

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

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, City Office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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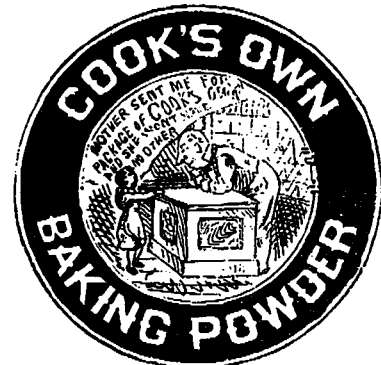
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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

Offenbach's "Belle Lurette," opera comique, in three acts, is a success; this posthumous score has all the vivacity and melody of the composer's best productions; there are half a dozen *morceaux* that take possession of your ears and also of your feet.

LITTLE CORINNE, who is announced to appear in Toronto shortly in the "Magic Slipper" is perhaps the most remarkable prodigy the stage has ever produced. She is said to rival the best of star actresses both in vocal and histrionic talent.

The Toronto Opera Company, *nee* Church Choir Co., are still to the fore though not Pinafore at present. They are playing the *Chimée of Normandy* just now as the Royal, and playing it very well, too. Go and see for yourself, *pour encourager les garçons*, as it were.

Prof. HAANEL, of Victoria University, Cobourg, is to deliver a lecture on "Musical Acoustics" in Philharmonic Hall, 10 Adelaide street east, on Friday evening, 26 instant. This is an important subject upon which there is a remarkable amount of ignorance in the world, and it is therefore to be hoped the professor will be listened to by a large audience of practical people.

FRECHETTE must, by this time, be pretty well satiated with the literary admirers in his native land. The people of Montreal banquetted him in grand style a few weeks ago, and now his compatriots in the city of Quebec have gone and done likewise. It was most appropriate that the ancient capital, or, as Mr. Frechette termed it, the City of Champlain, should tender its congratulations to this gifted and successful son of New France, for he was born under the very shadow of its citadel.

Sardou's play of "Daniel Rochat" created an uproar in the Theatre Francais, because it attacked free thinkers, or rather perhaps civil marriage; a dislike for theology on the stage has influenced the manager to decline M. Deroncles' five act drama, the "Moabite," founded on incidents occurring during the reign of one of the Judges of Israel; the piece aims to prove that religious belief is necessary to man; that this belief, weakened or destroyed, man becomes only governed by his passions and sinks from abyss to abyss, where neither the light of heaven nor the voice of conscience can be heard. The drama has just been read at a literary soiree given by Mme. Adam. It is a beautiful play, and full of sensational interest; the verse is trying, but the chief defect of the piece is its length.

The next attraction at the Grand is "Dreams," concerning which the St. Louis *Post Despatch* says:—

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Subscriptions received by **BENGOUGH BROS.,** Toronto.

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

THE *Canada School Journal* has made a valuable accession to its editorial staff in the person of Rev. C. P. Mulvany, M.A. That gentleman's hand is readily discernable in the last number which is one of the most interesting yet issued.

THE *London Advertiser* is presenting as a premium for 1881, a lithographic portrait of GLADSTONE. The picture is admirably finished, but defective as a likeness, if the average counterfeit presentments if the great commoner are to be considered trustworthy.

"G.R.I.P."—This favorite weekly journal of satire and fun continues to maintain its high character and reputation. The cartoons are always in good taste and spirit, hitting off the follies of the hour capably, while the letter-press is refined, delicate, and of that kind of humor which would have delighted Addison in the old *Spectator* days. Bengough's notices, or "lives" of Canadian literary celebrities are decidedly neat in their way.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

G.R.I.P. continues to present its readers with cartoons and reading matter of an ever increasingly interesting character. Each issue seems to be an improvement on the previous one, if such a thing could be possible. It is now an eight page publication, brimful of wit, wisdom and originality. If you want a few hours good fun every week, then subscribe for G.R.I.P.—*Bowmanville Statesman*.

THE Toronto G.R.I.P., the best comic paper published in the Canadae, puts it in this manner: "The *Waterloo Observer*, we hasten to say, is among the very best of our humorous exchanges. The issue of the 27th ult., is simply capital in its original matter. It has a cordial welcome to our heart and scissors." As G.R.I.P. always credits what it clips we are willing to submit to scissors and heart.—*Waterloo (N. Y.) Observer*.

The *Atlantic Monthly's* December issue dealt out five more chapters of HENRY JAMES, junior's "Portrait of a Lady." JAMES is no novice in depicting character, such as is met with on this side of the Atlantic, and this last novel of his will go far to enhance his reputation. The book reviews deal with some of the later publications, "White Wings," included.

MR. CHESTER GLASS' letters written to the *London Advertiser* during his recent tour round the world, are to be issued in book form, with the addition of several literary effusions hitherto unpublished. These letters proved extremely readable in the columns of the *Tiscr*, and the prospect of obtaining them in permanent form is gratifying. The volume is to be profusely illustrated.

FOR pure, simple, unadulterated, *wishee-washee* innamy, and as BRET HART would put it "gratuitous irrelevancy," pass us over to WILLIAM BLACK. This pictorial writer presumes, on the cheap reputation he made for himself through the "Princess of Thule," and now forsooth he imagines that he can palm off his stale West Highland scenes and wretched amateur seamanship upon an undiscerning public. WILLIAM is mistaken. We have had enough. Enough is as good as a feast, and in WILLIAM BLACK'S case we have had a surfeit.

The new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, just issued, is to be, in the quantity of matter it contains, by far the largest volume published. It now contains about 118,000 words defined, and nearly 15,000 words and meanings not found in any one dictionary. The Biographical Dictionary, just added, supplies a want long felt by the reader and student, in giving the desired information so briefly. Never was one volume so complete as an aid in getting an education.

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VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 2.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 27TH NOVEMBER, 1880.

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

Our Own Egotist.

It is moved by the *World*, and seconded with all his heart by Mr. GRIP, that Sir W. P. HOWLAND do take the chair as Chief Magistrate of Toronto for 1881. If that gentleman's health and circumstances will at all permit him to accept this nomination, he can be elected without the slightest difficulty, if not by acclamation.

And it is high time that the civic chair was placed beyond the grasp of party—whether of the ward or of the state. It is not only absurd but dangerous; to perpetuate the scandalous blunder of electing our Chief Magistrate on political grounds, and an opportunity would be given in the candidature of Sir WILLIAM HOWLAND to accomplish this rescue, and at the same time give a reasonable promise for the future.

I say this without meaning any disrespect to our present Mayor, who has, on the whole, performed his duties creditably. Mr. BEARY is a gentleman of estimable personal character; a man of genial heart and pleasant bearing, but he distinctly represents a political party. He was elected not chiefly because he was a good citizen, but because he was a good Conservative. Sir WILLIAM HOWLAND would be elected without anybody thinking of enquiring what his politics are.

That little cartoon on 'High Jinks in Holy Trinity' has stirred up a correspondence in certain of the exchanges. One of the writers says GRIP must not think the Roman Catholic church is the only body in Canada entitled to have a solemn service in which what is grand and beautiful is introduced.

I don't know that GRIP *does* think so; he certainly never said so. But GRIP may be excused if he fails to see anything "grand or beautiful" in the grotesque gaudifications, the unnatural utterance of words, and the general rapidity of the very high ceremonies lately indulged in by Mr. DARLING and his friends. The only grand and beautiful things about it were KNOX LITTLE'S sermons, which would have been far more grand and beautiful had they been delivered in a Quaker meeting house.

I read that article in the *Belleville Intelligencer* about the HANLAN-TRICKETT race with feelings of commiseration for its writer. Poor fellow! He goes the length of saying that HANLAN showed bad taste in "monkeying" with a modest opponent, who had staked his all on the result, and was doing his level best to win. This editor is a dangerous radical. He seems to hold the opinion that it is possible for "Our Boy" to do anything wrong.

Talking of HANLAN, I admire his skill and enjoy his success as much as any Canadian, but I join hands—or pens—with the *Intelligencer* on this point. It was a bit of bad taste, but I question if Lord CHESTERFIELD himself would have acted more becomingly under the same circumstances.

There's another thing *apropos* of HANLAN. They talk of giving him a portion of the Island, the freedom of the city and, "something handsome" in the way of a purse—in addition to a magnificent public reception on his return. This is the way of the world, and a queer and crooked way it is, too.

Just at the present season when hundreds of honest and deserving people are suffering with cold and hunger, there seems to me to be a ghastly irony about this proposition. HANLAN has enough and to spare; with fair management of his funds, he is to-day independent. Now if our enthusiastic public must find an outlet for its pride and pleasure in a gift of money—let the money be given by all means, but to those who really need it.

This whole thing is wrong. Had HANLAN failed I vow you wouldn't have heard a word about a testimonial, and yet in that case he would have been a proper subject for such a compliment. We ought to pile our honors on those who honestly strive but fail, as well as on those who succeed. There is our respected fellow-citizen, Mr. CARROL, for example, who for more than twenty years has spent his best energies in promoting a public scheme which is to-day as far from realization as ever. And yet nobody ever talks of presenting Mr. CARROL with a bag of gold in recognition of his labours, which have been infinitely more severe as well as more noble than our great oarsman's.

ARCHIBALD FORBES is coming to town, and I am glad to see that steps are to be taken by the city press-men to invite him to a luncheon. The Montreal brethren did the decent thing by ARCHIBALD, and it will be decidedly too bad if Toronto—the intellectual centre, (bear in mind)—makes a failure of it. But I do not anticipate any such thing. I look forward to a really creditable display of journalistic *jeux d'esprit*, on the occasion.

In this connection I haven't yet heard what Mr. GORDON BROWN intends to do about it. To sustain his alleged position as the leading journalist of the city, it seems to me he ought to be the first man to move in an affair of this kind. I am, however, inclined to the opinion that Mr. BROWN is sadly lacking in the qualities that make a representative newspaper man.

I believe that Mr. SWAN has decided not to run for aldermanic honors after all. He will remain upon the School Board. Mr. J. N. LAMB, an equally popular and esteemed man goes on the ticket instead. Mr. SYMONS and Mr. MILLS will fight it out squarely for the vacant School Trusteeship, and as GRIP said last week, the residents of the ward will consult their own interest by electing the former gentleman.

The mention of the School Board calls up unpleasant feelings in my breast. It suggests the city schools and all the anomalies connected with them. I think of the immature minds that day by day are bound down with a worse than Central Prison discipline, and at the same time cruelly crammed with scholastic jargon of which they have not the slightest intelligent comprehension. This is a fair and temperate statement of the position of the school children of Toronto.

To be effective, education ought to be imparted on the lines of human nature. Now, the strongest characteristic of youthful human nature is playfulness, and just in the degree in which the process of education partakes of the nature of amusement it is effective. If the teachers in our public schools made their pupils *understand* what they were learning, the children would take infinitely more interest in their tasks, and make more solid progress. But of course they wouldn't go ahead so rapidly, and that would not suit our modern hot-house educators.

Our boasted school system needs a thorough overhauling. The punitive character of it needs to be toned down. The Kindergarten idea, so successful with the youngest children, ought to be adopted all the way up to the highest grade of our public schools. The present system and its managers stand woefully in need of an infusion of common sense.

"The Political Situation."

The population of Canada is probably about four and a half millions. Of these, nine hundred thousand are men. Of these nine hundred thousand men, precisely three hundred and seventy-two thousand and seven hundred and forty-one stand in an attitude of eager wakefulness. They look towards the ninth of December to see Sir John A. gracefully and graciously untie the string of the bag and emit the Pacific Railway cat. They wait to see if the lovely *animale* has been tamed into usefulness to the Dominion generally; or whether it still partakes of the nature of a wild-cat. If the latter, will it claw and scratch the syndicate, or will it turn itself furiously upon the public weal? To make unseemly jests about the feline creature would be unfeeling, and yet these three hundred and seventy-two thousand seven hundred and forty-one men do want to know, out of mere idle curiosity, whether Sir John's careful and secret training is towards a useful train of effects or towards a catastrophe in which this Dominion will come out at the tail end of the horn. Are we to have a Pacific Railway, or a way to the Pacific through much railing, both on and off the floor of the Parliament buildings? Two hundred and sixty-seven editors are to be found among these three hundred and seventy-two thousand seven hundred and forty-one expectants. Their pens are sharpened for the fray, and if that cat turns out ferocious towards the public interest, then had it even seven lives, two hundred and sixty-seven pens are sufficient to aid them all. The opening of that bag may—who knows?—have the effect of bestowing upon Sir John A. "the sack." But we anticipate while one muse intended only to warn, the cat mews, impatient to be let out. Out it must come on the 9th of December, to make or mar the syndicate, which must sooner or later face the talents of the two hundred and sixty-seven. GRIP has talons too—two too many for any cat fresh out of a bag.

A Little Learning.

R. W. NORMAN, M.A., D.C.L., should refrain from criticising other people's English until he learns to write a more graceful sentence than the following:—

"May we, till that time comes, in the interim bid him farewell."

This occurs in a billingsgate epistle contributed to a recent *Montreal Spectator*, in reply to one "Nihil Verius," who is denounced as a person of very limited knowledge of English. We are inclined to think this "D.C.L." is well taught as well as logical: in fact, as may be seen from the above extract, he is taughological.

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Politics in North Oxford.

Mr. PATULLO (*on his canvas*). — MICHAEL, I'm delighted to see you! Fine morning, isn't it? How's your wife and the little ones? Why, you're looking first rate. I hope your married daughter is getting along nicely, and—by the way, I suppose I may count on my old friend MICHAEL for a vote in the approaching election?

MICHAEL.—Bogorra, sir, ye can't thin. I have no vote this time. Didn't ye know I am a candydade mesilf sur, in the Reformam intrhrests?

Mr. PATULLO, (*curtly and energetically*.) Well, I hope to be N. P.'d if I've met a man in this whole Riding who hasn't said the same thing!



The Beginning of the End.

OLD MRS. SENATUS.—O doctor, I'd glad you've come! I've ben took suddin agin with another attack of the *Globe*. I'm afraid my constitution can't hold out long agin it if it keeps on.

Dr. MAIL.—Alas, my venerable and I may add *valuable* friend, I'm inclined to take your own melancholy view of the case. I'm afraid your time has about come.

When Greek meets Greek then each rubs the other's nose. It's a friendly way they have of "Hello, how's your folks."

When lovely woman feels less jolly
To find her fair hair turned to gray,
There's no art in *Bow Bells* or *Follie*,
Can bid lost youth's departure stay.
There's no device her scalp can cover.
However deeply she may sigh,
Gray hair can never win a lover—
The best thing she can do is—dye.

The fire-place is a grate thing, but an old oyster can punched full of fine holes is a grater.—*Proof Sheet.*

A Conservative Balled.

Dedicated without permission to M. H. C.—t. Esq., Montreal.

Mid great men and statesmen
Now living or gone,
Be they ever so noble,
There's none like Sir JOHN!
A charm's in his eyes,
And each curl of his hair,
His voice is so sweet
And his promises fair,
JOHN,
JOHN.

Dear, sweet JOHN:
There's no man like JOHN,
There's no man like JOHN:

When JOHN is from home
Pleasure beckons in vain,
Oh! give me the sound
Of his sweet voice again,
With the jokes sounding gaily
That come at his call,
Give me these and his *influence*,
Dearer than all:

JOHN,
JOHN:
Dear, sweet JOHN:
There's no one like JOHN,
There's no one like JOHN:



The Niagara Ghost.

The old foggy town of Niagara has seen a ghost, and each particular hair of each particular citizen doth stand on end like quills up on the fretful porcupine. There can be no doubt of the fact of the visitation, for we have seen it in the papers that an old farmer who was leaving the place about the w tching hour when graveyards yawn, actually saw the ghost-spectre near the roadside, and like a sensible man immediately turned his horse's head and galloped back to town at a pace that *Goldsmith's Maid* never dreamed of. The apparition! according to all accounts, takes the particularly frightful form of a Woman in White, and many conjectures are rife as to whom or what she or it may mean. Mr. JOE KIRBY, whose legal opinion is certainly worthy of respect, holds that the ghost is WILKIE COLLINS' heroine, who has either escaped from the pages of a novel in the local library, or has been materialized and projected forth from the brain of some young lady of Niagara, who has recently been sitting up at night and poring over that fascinating work. Mr. McGaw, of the Queen's Royal, whose business is far from brisk at this season, gives it as his opinion that Niagara is dead, and it is only natural that her ghost should appear. Mr. GRAY, being a non-resident, does not care about prying into the local affairs of Niagara, but he may be permitted to suggest that this alleged ghost is the outraged Muse of Poetry, who has come to take a terrible revenge on Mr. PLUMB.



Gladstone's Irish Policy.

SCHOOLMASTER GLADSTONE.—Now, just as soon as there is decent order in this school I will proceed to hear you recite your grievances, but not before!

The New York *Graphic* gives the following as amongst the thoughts which devout New York worshippers have when in the sanctuary, ostensibly devoted to the worship of the Almighty:

- "This sermon is a bore."
- "How much longer will he preach?"
- "I'm hungry for dinner."
- "That man isn't at all bad-looking."
- "I wonder if Emma is engaged."
- "Well, if old Mrs. Foo-Foo isn't wearing a turban, too."
- "I wonder how much that bonnet cost."
- "It sounds as if he was going to close up the sermon."
- "I've a great mind to have it trimmed with scarlet."
- "I must order a pair of new shoes to-morrow, and the material for that wrapper, and visit Mme. X's to try on that dress."
- "There's Ed. Coclunk we saw at Newport last summer."
- "How that girl does lace."
- "Amen! My! isn't it nice to get out again."



What's up Now, Politically?

Mr. Ang—a M—rr—n has got on those checked trousers again!



SEC. B.

THE MODERN MARTIUS CURTIUS.

OR, THE SELF-SACRIFICING TUPPER JUMPING INTO A BAD PLACE.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The phrase "too thin" is vulgar. You must say "too Bernhard."—*Whitehall Times*.

A Whitehall man who has a little wife who is very cross calls her his wee tart.—*Whitehall Times*.

It costs nearly as much sometimes to keep friends as it does to keep a pet elephant.—*Whitehall Times*.

Why should we presume that the angel Gabriel is an expert gambler? Because when the last card is played he will trumpet.

"Distance lends enchantment to the few"—defaulting bank cashiers.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

A counter-irritant.—The woman who is for ever shopping and never finding anything she wants.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Finding himself unable to express his sentiments, the pent-up orator forwarded them by mail.—*Erratic Enrique*.

JACOB SUREN proposed last week, and got the mitten. SUREN didn't suitor as a suitor.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

They think of changing it to Chichogoh since they have got to such figures on their pork packing.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

A Baltimore clergyman recently preached on the subject, "Why was Lazarus a beggar?" We suppose because he didn't advertise.—*Hawkeye*.

The latest thing East are short sermons for summer use, called sermonettes. A sermonette, we think, would be easily digested.—*Steuenville Herald*.

What is a reasonable length of time?—*N. Y. News*. If waiting for a woman is meant—about three quarters of an hour.—*Lockport Union*.

We are informed by a fashion exchange that clocks are to be worn. We think it about time a clock were put upon the fashion.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

It is said that CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG never appears without diamonds. Undoubtedly her popularity is due to her precious tones.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The water is very low in the springs and rivers all over the country. It is said that in Florida you can "Wade down upon the Swanee river."—*Yawcob Strauss*.

It's hope that keeps us up.
It's hope that keeps our memories green,
It's hope that makes our lives sublime,
It's soap that keeps us clean.

—*Yonkers Gazette*.

The Grand Marah Jah of Calcutta
Got tipsy and fell in the gutta;
He was found by a lucky,
Who shouted "O, crackey!"
And toted him home on a shutta.

—*American Queen*.

Mr. PRIGSBY (at dinner, to a fair Knickerbocker on a visit to Boston for the third or fourth time)—"I've heard you are so awfully ah, clever, you know." MISS SHARP—"Excuse me, Mr. PRIGSBY, you must have made a mistake, for I assure you I'm next to an idiot."—*Columbia Spectator*.

JONES said, looking into the glass the other morning, "I am a man with three heads on my shoulders—the one I see, the one I feel, and the one BROWN put on me."—*Meriden Recorder*.

A certain young doctor was so joyful lately over his success in curing his first consumptive patient that he went home and smiled exactly 319 times over his cough fee.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

A New York preacher tried Wednesday for the eighth time to kill himself, and failed. He should get somebody to point a gun at him that isn't loaded. That never fails.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

The editor looked at his hand in euchre, before the trump was turned. It was fearfully black, and he murmured in semi-unconsciousness, "Now is the time to get up clubs."—*Salem Sunbeam*.

SIMPKINS says they use white and colored napkins at his boarding house. They are white when they are first placed upon the table and pretty well colored before they are taken off.—*Agent's Herald*.

An inveterate wag, seeing a heavy door nearly off its hinges, in which condition of neglect it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one that it would probably be hung.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

The observing maidens and fastidious old maids, since the season for gathering shells from the seashore has gone down the channel of time, now spend their precious moments collecting "pretty" leaves.—*Hartford Journal*.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," remarked a naturalist, as he picked up a delicate looking insect—but when it prodded him with a sting as warm as a base burner stove he quickly dropped it and indulged in a little Pinafore.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

Some one said, remarks the *Yonkers Statesman*, that whiskey will take away corns. We were always under the impression that this article had a tendency to make a person "corned." Yes, and it not infrequently makes business for the corouer.—*Somerville Journal*.

The *Steuenville Herald* tells about the singular elasticity of the tongue of "single women." Gracious heavens! Can it be that there are double women—and that their gustation organs are duplicated?—*Salem Sunbeam*.

What's "gustation" anyhow, *Sunbeam*?

A perpetual chill comes over the family that has omitted putting up the sitting room stove except, perhaps, the head of the house, who sits behind the screen in the bar-room toasting his shins, by a nice coal fire, and adding artistic coloring to his nose.—*Tom Weaver*.

"Etiquette" writes us to inquire if in our opinion it would be proper for him support a young lady if she was taken with a faint—even if he hadn't been introduced. Proper, young man, certainly—prop her by all means.—*Cleveland Sun*.

A Philadelphia quack informs the public that he is not exclusive. "If a patient wants it gentle and mild, I'm a homœopath; and when anybody wants thunder and lightning, I'm an allopath.—*Item*.

JOHNNY had a rooster he called ROBINSON, but he killed him last week, because, he said, ROBINSON CREW-so.—*Etc.*

"What do you eat those horrid mushrooms for, MATILDA?" asked the dainty AVOSORPA. "I don't see how you can bear them. They're nothing but a nasty fungus, anyway." "That's just it," replied the fair MATILDA, balancing a bit of the libelled food on the end of her fork; "I eat them for fun, Gus."—*Boston Transcript*.

A tramp recently suggested to a beer saloon keeper the advisability of adding satisfy to his free lunch. It was a noble thought, no doubt, but if the tramp had got the boot that was aimed at his retreating figure, the probabilities are that he would never make another suggestion.

A handsome lady entered a dry-goods store and inquired for a bow. The polite clerk threw himself back and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes, but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

Be good, young woman, be good. You may never be great and distinguished, and have the high people of the land kneeling at your feet, like SARAH BERNHARDT, and there's where she'll have the advantage of you; but you can be respectable, and there's where you'll have the advantage of her.—*Rockland Courier*.

A Dunsville paper tells of a man who fainted dead away while being measured for a suit of clothes. It was not so much on account of the novelty of the thing as the fact that he happened to glance up at the back end of the store and saw the legend "No Trust." Clothing dealers should have more regard for the health of their customers. The dreary sign "Terms Cash" has prostrated many a fair and "promising" youth.—*Norristown Herald*.

A two-foot rule was given to a labourer in a Clyde boat house to measure an iron plate. The labourer not being well up to the use of the rule, after spending considerable time, returned. "Now," asked the plater, "what size is the plate?" "Well," replied the man with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the size of your rule, and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick, and this trifle of pamble, the breadth of my hand, and my arm from here to there, bar a finger."

A Sunday school superintendent who was in the habit of using the blackboard after the most approved methods, one day found the following on his blackboard. The caligraphy will have to be imagined: PLEAS Mr. Superintendent DON'T FIRE OFF STORIES evRY SUNDY AT Us boys WITH an awFul EXampul OF A BAD BOY in EACH OF THEM.

GIVE US A REST.
IV IT TO THE GIRLS.
GO SLOW.

—*McGregor News*.

The *Alta Californian* tells this story: "An awful case of the consequences of refusing a young man's honorable love is reported on the West Side. A really nice young man fell in love with a handsome girl, the only daughter of a handsome and well preserved widow of thirty-eight, and offered her marriage. She ridiculed him because he was twenty-six, and said he was old enough to be her father and so on, and with her taunts goaded him to such a pitch of frenzy that he swore he would be fearfully revenged. Accordingly he proposed to, and married the wretched girl's mother. Now that wretched girl has to wear stout leather boots, two sizes too large for her, and go to bed at 9 p. m., and eschew the theatre, chocolate caramels, ice cream, and in fact everything that makes life worth living for, the stepfather's nominal object being that when she grows up she may be as splendidly matured a woman as her mother, the compliment implied in this inducing the mother to second him enthusiastically. When a young man comes round to see that wretched girl, her stepfather bounces him down the front steps, throws his hat after him, and tells the wretched girl the young man is not a fit companion for her, and that he is as solicitous for her as he would be of his own child, and altogether, in the kindest manner possible, he makes that wretched girl even wish she was dead as many as a hundred times a day."

Our Grip Sack.

AND that's the kind of kangaroooster HANLAN is!

DOC. SHEPHERD'S ear-ear should be docked at once.

Coal is so light that it is wonderful how a dealer can make a ton so light.

WHY cannot a dwarf ever become intoxicated? Because he never can become a tall drunk.

SHAKESPEARE TO THE NOTORIOUS DOC.—"I think thou art in a parlous state, Shoppard!"
—As you like it.

THE weather predictions of Moses Oates should be taken in small doses, "cum grano salis."

SPEAKING about the Ted Lost Tribes, do the Scotch Highlanders bear any affinity to the Show-show-Knee Indians, do you think?

How painful it is to see schooners passing out of Toronto bay in this cold weather. Don't the poor chaps aboard of them long to be schoonerizing ashore, eh?

CONTRIBUTED by an Eclectic Church member,—"What's the difference between the present and the former pastor of Bond St.? The present pastor is a great WILD, the former one was just a little wild.

There is a good opening for a newspaper that will not describe a wedding by saying "a sumptuous repast was served," and that "the table fairly groaned under its load of luxuries." There is too much sumptuousness and groaning.

ST. GEORGE'S LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION had a meeting on the evening of the 22nd. Amongst the delegates our distinguished townsman, NOA BARNHART, was elected. (In co-diluvian days they spelled the name N-o-a-h, but during the Barnhart craze we defer to popular opinion and drop the h.)

A WILD STATEMENT.—MR. GRIP, SIR,—I went and card Dr. WILD a-speaking about Napoleon the other night, and 'e said that Napoleon's number was 666. Sir, this is a horror. I was on to the London special police force along with Mr. NAPOLEON, and I am in a position to state that 'is number was X 49. Yours, sir, JAMES JUMBLE.

CEREBRO, SPINAL &c.

Our little Sally did to heaven go
Baby's life so fleet is,
She was afflicted with cerebro—
Spinal meningitis.
'Twas hard to lose our Sally so
But the reflection sweet is,
She's gone where there's no cerebro.
Spinal meningitis.

MISER GRIP,—I was now a gorresboudend, ya dot's so, und I vaunt a sidduation fur gorresboudend mit your baper. I wrides in "De Lies" offery veck. Dey galls me little Yaw-kup Faithless,—Dot's me. Of you dond belecif id ask Misder Vilson. I wrides ledfers fur more ash sefen babers, all goppied from "De Lies." I will gif you a shecimen from some of dem babers last veck. "Dogder Vyld, he is a grate man, (in his mindt) mentally sheaking. He make great sermonize last Sunday about anticrist. He says dat Naboleon was number 666, und dot he was a chew. He also says dot he is segund cousin do Anticrist, who was also Apollon, und derefore id vas all right." Dot's vat I galls fine wridin—ain't ud? Now, of you vand a gorresboudend, vat vill de hair upraise on your reader's heads, I am de boy. Address, yours undcetry, YAW-KUP FAITHLESS, "The Lies" Offis.

You talk about your syndicates,
Not knowing what that indicates,
But old John A.
Has had his way,
And his character he vindicates.

"Chimes of Normany."

Affectionately dedicated to the Canon, in view of a late letter addressed to the *Canadian Spectator*.

Says REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.:

"This vile *Spectator* critic says, says he,
'If equally well qualified, 'twere well,
Canadian graduates preferred should be.
Vile wicked words! with which I don't agree,
Since for good manners, polish, high-tone, common sense,
Canadian graduates, the truth to tell,
To equal gents from Oxford can't commence."

Says REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.

"This simplest of critics says, says he,
Strange tales of lax school discipline inen tell,
Of DR. STEVENSON, P. B. S. C.
Vile scribbler, writing for his petty fee!

Thou shalt from me fit punishment receive,
Who once in English Billingsgate did dwell,
Can call bad names from morn till dewey eve,"
Says REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.

Says REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.,

"They may be learned and competent," says he,
"But then they have not the true Oxford swell,
High tone, flash, culture, seen in men like me.

The Brunmel type in them you never see,
Tuft-hunting these poor people do not go,
Nor gaze in awe where titled people dwell,
They know no lords, nor do they want to know,"
Says REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.

Yet dear *Spectator*, thee doth GRIP commend,
No "Norman conquest" hast thou got to fear,
Let native writers native rights defend,
In no back seat let Canada appear:
Our Hanlan beat their Oxford crew 'tis clear.
Go on, thou bold *Spectator* man although
Thou for so doing be assailed pell-mell,
With all the spleen an Oxford man can show,
By REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.

Notes from Our Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP,—I have a splendid idea, in fact I am always having splendid ideas, but somehow they never pan out as they should. Now look here. We have tried the experiment of a representative system and it is a complete failure. The whole thing has gone to seed. What we want is a limited despotism. The representative business is entirely overdone. We have representatives in the Senate, the Commons, the Assembly, the County Councils, the township Councils, the School Boards, in fact representatives for everything and everywhere except Heaven. There are about six representatives to every voter, and that is bearing a little too hard on the much suffering elector. As I said before, what we want is a limited despotism. Let the Province elect you, dear bird, and myself, for say five years. Abolish every other representative, and we would run the whole show. And what earthly reason is there to prevent us running it, eh! or any other man. Why, by Jove, dear bird, we could run this miserable little Province, and play leap-frog for exercise half our time. What is this representative system doing but splitting up the people into petty antagonistic factions—down even to the minute portions of a puny school section—who fight like demons over their representation. But we, with one grand sweep, would banish all this, and having but two representatives—you and me—elected by the one great constituency, we would rapidly unite the Province into one community, and develop a happy and homogeneous people. Yes, sirre. You can bet your final farthing. Having abolished all the little wretched sectional governments, any taxes we required for schools, roads, etc., (especially etc.) we should levy by a rate on the entire Province, thus making the rich assist the poor, a very proper principle. And on principle, this is just where we would open their eyes. All our legislation at present is in favor of wealth and manufacturers. The earth being the source from which we all live, we would encourage the agriculturist by every possible means, and let manufacturers take care of themselves, which they are quite big enough and ugly enough to do. Then we would encourage the people to make their dreadfully short visit to this world a joyous one; a gay old picnic; rather than a

dark, dismal, forlorn hope. Instead of bonusing some factory in every little village, we would lay out nice tea gardens, with bowling greens, and skittle alleys, and archery grounds for the girls. And, oh, jimminy, old bird, just fancy sending our dear old duckey-wuckey wives down to the sea side, whilst we make a grand triumphant tour and inspection of the archery grounds. Oh, strike me with a feather, wouldn't it be awful jolly. Such heaps of bouquets and floral wreaths! Such squeezing of dainty hands! Whoop! Ha! ha! But don't let a whimper of this get to the old ladies, or our scheme is all up. There are no end of things we would do, in fact it is just a splendid idea. Of course it would take a million or two to work it up, but that would be nothing to us. By the way, I owe my landlady \$1.25. I am only \$1.20 short, could you drop me the amount, the importunate old party is getting demonstrative.

GADFLY.

Some Cynical Reflections by a Bachelor.

She's long and thin—some people say
Her figure's tall and willowy,
But I prefer a woman built
More undulating—billowy.

Her voice is pretty fair, but people say
"How sweet! how exquisite!"
Now, honor bright, do you not think
They flatter more than requisite?

Her eyes are nothing great, but some
Will swear they are "celestial,"
They'd be, it seems to me, in rage,
Infernal or terrestrial.

Her hair is red, they call it "gold"
And rave about its silkiness,
It makes me mad, upon my word,
Such calf-like water-milkiness.

Such arms and limbs (that dreadful word
Was very nearly shocking you.)
Ha, ha! Ho, ho! I have to laugh,
But really I'm not mocking you.

She dresses well, but what of that?
Worth cannot make her beautiful.
I wonder if she pays his bills
And plays the part of dutiful.

They say her reputation, too,
Is thin, just like the rest of her,
That sometimes "little accidents"
Have rather had the best of her.

Of course her acting isn't bad,
She well assumes her languishness,
But people go (I know I did)
To see her for her naughtiness.

—JA. KASSÉ.

Unrewarded.

The editor of the *Strathroy Despatch* has accepted a challenge to argue the question of infidelity vs. Christianity through the columns of his paper. He has chosen the side of Christianity, and when the back files have been dusted off and some of their editorials brought out in the argument the infidel will no doubt wilt. No increase in the subscription price either.—*London Free Press*. This kind of thing ought to pay like fury. Christianity should be very much obliged to this heroic *Strathroy Despatch* man for championing its cause so valiantly and disinterestedly. Pity it is that so few modern journalists take up the gauntlet in defence of religion—religion, our guiding star to sweetness and light, as MATTHEW ANSON phrases it. How satisfactory it is to learn that the *Despatch* has not raised its subscription price. His reward may be delayed but cannot be diverted. Virtue is, somewhere or other, stated to be its own reward and, really, taking all things into consideration, we have no doubt of it. The worthy *Despatch* fellow probably knows the truth of the old axiom and will doubtless profit by his perfect knowledge of the strict correctness of the ancient aphorism. It is doubtful, however, whether there is any virtue about religious controversy. GRIP imagines that the *Despatch* man's ideas about virtue's reward and his own don't coincide. A new metaphysical point is involved here which GRIP, with all due deference to the *Despatch virtuoso*, does not like to enlarge on as his *talons* do not lie in that direction.

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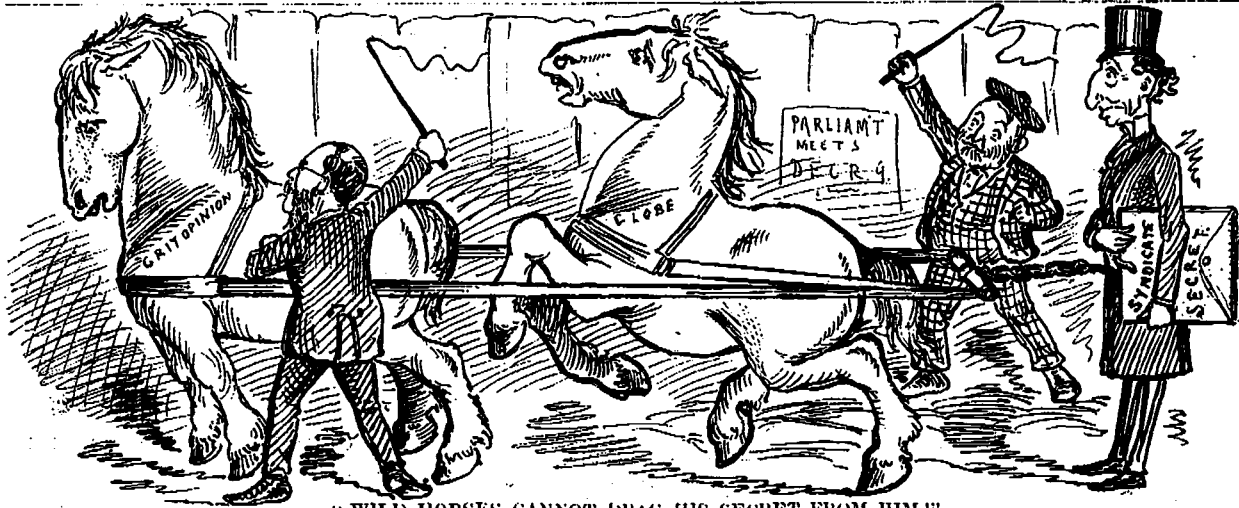
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VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 2.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 27TH NOVEMBER, 1880.



"WILD HORSES CANNOT DRAG HIS SECRET FROM HIM!"



1ST GENT: "What is he that did make it! See, my lord, would you not deem it breathe, and that those veins did writhly bear blood."

2ND GENT: "Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits."

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The University College Council.

A few evenings ago a meeting of this body was held to debate upon the subject of co-education of the sexes, which the undergraduates of Toronto are so strongly in favor of.

Dr. STICK-IN-THE-MUD, Professor of *Slimeology*, was unanimously voted to the chair, and opened the proceedings by showing the learned body assembled how to make a Tom-fool's knot with a fathom of red-tape. Uproarious applause followed this, and bravos and encores resounded through the building. In answer to the encore the learned Professor read extracts from the *Varsity* which provoked considerable discussion as few of the distinguished body comprehended the extracts.

Professor MUDSNOOT then moved a resolution which was passed without a dissenting voice. It read thus:—"This meeting strongly discontenances co-education of the sexes, and looks upon Professor STICK-IN-THE-MUD's red-tape performances as a most powerful argument against the idea. This meeting pledges itself to frown upon any efforts made by supporters of the scheme of co-education, and will do its utmost to strangle any such an insane, raucous and unconstitutional measure. The fact that every man here present has or has had a mother, possesses or has been possessed of a sister, and more than that, probably is encumbered, or has been encumbered by a wife, not to mention the accompanying infliction represented by a mother-in-law, renders it the duty of all here present to resent as a positive insult the farther encroachments of the weaker vessels, or, to speak more plainly, the female sex."

Dr. MULEY, of the Hybridization chair, said that it was absurd and unscholarlike to propose for an instant that their classical Halls should be disfigured by the presence of curl papers, billets doux, and pieces of disintegrated chewing-gum.

Professor MUDSNOOT added some other remarks in which he said that the idea was too too absurd for belief, that the fair sex should aspire to making the University College a "tattle-furnace, gossip-mill, &c., &c."

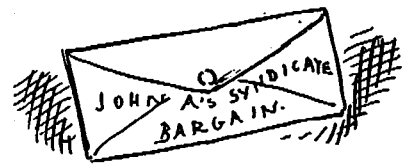
The proceedings then closed, after a cordial vote of thanks to Professor STICK-IN-THE-MUD, whose efforts in filling the chair had been so successful.

"Why, Franky," exclaimed the mother at a summer boarding-house, "I never knew you to ask for a second piece of pie at home." "I knew it wasn't no use," replied Franky, quietly, as he proceeded with his pie eating.

"GRIP'S"

FUNNY

ALMANAC!

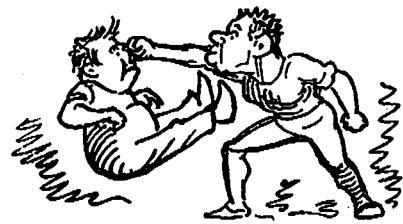


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IN

DECEMBER,

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