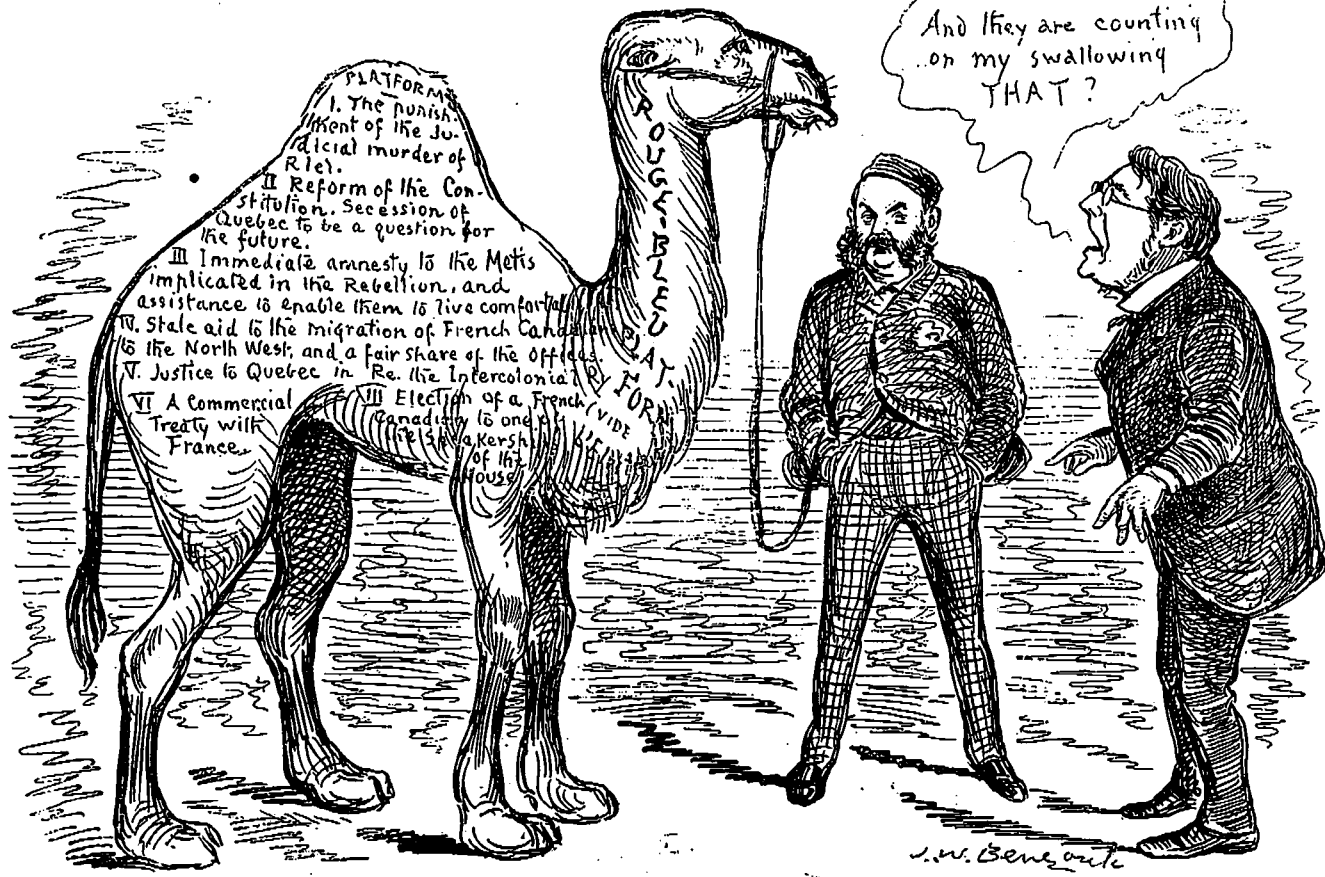


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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH,

Editor.

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

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Sole Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England States.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Dominion Government can, at the present time, keenly appreciate the old adage that "Troubles never come singly." Right on the heels of the rumpus in Quebec comes a crushing defeat in the Privy Council, by the decision of that body that the Dominion Liquor Act, passed by Sir John, is unconstitutional, null and void. Mr. Mowat and his colleagues score a clear victory in this case, and it adds zest to their Christmas hilarity to toast the great constitutional lawyer of Ottawa in the blanket of ridicule. In the exuberance of the moment, however, the *Globe* is unjust to Sir John when it enters upon a list of his defeats—the Mercer, the Insurance and the Streams cases. In none of these cases was Sir John's reputation as a lawyer at stake, as anyone may easily satisfy himself. Give the old gentleman his due! There is quite enough of authentic material for attacks upon him, without the assistance of the Opposition manufacturer.

FIRST PAGE.—The demands of the people of Quebec have (according to *L'Electeur*, as quoted by the *Mail*) been formulated in seven propositions, as the outcome of the recent stirring discussion. These are to be submitted for the acceptance of Hon. Edward Blake as leader of the Liberal Party, and it is said that the French-Canadians confidently expect him to endorse them. On glancing over the "programme" in question we cannot but feel that this hope is ill-founded. It will be surprising indeed if Mr. Blake indicates his approval of the platform without very important modifications. Hence we give the substance of the Seven Articles to our readers in camel form. There are some men so flexible in the gullet that they can swallow a camel with considerable ease, but Mr. Blake, if we know him at all, is not of the number.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The fight for the mayoralty is growing warm, though there is a notable difference in the methods of the candidates. Mr. Howland, as becomes an upright Christian gentleman, fights his battle fairly and manfully, using temperate language and confining himself to facts. Mr. Manning conducts his canvass by the unscrupulous use of all the customary claptrap of the ingrained professional ward politician. He does not hesitate to charge Mr. Howland with untruthfulness, though nobody who knows that gentleman believes him capable of falsehood, and he thinks it decent and dignified to refer to his opponent as "Willie." In this unworthy style of warfare Mr. Manning is ably backed by the *World*, a sheet that would certainly be out of place if supporting an honest and high-minded man, and the *Mail*, the appropriate organ of everything that represents the worst traditions of debased Toryism. It is noteworthy that Mr. Manning does not so much as promise that he will earnestly enforce the laws of the city if re-elected. This is not certainly because he is not an adept at promising, but probably because he is aware how grotesque such a promise would be in the face of his past record. The difference between the two men is just this: People believe and trust the one; they just as earnestly distrust the other.



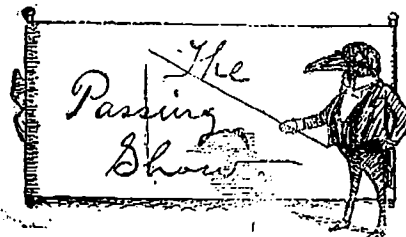
NICHOLAS FLOOD DEFENDS HIS BALD HEAD!

Our brilliant friend, Davin, has breathed the free air of the Great West to some purpose. Mark this, as the production of a Regina editor who was once a cultured ornament of the Dublin bar:—

The *Free Press* thinks it is crushingly witty to tell us that we are bald, to suggest that we speak with an Irish accent, and to tell a man who was never dared to lie, he lies, because one of three reporters who represented the *Leader* at the hanging of Riel said some hair was cut from his head, and we, acting as a magistrate, declared that the body had not been mutilated or ill-treated and that not a hair was *improperly* removed. As to being bald we have never been sensitive on that head. We were born bald, and we should much rather have little outside our head and something within, than an unfurnished noddle with a shaggy crown. Suppose we were to talk of the goggles-glasses of the gentleman of the *Free Press* it would hardly be witty. As to our Irish accent, we are proud of it. Though educated in the main in England we have never sought to put a veneer of another accent over our own, abhorring as we do affectation, and being proud of our country.

Good boy, Nicholas! Long may your pate reflect the effulgence of the setting sun!

She-ol is more polite than He-ll—the feminine form, so to speak.



The Bairnsfather Family re-appear here on Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, with a New Year's Day matinee, at Shaftesbury Hall. Their very popular entertainment, "A Night in Auld Scotia," is always capitally given, and GRIP hopes all admirers of the Land o' Cakes may go and enjoy their treats.

The Y.M.C.A. announces a series of first class entertainments by way of farewell to Shaftesbury Hall. These will include two evenings with a celebrated reader of New York; two concerts by the unique Rock Band, of London, Eng., and a repeat concert by the famous Schubert Quartette. Dates and full particulars may be seen at Nordheimer's, where tickets for the course may be had.

HELP THYSELF.

"Boss," said an old and wearied man with an aqueous eye, variegated nose and hesitating speech, "boss, I'm out of work, and bin so for about six months. Roomatiz, you know; kin you help a feller to, say ten cents, to help him along?"

The speech was addressed to James Henry Billikins, of this city, one evening in the Queen's Park, a good young man, but careful, very careful, by no means in the habit of giving anything away, except himself occasionally, or advice. He liked to give advice, did Mr. J. H. B.

"My friend," replied James Henry Billikins, "are you aware that Providence helps those that help themselves?"

"No," said the old bum, who thought his chances of getting a dime rather slim.

"No? Then remember the precept. 'Help yourself and Providence will help you.'"

"But supposin' a fellow can't help himself, supposin' he's got roomatiz?"

"Well, my friend, as it is getting late, I must depart, but remember my advice. Help thyself."

"Well, I will," said the wrathful bum. "Don't you say another word, or squeal, or I'll knock the top of your head off with my little stick. I'll help myself to your money and your nice gold watch and chain, and that pretty ring on your finger." And the bum depleted Mr. James Henry Billikins of these and all his other valuables and with a scowl and a threat that he would kill him if he moved for half an hour, took ground in the direction of the noble ward of St. John.

Mr. James Henry Billikins has refrained from that time telling or advising any man to "help thyself."

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

Mr goldensmith—deersir i write to haplogise and as yore parding for the way wich all along i have bin a wronging of you i always thot you was agin temperance people till i red yore letter to the Scott Act people i never knowd you was president of a temperance club before and wen i red these words "numbers of people are kept in doubt whether they are or are not to be deprived of their livelihood" i was just ashamed of my-solf to think id bin a-blamin you for goin agin the Act—and you a president of a temperance club and i want to thank you for speakin out in behaf of pore people as ain't learned enough nor clever enough to

Speak for themselves it is so noble to see the strong and the clever stand up for the sufferin and the weak like you do and want to know how wether were going to have a chance to live or not. its a black shame for mo and undreds more to be "kept in doubt" whether were to have a livelihood—wich the same a pore womans never sure of so longs them man traps are kept open for our usbands and soss to drop into and spend their money—they do tell me that gamblin houses are shut up by law for fear the rich men lose all their money, so now we want the whiskey houses shut up by the same law. its all umbug for to say theyll get the liquor all the same—workin men going and comin ome from work hoint no time and be too tired to go prowlin round for liquor. its the hopen door as does it oh deer i do wish youd urry hup that Scott's Act and close em up sos id be sure of my livelihood fur so long as there's a hopen saloon door John my usband will go in with the rest of his mates, and hout they comes with hempty ands, and hempty pockets and a stomach full o wiskey and beer, and him like a ragin polar bear out of his mind with drink—fine folks talk about makin a mans ome nice and comfortable—but ow i hasks can you make a ome appy hif you ave to go out chorin to make up for the money yore usband spends in the saloon? ow can you cook nice meals if youve got nothing to cook—all gone to the saloon keepers thats ow he and him gets a livelihood wich id sweep the streets afore id make my livin a takin the bread out of little childrens mouths. wen saloons are shut up John my usband will go with is pay into the grocery store and the dry goods and the shoe store and he'll come like he used to with his harms full—lots to heat an wear for me and the children and a bit o change to the good in his pocket. i cant tell you ow thankful i ham to you a man as is so powerful and learned to take the side of the weak and helpless against the strong and the wealthy and to come right hout and urry up the Scott Act so undreds of pore weak tempted creatures will know wether or no theyre goin to ave a livelihood—wich we cant hever be sure of as long as them man traps wich i calls saloon doors are left open. you will be like the good patient Job—wich the blessing of them that were ready to perish came upon him. and my little children wen they says their prayers wont forget to mention the man wot was so clever and learned and urryd up the Scott Act sos their father and undreds of hother fathers might come home sober and we be sure of a livelihood

Yores truly
A PORE SALOONGOER'S WIFE.

A HORRID DREAM.

"Bring me another horse!
Bind up my wounds."

—Rich. III.

"Well," said Dr. Colchicum, as he approached the bedside of old Mr. Pewtermugger, ex-alderman, etc., etc., "what appears to be your trouble this morning? Ah! I see—too much thought. Yes, yes, too much brain work. We must be careful, my dear sir. We must be careful! I would advise a change of scene, my dear sir; a change of scene," continued the man of science, and he felt his patient's pulse.

"Oh, doctor, how on earth can I get a change of scene now just when I'm expecting of a good fat job? Oh, dear! oh, dear! Oh, doctor, I've had such a fearful dream," and the old man glared at the physician with a wild and terror-stricken look.

"Pooh! my dear sir, dreams! Oh, pshaw! a few grains of mercury will set you all right. The liver, my dear sir, the liver, that's all," and the doctor smiled a wicely smole.

"But oh, doctor! my dream was 'orrid, it was hominous, it was fearful. I dreamed that

Howland was a sittin' in full power in the civic chair, that he was mayor—oh! oh!"

"Well, my dear friend, why should that affright you. What the deuce do you care for Mr. Howland. If a man is sitting in a chair of any sort, civic or otherwise, he can't be very dangerous. Nonsense, my dear sir! You are a little nervous, that's all. A few doses of bromide of potash will fix you."

"Well, but see here, doctor. Supposin' my dream would come out true. You see I've a sort of interest in brewing."

"Well, what the deuce has the mayor got to do with your brewing? Besides, Howland's a teetotaler, and don't indulge. Do you think he would drink you out of house and home?"

"Well; but I've got an interest in several saloon properties!"

"My dear sir, calm yourself. Although Howland's a temperance man, he's pretty square, and if he even got in as mayor, it would likely be to your benefit, for he would very likely go for the unlicensed places, and see that the 'dives' were cleaned out. That would be his duty. Calm yourself, my dear sir."

"Yes, that might be true enough. We do want somebody to 'tend to the dives, but—but ye see, doctor, I'm sort of mixed up like in—in—well, several little contracts, and sich, which, perhaps—perhaps mightn't sort of look square if the true state of things came before tho—hum—people."

"My dear Mr. Pewtermugger, then if that be the case, permit me to give you a little gratuitous and non-professional advice: Get out of all your doubtful contracts as quickly as possible, for if Howland goes in, which I believe myself he will, you'll get scooped, sir—scooped for certain. But calm yourself, my dear sir, calm yourself," and the man of medicine smilingly and noiselessly glode from the sick chamber.



THE IMMORTAL WILLIAM.

Aunt Martha (looking up from her paper).—Where does this quotation, "What's in a name?" come from, Jennie. I meet it so often.
Jennie (a graduate of Toronto).—Why, goodness, Aunty, don't you know? Surely you've read "Romeo and Juliet?"
Aunt Martha.—I daresay I've read "Juliet," but I don't remember reading "Romeo!"

"Shure, and cudn't yez be afther shthrainin a pint this mornin', Mr. Lackless, to be lettin' me have an ethry quahrt."

"Oh! mam, I strained the whole can before I left home, and I'm sure you'll find it all very clean."

THE MAYORALTY AND THE MUSES.

BALLAD.—I cannot Love Young Howland.
[As sung with unbounded applause nightly, at the Facade Opera House, by the charming young cantatrice, Miss WINETTA MOSCELLETTA.]

I.
O-o-h! I cannot love young Howland,
My heart can ne'er be his;
Say, fond heart, could'st'er thou land
On one who'll buy no "flzzz"?
Nor stands the cigaretta,
Nor buys the ruby wine?
This fond heart of Winetta
It never can-an be thino!

II.
'Tis true, thou'rt tall and handsome,
But what care I for that?
I would not, for king's ransom,
E'er wed with such a flat!
A young man who puts in his time
At eve, in drinking tea,
And never once sets up the wine,
He'll never do for me!

III.
They say he often helps the poor,
The needy and distressed,
But that is naught to me; I'm sure,
The rich are far the best.
They never want a helping hand,
Then why seek pov-er-ty?
Its ragged miserable band!
No young How-ow-ow-land for me!

—B.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Ned Farrah now says that it was right to hang L. D. Riel; that he incited the Injuus, captured the clergy, and raised particular Hamilton generally. But who is Ned Farrah? Ned Farrah is sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity.

Deacon Camoron says that, although L. D. R. ought to be scrapped, still it was all the fault of the self-expatriated John A. But who in thunder is the Deacon? The Deacon is an unsophisticated metaphysician conglomerated with the pomposity of his own mendacity!

Alick Perie says, that the "few hungry Grits around the Globe Office" do not represent the Reform party and denies the allegation, as the Globe averred, that L. D. R. "had a cause." But who is Alick Perie? Alick Perie is a contumacious logician conglomerated with the protuberance of his own pertinacity!

Bill McLean says that L. D. R. was a dufer who wanted to sell out the rights of the Batoches, ergo, etc., and so forth. But who is Bill McLean? Bill is a mendacious superposition elongated with the melliflucence of his own consequentiality!

Ted Shep says that he would not for \$200 the rebellion took place; but that on general principles, being a dirty Fr—m—n, he ought to suffer. Now who is Ted Shep? Ted Shep is a pertinacious politician excoriated with the vehemence of his old-time Democracy! B.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

- Dentist—"Teeth extracted without payin'."
- Restaurant—"A good place to die in, try it."
- Shoemaker—"Everybody gets soled here."
- Bookseller—"Our books are bound to sell."
- Tailor—"The place for fits."
- Blacksmith—"All hands are on the strike."
- Butcher—"We make ends meat."
- Grocer—"Lying in weight for customers."
- Printer—"Our business is pressing."
- Carpenter—"Plain board-shaving free."
- Baker—"We knead your support."
- Lawyer—"Pleas be brief."
- Student—"We study to please."
- Barber—"Notes shaved here. D.H."
- Liveryman—"We do a driving business."
- Editor—"We copy others' mistakes."



TREMENDOUS BLOW-OUT!

(The Local Government, carried away by the exuberance of its joy over the latest Privy Council victory, determines to celebrate the occasion with characteristic prodigality.)

A PARCEL OF CHRISTMAS CRACKERS FROM FAR MUSKOKA.

STUDIES IN COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY.

"Say, uncle, explain this: before I took to racing I was a good man, but afterwards, I was a better."

"Your logic wont hold water, Jack; but I'll fix it for you right, and right away. You were a thoroughgoing scamp while you betted, and even after you gave up this vile habit you were no better. That is what's the matter with you."

MECHANICAL.

A feather is a light thing on the water, but some folks assert that a 30-ton barge is a lighter.

A MORAL PARADOX.

Although one who habitually indulges at table may be, and very probably is, a fast man, nevertheless it is an undoubted fact that he who abstains altogether is a faster.

PROOFS ON DEMAND.

Julius Caesar, Pompey, Jack the Giant Killer, and Jack Shephard are universally allowed to be some of the boldest men who ever lived, but I dare affirm that since my arrival in Muskoka I've seen many a boulder.

A COUPLE OF SHARP BLADES.

"I say, Tom, my razor is the sharpest blade you ever saw. You bet!"

"Don't believe a word of it, Dick; I saw a sharper with the policeman not five minutes ago. You bet!"

ARITHMETICAL.

If seven days make one week, how many days are required to make two weaker?

Sportsmen say that a dirty gun is foul; humanitarians declare that he who employs it against little dicky birds is a fowler.

STATISTICAL.

It is the opinion of some that ever since their great Revolution the French people have

been, politically speaking, a little mad. "Our own reporter," who has made many enquiries on this subject, and whose sources of information are exceptionally reliable, writes to inform us that for more than a generation past the rural population has been growing much madder every year.

THE WHEEL SPOKE.

"I'm quite tired already," as the new coach wheel said, when it was trundled out of the blacksmith's shop.

The Dime Sweepstake Riddle—The winner takes the pool.

WHO'S TO BE MAYOR?

A FARUCIAL FANCY SUITED TO THE TIMES.

Characters: Mr. Farlington, Mr. Snickerton, and Mr. Dickerby, worthy citizens, aspirants for the mayoral chair. Electors and election agents.

ACT I.—SCENE FIRST—Mr. Farlington's private sanctum. Mr. F. discovered reading imposing document.

Mr. F. (loquitor).—Hem! this is really enjoyable. (reads): "Knowing fully your splendid financial ability, your great aptitude in matters municipal, and your generous and sympathetic nature, we, the undersigned, beg that you will allow yourself to be nominated as a candidate for the mayoral chair." (Log.) That is really delightful. Of course I must accept. I can run on the respectable Tory ticket. (Dances a Highland fling.)

SCENE SECOND—Parlor in Mr. Snickerton's villa. M. S. is discovered surrounded by a crowd of anxious and hungry looking ratepayers.

Principal Ratepayer.—Mr. Snickerton, the intelligent citizens you see before you are here scorning the usual requisition form. They have come to beg of you to stand as a candidate for the mayoralty. In you they recognize a gentleman every way fitted for that most responsible position, and you may depend upon their votes and interest.

Mr. S.—My respected fellow-citizens, your thoughtfulness has gone deep down into my heart (blows nose violently). If I can be of any service to the city and its most intelligent residents, such as I see before me now, you may command my services. (Bows. Much shaking of hands and other demonstrations of satisfaction. Exeunt crowd.)

Mr. S.—The dream of my life is about to be realized. I will go straight in. I can run on the Reform ticket. (Fires Locke's Logic at a portrait of Sir John Macdonald and waltzes out.)

SCENE THIRD—Mr. Dickerby's office. Enter a deputation who present a bulky letter to Mr. D. He opens and reads.

Mr. D.—Gentlemen, this is indeed a surprise! I had no idea that so many of our enlightened temperance electors had a desire to see me seated in the mayoral chair. I count more than seventy signatures. Surprising! Their wishes must not be passed lightly by. I am willing, gentleman. You may carry back my sincere thanks and say that Daniel Dickerby is not the man to shirk a responsibility when it is placed upon him. Good day. (Deputation retire. Mr. D. takes a long breath.)

Mr. D.—I see my way into the chair. Daniel, catch the temperance and independent votes and all will be well.

ACT II.—SCENE—A private room in So-and-so's Hotel. Several leading wire-pullers are seen in close consultation.

First W. P.—I represent Mr. Snickerton. He is strongly supported by the Reformers. He must go to the poll. I am authorized to stand out to the last. We mean fight.

Second Ditto.—Well, you know, this three-cornered contest will never do. Our man, Mr. Farlington, is certainly the best for the position, and he is going right in. We have the support of the Tories, who are mighty and must prevail.

Third Ditto.—Tut! tut! gentlemen. One of three must give way. I am advised by a high authority, no less than a Government official, that this election must not be fought out on party lines, because it will expose the weakness of the party, you understand, gentlemen. Now, under the circumstances, would it not be better for one of the candidates running on a party ticket to buck down and allow the fight to lie between our candidate, Mr. Dickerby, a worthy gentleman running the independent and temperance ticket, and the one chosen to remain? (The three W. P.'s scratch their heads and ruminate several minutes.)

First W. P.—We go to the poll.

Second Ditto.—We shall not back down.

Third Ditto.—We cannot desert the interests of our party.

Omnes.—That is business. (Tableau.)

ACT III.

?

Curtain.

TITUS A. DRUM.

IN COURT.

Sam was accused of theft.
"Now, Sam, you are accused of taking these chickens off the roost of Mr. Jones. Are you guilty?"

"No, boss, I'se not; I didn't take no chickens off Mr. Jones' roost."

"Are you sure?"

"Dead shur, boss."

"But it can be proved."

"Den, boss, I'se guilty, but I didn't take 'em off de roost."

"What! you did not take them off Mr. Jones' roost?"

"No, ash. I took 'em on de roost."



FUN FOR CHRISTMAS!

A SEASONABLE SONG.

Yule-tide is here with its feasting and folly,
Wassail and carols and pastimes and song,
With mistletoe, ivy and laurel and holly,
We welcome the season we've waited for long.
Let every mortal a willing hand take in
The sports and the toasting, and right merry be,
The incubus, Care, from our hearts shall be shaken,
Though it clingeth like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea!

Let music and dances greet jolly Kris Kringle,
He's a genial old fellow with beard all snow-white;
Let o'er the land echo sleigh-bells' merry jingle,
A tune whereof light hearts keep time with delight.
The monarch who kings it this festival season,
Is the Lord of Misrule, and we yield to his sway;
Time, urged with his mischievous pranks, quickly flees
on—
But his reign is not ended till Candlemas day.

With jovial outbursts of jollicing laughter,
Snapdragon, hot cakes, post-pair,* let us play,
Till wild echoes go bumping from rafter to rafter,
And night's shadows melt in the gray dawn away.
O let us be merry with mummicking and masking,
Roast turkey, plum pudding, and general good cheer;
'Neath the mistletoe kisses we'll take without asking,
For Old Father Christmas to bless us is here,
Tomato. —JUDSON FRANCE.
* Old Christmas games.

A LIVE REPORTER.

I sing The Live Reporter. He is dead now—that is to say, dead to newspaperdom and public usefulness, having got an office in the Civil Service, not so much for his intrinsic value, but as a slight token of esteem on the part of a member of the Administration who recognized the young man's pre-eminent capacity for the office on discovering that he was not the same newspaper man who had helped him out of obscurity into prominence, and given him many a boost towards a goal in his ambition, which Nature had never intended him to reach. The newspaper man who had done all this is still a newspaper man, living on hope and hard work. These facts are not given as an extraordinary instance of human experience, but only to show how luck occasionally triumphs over pure-gold merit, and to introduce a hero whose first name is Tom.

Tom was one of the rare order of born reporters, with a pronounced nose for news, an unflagging pertinacity of purpose, an unflinching source of ready resort, native wit, common sense, and *bonhomie*. From all of which it will be understood that Tom was not the average college graduate reporter, without my saying so. He was everywhere, and at all times, on the *qui vive* for an item. Nothing daunted him, nothing distressed him, nothing non-plussed him, nothing disturbed his cool self-possession, agitated his mind or ruffled his temper.

In his earlier days the incidents of boarding-house talk supplied him with material which his superior imagination worked up into beautiful and positive facts that even the subsequent investigation of a libel suit failed to shake the originality or dim the lustre of.

There was one of Tom's friends who was getting publicly married, and had asked his journalistic chum to the church. The candidate for matrimony was a great secret society man who kept Tom posted in a good many quarters on Brotherhood Gossip, so it was not surprising that our hero so associated his newly-lassoed friend with the source of his society news that he had no sooner grasped his hand after the ceremony than he forgot occasion and surroundings and quietly observed: "Say, Jim, I just dropped in to see you about that Milligan affair in connection with the West End Cavaliers of Covio. Now, the question is, did Milligan really order the whiskey and cigars, or was —?"

The interview was resumed three weeks' later.

Fever got hold upon Tom, the same as it does on ordinary mortals. Recovering after four or five weeks' siege, the first one he re-

cognized was the doctor, despite whose able efforts he had pulled through.

"Doc.," he whispered, "I've had an awful hunt through town for you. Give us the result of that *post mortem* you held—"

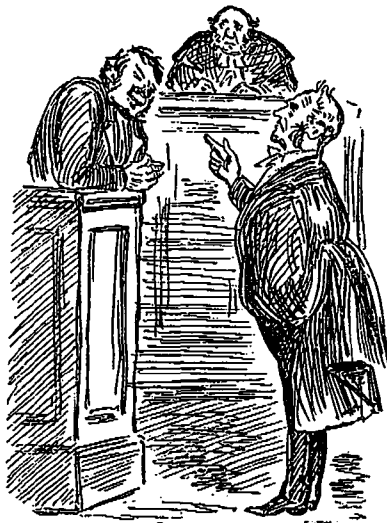
At a house of mourning on one occasion Tom nodded familiarly to the bereaved husband and said: "It's too darned bad! This confounded rain is going to spoil the whole affair. But, say, while you're here just give us the name of the pall-bearers, and a few particulars about how the—"

Visiting the hospital he was shown a patient who had just had his leg amputated. The ruling passion asserted itself, and he accosted the sufferer with: "Nice day. When did you come down? Anything startling with you?"

But about the funniest incident in his remarkable career was when he was allowed a talk with a condemned felon on the morning of the execution. He opened the conversation thus: "Well, old man, what's the latest? You don't get out much, that's a fact, and can't catch on to a great deal. But I'm going to get an item from you to-day, later on. I'd send you a paper with an account of this little fable in it, if I only thought it would find you. I'm going to head it: 'Latest Noose Item,' and you needn't fear but I'll do it up in grand shape. Well, good-day, till I see you again."

Now, Tom, as I have been saying, has quit working and got into the Civil Service. No newspaper man deserves his *otium cum dignitate* better than he; no one could enjoy it more. Tom has not worked hard so long as to be unable to stand nothing to do.

TOLL.



A LEGAL POINT.

Lawyer (severely).—Now, sir, how far is the tavern from your house? How long would it take you to walk the distance?

Witness.—Oh! that would depend on whether I was going there or coming home.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES.

I.—MR. C. COLUMBUS.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century Columbus thought it was about time to carry out his long-formed intention of discovering America. He was considerable of a snob and wanted to do it in fly style, which would require about four ships. He hadn't the necessary money himself, neither had his father, who said he was going to fail in business and retire after salting down a little cash where

the creditors wouldn't find it. Chris. suggested that the money be salted down by giving it to him to buy ships with, but the old chap had a long head and said the scheme wouldn't work, for it wouldn't look straight for him to be bankrupt while his previously impoverished son was buying up a navy. The creditors would be sure to get out a writ of attachment. Still, Chris. didn't give up. He telephoned to several kings and queens in his part of the continent and told them that if they'd put up the dust he'd discover America for them and find a short cut to India. Their Regal Nibbs replied that they weren't investing in colonization schemes that year, and that anyway the democratic spirit of the age was averse to land-grabbing monopolies, and that he had better apply to King Stephen the Oneth, of Sec-Peo-Ar-land, who was constantly on the lookout for fresh townships. Columbus wasn't on very good terms with that greedy monarch, so he gave him the go-by and took a run over to Spain, where he struck up an acquaintance with Queen Isabella. This was in A.D. 1492. Bella told Chris. that she was all broken up on his shape, but she wouldn't give him four ships, because it would make the American navy feel kind of small and mean like to have a fleet four times as big as it was come over to find the country. She said she'd give him two, but Chris was hoggish and insisted on four. At last they split the difference and Chris. got three gun-boats.

It was in the dog days of 1492 that Capt. Columbus jumped on a street car in the town of Palos, Spain, and rode down to the wharf where his three ships were lying, all filled with sailors, sea biscuits, salt pork and Hennessy brandy, enough for a three years' cruise for three crews. The anchors were weighed—they weighed two tons each—the engines started, and the ships moved out. Queen Isabella was sitting on the end of the wharf waving her parasol with one hand and holding a smelling bottle to her nose with the other, while Chris. and his crews stood on the decks singing "The Tar's Farewell." They sailed straight ahead for some months, and then the sailors got tired at the monotony of forever steering into the dim and uncertain beyond. They mutinied and threatened to make the admiral of the fleet food for fishes. Chris. wasn't even a little bit afraid. With his usual *sang froid* (he always carried that in case of emergency) he said: "What, ho! m' trusty henchmen and bums, an' ye but keep with me for one day more I'll give thee each a bottle of brandy, an' if our keels grate not on the pebbly strands and shifting sands of Indian lands I'll cut for home, I will, by gum, boys, I will!" There were no flies on Chris. Columbus. He knew how to talk to a crowd like that. Early next morning while he was seated in his cabin eating cornmeal mush and fish balls and reading the morning papers he was startled by hearing a voice crying "land"! He folded his dressing-gown about him, looked in the glass to see if his hair was parted straight, rushed on deck, and beheld land with real trees growing out of it, and live niggers in pre-historic bathing suits dancing the Saratoga Lancers on the beach. But the ships were not met by a tug bearing a score of newspaper interviewers, as Henry Irving had told Chris. they would be, so he decided that the township he had discovered was not America but India. He therefore called the citizens Indians, which name several of their descendants have retained to this day. That was the serious mistake he ever made. To tell the truth it was neither America nor India that he had found. It was one of the Bahama Islands, of which Europeans knew little or nothing—mostly nothing—and Chris. should have had gumption enough to know it, for all authorized school atlases show that the Bahama Islands are nearer to America than to India.

Anyway, Chris. and his crows went ashore in their steam launches, and were banqueted by the distinguished men of the country. Each sailor got from Chris. his promised bottle of brandy. Who says that liquor has done this country no good? Why, if it hadn't been for brandy we Americans would be still roaming through dense forests and over trackless prairies waiting for someone to come and discover us. Chris. cabled home his safe arrival, and sent Queen Isabella marked copies of the papers containing accounts of his reception, and woodcuts of his ships. He shortly afterwards returned home—but not before he had established a roller rink and taught the natives the art—and he took with him specimens of grain, wood, minerals, natives, and other products of the soil. The natives were looked upon with much interest by the queen, who hadn't seen many of them before. This was the first time that Americans were presented at court. They've grown quite fond of it since then.

The Spanish nation played a mean trick on poor Chris. They accused him of embezzlement and threw him into prison, where he was treated as if he was a defaulting bank cashier so great were the indignities heaped upon him. He was afterwards liberated, but he had got tired of the Spanish nation, and he refused to speak to it when he met it in the street. The real continent of America was discovered by pilots who were not related to Columbus.

C. M. R.

WOULD YOU?

I'd rather be a brewer's horse
For the space of half a year,
Than be in fact a brewer's mayor
For twelve months, and let beer
And whiskey interests boss the town,
And have things their own way,
And shake and tremble at their frown,
With not a word to say.
I would not care to be a mayor
On such conditions—No—
And stand in fear of bulge and beer,
Oh no, no, not for Joe.

—B.

ALL WRONG.

"I never could understand broad Scotch," said Perkins to his friend, Hector McTavish, the other evening as they sat together over a flowing bowl in a magnificently appointed lush drum.

"It canna be expected o' ye, Pairkins. That's but ane nation i' the world wha can. Mebby ye'd tell me in what partecular yer deefinitely lies?"

"Well, Hector, what do you mean by the expression, 'Brawly, I thank ye kindly for speerin'?"

"Oh! Pairkins, Pairkins, and d'ye no ken the moania' o' thou? Why, it's a simple recognition of frandship."

"Well, that's all right, Hector, but 'brawley' and 'spearin.' Now, my idea was that it was trouble, for, see here, Hector, brawls and spears, spears and brawls! Why, it is so suggestive that really I thought it was a challenge to fight."

"Hech, mun, ye're daft," said Mac, and with a look that might darken the sun, and leaving his glass unfinished, he left his chum alone and strode out of the saloon like a disgusted Roderick Dhu.

B.

A HALIFAX NUMSKULL.

As a general rule stupid people do not read GRIP. The paper is not intended for such; being a political edge-tool it cannot be safely trusted in the hands of children and fools. The editor of the Halifax Herald clearly belongs to one of these classes, and how he came to get hold of a GRIP and hurt himself so badly with it we can't explain. But perhaps a stray nun. or goes to that office by way of exchange. Now, just observe how he handles it (Dec.

10th). In order to keep up the reputation of the Herald for prejudice and partizan spleen, he begins in this way:—

GRIP has long ceased to be anything but a mere pictorial echo of Globe falsehoods. And since its relations to the Ontario Government have come to light, no surprise is excited by its pronounced partizanship. But it seems at last to have become even more grotesque in its misrepresentation than the most violent of its Grit conferees.

This is the regulation parrot-talk supplied to the small fry by the Mail. But we must really thank the Herald for its admission that "at last" we are leading and not following the Globe. Then he goes on:—

This in its last issue every one of its so-called cartoons conveys a false suggestion, for which there is not even a particle of foundation in fact.

Of course the Herald is going to prove this, and we append his criticism as a unique specimen of stupidity. Of all the readers of GRIP we venture to say this "so-called" editor is the only one who failed to see the point of the first-page cartoon, of which he says:—

In one alleged cartoon [why "alleged"?] the Indians are represented as demanding immunity from punishment for their race, though it is notorious that no such demand was ever made by the Indians, or by any one entitled to speak for them. The only men in Canada to make such a demand were the editor of the Toronto Globe and Senator Trudell, who are suspected of having done so from the basest of motives by which human beings can be actuated.

Every other reader, of course, understood the meaning of the picture, which was that it would be just as reasonable for the Indians to take that position as for the French. But perhaps this "editor" couldn't translate the title under the cut, "Reductio ad Absurdum." Next he takes up cartoon No. 2:—

Another picture represents Mr. Farrer, of the Toronto Mail, on "the Protestant Horse," implying that the Mail has been seeking to arouse the Protestants against their Catholic fellow-citizens.

The implication was that the Mail was appealing to the Orange element, and so it notoriously was. Again:—

And, lastly, we have Sir John Macdonald represented as being in London without knowing what he is there for—as if the object of Sir John's mission was not thoroughly understood, and frankly avowed.

This was a joke at which we venture to say Sir John himself would laugh—he not being a stupid ass like some of his "so-called" friends. Nobody, excepting this thick-skulled editor and a few others like him, believe for a moment that the diplomatic reasons given for Sir John's hasty departure were the real and only ones.



ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime," etc.

Editor of G—e.—That's right, sonny, be a good boy; be industrious, steady, temperate and truthful, and you may yet become, like me, the editor of a great French journal!

PROF. DAVIDSON, Chiropodist and Manicure, Corner King and Yonge, over Ellis & Co.'s jewellery store. Finger nails beautified; corns, bunions and in-growing nails, cured at once, without pain. A perfect cure guaranteed.

A FAMILY JAR.

Tim Flaherty (very drunk and unsteady, has just come home with a jar).—Murther and taxes! the divil the bit ken I git off me boots. Be gobs! I thowt I'd have a hard job wid thim, fur me cap wud hardly come off.

Bridget (crying out from her bed)—Ye ould bashte! 'ave ye jist come home? I'l taych ye blaggards to come home like a whiskey barrel. F'what d'ye mane, oi say, comin' home at this 'our rollin' around—as if ye were on the big say—

Tim.—Now, Biddy, dear! does as I bid'ee—kape quite—sure, didn't ye call me a whiskey (hic) barrel?

Bridget.—I did, ye thafe.

Tim.—Well, how in the divil cud I come home if I didn't roll (ha! ha!)?

Tableau.

Bridget (beating him with the broom, exclaiming, "I'll swape ye off the irth.")

Policeman (enters).—Stop this, come with me. I'll take you both. He breaks the jar. (End.)

PORK.

CAUTION.

Any liniment or other medicine that cannot be taken internally is unsafe for ordinary use. Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the prompt pain reliever, is safe and reliable for all aches and pains, and can be swallowed as well as applied.

The Frenchman's former address to Sir Hector and Sir Adolphe was: "Good Sir Knight"; now it is: "Good night, sir."

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SONS' Ordered Clothing Dept., and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

If 100 cats can catch 100 rats in 100 minutes, how long will it take half a cat to half-catch half a rat? It half depends upon the hole.

LUXURY ON WHEELS.

The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets, and 20 York Street.

"Aw, Bunting, what has taken Sir John off to Hangland again?"

"Relaxation, my dear fellow."

"Aw! I thought it was the boat; good day."

"The autumn winds do blow,
And we shall soon have snow."

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of WM. WEST & Co.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

The man who made "a bootless attempt to kick his opponent" is hereby advised to try again with his boots on. We do not see how he could otherwise bare-toe kick the other fellow.

Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.

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Is it the wreckless engineer who is always car-wrecked in his work? Well, rationally, I don't know.

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