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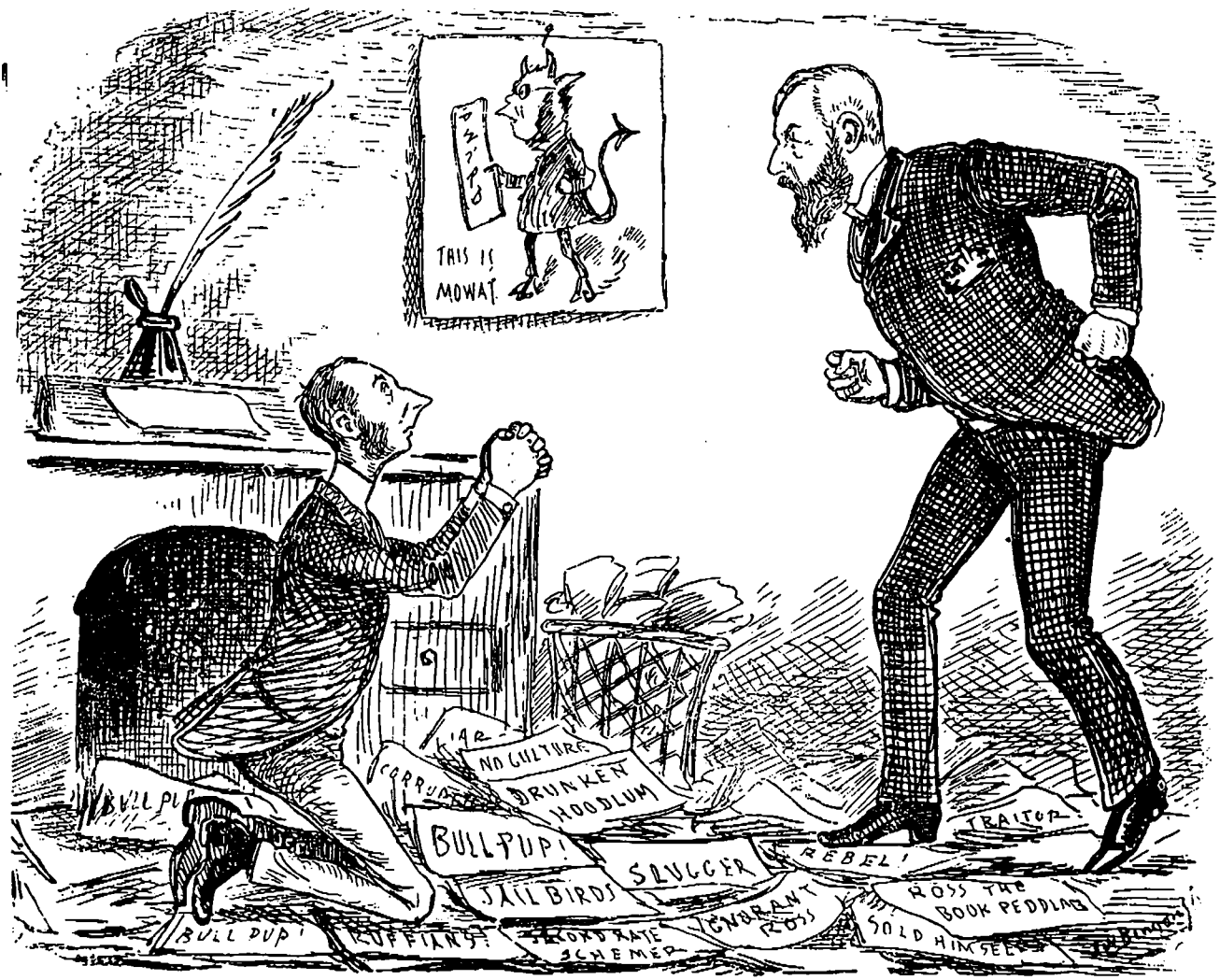
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49 KING ST. E., Toronto.


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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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S. J. MOORE, *Manager.*

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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

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Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—It is a cold day for the Ottawa Premier. Mowat has just carried two ridings for the Local, and Blake has scored one for the Opposition. The political thermometer is further depressed by the decision of the Privy Council in the test case of *Queen v. Hodge*, in which the legal luminaries of the Old Country sustain Mowat as against Sir John in the dispute over Provincial control of the liquor traffic. We hope the old gentleman will enjoy the bracing atmosphere, though the change is probably too sudden to be very healthful.

FIRST PAGE.—It seems to be generally admitted that the editor of the *Mail* did more to defeat the Conservative candidates in West Middlesex and Simcoe than anybody else. Being a man of high culture and refinement he will no doubt hasten to apologise to the much-wronged Mr. Meredith. We anticipate the scene on the interesting occasion.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Nothing can be said in favor of granting licenses for the sale of liquor in grocery stores. In the case of hotels and saloons, it is possible to produce arguments at least plausible; and there is a plea for the drug-store traffic. But grog in connection with groceries is entirely indefensible; it is a gratuitous menace to the well-being of the community—a palpable evil without a shadow

of good about it. The people of Toronto have apparently come to this conclusion. We trust the question will be submitted to vote in connection with the municipal election, so that our incoming aldermen may be assured that it is the will of the people that the whiskey-grocer must go!

SUBSCRIBER, GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.

KINGSTON, Dec. 13, 1883.

S. J. MOORE, Esq.,

MANAGER, G. P. & P. Co.

Dear Sir,—I duly received your favour, and by yesterday's mail *Mrs. Clarke's Cookery Book*, which is very nicely bound, and contents well arranged, so as to be useful in any household. It is certainly well worth the trial of every one of your subscribers to obtain it on the easy terms you have so generously offered, at the same time strengthening your list of subscribers, and becoming benefited themselves.

Hoping you will have many who will avail themselves of your generous offer,

I remain,

Yours truly,

THOMAS BRIGGS.

The offer to which Mr. BRIGGS refers is printed in the adjoining column.

SCENE AT OTTAWA.

SIR JOHN AND SIR LEONARD IN CONSULTATION.

Enter Sir Hector, greatly excited, waving a newspaper.

SIR HECTOR,—Sare John, I demand to know ze meaning of zis! (*Rushes forward and swings his fists about.*)

SIR JOHN (*starting back*).—Don't for Heaven's sake! You might damage my nose. Not on my account, but *Grip* has it exactly now, and if you hit it, he mightn't.

SIR HECTOR *sits down with a bang and smashes basket of something.*

SIR LEONARD,—My goodness! My goodness! My temperance drink.

SIR HECTOR (*jumps up and throws basket through window-pane, sits down, gasps for breath*).—I am betray! Ze parti Bleu is betray! I will have ze unimaginable revenge!

SIR LEONARD,—My dear sir, calm yourself; really, this is not the way. Bless me! See what you have done. You have knocked out the pane, thrown out a dozen bottles of excellent Apollinaris and quite put us out—

SIR HECTOR,—Put zem out? No, begar! But I have von good mind to. (*Jumps up and looks at hole in window, his companions shrink back in consternation.*) No, I will not condescend myself; besides, I might cut my finger. But I will put zem out ze ozzer way. Nevaire count on ze vote—ze interest—ze assistance of ze grand parti Bleu no more!

SIR JOHN,—Pray, be calm. What is the matter?

SIR HECTOR.—Here is ze news arrive! Ross, he is in for ze Onest Meedlex! Phelps, he is elect for ze Onest Seemcoe! Cameron, he is in for ze Dominion! Morbleu! Sare! I will have ze revenge most diabolique. You have done zis!

SIR LEONARD,—My dear friend—my dear friend!

SIR HECTOR.—I am not ze friend. You are von lump—von mountain of imbecility teetotalistique. You go zere—you preach ze Policy Nationale! You nevaire knew what

he was—you stole him—you understand him not—ze multitude are enrage—you shall be punish. I will have ze committee—you shall be deprive of all zat you have scrape in—

SIR JOHN.—Shall they inquire where the \$32,000 went, Sir Hector? Perhaps my evidence—

SIR HECTOR (*turns pale*).—Sare John, you would nevaire betray—

SIR JOHN.—Why, you say I have. As well have the game as the name. As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.

SIR HECTOR.—You shall not have ze name. You shall never be hung for von lamb. I make ze apology profoundement. But we are destroy—we are annihilate! It was ze plan of ze campaign to make ze Mowat go; it is ze result zat ze more he should go ze more he stay!

SIR JOHN.—Well, opinion's setting against us, that's all. None of us knew much about this confounded N.P., but we had to run it, or bust. Wouldn't do to say we couldn't, and as to taking in fellows who could, why, they'd have had to go snacks. Little enough for us, anyway. I'm a poor man.

SIR HECTOR.—Sare John, zis prospect terrify me. Can nozing be done?

SIR JOHN.—Only this—prepare to cut our lucky. The North-west is rising against us, our little concessions won't save us. I tell you, our chaps have been too greedy, and all the fat will be in the fire. We shall have to go out!

SIR HECTOR (*in despairing attitude*).—And what will become of ze parti Bleu? (*Scene closes.*)



"Young Mrs. Winthrop" proved a great draw at the Grand on Monday and Tuesday evening. The play was performed with the usual ability of the Union Square Company.

On Wednesday evening a local Amateur Company gave "£100,000" towards the combined city charities. This liberality ought to invite our wealthy citizens to do something proportionately handsome for this worthy object.

The present attraction at the Grand is a variety company from the Howard Atheneum, Boston. The programme is varied enough to suit all tastes, and the performers are up to the average standard of variety stars.

The seventh of January draweth on apace, and those happy mortals who have salted down good seats in the Pavilion grow more merry daily. That is the date, you know, of Theodore Thomas' Orchestra Concert. If you want to see about a seat call without delay at Suckling and Sons'.

Miss H. Gertrude Hart, of Boston, who gave an evening of readings in Shaftesbury Hall on Friday evening, has a successful career before her as a public entertainer. The programme was a comprehensive one, and Miss Hart seemed to be quite at home in all her selections. She has a special faculty for imitation, and the bird songs and dialects were rendered capitally. Her conception of the humorous had full play in "Honora Murphy's experience with the Spirits," which elicited an *encore*. Taken as a whole, the evening's enjoyment was pure and rich, and the large audience gave frequent tokens of their pleasure.

BARON TENNYSON.

At last has Mister Tennyson received from Britain benison for writing rhymes—does any son
Of gun deny he's earned it?
Or hasn't he scrawled panegyrics, poems, odes and royal lyrics, 'nough to give a man hysterics?
Fool if he had spurned it.

Nor did he offer an objection when, by royalty's direction he was told to sing perfection,
Of a menial royal:
He who'd harped, with tender touches, of a duke and of a duchess, of a prince and others such as
Acted truly loyal.

"Baron Tennyson of Dyncourt," writing bosh and drinking wine—port is it? No, it's better—fine sort—
Fit for prince or poet.
Honored Alfred! you're a rhymer to be envied. For the time, stir up your Muse and make her chime—
ster—
ty, don't you show it.

—C. M. R.

FLORETTA:

OR, THE RUIN WROUGHT BY A CHRISTMAS CARD.

CHAP. I.

Floretta Broune was the only child of an immensely wealthy old chap, J. Traceyton Broune. She was young, pretty, cultured and affectionate: she was admired by all her female friends, as are all the only daughters of don't-know-what-to-do-with-their-money old men. She had been offered the hands, hearts and empty pocket-books of scores of young fellows, but she refused each and all of them as though she didn't want them. She had accepted their invitations to dine till she could walk through the surrounding country blind-folded; she had eaten their ice-cream and drank their soda-water till she had nearly all the requirements of a peregrinating refreshment room; she had attended the theatre till she knew the terrible words of the terrible tragedian, "T-r-r-rible monster-rr! I'll have your be-lud ere ticks theclock another second!" better than she knew her prayers. She was, in fact, a triplexion, forty-horse-power heart-breaker; she was an unmitigated tripler with the hearts of love-sick swains; she was a beautifully wicked monopolist of her own love—in short, she was a heartless dirt. Her name was once Flora Brown, but when her pater retired from business he suddenly discovered that his name was Broune, not Brown.

Now, among the many planets that circled around this centre of the social system were two persons of the male kind named Isaac Van Cobb and Wellington Scant. Isaac was aged about forty-five, and wore clothes that were in vogue ten years before, and a complexion that resembled pumpkin pie minus the crust plus a lot of ginger; his hair was withered, and his head reminded one forcibly of a porcelain lampshade—a cracked one; he wore a deep-in-love expression all over his face and a pair of terra cotta whiskers on the sides of it. He was engaged in no business, but lived on the interest of a fortune amassed after years of labor—by his granduncle. So much for Isaac. Wellington Scant was a bank clerk (don't smile, dear reader) whose name expressed the extent of his salary. He was young, only twenty-one. He had already cut his eye teeth, but at the time we speak of he was not well, for his upper lip had broken out in seven capillary eruptions. He was decidedly dudistical, for he was exquisitely stylish and excruciatingly brainless. His mode of dress, to use an expression as modern as Adam, was better imagined than described. He piled on the agony mountain high. Oh, he was undoubtedly lah-de-dah. As has been remarked before, both of these animals basked in the smiles that lit up Floretta's face, and in the heat that radiated from Papa Broune's No. 25 coal burner.

CHAP. II.

Christmas came apace. Likewise Christmas

cards. To some came the money to buy them but it came not to Wellington Scant. That remittance had been delayed and the bank manager was a very clever man. As for Van Cobb he had all the money he wanted. Now, although these rivals seemed very sweet towards each other in the presence of this flesh and blood goddess, still each regarded the other with a hatred that burned like the heart of Vesuvius—a burning hatred whose flames could be quenched only by the blood of the other. When they met they smiled, spoke, shook hands and tried to seem pleasant, but ah, their eyes gave them dead away. One day before Christmas they chanced to meet in a bookstore. Mr. Witon Scant (it was thusly that he signed himself) saw his rival looking at some handsome Christmas cards. He saw him select a magnificent affair—hand painted on ivory. "This," said Van Cobb to the clerk, "is my choice. 'Tis superbly gorgeous, 'tis bewitchingly lovely—what's the price? Only seven dollars? 'Tis cheap." Witon Scant saw Van Cobb put his art gallery under his arm and walk out. He was amazed, dumb-struck, paralyzed. He slid outside the door, gasped for breath and muttered: "Farewell Hope, Love and Bliss! Welcome, Ruin, Despair and Death!" He trod the streets, "absorbed in silent sorrow," and in his grief forgot to walk camel fashion. He met Van Cobb and gave him a stare as cold as an iceberg.

Witon Scant went home and to bed. It was all up with him. He saw the future. Van Cobb would send that seven dollar card to Floretta and Floretta would give Van Cobb her heart and her purse. But, ah—he thought a happy thought. It was his last resource. He would raise enough money to buy a fifteen dollar card that would win Floretta's heart, even if he had to mortgage his summer shoes and pawn his eye-glass. He arose in the morning, when "Aurora's beams purpled the dawning day" as the poet's says, and hid him to his friends. From some he borrowed a dollar each, from others a quarter, and the balance he made up by pawning all his underclothing, excepting what he wore. He visited a bookstore and planking down fifteen dollars got a Christmas card that was to Van Cobb's what one of Raphael's is to a circus bill. "Ah," said he, "I need not fear the expense, for Floretta shall be mine and her fortune will settle everything. Van Cobb's seven dollars will not be missed, for he is already rich. Excelsior!"

CHAPTER III.

It was the night after Christmas. Scant had sent his card to Floretta, and supposed that his rival had done likewise. He hurried to her house and there found Floretta, her pa, and that odious Van Cobb. After having made the others ice-housically cold by placing his feet before the fire, he asked the fair one if she had received his card. She said that she had, and brought it forth to show it to Mr. Van Cobb, who said that it was very pretty and then accidentally dropped it into the grate. Puff! a little smoke and Scant's dearly-bought card was wafted in black morsels over the house-tops. Of course they all felt bad, but Scant felt haddest. Floretta didn't say a word about receiving a card from her other wooer, and Scant wondered thereat, till Van Cobb said that he had paid seven dollars for a very nice hand-painted card which he sent to his sister in England. "Crushed again!" thought Scant. He didn't faint, but he felt like it. What made matters worse, was the fact that twice had Van Cobb addressed Miss Broune as "Floretta." Things looked suspicious. Mr. Witon Scant excused himself and went home. The next day he received a card inviting him to the wedding of "Floretta, only daughter of J. Traceyton Broune, Esq., to J. Van Cobb, Esq."

CHAPTER IV.

Poor Witon Scant! The coroner's jury said that he died from a broken neck caused by falling on an icy pavement, but it is believed that he died of a broken heart. He was buried on tick and in the ground, and his clothes were given to the Society for the Distribution of Toothpicks among the Hottentots. One more victim of reckless extravagance and unrequited love!

C. M. R.



THE MAN WE LOVE.

STREET GAMIN.—Say Mister, why don't yer buy a copy? I'll lend yer five cents!

"THE SLUGGER."

'Twas the voice of "The Slugger," "I cannot complain,
I only hope Griffin will do it again—
He may call me bad names till his hair is all gray,
If it works in this highly desirable way.

'Cut of three in the field I have carried off two,
Which, as things are at present, I count not a few—
And for these I'm indebted to Griffin's own pen,
Which disgusted all moderate, non-party men.

"Long life to the 'gentlemen's journal,' say I,
While it's written for 'gents' who inhabit the sty;
Call me 'Bull Pup,' or 'Slugger,' or what you may please
So long as you help me to twos out of threes.

Far, far be the day when the widely-read Mail
Shall with 'calm-printed reason my weakness assail.
I've no fear of the critic who merely throws ink—
It affects not the people—the people can think.

MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIM.

The sleeping car nigger who attempted to assault a young lady while occupying a berth in his car, was tried at Guelph the other day and committed for trial. If he is ultimately convicted—and it is most likely he will be—we sincerely hope the judge will give him the full penalty of the law. If Mr. GRIP were on the bench, the rascal might think himself forlunate if he got off with twenty years at Kingston. This new outgrowth of crime must be crushed in its inception.

A FACT.

A witty bank manager in this city was asked by a drover to advance him a loan. "I will give you as security a lien on some cattle I have," said the drover. "My dear sir," replied the urbane manager, "there is probably enough lean on them already, and besides I am not allowed by law to make loans on stock."



MASTER MOUSSEAU'S CHRISTMAS PIE;
(A REWARD FOR BAD BEHAVIOUR.)

ONLY.

Only a brandy blossom,
Only a bloom on his nose,
Showeth that liquor doth boss him,
Shows where his money all goes.
Only a night in the station,
Down in the dirty damp cells,
Only a lost situation,
Is what that bright blossom tells.

Only a face smeared and dirty,
Only a shirt far from clean,
Only a sentence of thirty
Days to inhabit Fort Green.
Only to buy a big collar,
To place 'neath the barkeeper's chin,
Only to spend your last dollar
To buy him a bright diamond pin.

Only, oh can it be only,
For the sake of a prisoner's home
You leave wife and family lonely:
"Twere better you never were born,
And he who the poison dispenses,
Who doses out whiskey and gin,
Some day he'll be brought to his senses,
Remember the "Wages of Sin."

AN OPEN LETTER TO AN EMINENT PERSON.

DEAR GRIP.—As open letters to eminent persons seem to be the order of the day, especially in the new departure or Democratic portion of the press, I take the liberty of sending this epistle to you, to GRIP, the unerring monitor whose warning croaks cause the reflecting to pause in their wild career and reflect on the possible result of their intended actions, ere they make fools of themselves to be pointed at by the finger of scorn of the populace whom they desire to serve. These remarks of course apply to public men, especially to callow tho' ambitious parliamentary members or aspirants for that somewhat questionable honor. To GRIP, the deadly foe of snobbery in general, and Canada snobbery in particular, I address this open letter—So here goes—

You, who were supposed by the people of this great Dominion to be, notwithstanding your playful satires, lampoons, and cartoons on and descriptive of our public men, the great conservator of the rights we have enjoyed

and still enjoy under the mild and peaceful sway of that Government whose flag I need not remind you has for one thousand years (be the same more or less) braved the battle and the breeze, seem to have turned recusant and gone over to the enemy. What did you wish to insinuate by that cartoon depicting a slouch-hatted border ruffian riding a mustang and blazing away with his revolver to the consternation and confusion of everybody else? Your representative of popular government on the mustang seems quite jubilant. He has downed Goldwin Smith, Jack Robertson, the fiery Griffin of the *Mail*, the *Globe* man flies at his approach, and even the great and undaunted Boyle seems to turn pale as he waves the *Canadian* banner defiantly to the breeze. The unterrified democrat on his fiery mustang seems to have everything his own way, and the whole situation is very romantic and makes a very lively and thrilling picture, indeed. But surely, most excellent GRIP, you are not going in for cow-boy rule, for elective judges who sit with the feet on the desk before them during a trial, or gentlemen "learned in the law," who occasionally trouble him for a "chaw terbacker," for sheriffs who may get their positions through the vote of the criminal classes." I trust not, I hope, and in fact, feel assured that you are no such a bird. The people in our section are very much exercised at the thought of your supposed backsliding. I write to you in a friendly spirit and with the sincere hope that you will explain your position and the stand you are about to take in these portentous times when veiled treason stalks abroad, and quiet the minds of your numerous readers and admirers around our clearing, and set at rest the perturbed spirit of your erstwhile contributor,

GUSTAVUS SLASHBUSH.

Tamracville, December 17, 1883.

[Friend Slashbush, "don't take on so" about the cow-boy picture. GRIP is as of yore the sturdy friend of his countrymen and loyal to the core. Yet he is independent, and careth

not particularly whose ox is gored by his playful delineations. GRIP will continue to flap his wings in the face of the American eagle, or peck at the irate snout of the roaring lion of Great Britain just as the occasion warrants. If it is any satisfaction to the good people in the vicinity of Tamracville to know the fact, you can assure them that personally, a cow-boy is not GRIP's *beau ideal* of an executive officer. So

"What's a' the steer, kimmer?"

[Ed. GRIP.

FAIR GEMMA SERENA AND THAT POOR TELEPHONE.

A charming young maiden I know very well
Whose real name is—Oh, no! I never will tell.
But she oft visits friends
And her sweet presence lends
An influence wielded alone by a belle.

At one of the houses made bright by her stay—
They are pretty well up to her dear little way,
For they perfectly know
She's not only *one beau*—
As they listen oft times to her Telephone play.

Yes—Gemma Serena has many young beaux,
And how she assort them—nobody knows,
But she'll sit there alone
By that poor Telephone—
And bring them on separately—all those beaux!

I cannot remember one-half of their names,
And as for a list of her innocent games—
It is known alone
To that poor Telephone
The list of her games and her "followers' names

And so it continues the live-long day,
Though what on earth they can all find to say!
Well—I pity alone
That poor Telephone
Who does all the work—and gets none of the pay

She comes from a town which is not over gay—
But home she must go—even fixed is the day,
So she says (with a sigh
And a tear in her eye),
"My dear Telephone—it will soon be 'Good-bye'"

But her visit must end, she is sorry to part
With relatives kind—but she must make a start;
So she makes up her mind
To be tender and kind
And calls for a "muster" of every sweetheart!

Her relatives sit there and stare aghast
As she settles her ear after ringing a blast—
Till there issues a groan
From the "head" Telephone
Who "Helios" and roars in his rage at last.

But Gemma S. sticks to her dear Telephone,
And sighs to her sweethearts—"I'm all alone—
And going home one day
Especially Monday
Oh! won't you all come? Answer—by Telephone!"

"My dear native village is awfully quiet,
But I promise you all a most excellent diet—
I will rent the Town Hall
For a Bachelor's Ball
If only you'll come to my village so quiet."

Her relatives willy screech, "Hold on! rash girl—
You'll put all their brains in a terrible whirl,
For all are invited
And you'll be indicted
Burglariously breaking some hearts—cruel girl!"

"There's safety in numbers," says lovely Gemma,
"By favoring all I avoid dilemma,"
So she Telephones dozens
Of *not* her cousins,
Still I strongly suspect there's a favorite with Gemma.

Oh! ye Telephone owners read this and beware
Of young lady visitors spongy and fair—
Who will ring on their beaux
Until the day's close
Never thinking of Telephone wear and tear.

If Gemma Serena these lines should detest,
I beg her royal pardon—but I've done my best
To make her atone
To that poor Telephone
By giving the instrument some little rest.

"Her father is a pirate?" "Aw, ya-as,"
"Why, what are you talking about? Old
Pinfeather is no pirate." "Why—aw—ya-as.
He's a regular freebooter. That's the reason
that I quit going to her house."



"IT'S A COLD DAY, SIR JOHN!"



"So the world wags."

ITEMS OF INTELLIGENCE; OR, A RELISH FOR YOUR BREAKFAST.

(N. B. How France and China get mixed up with everything just now.

Any Daily Paper any morning you like.

"Telegram from New York says violent shock of earthquake has just destroyed the town of Muddulum, in Patagonia—extinct volcano in the Channel Islands and excessive irritability of Chinese population in Hong Kong presumed causes. 40,000 mill hands have been rendered destitute in consequence." [With reference to above paragraph, we have reason to believe that a meeting will be held to-day at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor presiding, to start a subscription in aid of the sufferers.—Ed.]

Dublin, Wednesday.—Reported Attempt to Assassinate Mr. Blackguar, M.P.—Late last night as Mr. Blackguar, M.P. for Ballyskibberreen, was returning home on foot from a grand pig sale and Land League meeting in the town of Boshibery, Co. Galway, he was accosted by a man whose name is not yet known (it is believed he is a prominent member of an Orange Lodge in Belfast), caught by the nape of the neck and the left leg and shot head foremost into a pool of dirty water, which happened to be convenient. The honorable gentleman on struggling out of the pool, breathless and half-dead with fright and the liquid he had swallowed, could not see anything of his cowardly assailant, but heard sounds of laughter dying away in the distance. Later intelligence says miscreant's name is believed to be Kinahan L. L. Whiskey, and it is confidently affirmed that he is second cousin to M. Tricou's wife's aunt. Great indignation felt in consequence, in Nationalist circles against France. Mr. Parnell telegraphed to-night to Mr. Gladstone, urging him without delay to call upon the French Government for an apology and compensation.

Cairo, Tuesday.—The Madhi has been defeated with great loss by Hicks Pasha. Battlefield at present unknown. Full particulars later on. Madhi's troops used bullets made of compressed tea—hence the result of battle.

Paris, same day.—Advices from the Soudan state that Madhi has defeated the Egyptian troops. 300,000 killed and wounded. Hicks Pasha caeaped on a bicycle, pursued by cockchafers and a huge green-winged dragon direct from Pekin. Khedive has telegraphed to Empress-Mother, remonstrating and demanding instant recall of Marquis Tseng.

London, Thursday.—Secretary to Lord Mayor writes to *Times* to say that in consequence of utter inability to find the town of Muddulum, yesterday reported by telegram from New York to be totally destroyed by earthquake, in any modern atlas, meeting at Mansion House is abandoned. Proprietors of our contemporary the *Daily Telegraph* despatched special correspondent yesterday evening from Southampton to interview Patagonian Prime Minister on the subject, if he can find him.

Curious Natural Phenomenon.—As Mr. John Jawkins, farmer, of Stubbleton, was returning home from market last night, after calling at the Pig and Whistle Inn, Cattleham, Blankshire, he saw distinctly two moons rising over Gawkleigh church tower and his old black bull standing between them. This curious phenomenon has been reported to Mr. R. Proctor, the great astronomical authority, who has written to M. Waddington on the subject, demanding an explanation.—*Moonshine*, London.

JAY GOULD'S WATERMELON.

"Father, I see by the papers that Mr. Gould talks of cutting a watermelon."

"Yes, my son."

"Is it a big melon?"

"Rather large."

"And very ripe?"

"Well, pretty ripe."

"And it is good of him, isn't it?"

"Very good—just like Mr. Gould."

"When he cuts it will he give all the boys a slice?"

"Not exactly, my son—not for Joseph! He will simply cut the melon in two."

"And then?"

"And walk off with a half under each arm to devour the meat by himself, and plant the seeds to fool the boys another time!"—*Wall Street News*.

A pretty little fairy, who lives in Islington, and who is very fond of having Bible stories read to her, ran to her mamma the other day, and said, eagerly: "Oh, mamma, please read me that pretty story over again about little Moses and the bulls rushing after him."

THE SCHOOL LAW; OR, THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

GRIP finding himself in splendid feather, be-thought him of "raving" his wings a bit. Spreading his sable pinions he sailed majestically into the future. Closing his eyes, he wheeled his drowsy flight, unconsciously describing a circle until, thinking he must have travelled a long distance through the fields of ether, he suddenly, like Paddy, found himself in Dublin bay instead of Bengal. Yes, sir, there he was on *terra firma*, at the door of a very reverend dignitary of the only true church, "tapping, tapping, at the chamber door," of the future Education Bureau, where, being, admitted as an old and valued friend, he received (under the rose) the following programme as a memento of his delightful and unexpected visit. GRIP feels a little squeamish in his conscience, at thus giving away his reverend and prelatial friends; but, after all, he is only ornithological, and the idea of having such a tremendous scoop on all the other journals, proving too great a temptation, he in an evil hour succumbed. To this fact the public are indebted for the following. *Caution*: It is unnecessary to state that this programme has not yet taken the shape of a request. [Ed. G.]

PROGRAMME FOR 1899

I. The Portfolio of Education to be kept in the hands of the Archbishop, his heirs and successors, assisted by two deputy ministers, both Catholics.

II. A Council of Public Instruction, and this divided into two sections—one clerical the other lay Catholic.

III. The endowment of Catholic Universities or Monasteries, and the payment of money out of the provincial treasury in support of Catholic Colleges only.

IV. All Normal Schools for the training of teachers to be Catholic.

V. Catholic High Schools for boys, and convents for girls to be supported by public money.

VI. All School Inspectors to be either clerical or lay Catholics.

VII. A system of public inspection corresponding to that of the old and defunct Protestant *regime*.

VIII. Catholic schools to be treated as Catholic—Protestant as Protestant. *Semper cadem*.

IX. Special aid to private schools, provided they be Catholic.

X. No books to be used in the schools unless approved by the Archbishop, who will make out an *Index Expurgatorius* for the use of schools.

XI. No School Tax to be applied to any other purpose than the support of Catholic schools and convents.

XII. Power given to Catholics to len then their cords and strengthen their stakes at the public expense.

AN IMPROVEMENT.

Ever anxious to give our slow-going contemporaries a pointer in the direction of modern journalism, we beg to suggest that the "News of the Day" on the first page of the *Globe* might be made more attractive if done in rhyme. Here is Wednesday's column as a specimen:

Poole died with firmness saying his prayers.
Five comets are visible in Buenos Ayres.
Ottawa proposes a tax on the Banks.
Soulanges election, look out for cranks.
The Crown Prince yesterday saw the Pope.
John Carling's in Ottawa. Happy we hope.
Another agrarian murder in Cavon.
They threaten to blow London Bridge to'rds heaven.
A Nottawa farmer near Collingwood killed.
The Mayor of Rat Portage wants hungry mouths filled.
The American Bishops have interviewed Leo.
Van Horne says the strike on the railways no go.
Messrs. Gooderham & Worts for a nuisance are sued.
The Suez Canal pays 18. Pretty good.
The Legy case, perjury, to trial has gone.
The Freedom of Glasgow presented to Lorne.
The President of the Manitoba Railway is anxious to sell his shares,
Quebec advices say that Mousseau will assume judicial cares.
Messrs Hullet have agreed to abate their Don-ward stench.
Ross and Cameron will be banquetted for their triumph o'er the French.
Etc., etc., etc



WAITING (IN VAIN, WE HOPE.) FOR A GOVERNMENT SUBSIDY.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says: "I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia; Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King-st. East either for a pan or for a treatise, etc.

LATEST PRESS FASHIONS.

GATHERED FROM MOST LIE-ABLE NEWSPAPER SHOPS.

The Plumber Paragraph is worn — very worn.

The most fashionable newsboys are expected to boast *tenore robusto* voices — and ready change.

Party papers are still written on the bias.

A symphony in aldermanic candidate and able journalist may now be noticed at select sanctum parties.

Cashmere—more correctly merecash—continues to hold its own against new rivals in social fabrics.

Religious editors on most of the papers have eschewed bitters. They say there is poison and water enough in the straight liquors.

According to latest advices from retired blacksmiths, foreign-made editorials are out of date in back-country newspaper offices.

Social scandals command ready sale. The popular shade is old gold on colored coachman background.

The sheet-iron polonaise is still in favor with canvassers for high-class Montreal weeklies.

Soiled linen washing will never be monopolized by the Heathen Chinese, if certain alleged newspapers can help it.

A neat thing in elopement *gros grain* is the hired-man pattern. The dress should be carefully trimmed with the price of the last few loads of the grain.

The Beggar-my-neighbor toilet is a walking one. Though pretty long in the making it can be donned hastily. Hamilton aspires to lead the fashion in this costume.

New sausage jokes, cut short, may still come on. The home-made is preferable to the machine article.

Langry laughs are not yet crowded out. But there must be no Gebhardt train. The real material ought to stand alone—like a friend in need, as it were. Otherwise a little divorce starch can be employed.

Editors are smoking less and less boughten tobacco, but the bore brand is eagerly caught up.

The patch-work quilt item should be made up with great care. The least number of pieces permissible is 47,864½, new time. The old lady trimming cannot with propriety be a day newer than 83 years, 7 months, while the embroidery must not include spectacles or anything short of the finest cambric needle.

Fighting editors are contemplating a change from the snow poet comforter. They allege that the lambswool in it has a debilitating tendency.

Exchange borrowers are in future to appear decidedly more gored.

First-class proof-readers have at last been obliged to adopt the shorthand system of swearing, so as to get it nicely done within the time at their disposal.

Patent medicine interviews are a recent substitute for truly instructive newspaper material. People who will invest are not to go and say they got a recommendation in this quarter.

A real, nice, fresh article, but manufactured rather in excess of the demand, is the gay young man who wants his name kept out of the chapter on the police court. It is usually displayed on the bust.

The item-skimisher won't go back on a crooked article, but is more than satisfied with a straight tip.

The libel suit is still popular. It lasts long. The longer the better for the wearer, if an editor. Manufacturers do not find the profits heavy.

A MEETING OF THE BENIGN MOTHERS.

By invitation of Mr. GRIP, a meeting was held in that urbane gentleman's sanctum the other evening. There were present Mr. GRIP



AN INTERESTING BIRD-MATCH.

(in the chair), and Mothers Toronto, Queen's, Albert, Victoria, Trinity, and several others.

Mr. GRIP, in opening the proceedings, said he would merely state that the object with which he had called the Benign Mothers together, was to have his mind enlightened on the much-agitated question of University Endowment. He had heard and read so much about it of late that he found his usually luminous intellect (cheers) very much befogged. He trusted that good feeling would prevail throughout, and that this matter would be put clearly before him, and through him, before the outside public. (Hear, hear.) He would call upon his esteemed and learned *Mater*, Toronto, to state the facts of the case.

Mother Toronto, in response, thanked the chairman for the opportunity of making known the exact truth, without the distraction of controversy. The facts were simply these. She (Mother Toronto) had for many years been supported by the State in the great work of Higher Education. Her whole dependence was now, as it had always been, upon the Government funds for the wherewithal to render her work efficient. It had frequently been necessary for her to apply to the Government for an increase in the amount granted her as the exigencies of a growing work demanded. Such an occasion had arisen of late. She needed additions to her staff of professors, and assistance in other directions to meet the needs of her increasing students. She had accordingly made her wants known to the authorities, when upon a great outcry was raised by her respectful sisters here present, who had not scrupled to speak of her in tones of disparagement, not to say insult. They had called her a bloated old grabber, and used other inelegant epithets. She considered herself a very much wronged person to be thus used after all her arduous years of labor, and it was especially hard to bear abuse from mere upstart, one-horse, denominational—

Mr. GRIP—Order!

Mother Toronto intimated that she had finished for the present.

Mother Queen's was next called upon to explain the case on behalf of herself and the other Mothers present. She said it was true that Mother Toronto had done a noble work for many years. (Hear, hear.) For a long time she had done the whole work of Higher Education in the Provinces, and so was entitled to the whole subsidy granted by the Government

in aid of that cause. (Cheers.) So long as she did the whole work nobody had objected to her receiving the whole of the money. But for several years past she has not done *all* this work. She (Mother Queen's,) and her sisters besides her had fairly divided the labor with Mother Toronto, although they had never received any portion of the public money. They thought it was high time their claim should be acknowledged, and now was the time to acknowledge it when Mother Toronto was demanding more.

Mr. GRIP said this was very plausible, but it must be remembered that Mother Queen's and her sisters were doing denominational and not State work.

Mother Queen's begged the Chairman's pardon. That was a mistake. She and her sisters were not asking for State aid for their theological schools but for their Arts schools—schools in which they were doing precisely the same work as Mother Toronto was doing.

Mr. GRIP said that made a decided difference.

Mother Victoria said the whole question lay in a nutshell. The State grants a certain amount of money to aid Higher Education. If Mother Toronto was to receive the whole of it, she should be obliged to do the whole of the work.

Mother Toronto said she was prepared to do so. If her esteemed sisters would disband their colleges she would be very happy to receive all the Arts students of the province and put them through their course. She had plenty of room, and could easily get professors enough.

Mother Queen's intimated that she would see Mother Toronto blowed. (Cheers.) She was a puffed up old monopolist who lived on charity, whereas the rest supported themselves.

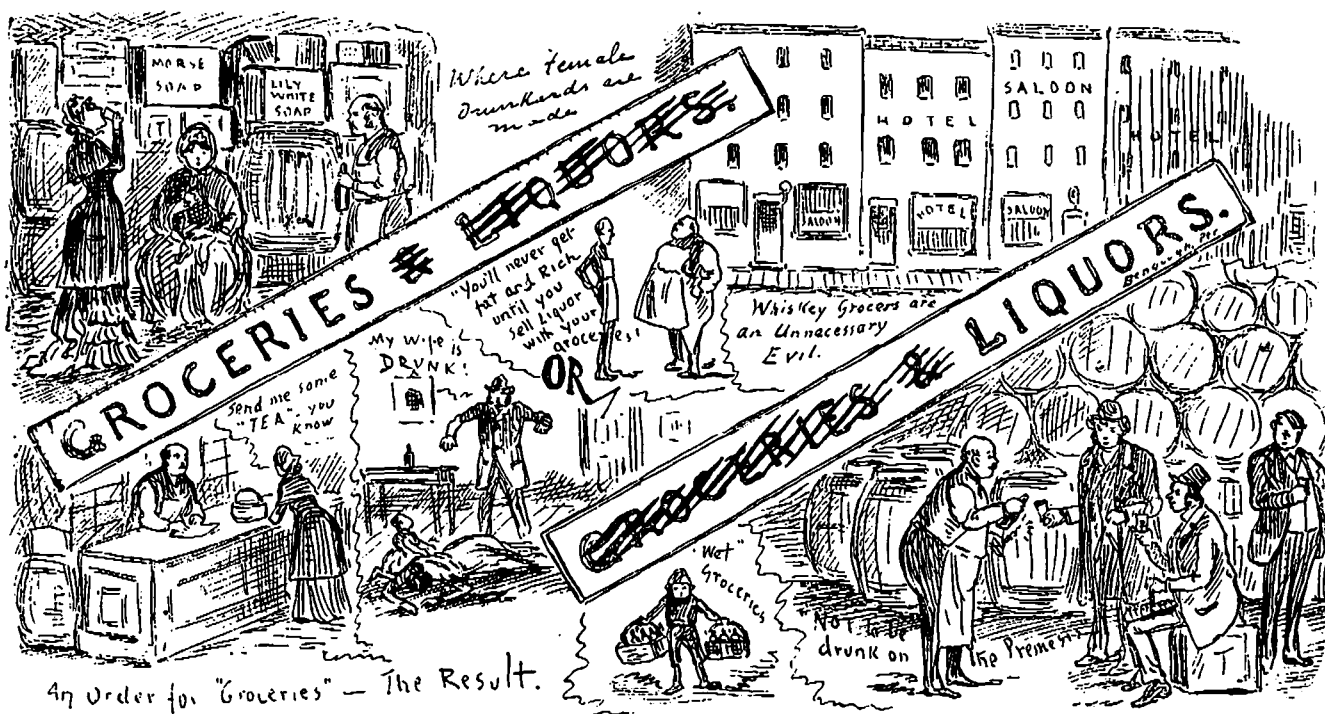
Mr. GRIP—Do you mean to say, Mother Queen's, that *you* never got a grant?

Mother Queen's—Never!

Mr. GRIP—Why, I thought you had the Principal Grant!

After this the meeting adjourned.

“Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion.”—Day's Business College, 96 King St. W., Toronto.



THE WHISKEY GROCER MUST GO!

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

THE TROUBLE WITH THE STEWARD.

"Where is the old steward?" inquired a traveller as he stepped aboard an outgoing steamer, just previous to its departure.

"Oh, he was discharged some time ago," replied the captain.

"Why, he seemed to be a first-class fellow," rejoined the first speaker; "why was he kicked out?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, he got too big for his breeches, and we bounced him," emphatically ejaculated the captain.

This conversation occurred within hearing of a bright-eyed, intelligent little girl, the daughter of one of the tourists on that steamer. Subsequently another passenger arrived, and, after bestowing a casual glance around, said:

"I don't see the old steward: what has become of him?"

"I think he was discharged," volunteered a bystander.

"Do you know what for?"

"No, sir."

"I do," piped a small voice from the cabin door.

Looking around, the inquirer saw the smiling face of a little girl peeping out at him.

"Well, my dear," said he, "why was the steward discharged?"

"Oh, I don't like to tell," she bashfully replied.

"But I want to know," he persisted.

"Come, tell me, that's a good girl. What did they discharge him for?"

"Cause," she slowly answered, "cause his pants were too short!"—*Boston Globe.*

Brute.—"Well, Ethel, how did you make out?" Angel (under treatment for her voice) —"I didn't like it at all, and I don't see why the doctor finds it necessary to run an instrument down my throat so far that it seems as if he would touch my heart." Brute.—"Oh he was probably trying to find the end of your tongue, my dear!"—*Life.*

WHAT SHE SAID AND WHAT SHE DID.

"I will never marry," she said—she said—

"Unless a young man that just suits me I find; Taller than I by at least half a head;

He surely must be, with a face bright and kind; His eyes I'd prefer of a violet hue;

His hair a light brown or a very warm gold; He must sing—a fine tenor—and dance nicely, too,

And tell as good stories as ever were told. No smoking allowed, for the weed I detest;

And of course no remarks that are rude or ill-bred; And I'd like him always to be stylishly dressed,

The young man I marry," she said—she said.

And then the maid married—she did—she did—

A three-score old fellow much shorter than she, Who wore a black wig that but awkwardly hid

A pate that no balder could possibly be, And his voice was a croak, and he danced like a bear,

And his nose it was red, and dull grey were his eyes, And he'd sit by the hour and stupidly stare,

And he never said anything witty or winning till night And he smoked a clay pipe, and from morning till night

In his mouth held of strongest tobacco a quid; And he dressed—but enough, he had two millions quite,

And she married him gladly—she did—she did.

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Holiday : Tickets.

To all Points on the Line; also to Ottawa and Midland Railway points.

XMAS. AND NEW YEAR.

Single Fare on Friday to Tuesday, December 25th to 27th inclusive, good to return up to December 31st, 1883.

Friday to Monday, December 28th to 31st., and Tuesday, January 1st, 1884. Good to Return up to January 7th, 1884.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.

"Rucben," said Mrs. Parvenu to her husband, "why don't you send in your check for that there St. Bartholomew light-house and get your name in the papers?"

The female heart is just like a new India-rubber shoe; you may pull and pull at it, till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go and it will fly right back to its old shape.

German Professor.—"What a couple of bonnie little children, dear Baroness! Twins, I suppose?" Baroness.—"You have guessed rightly." Professor.—"Are they both yours?"

Faith is sometimes personified as a drenched female clinging to a sea washed rock; but a better personification would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of patent hair-restorer.

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