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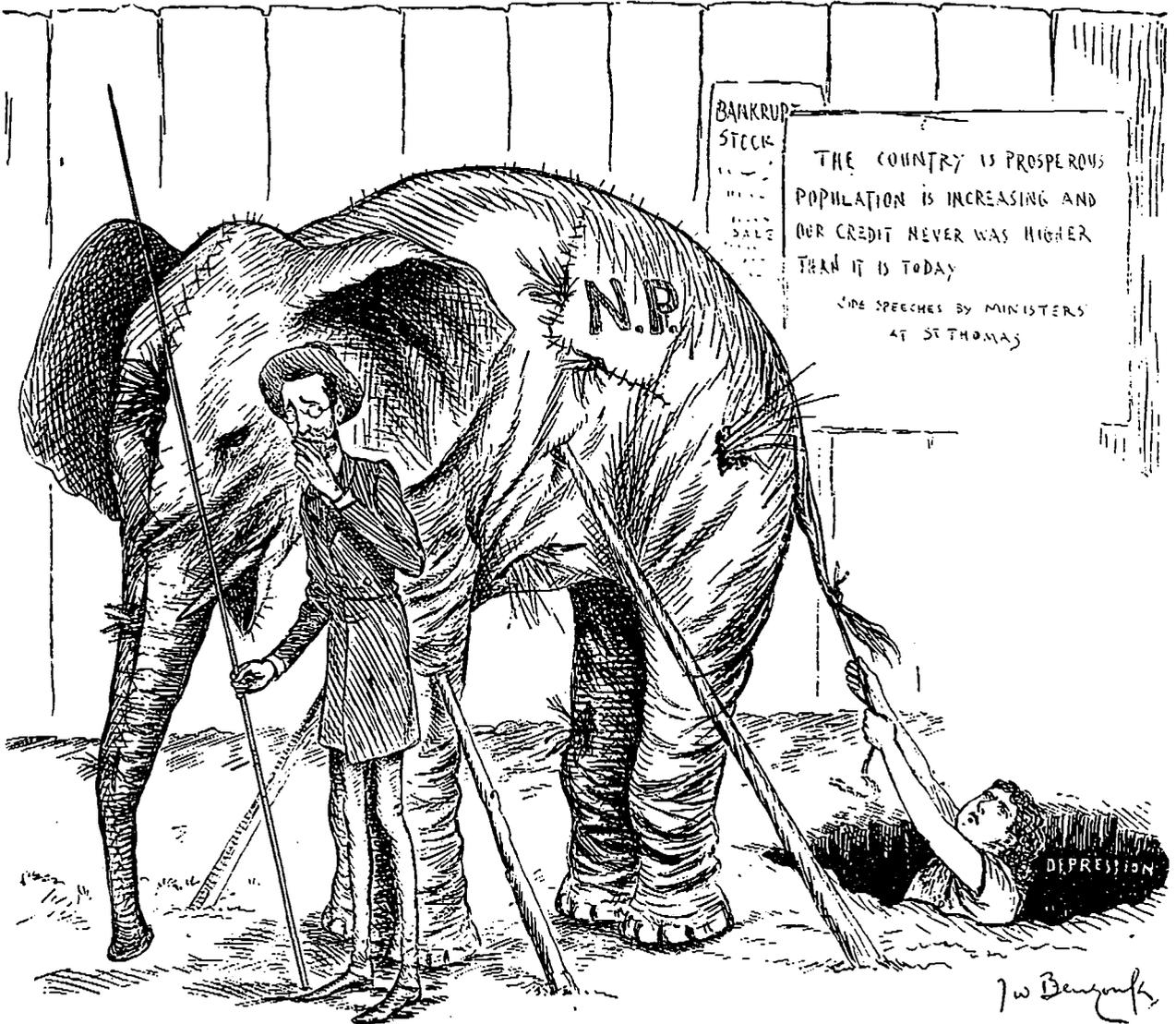
EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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No. 1098

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No. 24



A DEAD ISSUE.

WHY THE ELEPHANT DOESN'T PULL MISS CANADA OUT OF THE HOLE.



A FAMILIAR OUTLINE.

THE QUIZZICAL MAX.

NO happier thought could have occurred to a Celt than that of getting up a comedy-lecture in which he would criticise the Anglo-Saxon in the latter's own language and to his face; and to no more competent Celt could this idea have occurred than to the gentleman now so widely known as Max O'Rell. The inspiration, being acted upon, has resulted in an entertainment which gives unlimited amusement to the English-speaking man all over the world, while at the same time it supplies its clever proprietor with a vast amount of fun, travel and hard cash. The audience which greeted Max O'Rell at Massey Hall on Monday evening had to all appearance as enjoyable a time as it is possible for people to have with any regard to their buttons and other frail fixings. The French humorist was in splendid form, and notwithstanding that many of the good things were said in his former Toronto lecture, everything seemed fresh from start to finish. At the hands of such a genius a bill of fare consisting of chestnuts only would go down with most audiences as a veritable banquet.

THE DETROIT MARVEL.

THERE is a gentleman in Detroit named Owen—Dr. Orville W. Owen. In his house he has a couple of large cylinders placed close together, like panorama rollers, and upon them is fixed a long web of cotton. Upon this cotton are pasted the pages in regular order of the complete works of Francis Bacon, Shakespeare, Spencer, Burton, Greene, Peel and Marlow. By means of a cipher which he claims to have discovered in the Shakespeare plays, Dr. Owen has deciphered from this web a continuous, coherent story in blank verse, written and hidden by Sir Francis Bacon, who claims to be the real author of all the books referred to. Already three volumes of the story have appeared, and the fourth is now announced. Included in the contents of the fourth is a complete tragedy in five Acts entitled, "Mary, Queen of Scots," which is declared by the New York *Herald* to be "surpassed in dramatic fervor by nothing in the Shakespeare plays." The volumes may

be obtained from the Howard Publishing Co., of Detroit, price 50 cents each. That the prodigious claim made on Bacon's behalf can be true is unbelievable, and yet, if untrue, how are these volumes of consecutive, coherent and highly poetical matter to be accounted for? That is the literary question of the day, and a shrug of the shoulders does not answer it satisfactorily.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

(From an early issue of the *World*.)

THE latest from the seat of war in the east is that the Japs will not attempt for the present to reach the Chinese capital. The journey is a long one and the roads are bad. It would be a great convenience just now to the invaders if there were Sunday cars, but China happens to be in that respect as far behind the age as Toronto.

WE think we may with all modesty claim for the *World* a good share of the credit for the present boodle investigation, and we hope it will go on until the crooked Aldermen are all exposed and cleaned out. The good name of Toronto is at stake, and to retain that good name before the world we must have honesty and uprightness at the City Hall. There is only one thing more essential, and that is Sunday cars.

The revolution in New York City by which Tammany has been downed, and a new era of purity and good government inaugurated, has been credited chiefly to the patriotic labors of Rev. Dr. Parkhurst. No doubt that gentleman and his allies deserve high credit, but the real reason of the marvellous overturn is just a little below the surface. It was unquestionably the ballots of the common people that did the business, and Dr. Parkhurst no doubt first awakened public opinion on the subject, but all would have come to naught if the people had not met together down town to discuss the questions involved. Most of this discussion was done on Sundays, when the citizens had leisure, and *they got together, be it noted, by means of the Sunday Cars.* If Toronto wants its Tammany upset, let it clearly understand that *only by having Sunday Cars* can the work be accomplished.

RUBENSTEIN, the great pianist, is dead. He ranked as one of the greatest—if not the very greatest—player of his time, and besides being a notable artist he was a man of charitable impulse. The illness from which he died was the result of wear and tear to his constitution occasioned by his frequent trips abroad. He visited Toronto some years ago and if he spent Sunday in this city—a point upon which we have no precise recollection—and over-exerted himself in walking to the distant parks, it is morally certain that his demise was indirectly due to the unreasoning prejudice of those of our citizens who are dead set against Sunday cars.



BLACKMALE.



ANSWERED.

TEMPERANCE ORATOR—"Friend, you wouldn't be out of work only for the saloon."
SOAKE—"But you would."

THE EDISON DOLL.

A FARCICAL TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

Dramatised by J. W. B., from a humorous poem by F. Anstey.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. JINKINS, a Bachelor.
MRS. MCMURPHY, a Charwoman.
FLOSSIE FITZALAMONT, a Juvenile Patrician.
BOODLES, a Shop-boy.

SCENE—A scantily furnished lodging for a single gentleman. Grate, with smouldering fire, R. table, C. Shelf on rear wall with a square parcel in brown paper upon it. A few chairs, pictures, etc.

(CONTINUED.)



MR. J.—I will love you, Dolly
—I will love you! What heart could steel itself against such an appeal! It comes from a phonograph. I know—but, heaven forbid that I should treat it lightly on that account. It is the voice of my long-lost love, as thou art the image of her! I will love you, Dolly. Speak to me again. Tell me once more that you love me. See, I touch the little spring. Speak with that voice which thrills my soul.

[The Doll repeats the words again.]

You are my Dolly—and I will be "always very kind to you."

I will pour out for you the burning affection so long pent up in this blighted bosom. I bless the hand—friend's or foe's—that sent you to me. Come, rest, nestle in this desolate bosom next my heart, and let me recall the blissful days of long ago when—

He is standing with the Doll in his arms. Re-enter Mrs. McMurphy. Mr. J. hastily conceals the Doll beneath his coat-tails and puts on an air of elaborate indifference.

Mrs. McM.—You'll excuse me, Mистер Jinkins, sor, for shteppein' in widout knockin', but I thought mebbey ye moight be takin' a nap. Sure, me mimory is failin' me, so it is, an' I clane forgot to take me parcel wid me.

MR. J.—(much embarrassed and alarmed)—Your parcel?

Mrs. McM.—Yis, sor. A bit av a parcel me daughter Norah gev me to lave at Mrs. Bradley's, that kapes the fancy-work shop beyant, bein' that I must pass the dure.

MR. J.—Er—what sort of a parcel was it, Mrs. McMurphy?

[He is nervously concealing the Doll beneath his coat.]

Mrs. McM.—A bit av a pase-board box, I think it was, wid floss an' fancy work in it, to be returned to the shop. It was covered wid paper, so I couldn't say, but it had the feel av a box.

MR. J.—Are you sure you brought it with you this morning?

Mrs. McM.—Oh, I'm sartin. Niver a doubt av it. Sure, Norah handit it till me whin I was lavin' home, an' "drop that in at Mrs. Bradley's as you pass," sez she, "an' tell her I'll be in to see her this avenin'," sez she. Have ye happened to notice it in your apartments, Mистер Jinkins, sor?

MR. J. (nervously)—No, Mrs. McMurphy—I'm quite sure I—a—

Mrs. McM.—(suddenly seeing the box the Doll came in)—Sure, there it is now, roight forinst me oyes! (She rushes and seizes the box.) But, saints defend us! Av it isn't open an' impty!

MR. J.—Er—er—are you sure that's—

Mrs. McM.—(vehemently) Sure! Av coorse I'm sure! Call the police, Mr. Jinkins. There's thaves in the primises!

MR. J.—Thieves, Mrs. McMurphy?

Mrs. McM.—Yis, thaves! Oh, the blaggards! Norah'll murder me!

MR. J.—I'm very sorry, Mrs. McMurphy, very. I can't imagine what—

Mrs. McM.—(suddenly inspired)—Oh, I see it all. It's your little joke, Mистер Jinkins—though it's little I wud expect you to play sich a prank.

MR. J.—Me, Mrs. McMurphy?

Mrs. McM.—Yis, you—though whin I left you a while ago I thought ye wor feelin' more like weepin' for yer blighted heart nor playin' a lark loike this on a poor lone widdy that never did ye a bad turn.

MR. J.—Me, Mrs. McMurphy? I assure you I—I—

Mrs. McM.—Oh, it's the straight face ye can kape! But sure, sor, I'm in a hurry, an' don't kape me waitin'. It's choild's play, entoirely. Give me what ye tuk out av the box.

MR. J.—What I took? Do you really believe I—

Mrs. McM.—Av coorse ye did, ye shly ould joker! Ye have it in yer hand there behoid yer back.

MR. J.—Mrs. McMurphy, I assure you, you are mistaken. I haven't even seen your box or fancy work.

Mrs. McM.—Worse an' worse! Sure it's carryin' the joke too far whin a dacint gintleman loike you wud tell a barefaced loy—av I may be so bould. Not seen me box, whin it's there on the table forinst ye, an' the contents in yer hand, there? Come, now!

MR. J. (showing a hand)—On my honor, Mrs. McMurphy—see for yourself.

Mrs. McM.—Ah, but let me see the other, you shly fox—av I may be so bould!

MR. J.—(withdrawing his hand after exchanging Doll into the other.) There it is.

Mrs. McM.—Oh, be done wid your foolery—show me them both at wance, thin!

MR. J.—Er—you'll excuse me—I really—ahem—there are reasons—er—er—



THE BACHELOR'S WOOING!

NICHOLAS FLOOD—"Dearest one, entrust this little hand to me! I have long loved you unbeknownst, and on political issues our two souls have but a single thought, our two hearts beat as one!"

[* So far as we can see, their (Patrons') platform contains planks he (Davlin) has been advocating right along. As to Tariff Reform he has been one of the foremost protagonists for it in the House of Commons, and out of it too.—*Regina Leader.*]

Mrs. McM.—Well, if annybody tould me ye wor a frisky an' frolicsome bie like that, I wouldn't ha' belaved it. But I see you want to thry me spryness an' me spunk to come an' take it from you. So here's for you! (*She takes off her bonnet and jacket.*)

Mr. J.—For heaven's sake, Mrs. McMurphy—I assure you on my honor, I—

Mrs. McM.—Yis, but fwat do ye kape yer hand hid for thin? That's fwat I'm goin' to investigate me funny, larkin' laddy-buck!

[She starts for him and he dodges round and round the room in a frenzy of fear, keeping the Doll concealed. They knock over chairs, etc., in the scrimmage. Jenkins continues to protest frantically that he hasn't seen her wool or box, and she insists on his showing his hands. At last she catches him, and after a clumsy wrestle he falls on his back, keeping the Doll concealed. Mrs. McMurphy plants a foot on his breast, and raises her arm in triumphant attitude.]

Mrs. McM.—Now, thin, whin ye deliver up the goods I'll remove this fut, but not before, av I may be so bould, Misther Jenkins, sor.

Mr. J.—(*exhausted*)—Good heavens, woman—Mrs. McMurphy—this is most scandalous—this is a diabolical outrage!

Mrs. McM. Is it, thin? An' whose doin's is it but your own? Give me up fwat yer concailin', an' I'll lave you get up. That's the fairest I can do.

[*A rap at the door.*]

Mr. J.—Good gracious, woman, there's someone at the door! Let me up instantly!

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.)

THE CHINAMAN'S IDEA

O'RELL has a high opinion of Sandy, to whom he attributes many noble traits besides thriftiness.

Apropos of this particular feature of the Scottish character, he related an incident. On his recent visit to New Zealand he was at Dunedin, a town as thoroughly Scotch as Edinburgh. There are in fact hardly any residents of any other nationality, excepting a few Chinese, who are not flourishing as they do in most places. To get along at all, in fact, these Chinamen, whose names are as usual Fing Wing or Jing Bang, are obliged to write on their sign boards, Mac Wing, Mac Bang, etc. One day, passing through the Public Garden O'Rell found a Chinaman sitting on a bench, and taking a place beside him the visitor said, "Well, John, and how are you getting along in Dunedin?" The Chinaman turned a sad and disappointed face to the questioner, and replied in expressive pantomime. Doubling up his right hand he endeavored in vain to open it with his left, and then he said laconically, "Too muchee Scotchee!"

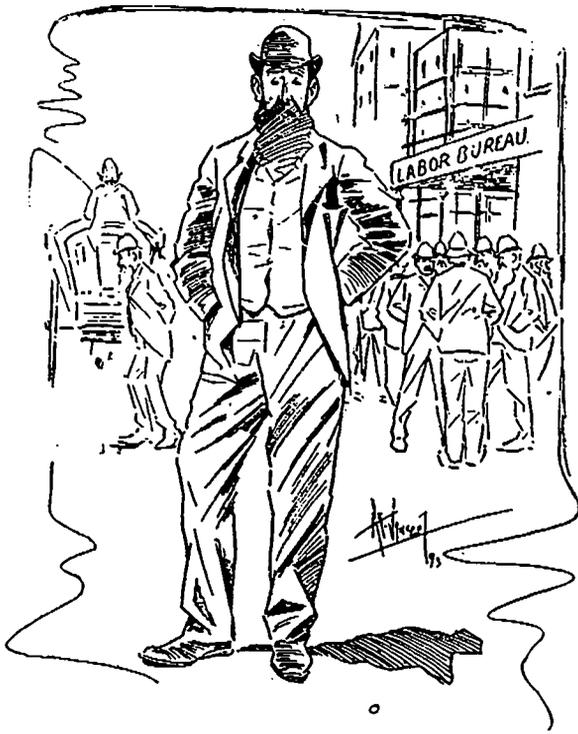
The Aldermen and ex-Aldermen implicated in the boodling investigation seem to regard the taking of an oath as being about the same as taking a nip at Headquarters.



AT THE BABY FARM.

MARTER—"Here, ma'am, I'll give you full charge of this child; it's no use to me!"

[“Perhaps I was foolish on the Temperance Question. I think it would be foolish in future to trust for success on the temperance people of the Province. Ontario has a Prohibition Government, which will, just as soon as they have the power, give Prohibition.”—*Marter's Speech at Conservative Conference.*]



THE BEGGAR.

Day by day he stood, stalwart and strong,
Pride and independence writ upon his face
Yet begging, his fellow men among
Not food, not money—no such disgrace—
But only—*Work.*

THE KHAN NODDETH.

GRIP is still keeping a paternal eye on Khan, the poet, watching for the dropping of poetic gems in the Saturday *Globe* as vigilantly as commoner crows perched in the trees at Rushdale Farm in spring time watch Khan the farmer for the dropping of golden grains of corn. But since "Morning on the Farm" nothing in the gem line has been forthcoming. It would seem that when the Khan's stuff isn't very good it is exceedingly bad. It is either true poetry or unmitigated bosh. Could there be more drivelling doggerel than this:

"Oh, fayre ladye, I've pants for thee,
I've pants for thee, I've pants for thee,
I slaved all night
 To finish them quite,
I hope you'll find the make all right,
They're neither too loose nor are they too tight,
O, fayre ladye,
 I've pants for thee."

and so on for four stanzas! We cannot resist the impulse to parody the metre and say,

O, Khan, dear boy, it's awful rot,
It's awful rot, it's awful rot,
And how you came
 To write the same,
And still expect to keep your fame,
And not incur the critics' blame,
GRIP knoweth not—
 It's awful rot.

THE OTHER AUTHORITY.

BRADSTREET no rating gives this youth,
Yet he must be of Fortune's sons,
For wher papas would know the truth,
His standing 's straightway proved by duns.
Smith, Gray & Co.'s Illustrated Monthly

GOOD IDEA.

MR. ROBERT RAE suggests that on New Year's morning at least one million Canadians rise up and sign the total abstinence pledge—and stick to it. The suggestion is greeted as a happy thought, and steps are being taken to give it effect. One idea is that it should be an early function in every household, father, mother and all the boys and girls putting their names to the pledge-card, which may then be framed and hung upon the wall. If only the idea can be made known widely enough, the response by families will, we are sure, be general, but there is no reason why cards should not also be distributed in churches and other public assemblies for signatures on the eve of the New Year.

THE LEAGUE.

THE Toronto Art Students' League is composed of fellows who differ from the average artistic fellow in this—that they work as well as talk. They are an independent-spirited, manly set—we are not now particularly specifying C. Macdonald Manly who is one of 'em—who for years have stuck together through many vicissitudes and worked generously for the love of Art. Every year they remind the outer world of their existence by issuing a beautifully illustrated calendar—a veritable gem of typographic and pictorial art. That for ninety-five has just made its appearance, and fully sustains the high standard already set, though as a practical work of reference in the average kitchen it is distinctly inferior to the common or garden Almanac, because the consulter would be sure to get so interested in the drawings that he or she would forget all about looking for the date. The contributors this year are Messrs. A. H. Howard, C. W. Jefferys, G. A. Reid, J. Jephcott, J. A. Kelly, R. Holmes, J. Willson, F. H. Brigden, C. M. Manly, D. A. McKellar, H. Hancock, G. E. Spurr, J. H. F. Adams, D. F. Thomson and R. Weir Crouch.



THE MISSING WORD.

STREET PREACHER: "What does St. Paul say on this pint—? I repeat, me brethren, what does St. Paul say—(with a yell)—What are the words of St. Paul?"
POLICEMAN (interrupting):—"Sorr, I'd have you remember that missing word competitions is illaygal."



SUPERSEDED.

MR. SISSY—But why don't you play with your pretty dolly, Ethel?

ETHEL—I don't care for the wax baby any more, 'cause we've got a real meat baby now.

PEOPLE ONE DOESN'T LIKE.

NO. VIII.

THE PERSON WHO IS NEVER IN A HURRY.

HE doesn't believe in modern rush, he made up his mind long ago that it's slow and sure that wins the day, and no matter how little time there is he's quite certain he'll get there.

The house may be on fire or your train ready to start, but that does not quicken his movements. There is always plenty of time in his calendar, insurance on houses, and more than one train a day. He doesn't believe in taking time by the forelock; he prefers waiting for it, to running the risk of injuring his nerves by doing things hastily. You can't disturb his equanimity by telling him you see moss growing upon him, because he says "it looks venerable, peaceful and well-to-do, and that you are merely a rolling stone that does not gather any."

He likes to do things deliberately, and to take time to think about them, and naturally it is of no consequence, if he happens to take your time too. What if the hours and minutes are your only available assets, he feels perfectly at liberty to draw upon you for any amount, whether he presents you with an equivalent or not. He is firmly convinced that hurry always rhymes with worry, and he will none of it. You may argue that need frequently requires speed, but he doesn't see it. Nothing will induce him to make a racehorse of himself, he is afraid of the pace that kills, he is generally of the opinion that he'll end up all right, while you'll probably be prematurely 'broken up.' Of course all the human hares fall asleep midway in the race, and are passed by the tortoise who is dead sure of walking off with the first prize. He certainly has the same outward hard shell as that plodding animal, so why expect him to understand the wild delight, the exhilaration of one throbbing with life and energy. If you insist on trying to take him with you, you'll find that you have only put a drag on the carriage, and have to do double pulling, while he'll keep the reins in his own hands.

For all you can say or do, the more you hurry the less he does. If you find him irritating, he thinks you and your rapid ways idiotic, but while he annoys you, his equilibrium is not upset, and that's why you hate him, and long to shove

him along and introduce a little of your electricity into him. You can't do it, he is essentially a non-conductor, a slow moving unsensitive body that won't be moved by your strongest battery. He reserves all his nervous energy to himself, and lets the other people do all the rushing and pushing for him, and grows aggravatingly fat, while they wear themselves out waiting for him. If you like to make a trolley car of yourself, he'll ride you, but you needn't expect anything more from "the person who is never in a hurry."

J. M. Loos.

CANADIAN PATRIOTISM.

IT has been said of Canadians that they are lacking in patriotism and national pride. If the charge is true, the reason is not obscure. From our stage of "long clothes," we have dutifully looked up to our illustrious mother with adoring affection, so content with the reflected glory of her achievements as to be unconscious of our transition through "shortening" and "first trousers" and of our ability to use our limbs in lusty self-defence in every other direction.

This filial sentiment, no doubt, does us honor, but unlike most good things we may have too much—such a mischievous amount of it as to draw off the loyalty required for home use in subverting many of the accepted notions about this "Canada of Ours," among foreigners.

It would seem from many of their observations that we are the progeny of a cross between the Crow-foot and the Esquimaux. And if not actually living in wigwams of skins and bark, these superseded edifices are still to be seen in some utilized shape on the premises. Our climate is a continuous Arctic winter, our children disporting themselves on the glaciers and playing leap-frog round the ice-bergs on the milder days, and we may expect to be met with an incredulous look when we affirm that there is an intermission during the year when the earth is visible, and they can make the traditional mud-pie and even swing in the open air with ears and noses intact. How much of this may be due to our zeal in writing up and illustrating carnivals and ice palaces,

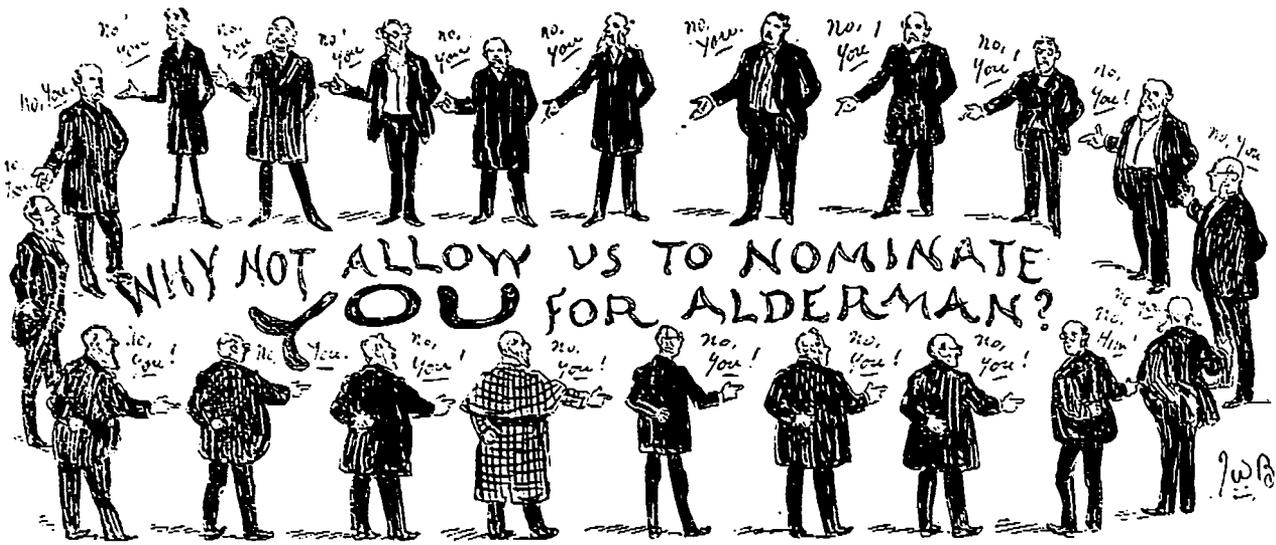


RESENTED.

MRS. PARVEY-NEWE (to the doctor)—"You needn't come here any more, sir. I will secure a medical man who knows something of good manners!"

DOCTOR—"Indeed, madam? In what way have I offended you?"

MRS. PARVEY-NEWE.—"In what way? Good gracious! Haven't you had the audacity to say that my husband's blood is impoverished?"



OUR BEST CITIZENS IN A GENERAL DECLINE!

until they seem to be the special and abiding features of the country, we will not pretend to say.

A popular foreign novelist in an eloquent burst says: "I'd rather be a green savage in Formosa or a drunken Indian at Ottawa than," etc. Formosans may speak for themselves but we protest against the implication that the society of our capital has a dusky element in war-paint and feathers, and that our legislation is carried on under the inspiration of "fire water," and wholesome fear of the tomahawk.

In the Canadian Building at the Chicago Fair, two gods occupied a place of prominence, much to the perplexity of many visitors. Notably a party of females who stood before them in wide eyed wonder. "Land sakes!" exclaimed one. "I never knew before that Canadians worshipped idols." "I didn't, either," said another, but anxious not to judge us too harshly, added, as if in sudden illumination, "well, they *all* don't. I'm certain, they all don't, for I saw a Canadian family in Colorado and I'm su re they were Christians, for they went to church like other people."

Cassid Part.

"UP TO DATE" VERSES.

DEAR GRIP:

I 'VE observed with admiration amounting to awe, a species of poetry which seems to have infested our periodical literature for some time back. Its writers and admirers, who are generally antiquated maidens who seem trying to write and talk like young men, and tough experienced matrons who have long since deposited their spouses "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," say that this sort of poetry is too "recondite," too deep - too altogether subtle, for the comprehension of ordinary vulgar minds. Through the kindness of my venerable aunt, Mrs. Seraphina Slogger, (a shining light of this peculiar cult), I am enabled to present to your notice, three little gems of poesy, written by her shortly before her removal to Toronto, where she is now under treatment for some brain trouble or other. The first gem is of a pastoral nature. It is entitled

NOVEMBER NOODLINGS, (my weakly poem).

"Autumnal evening hurries o'er the town,
I notice all the leaves are getting sorter brown,
On Tomkin's barn the last rays of the sun,
Light up the roosting turkeys one by one,
Red are the leaves upon the Maple tree,
Red as the nose of any drunk can be!
November's night expands its ebon wing,

Cataleptic chickens to their perches cling,
At Scroggin's bar the chief ones of the town
Now lift their spirits up by pouring spirits down,
Now shines the moon upon the shimmering streets,
Oh lovers sipping surreptitious sweets,
Their shadows fall across my lonely room,
I'd like to be behind them with a broom!
And midnight's hour draws near with solemn tread,
'Tis time to take some beer, and go to bed."

With your permission the other specimens next week.

Reginald Gourley.



NOT TO BE DENIED.

MISTRESS—"You've been eating onions, Norah!"

NORAH—"Sure, ma'am, it's a moind reader you are, entirely!"



81 ADELAIDE STREET WEST

Toronto, Dec 7 1894.



Respected

Sir:

Will you oblige by taking a look at the little label on your copy of "Grip". It won't take a moment. There... you see, the date indicates the time up to which you have paid,

and if you reckon from that date down to the end of Dec '94 (at the rate of \$2 per year) you will know exactly how much (if anything) you owe us.

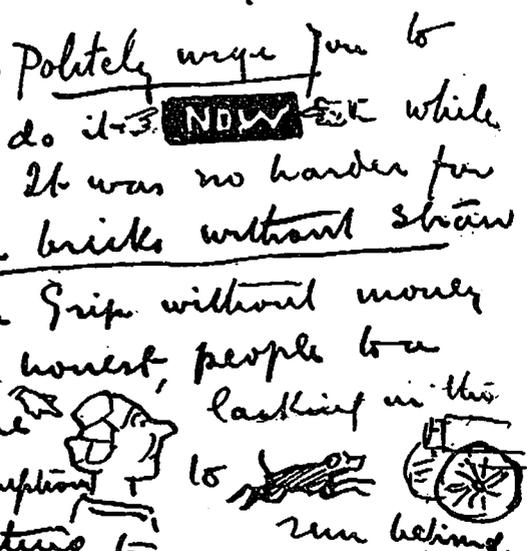
Now, good Sir, may we send us this amount, and to the matter is

Fresh in your memory? It was no harder for the Egyptians to than it is for us to

Our subscribers are man, we believe, but some of them are

lacking in the business of memory, and allow their subscriptions to run behind. These subscriptions, however, mean everything to us, and if each of our friends would send in his small amount the old Bird could go along nicely. Won't you be one to stand by us, and send in at once the amount (if any) shown on your label? With every confidence that you will heed this pathetic appeal, we remain

Yours very truly
Grip's Publishers



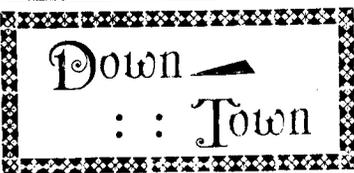
PHENIX
PUBLISHING COMPANY

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OFFICE :

81 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO

No advertisement of any business which we regard as fraudulent or of evil tendency will be accepted at any price. It being our desire to make GRIP advertisements unique and effective, we will freely supply expert aid to advertisers in the invention, construction, writing and illustrating of their ads.



THE concerts arranged for Christmas Day, afternoon and evening, at Massey Hall, under the auspices of the Queen's Own Rifles and East Toronto Cricket Club, cannot but prove a powerful attraction. Entertainment going astronomers will be interested in the unique event of the opposition of Juno and Venus, two bright stars of the platform,—otherwise Miss Nellie Ganthony and Miss Jessie Alexander, and in addition to these, Miss Klein, Soprano, Master Percy Hamby, Soprano, Mr. Frank Wright, Humorist, Mr. J. Lewis Brown, Organist, and the Bugle Band of the regiment. Tickets at Whaley, Royce & Co's.

It ought to be generally known, if it is not, that Hon. Wallace Bruce, the gentleman who is to lecture at Association Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 18th, is an orator of well established fame. He was the speaker chosen at the great gathering of the clans at Chicago in connection with the Burns anniversary, and is recognized throughout the United States as easily first of Scottish speakers. His subject, "Scotland and Scotsmen," provides the proper element for his powers, and a genuine treat may be confidently anticipated. The proceeds are in aid of the charitable funds of the St. Andrew's Society. Plan open at Nordheimer's, Dec. 18th.

ON the evening of the 18th. at the Pavilion. The inspired genius who is regarded by many critics as the greatest living violinist, Ysaye, will make his first Toronto appearance. He will be assisted by an array of artists competent in themselves to give a firstclass concert, but with the wonderful virtuoso the attraction will be irresistible. Mark the date and don't miss it on any account.

ON Saturday evening of this week Mr. Frank Lincoln, the unique humorist and mimic, appears in the People's Course at Massey Hall.

THAT GRIP is appreciated in some quarters is evident from the following, which an old and valued subscriber—a prominent business man in Montreal—adds as a postscript to his letter enclosing his subscription:—"Permit me to say that I enjoy your paper very much. It is truly the 'Canadian Punch'."

SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. There has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whitening." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an excellent mustache in six weeks. Ladies, if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whitening" that will in one month's time make you as clear and as white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whitening for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would wish to be. After the use of this Whitening, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cts. per bottle and the "Face Whitening" 50 cts. per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any

address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,

R. RYAN,
350 Gilmour St., Ottawa.

P.S.—We take P. O. stamps same as cash but parties ordering by mail will confer a favor by ordering \$1.00 worth, as it will require this amount of the solution to accomplish either purposes, then it will save us the rush of P.C. stamps.

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Also instructions in Men's and Boy's Clothing.

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General Agent, Ontario.

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: THE : UNION LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY.

60th Half-Yearly Dividend.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum has been declared by the Directors of this Company for the half-year ending 31st instant, and that the same will be paid at the Company's offices, 28 and 30 Toronto street, on and after Monday, the 7th day of January prox. The transfer books will be closed from the 21st to the 31st instant, both inclusive, By order,

W. MACLEAN, Managing Director.
Toronto. Dec. 5th, 1894.

Western Canada Loan and Savings Co.

63rd Half-Yearly Dividend.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of five per cent. for the half-year ending the 31st December, 1894, being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of this institution, and that the same will be payable at the offices of the Company, No. 76 Church street, Toronto, on and after

Tuesday, 8th Day of January 1895.

Transfer books will be closed from 21st to the 31st days of December, 1894, inclusive.

WALTER S. LEE,
Managing Director.

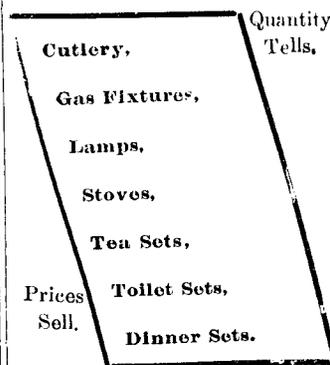
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A. E. AMES, Manager.

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A Fountain Pen is a good thing, provided you get the right kind at a moderate price. Fountain pens have hitherto been too high in price to come into general use. But the problem has been solved, and a good pen is now offered FOR ONE DOLLAR, free by post. This is not a cheap imitation, but a genuine gutta percha holder, with non-corrodible iridium pointed nib, from a first-class English firm. The nibs are furnished in fine, medium and broad, and as there is a twin feed the flow of ink is steady and reliable. Gold nibs, and holders with gold bands at higher prices, but the DOLLAR PEN is just as well adapted for everyday use.

The Neptune (for that is its name) is a favorite in England for short hand writers and others, but this is the first time, we believe, it has been offered for sale in Canada. The holder contains ink enough for two days steady writing.

Can be had by addressing J.J. Bell, GRIP Office, 81 Adelaide St., West, Toronto.

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I assert positively that I possess that cure, and guarantee to produce an entire new growth of hair. Any person (extreme old age excepted) can be treated at

MME. IRELAND'S

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A few good boys wanted in unrepresented towns to sell

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Good inducements. Terms made known on application.

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SALE OF Dress Lengths

: FOR THIS WEEK :

Cheaper Than Remnants

TOMORROW we will place on sale a very large assortment of Dress Fabrics in Dress Lengths from 6 to 8 yards each, which will be sold Cheaper than Remnants have been this season.

These Dress Lengths include Diagonals, Plaids, Stripes and Checks.

Positively the Greatest Bargain in Dress Goods offered in Toronto this year.

If you want a CHRISTMAS BARGAIN this is your opportunity.

SPECIALS IN DRESS PATTERNS.

PATTERNS WORTH \$1 00	FOR \$ 59
PATTERNS WORTH 1 50	FOR 89
PATTERNS WORTH 2 50	FOR 1 39
PATTERNS WORTH 3 00	FOR 1 79
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34-in. Cashmere	worth 20c for 12½c
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46-in. Silk-finished Henrietta	worth 69c for 43c
46-in. Silk-finished Henrietta	worth 85c for 50c
46-in. Silk-finished Henrietta	worth \$1.25 for 69c
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46-in. (Priestley's) Silk Warp Henrietta	worth \$1.50 for 85c
54-in. (Priestley's) Satin-finished Soliel	worth \$1.50 for 79c
44-in. Satin-finished Soliel	worth 75c for 43c
44-in. Extra Fine Quality Beaver Cloth	worth \$1.75 for 85c

Don't miss our Special Sale of Dress Patterns. 20 Dress Patterns, not two alike, in silk and satin-finished French Novelties, worth from \$6.50 to \$8.50, for \$3.75.

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