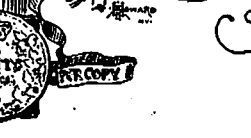


GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENG



J.W. Bengough

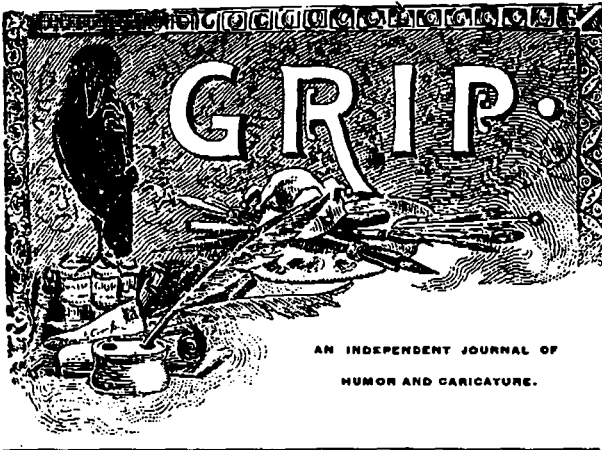
MANITOBA'S FOUNDLING.

LT.-GOV. AIKINS—I'm asked to adopt this infant, but I want to know about its parentage first.

NORQUAY—Don't ask *me*! I know nothing about it, I assure you! I'm sure it doesn't resemble *me* in the least!

The gravest beast is the Ass.
The gravest bird is the Owl.
The gravest fish is the Oyster.
The gravest man is the fool.

Wm. Miller



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Comments on the Customs.



THE CONSUMER CONSUMED.—Journals which are entitled to be regarded as Government organs are intimating the probability of an increase in the tariff rates at the forthcoming session of Parliament. These hints are, of course, received with manifestations of pleasure by certain Producers, who will be enabled to raise their prices by the amount of the increased duty. The Consumer is also called upon to rejoice, though, why he should be expected to go into raptures over an increase in the cost of living is something which only a Protectionist philosopher (like the Editor of the *World*, for example), could explain. Even that body of Consumers represented on the pay-roll of Protected manufactories, profit nothing by an increase of the tariff. The law does not stipulate (as it should, to be just), that each increase of protection to any industry shall be accompanied by a corresponding increase of wages in that line. This is left altogether to the inclination of the manufacturer, and as a rule, he much prefers to put the extra money in his own pocket. As to the Consumers in general—that is to say, the vast majority of the citizens—every cent of taxes, direct or indirect, above what is required for public revenue, is a robbery of them. But it is not the fashion with our rulers to take the Consumer into account. The Producer—or rather a few pet producers—are fattened beyond the similitude of a hog; and it is “the chief end of the man,” according to Protectionist statesmen, to contribute to the trough. It is time the Consumer was heard from. A few more increases of the tariff and he will be Consumed.

PROPOSED COSTUME.—If it turns out to be true, as indicated in the papers, that the Dominion Government intend asking for a vote of a large appropriation for purposes of “fortification,” then Mr. Coté’s suggestion of a uniform and mount for the Minister of

Militia, is highly appropriate. For a Government capable of the folly implied in such a scheme, motley’s the only wear. We ardently hope that in the words of the distinguished Mr. Pope, “there ain’t nothin’ to” this fortification nonsense.

THE MANITOBA FOUNDLING.—Manitoba has a new Government,—or at least a Government which claims to be new. There is some difficulty just on this point. It is suspected that the Harrison Cabinet now crying and mewling in infancy, is nothing but the Norquay combination in another shape. It is “Norquay” with Norquay left out, for the time being. The Winnipeg correspondent of the *Mail* (Jan’y 5th), states the situation as follows: “The same game which was concocted in Quebec, between Dr. Ross and Mr. Taillon, with the assistance of Sir John, has now been planned by Mr. Norquay and Dr. Harrison, doubtless with the same delict assistance. Mr. Norquay and Mr. La Rivière left the Ministry, a new Government was bunched together out of the old material, and strenuous efforts will be made to convince Lieutenant-Governor Aikins that the Harrison Government is an entirely new combination and not a mere revamp of the Norquay Cabinet, which has gone out disgraced. The object of this is of course to save Messrs. Harrison, Hamilton and Wilson, from responsibility for the sins of the Administration in which they were responsible Ministers till the last. The Government organ here has already shown Dr. Harrison’s hand with charming clumsiness. What will Lieutenant-Governor Aikins do should Dr. Harrison be defeated and, like Mr. Taillon, demand a dissolution? The general opinion is that he will do just as Lieutenant-Governor Masson did a year ago in Quebec, namely, ask him to name his successor, and, should he refuse to do that, dismiss him.”

A LARGE quantity of good serviceable indignation has been wasted upon “Presbyter,” the reverend microbe who, in a recent number of the *Mail*, denounced Methodism as “a synonym for all that is tricky in religion and morals,” and held up Methodists as, without exception, frauds and hypocrites. The *Mail* is being deluged with replies to this idiotic malevolence, and on many a platform preachers of all denominations have given vent to their angry feelings. The queer thing is that every writer and speaker begins by saying that a “man” capable of sending forth such wholesale slanders anonymously, and in the interests of “religion,” is unworthy of notice. Then they go on to notice him *in extenso*. They should treat him with silent contempt—as we do.

THE correspondence page of the *Mail*, by the way, has become the recognized stamping ground for cranks big and little—and Saturday appears to be their field day. Now that the journal is fairly out of the list of political organs, it appears to have resolved itself into a sort of Home for Incurables, or a Hospital for the treatment of Unfortunates afflicted with that troublesome complaint—*cacoethes scribendi*. But, after all, what is a Mail for, if not for letters?

THE New Year’s greetings extended to the Emperor of Russia by his loving subjects appear to have been somewhat Czarcastic, as the customary plot to assassinate him was found to be lurking in the back ground. There is no reason to doubt that the Russian people *do* wish their devoted sovereign a Happy New Year; surely nothing could testify this more strongly than their evident anxiety to send him to heaven!

SOME people in this country are quite convinced that there is a strain of homicidal insanity in the Russian blood; nothing else, they think, could account for these constantly recurring plots against the Czar. These good folks get all their information about Russia in the cable despatches, and they know just as much about the way that country is governed as the citizen of Iowa knows

about Canada, to wit, viz: nothing at all. Let them read the articles by Mr. Geo. Kennan, now appearing in the *Century Magazine*,—the result of a special visit of investigation extending over four years—and they will begin to wonder why the Nihilists have all these years been so dina-mighty considerate.

* * *

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Courrier du Canada* of Quebec, is right — “the Church is the only power on earth which can solve the labor question.” Away with George and McGlynn and Powderley, and the Knights of Labor, and let the Church step forth and do the solving. And don't let us have any petty squabble, dear *Courrier*, as to *which* Church. We mean, of course, THE Church—just as you say—THE Church; otherwise known as Presbyterian.

* * *

MR. STEPHENSON writes to the press to say that Alexander McLachlan is not really a poet at all, but only a versifier. At least, Mr. Stephenson has never seen any production of McLachlan's worthy to be called a poem. It is too bad that the well-meant efforts of Principal Grant and others in connection with the proposed testimonial should have to be abandoned, but there is no help for it since this gentleman by the name of Stephenson has frowned upon it. But before the testimonial idea is entirely given up wouldn't it be worth while to make an effort to have Mr. Stephenson reconsider his verdict? Let us pause at all events until Mr. Stephenson has read the sample poems which Mr. Boyle has promised to lay before him.

* * *

AT the same time there is truth in Mr. Stephenson's contention that the literary standard must not be lowered to accommodate sentiments we may be pleased to consider patriotic. We mustn't call bosh good literature because it happens to be Canadian; all very true. But the tendency is in the opposite direction, as is perhaps natural. A writer, like a prophet, is not often sure of due honor in his own country, especially if that country be in the swaddling clothes of the colonial status. McLachlan's poems, as a whole, are worthy of a place in any literature; many of them are equal to the best of Tannahill's, and some of the mare equal to the best of Burns'.

* * *

SPEAKING of Canadian Literature, have you read the “Epistles o' Airlie,” a collection of twenty-five of the letters of GRIP's Scottish philosopher? Here is a little work which if it had been published in Edinburgh or London would have been praised by the *Athenaeum* as a specimen of genuine humor; a transcript of actual life as good in its way as the much belauded “Bucholz Family” of Julius Stinde which has lately shaken Berlin with laughter. And yet, our Canadian critics are content with reading the title page, and transcribing the same by way of a “review.”

A BULLET IN.

THE Toronto *World* is of late an excessively Canadian paper. It preaches Canada first, last and all the time—Canada, as it understands the word, being contained in the interests of the manufacturers of Toronto and neighboring villages, not including Montreal.—*Edmonton Bulletin*.

A LONG FELT WANT.

“You 'avent got such a thing has a dictionary of the Canadian language, 'ave you?” enquired an Englishman of the proprietor of one of our leading bookstores.

“Canadian language? What do you mean? We speak the English language in this country?”

“No, 'ang me if you do! I can't hunderstand what the people mean 'ere 'arf of the time. The other day a chap that works in same shop as I do says 'e to me, ‘Did you 'ear that speech of Mrs. Youmans last night? Didn't she go for the whiskey men?’ ‘You surprise me,’ says I. ‘Last time I 'eard her she went against 'em.’ Well 'e just larfed fit to split because I didn't understand as 'ow goin' for anybody meant goin' agen 'em. Think of that now. Call that English?”

“Well, some of our expressions are a little confusing to a stranger.”

“Confusing? I should smile, as you say in this blarsted country. For instance this same fellow, he ain't 'arf a bad sort you know, and when I met 'im down town t'other hevenin',” says 'e, ‘I've a dollar as I won onto a bet. Let's blow it in.’ ‘Ows that?’ says I. ‘Well, says 'e, ‘let's go and 'ave some fried hoysters an' a bottle of beer.’ ‘I'm with yer’, says I, ‘but in our country we call that a blow *hout*.’ Hextroordinary people these Canadians, you know. When they go *against* a person they call it going *for* 'im and talk about a blow *hin* wen they means a blow *hout*. Hall I can say his, that hif there haint no Canadian dictionary there'd ought to be.”

PETER'S POLICY.

WE see some of our Catholic friends have been getting a keel-hauling for refusing to adopt Peter's politics while professing Peter's faith. With these Catholic brethren GRIP sympathizes. If we were all to adopt Peter's policy of denial—well—it wouldn't be just the thing, would it, now?

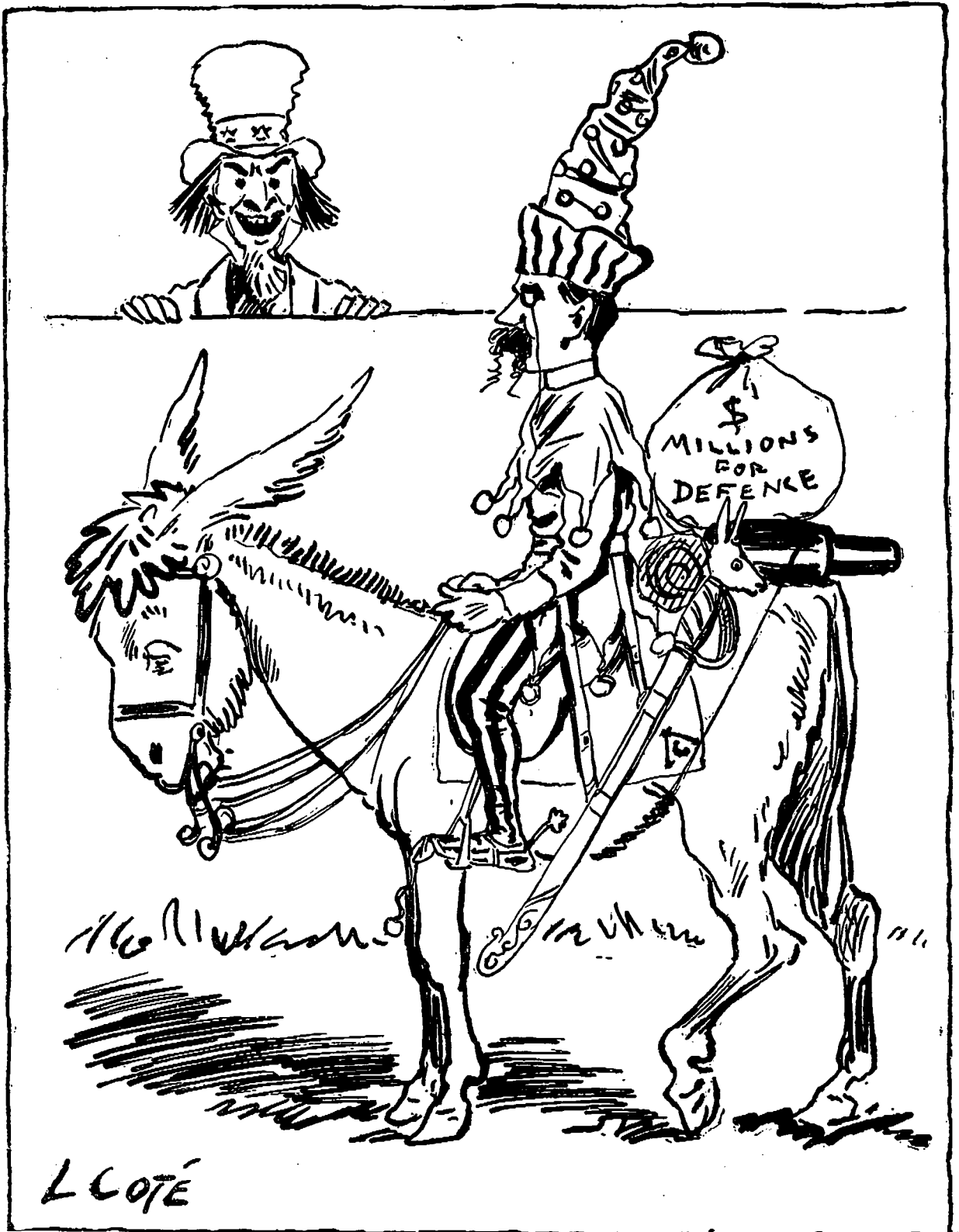


A SPEAKING COUNTENANCE!

MRS. DOLAN—“Say, Mister! Phat street is this?”

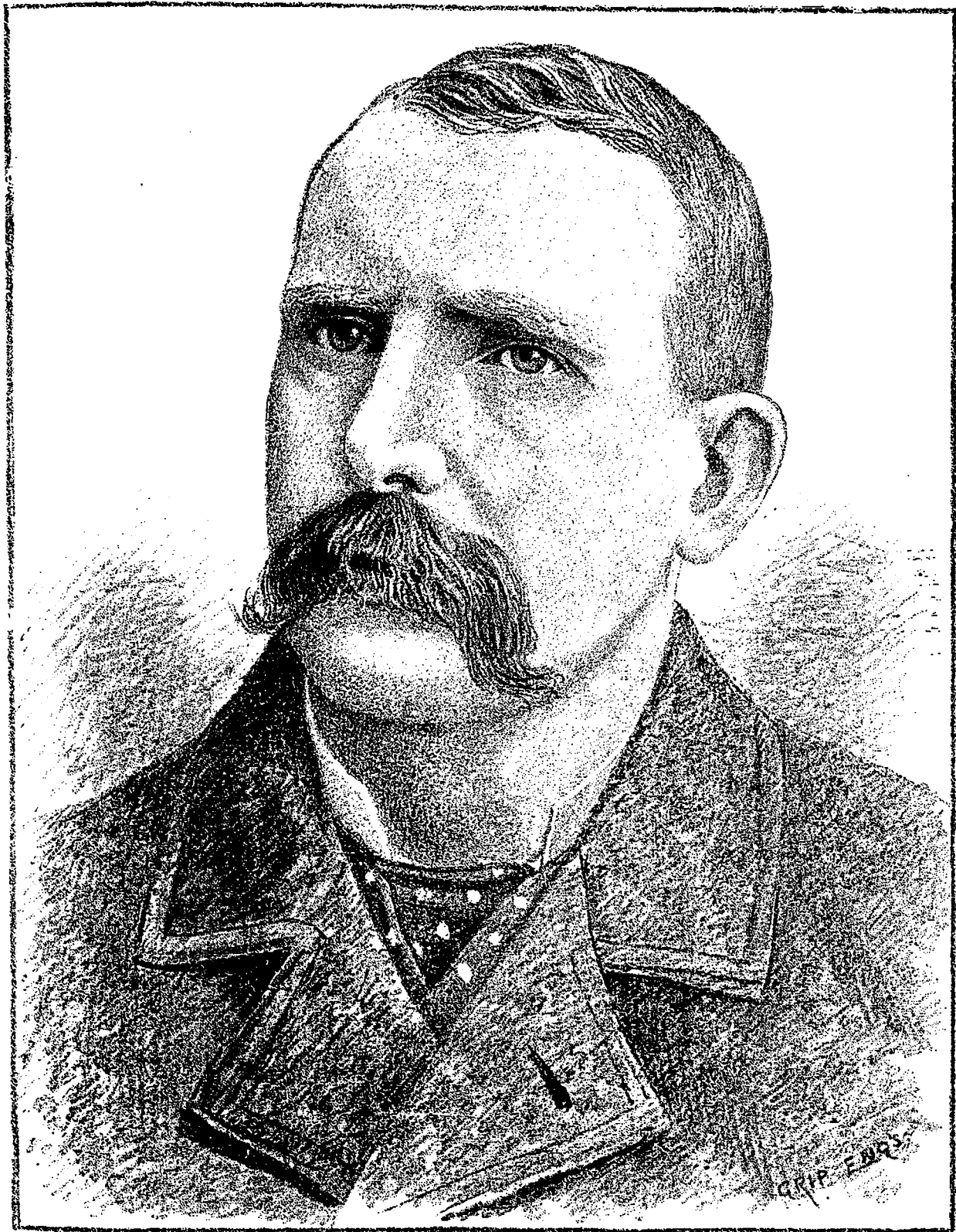
DUDE (with haughty stare)—“I don't know!”

MRS. DOLAN—“Faix, yez don't look as if yez did.”



PROPOSED COSTUME

FOR THE CANADIAN MINISTER OF MILITIA, WHO INTENDS SPENDING A FEW MILLIONS ON FORTIFICATIONS.



EDWARD F. CLARKE.

GRIP'S GALLERY OF MEN OF TO-DAY.

No. 5.—EDWARD F. CLARKE.

THE subject of this sketch was born in the County of Cavan, Ireland, on the 24th April, 1850. His father was a general merchant and flax buyer, favorably known in that capacity throughout the whole north of Ireland. Mr. Clarke came to Canada early in the sixties and after a short sojourn in Michigan moved to Toronto, where he has ever since lived. He served his time as a printer in the *Globe* office and, afterwards, in the practice of his calling, was foreman of *The Express*, *The Sun* and *The Liberal* newspapers, and was compositor and proof-reader on *The Mail*, etc. He took a prominent part in the printers' strike and consequent labor troubles of 1872, being one of those arrested for alleged intimidation. In 1877 a company was formed for the purchase of *The Sentinel*, the organ of the Loyal Orange Association, of which Mr. Clarke was a member. He was chosen manager and editor of the paper, but after a short time he purchased the shares of the stockholders, and became sole proprietor. He has since conducted *The Sentinel* successfully in connection with a large job printing business. At the last Provincial elections Mr. Clarke was returned at the head of the poll as one of the City of Toronto's quota of three representatives to the Provincial Assembly. He was also elected Mayor of the City of Toronto on the 2nd inst., by a plurality of nearly nine hundred votes in a field of three candidates. The Mayor is a Liberal-Conservative in politics, and during the last session of the Provincial Legislature made a favorable impression as a speaker and debater. He is a fluent, ready speaker of good address, and well informed upon all public subjects. Being a man of energy and integrity, there is no room to doubt but that as chief magistrate he will administer the affairs of the city in a thorough business-like and economical manner; and create quite as favorable an impression in the mayor's chair as he has already created in the Provincial Parliament. Mr. Clarke is a consistent member of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and although not a total abstainer, is an advocate of temperance reform.

ADOLPHUS DE HUDANNE-SMYTHE; OR, WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A TRAGIC EXCRUCIATION.—BY A. JINGLES.

ADOLPHUS DE HUDANNE-SMYTHE loved Angelica Floralia Huckins, and if there was one thing more than another that *she* longed for, it was to get her surname changed. He adored her; also, she adored him; it was mutual. Likewise he had expended more than ninety-eight cents the previous season buying ice-cream for her.

She was a shop-girl, and idolized his name; he was a dry-goods clerk, without other property than the name she would have gloried in.

Hence, Ozro Bagg, the ugly-faced plebeian money-lender, felt sure his golden ingots would win the fair Angelica away from the Hudanne-Smythe. But she—O she!—*hated* him for that he was a bag! She likewise snubbed him. He would not be put off—she would not hear him—so he wrote her an avowal on a dunning-letter blank.

Fatal coincidence! Adolphus also declared himself in writing the self-same day, and his perfumed and Hudanne-Smythe-crested offer of hand and heart arrived at the same moment through the hands of the same postman.

With trip-hammer thumps the heart of the fair Angelica beat time to the music of the crested words.

Woman has curiosity, however; and when she had somewhat recovered from the agitation occasioned by the realization of her fondest, wildest dream, the miserable

brown envelope of the man of gold's ingots was torn open and his words perused.

Would she marry *him*? The money grub—the—the—*bag*!

After the Hudanne-Smythe effusion, the other was too much for her. She started off in a faint, but a customer, coming in, interrupted it. Deprived of that luxury, she took it out in a sarcastic refusal, which she penned after the customer had gone. That very noon she wrote a glowing—loving acceptance to her Adolphus.

She mailed the letters in the wrong envelopes!

The Bagg of golden ingots was happy, it is needless to say. What of the Hudanne-Smythe!!!

When he returned from the store at nine that night, his heart well-nigh bursting with anticipation—the recollection of her many favors gliding smoothly through his memory to reassure him—he found the withering warping refusal that the envious Fates had caused his Angelica to send him.

He read it, tore open the throat of his shirt, and paced with rapid strides up and down his narrow room, his wild hair floating in the lamp-light, and the haggars dilating and spreading over his features. Then he seized a sheet of paper, rapidly folded it over her cruel missive, so as to make a three-cornered note of it, on which he wrote her name; threw himself on the floor, his head supported by a bound volume of the *New York Ledger*; placed the note over his true, true heart that beat only for her—then pinned it with a dagger there, so that when they should find him cold and dank, they would know to whom he belonged by the label he had dagged on to himself!

When Ozro, and not Adolphus, rang the door bell and rushed into her arms that night, Angelica saw it all.

What would be the effect of the mistake on her true love?

She rushed to his boarding-house with wild anticipation and a white face—only to find him in the act of laying himself out.

“All things arrive too late.”—*Ouida*.

Three days after, Angelica Floralia Bagg wept bitter tears over the cremated remains of him who had offered her the right to bear the proud title of Mrs. Adolphus de Hudanne-Smythe.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

“EAST LYNNE,” as played by Miss Ada Gray over three thousand times, is now being presented at the Toronto Opera House. The San Francisco *Morning Call* says:—“Miss Ada Gray made her second appearance at the Metropolitan last evening, and the audience was one of the most brilliant and fashionable ever assembled within the walls of the theatre. Miss Gray captivated her audience by her magnificent acting, and in the finer portions of the drama, in which she had full scope for the display of her talents, was warmly applauded. Altogether the *debut* of Miss Gray was a success such as San Francisco has never known before.”

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH, of Newmarket, has prepared a collection of his poems, which have been sent forth in very neat shape from the press of Messrs. Dudley & Burns. Mr. Smith has been a prolific writer for the Canadian and American press, and his many friends will be glad to have his productions—for the most part of high literary merit, and in every case of elevating influence—gathered in this handy form. Copies may be had at \$1.00 by addressing the author, as above.

THE LAY OF THE (WOULD-BE) REVISING BARRISTER.

THE poor forsaken barristers are left out in the cold!
Sir John was forced to tell the House the county judges bold,
Should be the men to run their noses through the voter's lists
And smell out Grit *intrickacy* wherever it exists.

The judges, too, are poorly paid, their whiskey bills are long,
And, would you think, on *poker-sly*, some go it pretty strong;
When darkness o'er Ontario her friendly mantle flings,
They seek the secret room, and there do most mysterious things.

And so their little earnings of \$3,000 go,
If not to paint the town, at least their noses sometimes show
A reddish tint, and trembling limbs declare the effort made
To do their best to give the city that peculiar shade!

But now they need not stint themselves so very close, you know,
As erstwhile, when to watering places they could rarely go
To spend vacation; for the future this will all be changed—
Sir John, for them most lovingly the matter has arranged.

And when the little "plumb" gets ripe and falls into his lap,
"His Honor" can bet high, you bet! and never care a rap!
And drink the best of ale, and sip the brightest of champagne,
And order salmon from the Gulf to feed his active brain!

But, what about the barrister that for so many years
Has faithful to his chieftain been, and midst the jibs and jeers,
And taunts, and insults, and abuse of Gritdom's growling throng,
Has fought his chieftain's battles, and sustained him all along!

Must he go unrequited, while the undeserving take
From out the pantry of Sir John, the biggest kind of cake?
And shall his chief ignore his rights, and with the Grits, oh fudge!
Proclaim him less trustworthy than a common county judge?

Oh, wise Sir John! Oh, dear Sir John! think well what you have done;

'Tis death to us, to you and Grits it may be jolly fun;
By your own act have you not now endorsed what they have said,
That Tory barristers by you too surely would be led.

To make the list effective for your own side of the House;
One would have thought if you had had the spirit of a mouse,
You would have spurned indignantly the imputation cast,
And stood by your true friends, as they stood by you to the last!

But now, alas! the dream is flown, your selfishness supreme
Dictates that for your safety your friends must kick the beam;
You join with foes to cast a slur on those who were your slaves,—
Beware, Sir John! we are not yet at rest within our graves!

JNO. QUILL.

MRS. SNOGGLETHORP'S SALON.

II.

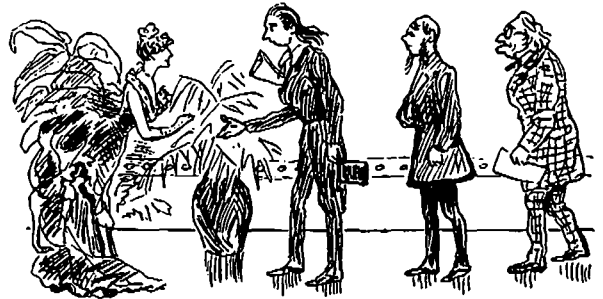
HE staid little community of Barkerville was thrown into a ferment by the announcement that a Parisian *salon* was to be held in their midst by a lady of hitherto irreproachable reputation. Fully nine-tenths of the public fell into the same unfortunate misapprehension as did the worthy Mr. S. when the proposal was first broached to him. The religious and



temperance world was horror-struck. A saloon—and in a Scott Act county, too! Of course no reputable person could countenance the proceeding for an instant. The impression was heightened by the indisputable fact that Mr. Snogglethorpe, after some remonstrances, had acceded to the wish of his better half and ordered a couple of dozen bottles of champagne. This was strictly necessary, Mrs. S. averred, in order to impart a Parisian *vraisemblance* to the proceedings. The matter was made the

text for a thorough denunciatory sermon by Rev. Dr. Whanger, who forcibly depicted the horrors of the French Revolution and prophesied that the introduction of Parisian manners would certainly pave the way for the orgies of the Commune and the establishment of the guillotine.

The result of all this agitation was that when the eventful evening arrived, the Fakersons, the McSorleys, the Jimplekins, and, in fact, nearly all those constituting the local aristocracy were conspicuously absent. Only some three or four ladies, whose curiosity was stronger than their dread of public opinion, ventured to countenance the innovation by their presence. The masculine portion of the community, however, who were considered sufficiently *elite* to be honored by invitations were most of them on hand, including all the notabilities upon whom the hostess especially relied for the intellectual portion of the entertainment. Among the first to arrive were the local editor, Mr. Jinks, and Reginald D'Evelyn, who had managed to procure a swallow-tail coat for the occasion, from the breast pocket of which bulged a roll of manuscript.



"I am glad to meet you, gentlemen," said the hostess graciously. "Our society here is so dull, so formal, so lacking in the *esprit*, the *abandon*, the light and airy *persiflage* of French social life."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the editor, "I have often thought so myself."

"We want to dispense with some of the conventionalities," continued the lady, "while we seek a higher mental atmosphere and bring into play those intellectual forces which should ever give tone and elevation to social intercourse."

"That's so," emphatically remarked old man Hendershot, the Rag Baby philosopher, seeing an opening for the introduction of his favorite topic. "Them's exactly my principles, Mrs. Snogglethorpe. The great curse of modern society is a gold basis which enables the usurer and the monopolist to rob the toiler. Do you know that two-thirds of the farms in this county are mortgaged? So long as men are slaving and scraping to pay tribute to the bondholder"—etc., etc.

"Will you take some wine, Mr. Hendershot?" said Mrs. Snogglethorpe when the speaker had paused to take breath. "John, please open the wine."

"Let 'er go, Gallagher!" remarked Mr. Jinks. That was his idea of the light and airy *persiflage*. Mrs. S. looked excessively disgusted, but said nothing.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER is preparing a Bill, which will be passed at the approaching session, making it a felony for any Grit to offer himself for election in any constituency where a Government candidate can be got to run. The success of his late letter to Macdonald, of Victoria, N.S., suggested this useful measure.

SUZANNE.



Y girl does not dress, I freely confess,
 In cloak of magnificent furs;
 Nor wear a seal sacque enshrouding
 her back—
 Such luxuries fine are not hers;
 But my fair Canadienne looks far
 nicer when
 She comes out in her Capuchin
 coat,
 Made out of a blanket, I say, law
 be thank it,
 As up the long incline I tote
 The flying toboggan on which she
 will float,—
 My charming Suzanne in her
 Capuchin coat.

Her face looks so blooming, as down she comes booming,
 Her hair flying out to the breeze;
 I sit there behind her, tho' I've a reminder,
 My both ears are going to freeze;

But the sight of her hood is almost as good
 As a wood fire with heavy back log on,
 For it warms me inside as I fly down the slide,
 With Suzanne in our airy toboggan!
 The flying toboggan on which I now float
 With my lovely Suzanne in her Capuchin coat.

Then after our slide, off homeward we stride,
 On my back is my Suzanne's toboggan;
 I heed not its weight, while our nice *tele-a-tele*
 Goes on while we onward keep joggin'.
 Tho' cold is my nose, to-night I'll propose,
 And see if she'll be my fair bride;
 I'll say like a man, Oh! charming Suzanne,
 Let our lives be one toboggan slide.
 Oh! the flying toboggan on which we're to float,—
 I and Suzanne in her Capuchin coat. B.

A MODERN FAIRY TALE.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR OUR CITY FATHERS.)

In a beautiful city, on the margin of a lake, there lived an ogre, who was known by the name of Tyfuss. He was known and feared by all the inhabitants of the city, and by the simple countrymen for miles around; and, though the city had grand houses and palaces, and shone beautifully in the morning sun, there was always the dread of this horrible tyrant to still the shouts of merriment that arose in its parks and streets. In summer the lake stretched out like a mirror, with a low line of island far away, from which the trees seemed to grow up out of the water, while the white wings of yachts flew hither and thither, and busy barques and steamers plied their trade.

The citizens were proud of their city, and thought their island the greenest and loveliest spot in all the earth. They grew great and rich, and enlarged their boundaries on all sides, but yet they were not happy, for a constant dread of the cruel ogre, Tyfuss, hung over them like the sword of Damocles.

This ogre dwelt in a great cave beneath the city called the Main Sewer, where he slept in filth and stench, sending out his poisonous breath into all the sewers that branched out from it. He assumed different names and disguises, when he issued from his lair, but he had always the same object, and his forays were always attended with the same fatal consequences. Sometimes he made a raid on children, and then he appeared as Diftheeria. He crawled through the sewer, and blew his fatal breath up into the streets and houses, and the little bright-eyed boys and girls stopped playing ball, and threw down their dolls, and nothing had power to please them more. They lay down and died. The ogre fed upon their young life

blood, and their poor mothers' hearts, for many a day after were very sore.

Sometimes he put on another disguise and called himself Tyfoid. Then he aimed cruel darts at young and old alike, and many houses were darkened by the shadow of death.

He blew his foul breath down through the sewer into the beautiful lake, and poisoned the water. He turned it thick and dark, so that it reeked of pestilence and death.

The poison even got into the water-pipes that supplied the citizens with water, and fair ladies and their children drank it and died.

Thus every year this monster claimed his victims. He was more cruel than the Minotaur slain by the brave Theseus, for he only demanded seven maidens a year, but Diftheeria devoured six-hundred children, and Tyfoid had its own victim besides.

He was worse than the dragon, which in old Saxon times, came out of his den, and entered the King's castle, at Durham, and every night carried away a sleeping warrior, clad in mail and armed with a glittering sword, until the noble Beowulf attacked and killed him.

And have we no modern Theseus to kill the ogre in his den, and cleanse all the sewers of his poison? Is there no Canadian Beowulf, eager to earn an everlasting name, by a contest with the old dragon, and by delivering the fair ladies and beautiful children, as well as their Knightly fathers, from a quick and awful death?

If there is, let this brave warrior come out and do his work, and GRIP will reward him, by giving him his only daughter in marriage.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CIVIL SERVICE?

An imported donkey for sale—in good condition; reason for selling, no place to keep him. Apply 135 Brock Street, city.

THE above advertisement, which appears in the *News*, seems to indicate some change for the better in the Dominion Civil Service. The complaint that there is no place to keep an imported donkey sounds singular in view of the fact that this class of importations have as a rule had little difficulty in finding "places" where they were kept in very good condition at the expense of the taxpayers. We are afraid the inference which we were at first disposed to draw from the wording of this advertisement is rather too good to be true. Has the custodian of this particular donkey tried Ottawa?

THEY DON'T MINCE MATTERS.

A CURRENT item says that the St. Louis postmaster has decided that mince-pies are not mailable matter. As the Post Office Department refuses to have anything to do with them, doubtless for fear of producing intestine commotions in the system, the disposal of such mince-pies as may hereafter be mailed becomes an interesting question. Naturally they ought to be forwarded to the Department of the Interior, unless the well-known deadly character of this comestible suggests the Dead Letter Office.

The refusal of the authorities to mince matters, in dealing with these dangerous missives is another blow at Anarchism. What judicious Anarchist would send explosive machines and parcels of dynamite by mail, when he could accomplish his end and that of his victim also by the insidious mince-pie?



THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

A "GLOBE" EXPERIENCE. IN THREE SCENES.

THE FEAST OF SATYRS.

It came to pass at the end of the year, that the high priests of the temples of Bacchus and the craftsmen who make firewater, as wine, whiskey, rum, old tom, beer, and other brews,

Seeing that the craft was in danger, took counsel together, saying: Men and brethren, was it not enough that this fellow Howland whom this new sect did twice elect to be mayor of Toronto, should beard us here in our den; shutting up our places of business wherein we are licensed to turn men into beasts, and saying to our faces—ye shall not further demoralize the people, nor make profit of the weaknesses and infirmities and diseased appetites of these our citizens, but ye shall be curtailed of your liberty to blast and destroy in order that ye may become rich and live without labor.

But now, behold! he hath also gone to New York and hath boasted how he hath sat down upon us and flattened us out, declaring that Toronto is now a moral city,

And hath stirred up the inhabitants of New York to go and do likewise.

Now, therefore, let us take counsel and let us, on the anniversary of the birth of Christ, institute a feast of satyrs, a Bacchanalian orgie, wherein by lavish gifts of firewater we shall turn all whom we can by any means persuade into beasts.

And when some are maudlin and sunk beneath the beasts which perish, and others have become raving maniacs, lo! we shall turn them loose into the streets and close our doors, so shall men see how virtuous we really are, in that we regard the morals of the city more

than the shekels—for—shall we not have closed our doors in order that the people may keep sober!

And it shall be that when the people of New York shall hear the report of all this drunkenness on the streets of Toronto, they shall say unto each other, Go to—what hath this fellow Howland been giving us?

Thus shall we strengthen the hands of our brethren in the trade in New York.

Moreover we shall defeat the second Fleming by-law, for the people will see that more are drunken this year of reduced licenses than last year when there was no reduction.

Now, when the craftsmen and liquor dealers heard these sayings, they hilariously smote upon their thighs and shouted, Great is the whiskey ring! bully boy! great is Diana of the Torontonians!

And straitway they sent out invitations to all who were known to love strong drink, and to all the mean men who drank when they could get it for nothing, and to the men whose wives went out working and whose children Howland and his friends were feeding.

And to all whom the curse of inherited desire had rendered helpless to resist temptation, and to all who hated Howland—the friends of those whom he had caused to be hustled out of office because of their often delinquencies, and to all and sundry whom they could possibly persuade to come and drink.

Now when it was early on the Christmas day, the temples of Bacchus were filled to overflowing with the morally halt, and the lame, and the blind; and the men of skewgee principles; and the boddlers of the city.

And High Priest Moyke Maw-canaille and other priests of the temple ministered unto them, and there was a great cannonade of champagne corks *in transitu*, and they did drink and were drunken early in the day of the blessed Christmas morning.

And when the fumes of the various kinds of firewater had arisen into their heads so that they were rendered insane thereby, the priests thrust them forth into the streets—and lo! they were as wild beasts feeding in a menagerie; and they fell upon one another, and their limbs did twist and bend under them, and the smoke of their curses and their blasphemy rose and polluted the pure benign air of the smiling Christmas morning.

And men of all Christian creeds, and men without a creed at all, were drunken, and the priests cried out, Is it not terrible the drunkenness of this people!

And they closed their doors.

And the interested, and the unthinking, and the uninitiated, said behold, Things are worse than before. Let us defeat this by-law lest there be more temperance and consequently more drunkenness.

And the wily and those in the employ of the whiskey ring urged them on against the by-law, even the men who gave for the support of the gospel the shekels drawn from the demoralization of the people.

And they overcame the hesitation they discerned, and they spake privily in the ears of the people, and the people hearkened and voted with the high priests who had done this thing.

Now the new sect had forgotten that the mills of the gods grind slow, and when they saw what had been done they were dismayed, and the corners of their mouths declined downwards. But presently they remembered that the moon was not yet full, when the stream tide should be due, and the highwater mark of Total Prohibition reached, and all Bacchanalian saturnalia swept away into the gulf of oblivion.



THE CONSUMER CONSUMED.

IN THE EYES OF PROTECTIONIST STATISMANSHIP, THE CHIEF FUNCTION OF THE CONSUMER IS TO FEED SWINE.

SUKSESSFUL PREECHERS; OR, HOW TO GET THE BEST KALLS.

BY THE REVEREND PETER PUFFER, WICH GOT THE APPOINTMENT TO PUFFERVILLE CHURCH LAST KONFERENS (\$2,000 AND 2 MOS VAKASHIN.)

PUFFERVILLE, *Fan. 10th, 1888.*

TU GRIP,—I forgot tu say tu mi poor, weak bretherin who are studyin' mi letters, and tryin' to learn how to get a good kall, that they must keep a little in the bak-ground in working up the kall. Pull the wires of course, but *don't show your hand*. I find thare is still sum prejudis amongst Methodists in certain quarters against a minister who wurks up a kall for himself *too openly*. I herd only last week of a minister who lost a kall to the Metropollyten church, just by showing his hand. How much better and simpler it is to follo mi advise: get Jones tu wurk up yure kall, and you wurk up one for Jones. This prejudis will ware away in time, when we get the "kall sitem" substitooted fur the itineracy. I feel konfident that, with the powerful aid of mi voice and pen, and the help of the *Christian Guardian*, we will soon sekure the overthro of the itineracy, under wich men of grate abilities are never sure of a good situation, and may be appointed tu even a kountry serket.

Tu the bretherin on — distrikt who sent in a yunanemus petition askin me tu kum up and give them a week's korse of private lessons on "How to Get the Best Kalls," I wood say: Kant accept yure terms. Must make the membership fee \$25 each, and pay traveling expenses too.

Tu the bretherin' who have asked me how I manage to get mi sallery in full, and if I faver the free pews or pew rents, I wood say: Pew Rents bi all meens —if you want full sallery and a respektabel kongregashin.

REASONS.

1. Becauz Opery Houses, Theaters, Moosik Halls, et settery, all charge for a seat. Whi shood a man who has tu pay \$5 for a Opery ticket or to hear a star akter, get a free seat at the church? Isent the Gospel wurth just as much?

2. The Pew sitem shuts out the Riff-Raff peepel and gives you a respektabel and tony aujience. Nothing will weed out the wurthless church supporters like the Pew Rents.

3. Under the Pew Sitem everything is done, as the Apossel enjoins, desently and in order. We can put the hundred dollar subskribers in one row of pews—the fifties in another, then the forties, and so on, down to the poor trash, who kan only pay \$5 a yere. Sum uv mi members objektet at first, and sed pew renting waz unskripturel and wiked. So I preched a sermun on it—a trooly powerful diskorse—from the text: "Every man in his own order." I showed there wuz different orders in Heaven—and different klasses of saints on earth, and that everyone ought to go in his own rank and stay there, and no grumblin' about it. Ministers, of korse, on akount of thare supereur edukashin and virtyoo, would stand in the front rank of saints—then the \$100 subskribers, the \$50 subskribers, and so forth, down to lowest degrees of saintship. I dwelt eloquently on the propriety of having the different distinkshuns of society rekognized and illustrated in the church—not only from the sankshun of scriptures (like mi text), but also as a reward and insentive tu wealthy men who sakrifize so much hard kash for the church.

I showed the wikedness and krooelty of askin any

really refined and tony peepel to endure the shork of seeing thare own servents or footmen sitting next to them in church. I piktured the awful mental angwish wich a wealthy and refined lady (one of the \$100 saints) with \$500 wurth of millinery on hur pursen, would suffer to see hur own washerwoman sitting in the next seat—and perhaps the smell of soapsuds about her!

I made a eloquent perorashin—and killed the free pew kraze in the Pufferville church.

I'm glad Methydisim is respektabel in Pufferville. We havent enny of the labering klasses in the church or kongregation. A few of the churches in Hamilton aud Toronto are nearly as respektabel in this regard as mi own.

Let the Methodist peepel adopt pew rents everywhere, and we shall soon be as respektabel as other churches, and the poor trash will have to go to the *Salvashin Army*.



A TIE-UP.

IRON WORKERS ON A STRIKE.

PARTY MUSIC.

The merits of a new organ are thus described by a provincial newspaper:—"The swell died away in a delicious suffocation like one singing a sweet song under the bed clothes."—*Telegram*.

Is this a covert sneer at the *Empire*, which is a new organ of decidedly subdued tones? The description of the character of its music is not inapt. Its diapason swells and rolls with much volume of sound, but before its close the tune always dies away in ineffective smothered sounds as though the machine were being choked off. Is the organ wet-blanketed by the sense of its responsibilities and the impossibility of playing any tune to which all its hearers are ready to dance?

MRS. LANGTRY is terribly exercised, they tell us, because she is—horror of horrors!—getting fat. Well, what else can she expect if she *will* play fleshy pieces like "As in a Looking-Glass."

THE cable informs us that amongst the presents to the Pope are 12,000 pairs of slippers, and more are constantly arriving. His Holiness has beaten the record, even of the Rev. Rainsford.

DON'T WORRY.

THE SHREWD BUSINESS MAN'S METHOD OF OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES.

"Is there a fatality among our prominent men," is a question that we often ask. It is a question that perplexes our leading medical men, and they are at a loss to know how to answer it.

We sometimes think that if the physicians would give part of the energy to the consideration of this question that they give to combatting other schools of practice, it might be satisfactorily answered.

The fight of "isms" reminds us often of the quarrels of old Indian tribes, that were only happy when they were annihilating each other.

If Allopathy makes a discovery that promises good to the race, Homoeopathy derides it and breaks down its influence. If Homoeopathy makes a discovery that promises to be a boon to the race, Allopathy attacks it.

It is absurd that these schools should fancy that all of good is in their methods and none in any other.

Fortunately for the people, the merit which these "isms" will not recognize, is recognized by the public, and the public recognition, taking the form of a demand upon the medical profession, eventually compels it to recognize it.

Is it possible that the question has been answered by shrewd business men? A prominent man once said to an inquirer, who asked him how he got rich, "I got rich because I did things while other people were thinking about doing them." It seems to us that the public have recognized what this fatality is, and how it can be met, while the medical profession have been wrangling about it.

By a careful examination of insurance reports we find that there has been a sharp reform with reference to examinations, and that no man can now get any amount of insurance who has the least development of kidney disorder, because they find that sixty out of every hundred in this country do, either directly or indirectly, suffer from kidney disease. Hence no reliable company will insure a man except after a rigid urinary examination.

This reminds us of a little instance which occurred a short time ago. A fellow editor was an applicant for a respectable amount of insurance. He was rejected on examination, because, unknown to himself, his kidneys were diseased, the shrewd agent, however, did not give up the case. He had an eye to business and to his commission, and said: "Don't you worry; you get half a dozen bottles of Warner's safe cure, take it according to directions and in about a month come around, and we will have another examination. I know you will find yourself all right and will get your policy."

The editor expressed surprise at the agent's

faith, but the latter replied: "This point is a valuable one. Very many insurance agents all over the country, when they find a customer rejected for this cause, give similar advice, and eventually he gets the insurance."

What are we to infer from such circumstances? Have shrewd insurance men, as well as other shrewd business men, found the secret answer to the inquiry? Is it possible that our columns have been proclaiming in the form of advertisements, what has proved a blessing in disguise to millions, and yet by many ignored as an advertisement?

In our files we find thousands of strong testimonials for Warner's safe cure, no two alike, which could not exist except upon a basis of truth; indeed, they are published under a guarantee of \$5,000 to any one who will disprove their correctness, and this offer has been standing, we are told, for more than four years.

Undoubtedly this article, which is simply dealing out justice, will be considered as an advertisement and be rejected by many as such.

We have not space nor time to discuss the proposition that a poor thing could not succeed to the extent that this great remedy has succeeded, could not become so popular without merit, even if pushed by a Vanderbilt or an Astor.

Hence we take the liberty of telling our friends that it is a duty that they owe to themselves to investigate the matter and reflect carefully, for the statements published are subject to the refutation of the entire world. None have refuted them; on the contrary, hundreds of thousands have believed them and proved them true, and in believing have found the highest measure of satisfaction, that which money cannot buy, and money cannot take away.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—A NEW TREATMENT.

SUFFERERS are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made once in two weeks by the patient at home. Send stamp for circulars describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

WANTED.

We want a copy of Alex. McLachlan's Poems, all editions published prior to 1874. Will friends having any of the different editions kindly communicate with us, as to date of publication, condition of binding, and price asked. Address: Grip Printing and Publishing Co., Toronto, Ontario.

THE merchant who disposes of his goods below cost may be known as a sub-seller.—*Duluth Paragapher.*

The man who is slow to express an opinion might just as well send it by freight.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A DAKOTA editor got mad at the postmaster for calling his paper "second-class matter."—*Chicago Journal.*

THE thing that a woman always knows best is how some other woman ought to dress.—*Somerville Journal.*

WHEN a man attempts to warm his hands over a hotel register it is high time to inquire into his mental condition. *Hotel Mail.*

A WELL-KNOWN clergyman of this city has noticed that charity always gets cold in the churches when controversy gets hot.—*Christian Union.*

"LAND LEAGUER" writes to know where the first recorded eviction took place. The first Eve-iction, we believe, was from the Garden of Eden.—*Buffalo Express.*

A BALDWINVILLE boy found \$50 which a rich farmer had lost. He went four miles to restore the money and received a hearty "thank you" for his honesty.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

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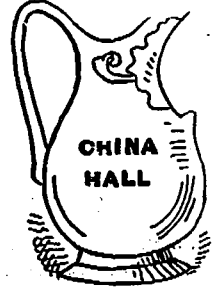
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CRITICISM.

He (having finished a recitation.)—There, my dear, how is that for poetry?
She—Splendid! Sublime!
He—And by a Canadian poet, too!
She—Canadian? Er—well, I *did* think it was rather amateurish, though!



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Some of the firm's members retiring. On Nov. 24th they determined to reduce their Four Hundred Thousand Dollar Stock at least One Hundred Thousand Dollars, the sum required in settlement. They have nearly accomplished the object, their whole stock of Dry Goods, Carpets and Millinery having been greatly reduced, and an additional discount of ten per cent. allowed. The sale continues until the end of the month.

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Mistress—What do you mean, Susan, by putting on my new hat and admiring yourself in the looking-glass?
Maid—Oh, madam, I don't mean any harm; I only thought I would like to see how your hat sets off a pretty face!

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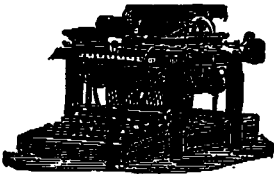
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Candid Friend (in a hoarse whisper.)—
 Hist, Bagley!
*Bagley.—*What d'ye say?
*Candid Friend.—*Take good care of the
 dear little thing.

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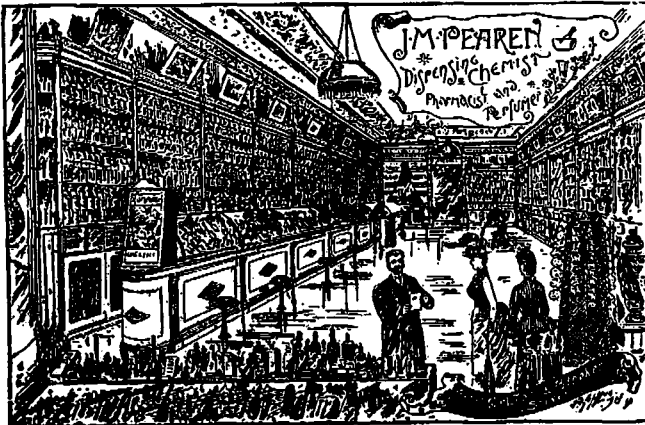
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Business Index.

GRIP endorses the following houses as worthy of the patronage of parties visiting the city or wishing to transact business by mail.

GENTLEMEN requiring nobby stylish good-fitting, well-made clothing to order will find all the newest materials for the Spring Season, and two first-class cutters at **PETLEYS**, 128 to 132 King St. East.

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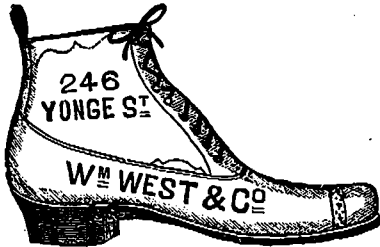
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