

(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, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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BENGOUGH BROS.



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

VOLUME XVI. No. 18.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1881.

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Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE:—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care GRIP Office.



THOMAS CARLYLE, the grand old Scottish sage, passed away to his final rest on Saturday morning of last week. Extended notices of his life and works have appeared in all our leading dailies, and will form the theme of many pens in the columns of our weekly contemporaries. The portrait given above is copied from an authentic likeness taken in the year 1866, and published in connection with his address on "The Choice of Books," delivered on his induct on as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University.

Rev. Dr. Talmage lectured at the Grand Opera House this week.

We have received the first number of the *College Journal*, the organ of the Demill Ladies' College, Oshawa. It is up to the average of such publications, and is to appear quarterly. Of the making of college papers, assuredly, there is no end!

We hope to see the Pavilion crowded on Tuesday evening, 15th inst., at the grand concert to be given by Mr. Fisher's Choral Society. The attractions of the programme, the names of the soloists, and the high reputation of the conductor should conspire to ensure a grand audience.

Mrs. A. L. Alger's translation of M. Coquelin's charming volume has just been published by Roberts Bros., Boston, under the title of "The Actor and His Art." M. Coquelin is recognized as the first comedian of France, and his book is pronounced exceedingly interesting, sensible, sound and fascinating.

The *Canadian Illustrated News* for this week contains pictorial representations of the snow blockade on Yonge Street and the R. C. Yacht Club Ball at the Grand Opera House. The execution of the artistic work of the *News* has improved markedly under the supervision of the new editor, Mr. Graham.

Rev. DeWitt Talmage proposes to settle the question of amusements by "The New Spectacular." This is the name he suggests for a Reformed Amusement Institution to be established in every town, under the direction of a board of managers, half of whom shall be church members in good standing. The plays and actors admitted on the stage of the "Spectacular" are to be unexceptionable in point of morality—though they need by no means be dull. Mr. Talmage feels confident that this would prove not only a moral boon but a good paying speculation.

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Literature and Art.

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

The Toronto Opera Co. will present the *Bells of Normandy* at the Grand Opera House on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week, and give a Saturday matinee. Mr. W. F. Tasker will, as usual, conduct the music. A first rate performance may be anticipated, as the tuneful opera has been well rehearsed.

Canada is bound to have a satirical literature of her own at all events. Within the last few years three or four political squibs of considerable merit have been published. The author of "H. M. S. Parliament" is understood to be at present engaged on a companion burlesque, his model being the "Pirates of Penzance." This is not intended for the stage, however.

Our excellent exchange, *The American*, of Philadelphia, has inaugurated a Symposium with a view of eliminating the Solid South idea from national politics. It thinks the best means to this end is to give Southerners a chance to freely express their views through a Northern medium—a privilege they have never before had. Articles from the leading statesmen of the South are to appear in the course of discussion. The current issue contains the first three, which are very ably written. *The American* deserves high praise for its patriotic enterprise.

It looks as if every large city would, in the course of time, have its own comic weekly, in which colored illustrations are made a feature. New York has two; Philadelphia has "Freaks," which has made a good beginning; and now Louisville comes forward with "Straws," which will be a success unquestionably, as it is backed by large capital, and a first-class lithographic establishment. The first issue (Jan. 22) is an excellent one, and gives every promise of a bright future.

GRIP'S ALMANAC FOR 1881.—We have received from the publishers a copy of this humorous yearly publication which has eclipsed itself in all previous efforts. GRIP is the only paper of its kind which has ever succeeded in the Dominion in establishing for itself a world-renowned popularity—a fame it justly merits—although several have been previously introduced. In fact it has become a household word. The Almanac is profusely illustrated with "komikal kuts" of every conceivable kind, and its typography is unsurpassed. It is needless for us to refer to the qualifications of Mr. J. W. Bengough as a "Cartoonist"—under whose especial supervision the production emanates—but would advise our readers to procure a copy at once, as they will be amply repaid. Published by Bengough Bros., proprietors of GRIP, Toronto. Price 25 cents.—*Petrolia Advertiser*.

We commend this paragraph to the notice of our citizens. It is from the pen of our esteemed brother Bray, of the *Montreal Spectator*:—"I am glad to see that it is under discussion at Toronto to have a free library. Of course the City Fathers, with their proverbial stupidity, have voted it down; but some among them have a care for the intelligence and moral welfare of the people, and they are determined to raise the question again and carry it. It is to be sincerely hoped that they will succeed, for a public free library is a great boon in any town. Especially in Canada do we need it. As a whole we are not a reading people; young men can rarely and with great difficulty be got to take an interest in any kind of literature, save and except the newspapers; they can only live by evening attendance at clubs or parties, or by indulging in long talks and frequent drinks in a saloon, and what is required for their mental and moral improvement is the creation of a new set of interests. If young people could be induced to read good healthy books, the tone of society would soon be changed for the better."

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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

A Shorte Chapterre.

FOR THE NEXT EDITION OF FOXE'S BOKE OF MARTYRS.



Amonge ye worthe martyrs of yor latter days is to be named ye goude and kinde hearted Doctor Wylde, and ye place of his sufferinges yo city of Torontoe. In like manere as in moste of ye melancholie hystories told in this booke, this goude Christian man endured yo pains of persecution at ye handes of ye spirituallty. He came from a farre countrie in ye days of hys youthe, being already a preacherre of ye Gospol, and pore in ye worlde's goods, and ye first crueltie came upon his head by reason of ye coldnesse and crueltie of a ministerre, who uncharitably closed ye bowels of hys compassion against him, and would give him no, not ye least assistance by monie or otherwise. Afterwards he went away from Torontoe and abode in a strange countrie, whither he fled from ye coldnesse of such Christians. Afterre many years he returned again to Torontoe, to builde up ye wuate places and to work for ye Masterre with a loving hearte. And there came to hym two of hys breathren in ye spirituallty, and with kindnesse took hym by ye right hande and brought hym to ye Ministerial Associatione, that he might become a memberre thereof. But the others would have none of hym, and cast out hys name, for no cause but that he was a man of strange thoughts and drew after hym vast crowds of ye people, so that hys churche had scauree room to contain all that would heere hym. Thus was he persecuted by ye Ministerres, though they could bring no railing accusation against hym, being a man of clean handes and loving hearte, so that they would have been glad of hys fellowship had not their minds boen jealous. But Joseph Wylde, like another Joseph, still remained stronge in hys own virtue, and went on hys waye with pity for ye weakness of his tormentors, bearing no mallice to such as opposed hym, and winning into ye paths of godlinesse, hundreds who hitherto had been despisers of religion and had gone not to worshipsse at all on ye Sabbath day.

The Salem Sunbeam says: "He whose soul does not sing need not try to sing with his throat." This, then, accounts for our lack of vocal powers.

The Emigrant.

A ROMANCE.



When young Godfrey DeBing left "home" for the west, He'd a glass in his eye and a watch in his vest, And of all the young fellows who rode in the "Row" Not one than young Godfrey was more *comme il faut*. His clothes were perfection, re-splendent his boots, The best Bond-street tailors had furnished him suits, Fair ladies were flattered when on them he'd fling A glance from the eye of young Godfrey DeBing.

Still Godfrey DeBing, tho' possess-ed of good clothes, Was not overburdened with wealth I suppose, Or why should he fly from the charms of Fall Mall To take up his quarters in far Montreal?

The fact is young Godfrey had lived pretty fast, His Gov'nor assured him "This check is the last, So away 'cross the ocean you'd better take wing, And hoe your own row, Master Godfrey DeBing."

For a time after landing he rushed things around, In Toronto soon after he sporting was found, He aspired, like his kind, to a Government "sit," But failed ignominiously—then bit by bit He "hangs up" his personals, all of his clothes Are left with his uncle to pay what he owes His pins and his jewels, his watch and his ring, Are hypothecated by Godfrey DeBing.

Soon Godfrey DeBing got in a bad fix, He left his landlady a trunk full of bricks— In lieu of his board bill, and skipped out of town, Thus doing that lady "uncommonly brown." By the railway he went to its terminus north And picked for "The Landing" for all he was worth, For young Godfrey exclaimed 'twould be better by far To work with a spade on the famed C. P. R.

He got work, and all summer he handled a spade, And "dungaree" pants wore the once dubling blade; The mosquitoes went for him, as did the black flies, In a manner that oftentimes would hang up both eyes; He got tanned in the Summer as black as a Sioux, He was froze in the winter until he was blue, And got drenched in the spring when the snow 'gan to thaw When in mad desperation he married a squaw.

And now in a wigwam that's made of birch bark, With sundry papooses in nakedness stark, He lives with his Walk-in-Cedar-Swamp Bet. (The name of the lady he happened to get). In coat and red leggins without any shirt, And a face you can't see through its layers of dirt, Coming home with spear and some fish on a string, Each night you may see the once dashing DeBing.



MORAL.

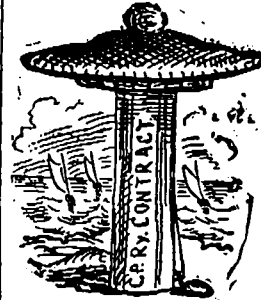
Now all you young swells who in England abide If you're hard up, stay home till the turn of the tide May give you a chance for to see your way clear. For your fortunes are awfully doubtful out here; Stay at home at all hazards, and there take your fling, Beware of the fate of poor Godfrey DeBing.

In Yreka, California, is a sign which reads "YREKA BAKERY." Whether you are going up the street or coming down the street you can begin at the end next to you and spell it out correctly.

Nearly a year has elapsed since the last wealthy young lady eloped with her father's coachman, and the many respectable young men who hopefully sought employment in the stables of the rich during the epidemic are disconsolately drifting back to their former pursuits.

Angus, McIntyre, Stephen.

(AIR.—"The Three Fishers.")



THREE Scotties went sailing out into the west, Out into the west, where they all settled down, ch followed the business that suited him best, And Fortune their labours in due time did crown.

For Irishmen grumble, and Englishmen growl, And Italians tramp round, and Frenchmen do scowl,

But the Scotchman salts down the rhin-o.

Three statesmen went sailing out into the East, To London, a big railway contract to let; They failed, but abating their pride not the least, They came back and said, "We've succeeded, you bet."

For schemers will quibble and tell a white lie, If knights have political fishes to fry, But the Scotchman salts down the rhin-o.

Three Scotties joined hands and said, "Loah! this is fine! They daurna gang back on their ain spoken word; "We'll mak them an offer to build you big Line, "And we'll gar them accept it, however absurd!"

For statesmen will talk and stretchers will stretch, And men that are drowning at cobwebs will catch, But the Scotchman salts down the rhin-o.

Three Scotties a Syndicate formed with some Yank, And dictated an offer all at their own terms, And three knights whipped there followers into the ranks, And crammed down the dose, all unmindful of squirms.

And men may work and women may weep, And statesmen may sell out their country quite cheap, But the Scotchman rakes in the rhin-o!

That Cartoon.

SELDY, Ont., Feb. 3rd, 1881.

To the Editor of GRIP:

Sir,—I have read your "Denial" in your last issue in reference to the Lynch-Snake cartoon upon which I had made some strictures in my work "Ingersoll in Canada." After reading your explanation I freely acquit you of any malice *prepens* towards Freethinkers, or any intention to do them injustice; yet the moral effect of your Cartoon is the same no matter what the intention. I may say that, though I have read GRIP for years, and scanned its cartoons with an appreciative, if not critical, eye, I have never noticed in its columns but one other case of what I considered downright injustice, and it, too, was doubtless perpetrated without any intention or consciousness of being unfair. But there is what is called in legal parlance the *unconscious bias*, and only to the extent that it is *conscious* is it culpable.

Now, as I have only noticed two instances of what, to my mind, was injustice in GRIP's cartoons during several years of attentive perusal, you may, I think, fairly infer that I am not overburdened with prejudices of any kind; for I venture to think that very few of your readers who have watched GRIP constantly for years have so little to find fault with. With best wishes, I am yours in honestly exposing error,

ALLEN PRINGLE.

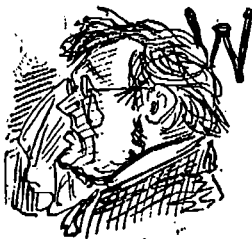
Hard luck sticketh closer than a brother. —Stillwater Lumberman. Why is hard luck like a porous plaster.

It is nothing strange to now discover noblemen in the guise of tramps, nor tramps in the guise of noblemen.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table it has no equal. Half-pint Bottle, only 10 cents, Pints, 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

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A Liberal's Lament.



AS ever there a more complete, disastrous rout, or dire defeat, than Tupper and his Tory crew has lately put the "Parry" through?

We thought to put them on the rack, to get the country at our back. Petitions to the people went: they

wouldn't sign them worth a cent.

Five hundred thousand voters might have helped the "Parry" in the fight. We only asked of them to sign—a mean ten thousand toed the line.

At meetings resolutions went contrariwise to what we meant. Except when tickets to the true were issued—then we passed a few.

And when our Leader, Edward Blake, at "ticket" meetings rose and spoke, and roused the country's blood and ire, with burning words of Patriot fire,

Behold! next night Sir Tupper came, and open meetings hailed his name, He twisted things at such a rate that people loved the Syndicate.

Sir William threw within the breach a Syndicate he'd formed to teach The country what a hollow quirk the bargain was. It wouldn't work.

And Parliament refused to hear his proposition—thought it queer, That seven candidates—all Grits—who'd been defeated, used their wits

To suffer for their country's sake, just when it suited Mr. Blake. In fact sir John, with roguish grin most stangly pronounced it "thin."

Then when the great division came, their huge majority the same Remained intact. They wouldn't rat, and disappointed us in that.

Indeed my faith begins to shake; the people do not seem to take Much stock in Opposition views, and that is why I've got the blues.

J. A. KASSE.

February.

In the days of ancient Rome, when Numa Pompilius inaugurated his N. P. of peace and political reform, the people of that once famous State celebrated a festival of twelve days' duration, which they called "Februalia," or the time of purification. During the course of this early clam-bake the interesting participants were supposed to make expiation for the short-comings of the past, and to indulge in all manner of goodly resolutions for the year to come. From this festival the present month derived its name. We, of to-day, are of course inclined to sneer at all such formal humbug; and yet we cannot but wish that our modern statesmen, who generally find themselves, about this period, on the threshold of a Parliamentary session, could hold some sort of feast of purification or "annual bath," for the purpose of brightening up their characters a little, before entering upon the important duties in which they are expected to engage. The Commons have met earlier than usual this year, and we suppose we must take them as they are for the present; but we would respectfully ask those of our legislators whose least failing is a habit of loafing around the Russell House bar, to use every effort to discover some satisfactory cleansing process, between this and the time when they are next called upon to cluster around the Speaker's chair.

One can scarcely walk round a block nowadays without encountering the "Turkish bath" man, whose particular apparatus is warranted to tone down the bather, and render him fit for

association with his fellow-man. What a pity it is that somebody cannot discover something that will thoroughly cleanse our politicians in reputation as well as in body, and fit them for their work! It is not hard to conceive that the thinning process would be extremely wasting in such an event, and that in many cases nothing would be left but a veritable "bag of bones!" But what of that, if the axe-grinding and corruption is gotten rid of, and unmixt respectability flourishes? Fancy Sir Leonard fresh from the stump, and yet warm with the exertion of impressing upon our people the visionary benefits of a protective tariff, being plumped into a bath which would take the decoction out of him and leave nothing but the innocence of very early youth! Imagine Sir John as he emerges from the "perspirer of purification," devoid of soft-sawder and guile! Picturo Sir Richard, without his customary readiness to favourably misrepresent his own administration of the finance department, and dilate on the ridiculously ruinous manner in which his successor handles the reins of office! And when you have, in your mind, passed the smaller political fry through the fiery furnace and brought them out as bright and beautiful as a new dollar, we flatter ourselves you will willingly join with us in crying, "Oh, for the annual bath!"

Some people, it is said, are inclined to derive the name of this month from an obsolete Latin word meaning the "end" or "extremity" of anything, on account of its having been the last month of the ancient year. This derivation might find some significance in these days of unlimited legislation, from the fact that the Acts of last session are generally made null and void by the legislation of the session which follows. All things have an end, they say; but few, perhaps, are quite as short lived as the ordinary Acts of a Canadian Parliament!



Punishment that is Punishment.

An agitation is going on at present on the subject of punishing incorrigible offenders in our prisons. It is claimed that the labour of breaking chunks of flint, to which they are now put, is by no means severe enough, and at the best is but poorly remunerative to the outside public. Grip is inclined to share this view, and that is why he hereby suggests to the Government, that prisoners who are unusually muscular and unruly, should be obliged to break Redpath's sugar. According to the grocermen, our monopolist manufacturer is at present furnishing a brand of yellow sugar several degrees harder than some sorts of stone, and if this could be broken up before shipment it would be a great boon to the trade and the consumers. It would also be a good thing for Redpath to have this done at the public expense, and the Government might just as well do this further little service for their pot.

Some cold-blooded assassin has sent a bicycle to Gen. Garfield, but his fiendish design was balked by the General's emphatic refusal to attempt to ride it.



A Question of Identity.

MR. WALLACE, M.P. (*reads*)—"The Grip press are attacking Mr. Wallace with bitterness and injustice. Mr. Wallace is a man of sterling principles, and has the courage of his convictions—"

The RAG BABY (*interrupting*)—"That can't refer to you; they mean some other Wallace!"

Mr. O'Grogan reads the News and comments thereon.

"LONDON, Jan. 11.—The speech of Shaw, [the Home Ruler for Cork and one of the Government Commissioners to Ireland, in the Commons last night, caused a great sensation. Shaw was expected to curse the Land League Club, but instead of that he blessed them."

D'ye moind, now! Bedad, ould Balaam isn't dead yet, more power to him. Faith I an' its little wonder he'd be afther surproisin' thim. Maybe, perhaps now, who knows the ould blister met an angel on the way.

"His description of the condition of the peasantry in the West of Ireland was startling, and surprised the Irish members."

Bad luck to the mimbers, thin! that didn't know enough about their own country to be niver surprisid at anything at all.

"Shaw speaks of some Connaught farmers as rotting on their farms."

Och! wirra! wirra! will they iver be afther makin' an end of rot? Sure, what wid the dry rot and the pratie rot and the furmer rot in rotation, Och! but its an onfortunat country is ould Oireland anyway.

Grip on Trade and Finance.

Everybody is going to make lots of money now. This is how we are going to do it—by collecting only one million less of duties this year out of 54 millions of imports than we did out of 78 millions of imports in 1875. To do a smaller trade at the same expense is always the way to fit oneself for active competition with others. And yet money is easy, and payments are good, just because money cannot find full employment here and we have but little to pay for. Were it not for the threatening thunder of the *Mail*, we would like to suggest an "N. P." to protect us against the importation of money. If money is raw material, why not boil it down to as fine a point as possible in the seething waters of "protection?" Rumour places the boiling point at 84. The *Mail* would be at its boiling point long ere that percentage of protection against money was reached. How nicely it would read and how wealthy we would feel next year were we able to state that in 1880 we imported 10 millions of money free of duty, while in 1881 we imported only 7 millions on which we gained a revenue of one million?

The Indian Territory is the Lo'lands of America.

Four snakes were killed in a Maine editor's cellar last week. A pair of his old boots lay near where they were discovered.

An old fable says that "cats never can carry on a government." On account of their deeds of darkness and mewtious conduct, of course.

"Shut your eyes, and open your mouth, and don't think of the outrageous Terms, the Exemptions, the monopoly, the Better Offer, the Public Protest or the Future Troubles, but give one good Partizan Gulp, and down shall go as easy as Goosegrease! Come, now, Granny!"

HIS OPINION
THE COUNTRY WILL NEVER
CONSENT TO ANY SCHEME
WHICH WILL GIVE THE AM-
ERICANS CONTROL OF THE
C.P.R. RAILWAY. (1873)
SEN. D.L. MACPHERSON.

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TEACHING HIS GRANNY TO SUCK A BAD EGG.



The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A vision of life—provision.—*Marathon Independent.*

Writers for the press are often pressors for the right.—*Geo. Percival.*

Motto of the lottery men: "Look out for number won!"—*Salem Sunbeam.*

Current events: plum puddings and fruit cakes.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

All the world's a stage—and very few good players.—*Central City (Neb.) Item.*

A lighthouse keeper ought to beacon tented with his position.—*Marathon Independent.*

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed,
How I wish the same loveable spirit
The whole of the school would imbue,
And the big girls would gather around me,
And do as the little ones do.

COURTESHIP ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES.

Miss Mary Ellison Flynn was studying medicine and being courted at the same time. Mr. William Budd was attending to the latter part of the business. One evening, while they were sitting together in the back parlor, Mr. Budd was thinking how he should manage to propose. Miss Flynn was explaining certain physiological facts to him.

"Do you know," she said, "that thousands of persons are actually ignorant that they smell with their olfactory peduncle?"

"Millions of 'em!" replied Mr. Budd.

"And Aunt Mary wouldn't believe me when I told her that she couldn't wink without a sphincter muscle!"

"How unreasonable!"

"Why, a person cannot even kiss without a sphincter!"

"Indeed?"

"I know it is so!"

"May I try if I can?"

"Oh, Mr. Budd, it is too bad for you to make light of such a subject!"

Mr. Budd seized her hand and kissed it. She permitted it to remain in his grasp.

"I didn't notice," he said, "whether—a—a what do you call it—a sphincter helped me then or not. Let me try again?"

Then he tried again, and while he held her hand she explained to him about the muscles of that portion of the human body.

"It is remarkable how much you know about such things," said Mr. Budd—"really wonderful! Now, for example, what is the bone in the back of the head called?"

"Why, the occipital bone, of course!"

"And what are the names of the muscles of the arm?"

"The spiralis and the infra-spiralis, among others."

"Well, now let me show you what I mean. When I put my infra-spiralis around your waist, so, it is your occipital bone that rests upon my shoulder-blade, in this way?"

"My back hair, primarily, but the occipital, of course, afterwards. But, oh, Mr. Budd, suppose you should come and see us?"

"Let him come, who cares?" said Mr. Budd, boldly. "I think I'll exercise a sphincter again and take a kiss."

"Mr. Budd, how can you!" said Miss Flynn, after he had performed the feat.

"Don't call me 'Mr. Budd,' call me 'Willie,'" he said, drawing her closer. "You accept me, don't you? I know you do, darling."

"Willie," whispered Miss Flynn, faintly.

"What, darling?"

"I can hear your heart beat."

"It beats only for you, my angel!"

"And it sounds to me out of order. The ventricular contraction is not uniform. You must put yourself under treatment for it. I will give you some medicine."

"It is your own property, darling, do what you please with it. But somehow the sphincter operation is the one that strikes me most favorably. Let me see how it works again."

But why proceed?

The old, old story was told again, and the old, old performance of the muscles of Mr. Budd's mouth was enacted again.

About eight years later Mr. Budd was wishing that Mary would catch some fatal disease among her patients, and Mary was thinking that the best possible use Willie could be put to would be as a subject for the dissection table.—*Ex.*

SPOOPENDYKE'S CALLS.

"Now my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "let me see the list of ladies you wish me to call on. I really don't care to go around much, but a man ought to do what his wife wants him to do on New Year Day. Where's the list?"

"Here it is," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, fluttering around with her hair in her mouth. "I wrote them all out with the addresses for you so you wouldn't have any trouble."

"What makes you put old Sister Lamb at the head of the list?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "She's got a wart on her chin the size of a fire bell, and she can't talk on anything but the advantages of egg over stove coal for heating the Sunday School."

"But she belongs to the church and I don't believe anyone else will call on her," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke. "She will be tickled to death to see you."

"What do you think I'm starting out for?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke fiercely. "Got an idea I'm going around like a missionary to carry the gospel to people everybody else is afraid of? Who's this? What's this second name here? Who's Mrs. Skylymbrotay?"

"That's Mrs. Wolverton, I promised her you would call. Never mind Mrs. Lamb, but you ought to call on Mrs. Wolverton."

"What for? What has she got in common with me, except that her bones are hollow? She don't know the difference between a Guinea pig and the burning of Jerusalem. Always wants to know if I don't think Sodom and Gomorrah were parables. Is that the kind of list you've made out? Want me to run around among the old monuments. Who's Miss Swash?"

"That's Mrs. Smith, the little widow. You know she's interested in sending women out west to get husbands. She'll amuse you."

"She will if she sees me. She'll make me laugh like a hyena if she gets one eye on me. Who's that yellow-headed girl that sits two pews in front of us? I'd call on her now."

"She's a little chit of a thing. You don't want to run after those young people—a man of your age."

"What's the reason I don't?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Got an idea that I only care for the tough old people, haven't you? Think I'm a sort of Plymouth Rock, don't you? Got any more old landmarks that need inspection?"

"I don't care!" remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke, indignantly; "they're nice people, and I like to cultivate them. They may be along in life, but they can't help it."

"Cultivate 'em, if you want to," growled Mr. Spoopendyke; "but if you think I'm going hoeing around among 'em on the first of January, you're left. What d'ye want to cultivate 'em for? With your friends and ideas, you only need weekly prayers and an alarm of fire to be an old woman's home. Who else have you got here? Mrs. Sliggonpratt, Mrs. Woptenslough, Miss Kimpzf—"

"You don't read them right at all," complained Mrs. Spoopendyke. "That's Mrs. Silverspoon, and Mrs. Worthington and Miss Hemmingway. They are just as nice as they can be."

"Are they the three-fold worthies who howl in the choir?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke, sternly. "They've got a grandson old enough to be my father."

"They haven't," sobbed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You know better."

"Well, most of 'em have. What d'ye want me to call on them for? Got any more old almanacs expecting me? Where's the Sphinx? You haven't got the Sphinx down here, nor the Tower of Babel. Who're those other pyramids? Who's Mrs. Upsidedown?"

"That's Mrs. Edgerton. She sent you the jelly when you were sick, and you said she was the best woman in Brooklyn. You'll have to call on her for politeness," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, severely.

"I won't either," shouted Mr. Spoopendyke. "The jelly was sour, and she made me pay a dollar towards a plaster of paris angel for a starving family out in Flatbush. Who's this other nurse of George Washington's? Here, this is a mistake, I went to old Miss Schumlock's funeral thirty years ago."

"You didn't. You never did," proclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, thoroughly aroused. "That isn't her name, either. It's Miss Schofield, and she is the best friend I've got. I only want —"

"I know what you want," hissed Mr. Spoopendyke. "You want a few more acquaintances and a map to be a guide book to ancient Troy. Think I'm going to call on that old monolith? Got anything here that belongs to modern times? Know anybody who has been dug up within six or eight centuries? Who's that black-eyed girl in the Bible class? Don't she hang out a flag to-day?"

"I wouldn't look at her," sniffed Mrs. Spoopendyke; "I wouldn't have you go there for worlds. Besides, she don't receive."

"What's this?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "What's Mrs. Wimpstyx got to do with it? What cemetery will I find her in?"

"That's Mrs. Willoughby," explained Mrs. Spoopendyke, complacently. "She's the young widow who recently joined the church."

"Don't mind calling on her," said Mr. Spoopendyke. "She wasn't born nor'n four thousand years before the Christian era. Got any more like her? Does this measly list contain anybody else who wasn't the mother of the Chinese empire? Think of any more grave stones that haven't had the epitaphs worn off?"

"No," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, coldly, "and now, remember, Mrs. Willoughby receives calls from friends in Buffalo."

"Dod gast your dod gasted list!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, dancing on the unhappy document. "What d'ye think I am, a ghoul? S'pose I'm going to prance around among all the measly old ghosts in Brooklyn? S'pose I'm going to swash around and eat cake and drink lemonade with a lot of illustrations of the silurian period? Think I'm going to spend the day with a lot of articulated old skeletons just because they all belong to the same church that I do?" And Mr. Spoopendyke popped out of the house like a bung and went next door to see if his friend Tortorthumb knew any mummies of whose history there was some tradition.

"I don't care," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she whirled around two or three times to practice kicking her train, "if he don't call on the church people they'll be hopping mad, and if he does he won't have much of a time, so he'll wish he was dead either way," and Mrs. Spoopendyke bustled into the parlor to assure a sandy-haired young man with a stiff neck that it was awful good of him to come, and to learn that he hadn't come far of his own volition, but had slid most of the way.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*



The Olive Branch.

GRIP hopes little boy Blake, remembering his Sunday-School lesson about loving one's neighbors, will crush down his natural pride and accept the olive branch offered by little boy Maodougall, without delay. A more beautiful sprig of olive was certainly never proffered than the eulogy which the member for Halton uttered on the abilities of the leader of the Opposition, in the recent debate. And if Irishmen are as deft at talking blarney as they are at giving it, Mr. Blake will belie his country if he doesn't mark his appreciation of this bit, by at once folding Wandering Willie to his breast, and assuring him pathetically that he is not an "abandoned man" after all.

A Boarder's Lament.

"A boarding-house mistress on Adelaide Street was lately presented with an address and a purse of \$30, by the boarders, as a small token of their grateful appreciation of her efforts, &c."—*City Paper.*

I don't know how it is! My experience with boarding-house keepers has been of the most extensive and varied character, but I have never yet "struck" a house where the services and efforts of the Hash-Slinger in Chief were ever recognized by the presentation of anything more valuable than a weather-beaten and boarding-house beaten trunk, with perhaps a few bricks, simply but tastefully arranged in its inside. I did board in a house, once, where it was proposed to donate a sledge-hammer and a boiler-plated butter-cooler to the fair mistress of our domicile; but as that lady suspiciously imagined, by these articles, a covert insinuation as to the tender qualities of the meat, and the strength of the butter supplied—the presents were refused in terms forcible and conclusive, if not grateful.

Prosents, indeed! Who but a born idiot would subscribe anything but his malediction to the fiend who destroys his digestive organs with the muddiest of stoved chieiro, that is, coffee—with the weakest of Japan siftings—the thinnest of skimmed milk—the saltiest of salt meat? Ah! speaking of salt meat reminds me of a most just and "poetical" retribution that overtook two of these brigands of civilized life. I noted down the incidents as soon as I heard of them, and record them in verse, under the title of

NEMESIS!

Or, The Boarder's Revenge.

Oh! A horrible story I have to relate
Of what occurred some time back, I'm not sure of the date,
To a man of this city.
This man of this city had only one wife,
But he valued that woman as much as his life,
More's the pity—
And a horrible tale I have now to tell
Of the terrible fate which a woman befel
In the prime of her life.
The man's death was caused, just here I may say,
By giving the woman too much her own way.
"This woman—his wife,
This man and this woman a boarding house kept,
And she the woman proved herself quite an adept,
And prided herself on the fault
In feeding the boarders at three meals a day
On salt meat cooked a la mode, or some other way,
But always with plenty of salt.

'Twas corned beef for breakfast, so cold and so dry,
And salt meat for dinner, that smelt awful high,
And corned beef for supper, in hash, stew, or plain,
And next day there was bound to be corned beef again.
The boss and the "bosses" sat down all alone,
To a nice dish of—hark! great Caesar! a groan!
It came from the boarders, I'll lay—
When in runs the slave, crying "As I'm a sinner,
The boarders, good gracious, they won't eat their dinner,
And there is the dickens to pay."

But lo! themselves to the room they bring,
And this is the funeral dirge they sing—

Salt, salt, salt, salt,
Every day, with divil a halt,
If we're not seasoned it is not your fault
Salt, salt, salt, salt.

Then they seize them hold of the woman and man,
And heave them into the big brine pan,
And hold them there for hours so long,
While they continue to sing their song,

Salt, salt, salt, salt,
(Pass around the Irish malt,)
If you're not seasoned it isn't our fault,
Salt, malt, salt, salt.

But hark to the fate of this man and woman,
A fate which 'tis needless to say I deplore.
Lo! when they are lifted out of the brine pan,
The man and the woman are—what?

NO MORE.



"The Rising of the Boors!"

Way Down in Tennessee.

Lines respectfully inscribed to MR. THOMAS HUGHES,
BY A COLONIST.

Tom Hughes! Tom Hughes! what is your excuse
For bringing us here 'mid the pestilent dews,
In bayou and brake,
We shiver and shake,
And have nothing to take to drive off the blues,
While with ague we shake, confound you, Tom Hughes.

Tom Hughes! Tom Hughes! if you had your dues,
I would not for anything stand in your shoes.
I fear that in Rugby,
Our graves will be dug by
Tom Hughes! Tom Hughes! Yes you, Tom Hughes,
Whom words I can't find strong enough to abuse.

Tom Hughes! Tom Hughes! just go and peruse
A book before taking your afternoon snooze,
About young Chuzalewit,
Who like us was lit
By another Tom Hughes, a former Tom Hughes,
Who sent him like us on an ill-omened cruise.

Tom Hughes, we are here in the worst of all stews,
And don't be surprised if you hear the strange news,
That from this new Eden
We'll soon be secedin',
And leave this drowned and to the late contraband,
We'll stay here no longer, Tom Hughes, understand.

We have laughed so much every time we thought of, picked up, or read Toronto Grip's Almanac for 1881, that we have been unable, until the present moment, to get ourselves sufficiently under control to write this paragraph. All the leading humorists extend a hearty paragraphic grip to Grip, which, combined with the wit and capital illustrations of the Bengough Bros., make an almanac exceptional for humor, interest, variety, and merit.—*Philadelphia Item.*



Happy Thaw't!

First Gamn.—Say, Jack, I wonder what that snoozer is putting on so much style for—is he a member of de Syndicate?

Second Gamn.—Naw! Don't you know him? Why, dat's Moses Oates, de weather prophet, an' he owns dis thaw!

Sad Hanging Scene.

Your "darling" says the pictures must
Be all hung up to-night;
You first object, but she entreats,
And then you say "all right."
You "hang" the pictures—mentally,
And register a vow
To stay out late—at any rate
You know there'll be a row.

For never yet were pictures hung
By mortal man—and wife,
But that it made unpleasantness
And ended up with strife.
You hang one this way—and your wife
Says that the "string's too long."
You make it shorter, still she says
That "there is something wrong."

You ask her how it should be hung,
She "can't exactly say."
But thinks you ought to know;—and asks,
"Is there no other way?"
You then get angry, and demand
In a sarcastic tone,
Why can't she help? And not make you
Do all the work alone.

She answers that she wishes she
Had not asked you at all,
And then explains how things would look
When people come to call.
You "bless" the people from your heart,
And wish them every joy.
And say you think that pictures were
Made only to annoy.

You hang the rest in silence,
For your wife takes up a book,
And glances through its pages
With a troubled, weary look.
At last you say "they're finished,"
And "hope that those are all."
She says that she "supposes so,"
And gazes at the wall.

They never mention "pictures"
For full a month or so.
The house looks just as pretty,
And callers come and go.
—One Benedict makes these resolves:—
"To hang all pictures straight,
"To let his emper," "Not to fight,"
And "not to stay out late."

I need not point the moral
Of this very simple tale,
Don't think of hanging pictures,
For good resolves *will* fail.
And even if you have the most
Angelic temper possible,
You can't hang pictures, be assured,
Unless you are irascible. F. B. H.

An ambitious girl in Imbique,
Fell in love with a dear foreign duke;
When she learned that his cash,
Was all earned "blazing hash,"
She kicked like a Dashi-Bazouk.

Mary had a little sled,
On which she used to scoot,
One day as down the hill she sped,
She fell and peeled her snoot.
Her Johnny now, with bitter tear,
Says: "Ah! how sad are those!
I dare not kiss my little dear
For fear I hurt her nose."

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