B. looked him over and started,—When in command of H. M. Frigate *Albatross*, while off the Maderia Islands—The conductor pulled the bell cord, and by the aid of a couple of brakemen hustled him out in the snow, and as the train moved on the D. B. remarked,—When I get control of the Panama Canal, I'll—But the train was by this time too far away to hear the conclusion of his sentence.

A Hungry Trimmer.

An unfinished operetta, (ala Pinafore.)

(Suggested by the mysterious absence, from the Berlin *Daily News*, of Government advertisements, and the recent "independent" article in that paper on "The Syndicate Bargain.")

Act I.—Scene.—A committee room at Ottawa. Members of the Cabinet standing hilariously round a table. Maps on the walls labelled "The Syndicate Map of the North West, 'Section B.'" 4.

Cabinet Chorus.

We sail the ship of state,
Tho' our craft is now unsteady;
Our pockets well to fill,
With shekles we're aye ready.
We job away the livelong day,
And bamboozle the House all night,
But if we're not stuck by this Syndicate muck,
Our prospects will soon be bright.

(Enter the Editor of the Berlin *Daily News* with a clean shirt on, and a large bundle of papers under his arm. Closes his kinked eye, and—

Recit.

Hail! gallant Shipperscrew; safe pilots of our Nation!
I'm glad to see you in such high elation:
"Give me your cars"; (sotto voce) my own are rather long!
Give me some printing too, I'll ne'er again go wrong.

(Unfolds and holds forth copy of his paper.

Aria.

I'm called Mr. Peter X., dear Mr. Peter X.,
Tho' I could never tell why,
For I sell all my columns at very low prices,
So I'm cheap Mr. Peter X., I.
I supply all my readers with choicest of leaders,
Some "puffs," highly flavoured, I try,
I've local "hits" sprucey, and libel suites juicy;
For my printers to suck when they're dry,
So help your old Peter X., good Mr. Peter X.,
Hungry trimmers should never be shy,
Tho' indeed that's a failing with me not prevailing,
Try again your poor Peter X., try.

The Shy Stander for 1881.

We are all to give a free advertisement to this admirable publication, by the following extract taken from certain very advanced sheets.

The Syndicate is to be permanent proprietor of the Road, as well as of a considerable part of Canada, which they are to be paid fifty-six millions of dollars for accepting! To some this seems like selling the country, but the party represented by a notorious newspaper on King Street have no vote on the question. The railroad will be managed by a joint stock company, like the Grit party and its organ.

In Russia the state of finance is as bad as if, in addition to Nihilism, that country was afflicted with Sir Francis Hincks.

The authorities recently knouted a journalist—a punishment which might with advantage be used in the case of the editor of a certain malignant sheet which infests the purlieus of King street.

Germans want to get rid of Disraeli's countrymen. They are quite right. What should be done to a race which is brother to no man and "uncle" to all, which has a tribal faith, and a three-fold credit?

The Scotch sermons at St. Thomas are not orthodox. I do not express any opinion, yet grave moral inconveniences may result if the eighth commandment, as the Piper that played before the author who recorded it, be eliminated from the Pentateuchal archives of the cosmogonical hexahemern.

Lord Beaconsfield's new book, "Endymion" is neither a work of art nor a work of fiction. What is historical in it is false; the rest is vapid funkeyism and caricature. His art consists only in putting the head of one character on the shoulders of another—such as the head of a King street editor on the shoulders of an Oxford professor—the result being a literary monstrosity. Disraeli is a Jew but by no means a *Jeu d'esprit*.

The Mayoralty.

MISDEN GRIP,—I wants to write von gorroc-bondence mit you. Der kandidates vos both goot men, ouder I dond like dot Glose, und I schmile ouder loud ven I hear he haff gomed de schmall end of de horn oud. Dey said, if he go in, vo shall haff dose saloons und dings open all Saturday night. Vell I say yaw, ish dot zo? und dey say yaw, dot ish zo? Den I looks me roundt, und I dinks, voll, if dot pe zo, den I no can vote for him. I likes mine lager peer, but I no likes dose saloons und dings open so mine poy Hans vill go dere und sphend his spelter. Und I dinks of mine neighbor Yawcob who would sthop dere ven he got his bay on Saturday und not would come home. Und I speaks mit mine vrow, und she zay, Hans, you no can vote for dot man. Den I zay I am von Tory, un she zay, dot makes nix ause, und I know not vat to do. Ouver I not did for him vote, und I am glad.
HANS VON STROCHMSVONTH.

Our Extra Cartoon.

We call the attention of our readers to the double page cartoon in this week's issue. It represents the return of the Reform members to Parliament after the holidays. The different figures will be easily recognizable, among others the smiling countenance of Mr. Wm. Wallace, of Norfolk, the father of the Rag Baby, who, although a supporter of the National Policy, is opposed to the Government on the Syndicate Bargain. It remains yet to be seen whether they have returned strong enough to take the Fort.

January is an "off" month—that is, a wearing "off" month. But the month is generally longer than the swear off.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 201 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Purity and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD HEADED CANES.
50 Patterns. The Noblest Things in the Market.—WOLTZ BROS & Co.
21 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



Wandering Again.

Mr. Macdougall has once more broken from his moorings and is again on his interminable political tramp. We know he has parted company with his late Conservative allies, because the London *Free Press* alludes to him as "Wandering Willie," whereas while he remained faithful he always commanded respectful homage from that paper. GRIP feels a deep compassion for this unhappy man, afflicted with the saddest of complaints, political *insomnia*, and driven out upon the bleak highway by the spirit which possesses him, just when the weather is at its severest. At the same time, whatever Grits and Tories may say, GRIP has a genuine admiration for Wm. Macdougall. He is about the only man of ability amongst our politicians who is able to demonstrate, on suitable occasions, that he is not the bond slave of party. It would be better for the country if more of them were "Wanderers."



A Really Valuable Lecture.

MORAL PHILOSOPHER TUPPER.—Now, my dear Edward, you should be extremely careful about saying one thing one time and another thing at another time, or, in other words, changing your mind on any subject. The man who does so is a bad man and not to be depended upon. Bear in mind, my dear, that it is the public utterances of men that fix their characters. A man who misrepresents matters, or states untruths, or stretches facts, such a man is not worthy of the respect of any good person. I warn you against these things in all affection and earnestness, because I have noticed with regret that you have a tendency to misrepresent and to stretch, and I would indeed be sorry to see you confirmed in these bad habits as some public men are! (*Video Sir C. Tupper's late speeches.*)

Train of Thought
From Editorial Room of Mail Office by Mental Telephone.

Humph! Defeated, eh? Whopping big majority, too. Well; I s'pose we'll have to gulp it down some way, but I'm dod gasted if it ain't pretty tough. Must ha' been done mostly by our own people's votes, too, that's what sticks in my crop. Kinder looks like a back-handed slap at me, don't it? I've been just a trifle premature—rather previous and too soon, as the office boy says. Well, now, who'd 'a thought they'd 'a gone back on my little game in that ridiculously stunning manner? Never thought the Tories had so much independence about 'em, blown if I did! I see; it was a sort of mistake for us to throw so many of our best fellows overboard awhile ago—Ick Evans, Wright, and all that crowd. Would 'a been mighty glad to have had their little services on Monday. Well, nothing teaches like experience they say, and before I forget it I'll just mark it down among my New Year resolutions—"Don't undertake to drive a team down hill before you're sure you have got hold of the ribbons."



The Snubbed Organist.

It looks just as if the citizens of Toronto did not want Mr. Close as Mayor for 1881, although it cannot be doubted that the emphatic rebuke they gave his candidature at the polls on Monday was intended principally for the edification of Mr. Boss Bunting, of the *Mail*. That gentleman is perhaps convinced now that the Conservatives of the city as a whole are not yet prepared to acknowledge a dictator. And when they do come to that frame of mind, it is likely they will want a dictator who has some other claim to the position besides the quasi-ownership of a newspaper and a fine big building. Mr. Bunting is not the sort of material that great leaders are made of. He is apparently aspiring to a position analogous to that held by the late Mr. Brown, but he resembles that gentleman only in a few of his weaknesses. We hope that imported Yankee institution—the straight political convention for nominating municipal officers—has been effectually killed by the hearty snub which the right thinking Conservatives administered to it in the defeat of Mr. Close.

The Montreal Presbyterian College Journal suggests that some of the Colleges with a superabundant stock of D.D.'s should attach those mysterious symbols to the name of Mr. Garr. The reverend Raven appreciates and esteems this compliment, but begs in all humility to decline. Life is real and earnest, and Mr. Garr hasn't time to think of these empty embellishments which are only calculated to please theological children. Besides he can beg a few big letters when he cares to have them.



Grip's Syndicate Map.

OPINIONS ON IT.

I had no idea the prospects of the North-West looked so utterly black until I saw your map.—*Sir C. Tupper.*

The resolutions passed at our indignation meeting last night were very strong, but had the people seen your map they would have been much stronger.—*Sir R. Cartwright.*

After seeing your map I am more than willing that the North-West should be sold out to the Syndicate bag and baggage.—*Hon. W. Macdougall.*

Your map is, in my opinion, excellent, and I am a good judge of maps.—*J. Gordon Brown.*

The Syndi-cat.

PAT.—Phaw! do yees think av thim matins in the country. Do yees think they'll hurt the baste any?

GORLIER.—I doand not gan tell. Dot abeeches of Blake's and Gartwright's vos goot, but Ich bein afraid dey will make noddings oud.

PAT.—Thin my brain be knocked out wid their own coat-tails. Dye's moind now, we'll have to lave this country or be siharved out by the murtherin spalpeens.

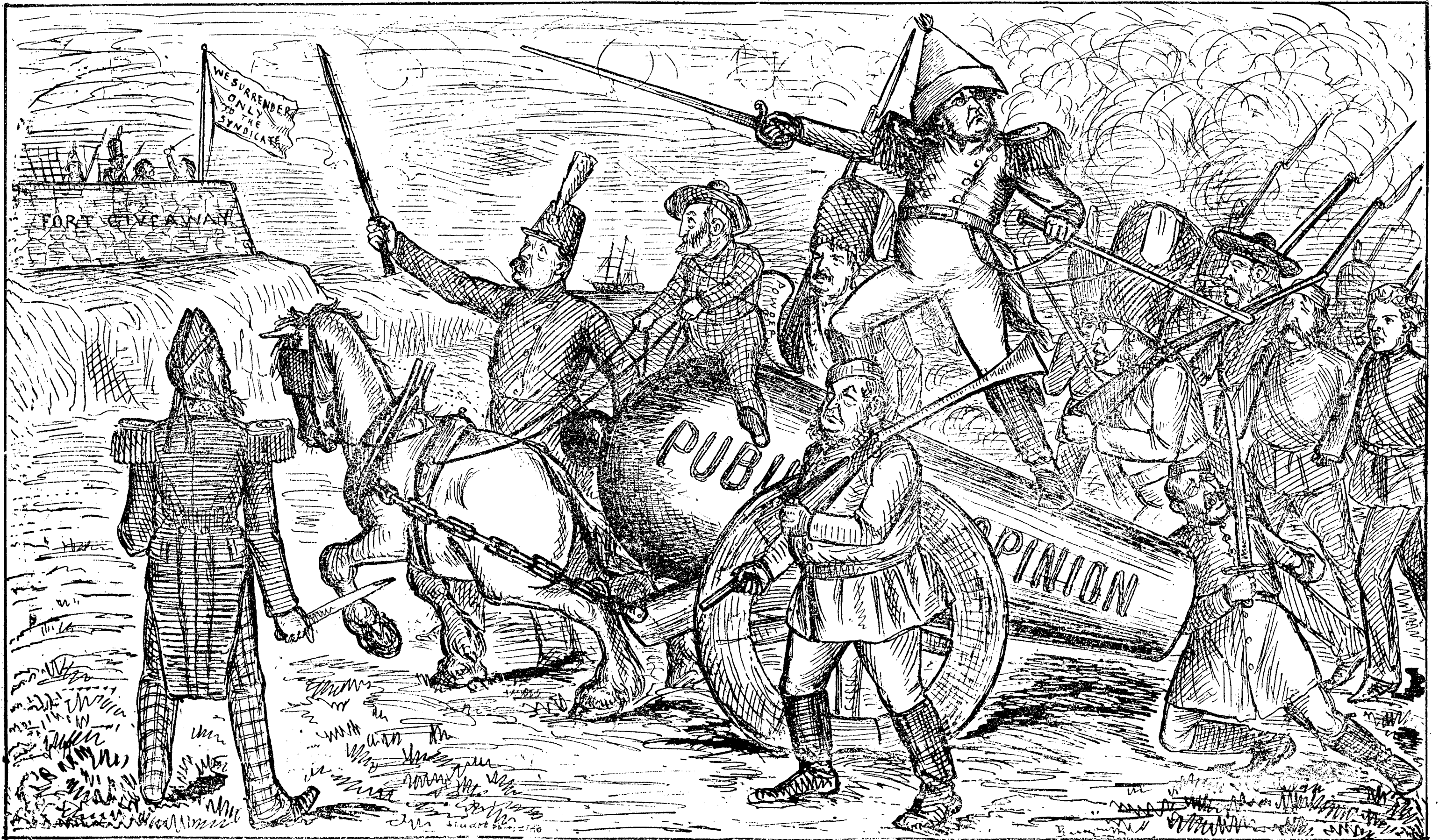
GORLIER.—Yaw, correct. I vill no longer sibay.

In what Country did trial by jury originate, in Jeury probably.



Dr. Lynch's Specific for Ireland.

His Grace Archbishop Lynch is a man whose opinions are listened to with respect by men of all creeds who know him. His public utterances are usually distinguished for breadth of view and sound common sense. These characteristics mark his letter on the Irish difficulty, which he has addressed to the editors of the free and independent press. His Grace is of opinion that Home Rule is the only adequate cure for the trouble, and he accordingly counsels John Bull to apply that remedy without delay. We trust John will give due weight to the Rev. prelate's admonition, though it is just possible the din now going on in the Emerald Isle may prevent the old man from hearing them clearly.



RETURN TO PARLIAMENT.



LORD LORNE AS "RICHELIEU."

(BY SPECIAL REQUEST OF THE PUBLIC, FOR THIS MOMENTOUS OCCASION.)

Richelieu.—"Mark where she stands! Around her form I draw the sacred circle of my prerogative!"

(*Bulwer, slightly altered.*)



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Hun is mightier than the Sword."

It is not necessary for a man to keep his mug at a barber's shop, but he must take it there to be shaved.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

When one sees a man thrown from his saddle over the head of a horse, he must recognize the power behind the thrown.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

A prisoner at the grate. Turnkey—"Are you in for contempt?" Prisoner (with indignation)—"No, sir, I haven't fallen that low—it's a simple drunk."

A story in three chapters: Chapter I.—Jones started a drug store. Chapter II.—His cash ran out. Chapter III.—Jones followed his cash.—*Philadelphia Item*.

When a grocer advertises every variety of "raisins" for sale, does he include derrickts, pulleys, jack screws, yeast, rope and tackle and that sort of thing?—*Lampton*.

A candidate for the situation of coachman advertises in a Cork paper that he has good testimonials, and is "both courageous and a good shot."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"Come right into the house children," shouted Mrs. Shuttle. "You are making more noise and uproar than a session of Congress. What do you suppose the neighbors think?"

A new Paris paper is called the *Idiot*. It is not as one might suppose a branch of the *New York Tribune*.—*Boston Post*. No; the *Tribune* is complete in itself.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Beaconsfield ascribes all his greatness to woman. Adam laid all his trouble to the same source. Adam, we are ashamed of you. Beaconsfield, you are a gentleman.—*Boston Transcript*.

"What does 'enore' mean?" asks an exchange. It is only one phase of a universal desire among the sons of men to get something for nothing, and get it right off.—*Boston Transcript*.

A California heiress was left \$50,000 worth of diamonds which she could take possession of on her wedding day, and it is not surprising that the first fellow who offered himself was accepted.—*Boston Post*.

The weather yesterday was just what might have been expected. The President will know better another time than to put a greenhorn into the Weather Bureau just before Christmas.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Clem Johnson lost his hat in a gale of wind, the other day, and after chasing it quite a distance, he sat down and said: "I gib up in dis gust, and I see afeared I'll hab to go home in dis guise."—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

The farmer's wife would be profane who would darn the tares her husband sowed.—*Waterloo Observer*. And the farmer would be ungrateful who would tear the darns that his wife had sewed.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

A man who paints signs on fences and rocks fell from a precipice in Colorado last week, and was killed. Precipices should be encouraged.—*Ec*. This incident will have a tendency to bluff those nomadic disfigurers of nature's handiwork.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

There was a fight imminent between two boys on Elm street Monday evening. One of them darkly intimated that he was bigger than the other. The smaller one, who is the son of a deacon, defiantly retorted, "I don't care if you're as big as a church debt; you can't scare me."—*Danbury News*.

Emma Abbott tells a St. Louis reporter that the stage kiss is "cold, dim, pale phantom—unsatisfactory, elusive and empty." Miss Abbott ought to substitute a *Hawkeye* reporter for that tenor. If there is anything the staff of this paper can throw soul into it is a radiant kiss.—*Hawkeye*.

We had to avoid meeting our enemy yesterday. We had a friend with us who would grab our coat-tails and hold us back as we started to annihilate the wretch, but there was nobody to restrain him, and it would have been very embarrassing for him. So, out of consideration for his feelings, we avoided him.—*Boston Post*.

When the cook placed the turkey on the table, upside down on the dish—that is with its back up—the head of the house got his back up, too, gave her a withering look and almost profanely asked if she "s'posed he was going to crawl under the table and cut a hole up through the plate, to get at the breast of the fowl?"—*Norristown Herald*.

Says funny Fuller, of Rockland, Maine:—"About this time the young lady of the country learns through a series of deep, dark plottings that her young man wears number four boots. The same young man will be sorry that he prevaricated, when he tries to thrust his number seven feet into a beautiful worked pair of number four Christmas slippers."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed a young lady, entering a public hall the other evening, "what a dreadful odor of carburetted hydrogen!" "Mum?" said the janitor, with a puzzled countenance. "The smell of the carburetted hydrogen," she explained. "That's no kind o' gin, mum," replied the janitor, "that's garse; the pipes is leaky, mum."—*Boston Transcript*.

Nobody wants to be Secretary of the Navy for the remaining two months of Mr. Hayes' rule. A man couldn't more than get the trick of walking with his feet wide apart, pulling his trousers up every little while and hailing people with "avast there, messmate," before he'd become an ordinary landsman and then those habits would make him appear ridiculous.—*Boston Post*.

Prof. Tice, in his new Almanac, gives advice how to guard against lightning. But the Professor has forgotten one important guard against the susceptible fluid which is, "Never go into an editor's sanctum with your thumb spread all over an article, blood in your eye, and in a very high tone trumpet out, 'I want to see the dod gasted pelican that wrote that!'" Just about then is when the lightning teels for that man's liver pad with a paralyzing touch.—*Lockport Union*.

The 'Square' Man.—Josh Billings says, the square man mezzures the same each way, and haint got no wainny edges nor shaky lumber on him. He is free from knots, and sarp, and won't warp. He is klear stuff, and I don't care what you work him up into he won't swell and he won't shrink. He is amongst men what good kiln-dried boards are among carpenters, he won't season crack. It don't make any difference which side ov him you cum up to, he iz the same bigness each way, and the only way to get at him, enny how, iz to face him. He knows he is square, and never spends enny time trying to prove it. The square man iz one ov the best shaped men the world has produced, be is one of them kind of chunks that kant alter tew fit a spot, but you must alter the spot tow fit him.

"Well, well," said Billington majestically, "we musn't be too severe on the young fellows. I suppose I was as big a fool as any of them when I was young." "Yes," replied Fogg, "and you are not an old man now, Billington."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Well, I'm glad you've got worsted for once," said little Whippersnapper to Jimmy Tuffboy, who appeared in the back yard with a handkerchief tied about his cranium. "Worsted; you're right, it's the worst head I ever had put on me."—*New Haven Register*.

Snickins has sprung an unprincipled trick on his friends. Christmas he made each of his seven children presents of toy banks, and now every time a caller puts in an appearance, the sacred number encircle the guest like a flame of fire, from which there is no escape without a shrive, and cry in equal chorus: "Please Mister, give me a penny to put in my bank."—*Lockport Union*.

"What good deed have you done to-day, Johnny?" said a benevolent father to his heir. "I gave a poor little boy a cent, Papa," was the good child's answer. "Ah, that was right, and why, my son, did you give him the cent?" "I gave it to him, dear Papa, for a good three cent stamp, that he thought was only a piece of green paper." "Let us prey," said the father, and he got a strap and preyed on that boy for fifteen minutes by the watch.—*Steubenville Herald*.

An exchange thus tells how to turn a horn: "Rasp the horn on the outside if you wish to turn the horn in. It will give life to that part, and increases its growth wonderfully on the side rasped." Now what kind of word juggling is this. We respect a temperance man, but this recipe reminds us of the man who winks at the soda water clerk and says he will take a little coffee syrup in his.—*Lockport Union*.

"Well, my son, you have got into grammar, have you?" said a proud sire to his thickest chip, the other night. "Let me hear you compare some adjectives." Chip—"All right; little, less, least; big, bigger, beast; mow, more, most—" Proud Sire—"Hold on, sir, that's not right; you—" Chip—"Toe, tore, toast, snow, snore, snort; go, gore, gout; row, roar, ront—" Proud Sire—"Stop, I say; those adj—" Chip—"Drink, drank, drunk; chink, chank, chunk; wink, wank, wunk; think, thank, thunk—" Proud Sire—"You infernal little fool, what in thunder—" Chip—"Good, better, best; bad, wasser, wust; bile, bilier, bust; sow, sewer, soup; pew, pure, purp—ouch! oh! giminedy dad—oh! oh! oh! oh!" The enraged parent had broken into the recitation with a bootjack.—*Oderous Comparison*.

Right up on their ears—Kangaroos.—Hotter than blue blazes—White blazes.—A circular saw—An old "saw" that goes the rounds of the press.—When the Indian captive is bound to the stake it is Lo tied in his affairs.—"Agreed"—as the man said when asked the meaning of the word "avarice."—"Teeth inserted without payin'"—remarked the tramp, as he bit into a stolen pie.—"What are givin' nuss?" as the sick man said, when he saw the doctor pass a bottle to his female attendant.—"Two soles with but a single thought," as the fisherman remarked, when he saw a pair of the latter fishes swimming toward his baited hook.—"When a candidate manifests a strong itching for office it is advisable to scratch him."—"This is the humorous, though rash, remark of the *Boston Globe*.—An Ethiopian was examining an old guu, the other day, when it exploded, the bullet just grazing the top of his skull—went off at a tan gent, as it were.—Bliffers says that it is no use for him to try to calm his wife when she gets on one of her tantrums. Like old Joshua Whitecomb he cannot pass a fire.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

Our Grip Sack.

A gross deception.—Selling bad matches.

"Squatters rights,"—Permission to be seated.

"The Feeling in Manitoba."—Cold just now.

Any one heard of a hen laying an information

Some people deem it unadvisable to spend a now on the Sault branch.

This is the Endy-mi-own story said Beacoonefield as he finished his latest novel.

Ladies in full dress at a ball remind us of an exhibition of borrowed pictures—a sort of a low-neck-hibition.

When a farmer successfully pursues a party of small boys that have been stealing his apples he may be said to have been on a Boy-cotting expedition.

The English papers are talking about the Fenian scare. If they are anything like the batch that once invaded Canada, they must be a badly stricken lot.

When Mr. Jenner makes his friends valuable Christmas and New Years gifts, would it be right to call him a Jenner-ous man, or is he only Jenner-ously inclined.

Adelina Pitt, when she is singing, makes \$7 a minute.—*Ex.* She may not have many valuable diamonds, but she has precious tones all the same.

Can hanging be considered a neck-squeeze-it sensation? Answers to this are cord-ially invited by the choke-ular contributor to this noose-paper.

Our funny contributor who had on New Year's day one breakfast, two dinners, one tea, one supper, and various incidentals, thinks New Year's a truly *gorge us* day.

Speaking of oysters, did you ever notice that a fry-can be made better by an A-fri-can than by any other cook? This is A-frique of nature which is stew deep for us to explain.

Seeing "cotton illusion" advertised we wondered whether it had ever "been on a bust?" but perhaps it is better not to be cotton such dangerous grounds by our fair friends.

On the recent Kaake-Goodfellow wedding the bridegroom may have been said to have been "too sweet for anything," being a veritable Christmas Cake and getting a good fellow.

There is a girl up in the country by the name of Hattie Rack, but her people call her Hat Raok, for short.—*Ex.* Some nice young man should "set his cap" for such an hat-rack-tive young girl.

In case the Syndicate bargain is ratified, our political contributor suggests that the form of the speech from the throne should be amended so as to include not only "Gentlemen of the House of Commons" and "Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate," but "Hon. Gentlemen of the Syndicate," as *th* *zy* will own most of the country.

It used to be said that the southerners tied a knot in a pig's tail to keep him from crawling through the fences. This was the southern idea of a pig's tie.—*Boston Transcript.* Better send this to the Cincinnati *Saturday Night*, and Gris'll remark that they tie their pig's tails in bone-knots, in Porkopolis.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

If Sir Richard is so much opposed to Irish and North-West land monopolies, how is it that he thought of an immense tract of Turtle Mountain, and that he remains one of the largest land owners in the county of Lennox? Answers to these conundrums will be gratefully received at the *Globe* office for the next ten days. Be careful to prepay postage.

Notes from "Our Gaddy."

DEAR GRIP,—Look, here now. Don't you think it was a little unkind of you last week? If you had called me a scoundrel, or a snoozer, or an inebriate sot, or something of that sort, I would not have thought so much of it. But to call me an M. P.! Why, confound it, that was too awfully unkind!... And what was it all about anyway? It was nothing but mince pie. Yes, sir; mince pie. There was, perhaps, a slight flavor too much of brandy in the mince-meat, and it occasioned a temporary spasm of a sort of general inflation; an utter disregard for the commonplace affairs of this exceedingly commonplace world, and a kind of feeling of being "uncle" to the Rag Baby. And what was there in it? Why, it is moments like these that give warmth and color to what would otherwise be a dreary sort of neutral tint life. And talking about color, why don't the ladies learn a little more about the harmony of color in the matter of dress? We men are rough, bearish brutes. Our business pursuits invariably bring us in continual contact with all the worst phases of character, and the dark, cold, harsh, selfish side of nature. Naturally we look to the ladies for all that is aesthetic. It is always cheering to see ladies in tastefully arranged costumes, skillfully enlivened with harmonious colors, but it is really annoying in the extreme, to anyone with half an eye to the artistic, to see a girl so daubed over with every conceivable color that she only wants a thumb lath to be a paint-shop door. Very little study by our girls of the subject of color, would have an incalculable effect upon the boys, by increasing their love for the Beautiful. This is a subject that might very properly be taught the girls in our schools, but then it would be teaching them something useful, something of value to them for every day in their lives, and that would be totally contrary to the cardinal principles of our Educational system. Then again, how is it that so few of the maidens of this Canada of ours know how to walk? They hobble, they waddle, they toddle, they wag their little narratives, in fact anything but walk. Now there are two types of beauty; style and rhythm. Style is the force of the ideal; rhythm is the movement. We have any amount of style, but a sad lack of rhythm. But I know you, you old deceiver you. You will insinuate that some young lady with admirable judgment, has wisely withdrawn her hand from my loving clasp, and left me the mitten, and consequently I am sort of mad like. But I tell you it is nothing of the kind. I adore the ladies, and believe it is only when in their company that we see the bright, warm, mellow, and glad some side of nature, and that if we were to devote less of our time to business, and more to the ladies, we could not avoid being brought nearer to that place of happiness from whence all goodness emanates. Now then, that's what you get for your base insinuations. But then anyone who would call another an M. P. would insinuate anything. I'll tell your mother of you, so I will. I know you.

GADFLY.

January.

Most people are aware that this is the first month of the year; but there are doubtless many even in our "centre of intellectual life" who, (not having scoured Grip's Almanac,) do not know that its name is derived from *Janus*, the earliest of mythological deities. Mr. J., by the way, encouraged the ancients in a custom established by himself, of exchanging honey-cakes, sweet-meats, kindly wishes and jovial salutes on the first day of each year. Classical *literateurs* are not very clear as to whether he favourably viewed any such usage as the one now prevalent among the ladies, of offering deep-hued nectar to those who tendered New Year's greetings; but from the fact that he is represented in statuary with two heads, and

sometimes even with four (*vide Janus Bifrons* and *Janus Quadrifrons*) we may fairly assume that he was himself in the habit of making numerous congratulatory calls on the 1st January, and the number of heads he *felt* on his body next morning (and their weight *withal*) depended largely on the quantity of good old Olymian "proof" punished by him over-night, prior to his return to the ordinary habitation of Mrs. Janus and the little J's. Janus, according to some people, has only two faces, not two heads. We ourselves prefer the "double-header" theory; but while firmly sticking to our belief aforesaid as to the cause of the representation, have no objections to telling our readers that classical wise-aores boldly contend that the idea sought to be conveyed is a retrospection of the past and prospect of the future. It is a very pretty theory no doubt, and would be more than pretty if people would only learn therefrom to profit by the mistakes of the bygone and "walk their chalks" more judiciously in the year to come. We have always had our doubts, though, about the fixity of New Year's resolutions, bearing in mind the reported character of the pavement in "Pluto's dark domain," and we can only hope that during the year now commencing some such present good intentions may lead to beneficial results. It is high time that the great bulk of our politicians and other public citizens put in the peg and started out again with a clean sheet. There is no need to enlarge. *Verb. Sap.* We have a plain and unmistakable word of advice, however, for the especial benefit of those few remote individuals who have not yet subscribed for GRIP, and that is to form, and at once set upon, a resolution in favor of "hauling in the sheet." Make a note of it, please, and don't let your resolution remain *sans vie*. Remember that old Janus, to whose example we are indebted for our cheerful New Year's calls and good wishes, was never known to peruse a newspaper that had been paid for with another man's money.

Indignation Meeting.

The terms of the Syndicate bargain having at length reached the North West, an indignation meeting of grasshoppers was called to discuss the situation. The meeting was held in a sunny spot on the prairie, the speakers standing upon a chip, and addressing the assembly at considerable length. After some discussion Daddy Longlegs was voted to the chair, and in his opening remarks, said this was a question that affected their most vital interests, and then called upon Mr. Longhop, of Grasshollow, to address the meeting. Mr. Longhop said he quite agreed with the Chairman, that if the bargain was ratified their means of living would be in danger, and wanted to know what was the use of the National Policy if they were not to be protected in the enjoyment of their inalienable rights. (Applause.) The next speaker, Mr. Shortstep, of Shadynook, endorsed the remarks of Mr. Longhop, and said if the bargain were concluded they would have to make long hops to get out of the road, and in his opinion John A. should be invited to take a short step down and out. (Great applause.) Mr. Grassett said he was hopping mad, and that the result would be there would be no more grass eat by them. Mr. Crackwings said that it was their undeniable right to eat everything green; but that if the Syndicate got their hands on the North West, they would monopolize the swallowing up of green things, including the green Ministry that made the bargain. In closing the meeting the chairman said he believed it best to pass a resolution condemning the Bargain, and that as they had lived together a long time he did not care to leg out for some other pasture. The resolution was then passed and the meeting hopped off.

With some men Christmas is a *fast* day and with others a feast day.

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"MACBETH" MACKENZIE.

"What hands are here? Ha! * * * Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this * * * clean from my hands?" Sec. 2, Act II.



Now Ready!

GRIP'S
 Comic Almanac,

FOR 1881.

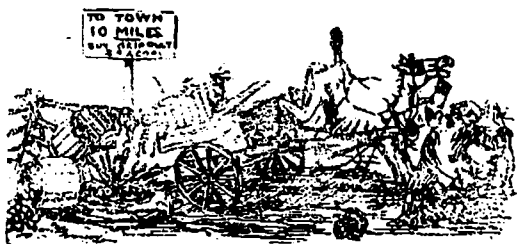


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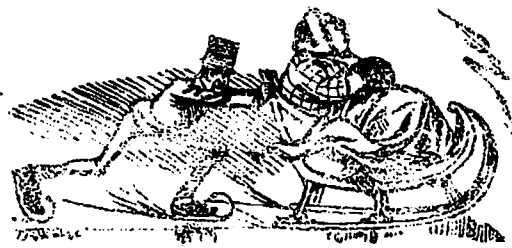
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