

So Say We All,

T. DAVIES & CO'S LAGER BEER

Best in Canada.

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

VOLUME XVI. No. 7.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1881.

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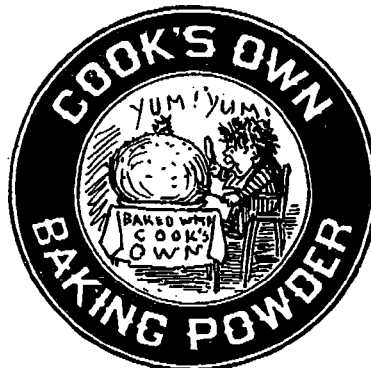
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**Authors, Artists & Journalists.**

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

Our calling him "Guller" instead of "Fuller," last week, was not intended as an insinuation against the author of H. M. S. Parliament. It was an eccentricity of the compositor.

The Montreal Spectator appears with a handsome new heading, and Brother Bray wields as trenchant a pen as ever. He would do well, however, to "sit upon" some of his heavy contributors.

Mr. Charles Belford, formerly of the Toronto Leader and Mail, but lately of Ottawa, died at the latter place on Sunday evening, of consumption. He was a vigorous writer and rendered valuable service to the Conservative party.

Scribner's Magazine has attained the marvelous circulation of 125,000 copies monthly. This is unprecedented in the history of magazines, but then there never was a magazine before whose literary and artistic merits struck the world so forcibly.

"The Coming of the Princess," a volume of poems, by Mrs. Kate Ferguson Maclean, of Kingston, is published this week by Hunter, Rose, & Co. The poems are lyrical in form, and are of high excellence, their sweetness of melody and originality are such as to add a valuable contribution to Canadian literature.

Puck's Annual for 1881 is now on the counters of our book-stores, and certainly no holiday book is calculated to give the readers so much genuine amusement—excepting, of course, their Almanac. The Annual is profusely illustrated by Koppler, Wales, Oppen and others, and contains literary contributions from many excellent writers.

Grip is very happy in his hits this week. The cartoon represents a Christmas tree, with Sir Charles Tupper as the good mother loading it with rich presents "For the dear little boys of the C. P. Ry. Syndicate." Mr. Mackenzie stands behind in an attitude of expostulation, while Sir John Macdonald shakes his fist at Mr. Blake, who is advancing as if to prevent the giving away of too many good things. The recent fracas in the House is amusingly depicted, but the best hit of all is the sketch of a large grasshopper labelled "Railway Monopoly," under which is the legend, "The new scourge of the North-West, now in process of hatching at Ottawa."—Ottawa Free Press.

The London Free Press is evidently out of stock of its edition of Fanning's Etiquette. It describes Bishop Sweatman as "His Honour the Lord Bishop of Toronto." The good Bishop is neither a Police Magistrate nor a bogus peer. To give sham titles that claim undue preeminence for any one Church is not only illegal, but a great breach of good manners. Such titles as "Lord Bishop" are titles of discourtesy.

A year's subscription to the St. Nicholas is a holiday gift the influence and the joy of which are felt twelve times a year. The North American recently declared, "It would puzzle any one to say in what respect St. Nicholas could be improved." Subscriptions beginning with the beautiful Christmas (December) number will commence the two serial stories. Price, \$3.00 a year. The Christmas number is for sale everywhere for 30 cents. Published by Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, New York.

The Christmas number of the Youkers Statesman was a masterpiece of literary and typographical beauty. We heartily congratulate brother quill on his enterprise and success.

**\$10** Outfit furnished free with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in the business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address: **TRUS & Co., Augusta, Maine.**

1881 1881  
**THE MAYORALTY**

To the Electors of the City of Toronto.

Your vote and influence at the coming Election are kindly requested for

**JAMES BRITTON,**  
FOR MAYOR.

THE ELECTION TAKES PLACE  
**MONDAY, JANUARY 3rd, 1881**

**GOOD SAVE THE QUEEN.**

**A** GENTLEMAN four years pastor French Protestant Church, New York, wishes to form classes. Address Rev. J. Beaubien, 20 Alexander St., Toronto.

**15** SCROLL SAW designs sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. No two alike. Address, **J. MALCOLM, Parkdale P.O.**

**ST. THOMAS' WARD.**  
**YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE**  
Are Respectfully Solicited on Behalf of

**HARRY SYMONS,**  
As School Trustee for 1881-2.

Election on Wednesday, 5th Jan. 1881

**ST. GEORGE'S WARD.**  
**YOUR VOTE & INFLUENCE**  
Are respectfully solicited for the election of

**EDWARD RYAN,**  
**99 KING ST., WEST,**  
**AS ALDERMAN FOR 1881.**  
The Election will take place on Monday, January 3rd 1881.

1881.  
**ALD. W. B. M'C MURRICH**  
**FOR MAYOR.**

**Economy, Reduced Taxation,**  
**Improved Roadways, Better**  
**Water Supply, Strict**  
**Supervision.**

**Actors, Orators and Musicians.**

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

Mr. C. W. A. Dedrickson, a well known newspaper man of this city, has become a member of Chas. Drew's "Opera Mad" Company.

Mr. Gus Williams renewed his old triumphs at the Grand in the early part of this week, and at present the attraction is Mrs Howard's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company. This is to be followed by a brief engagement of the famous Emma Abbott's English Opera Company, who will present four very attractive works. Signor Brignoli is with Miss Abbott.

Miss Emma Verne & Co. hold the boards of the Royal Opera House this week, with their musical comedy in two acts, entitled "Fun on the Rail." Miss Verne is a most charming actress, and the comedy is replete with wit, pathos and music. Altogether "Fun on the Rail" is one of the most enjoyable things that has been put on the boards this season. Next week commencing January 3rd, comes Harry Webber in the Comedy Drama of "Nip and Tuck," which is most highly spoken of by the American press. The Cincinnati Commercial, speaking of it, says: "The play possesses all the qualifications of a great dramatic success, and the performance was without blemish."

ISABEL WALTZES.

As this is the first piece of music we have received since we gave notice of our intention to review music sent to us for that purpose, we wish to remark, before proceeding to do so in this instance, that our motto shall be strict impartiality and justice according to our view of the merits of the productions, but nothing in malice. By this means we hope to benefit all concerned; not only in letting young aspirants to musical composition know where they fail, and in bringing talent into public notice when found, but also in acting as a guide to the public in their selections of new music.

We will now proceed with our review of the above waltzes. The first thing necessary in a composition is correctness. No matter how pleasing the melody may be, if badly harmonized it is worthless in the eyes of all who understand the science of music. The above waltzes are literally full of such faults, and as space will not permit of our pointing out every one of them we will only refer to a few of the most glaring. In the second last chord of the introduction the D flat should be C sharp, resolving to the D above. It is hardly worth while noticing the unnatural accent on the quarter after the triplet in the same. In the fourth last bar of the same waltz, what musician could say what this chord is? Although the sound would be the same, the B in the rap should be C flat and the F's sharp should be G's flat. The same faulty writing occurs in fifth bar of the second waltz. We are not great sticklers about consecutive fifths and eighths, but in Waltz three, first part, second last bar, there is a progression of eighths too strong for us to listen to or even to look at. In the Finale the resolution of the last chord preceding the subsequent second figure is of course inadmissible. We notice several pauses introduced in the Waltzes. As we presume they are intended to be danced, a pause might prove very awkward if the dancers happened to be on one foot only. The best advice we can give the composer is not to sell a single copy until he has put them in the hands of some one competent to put them into proper shape, since he evidently cannot do so himself. We shall then be happy to say what we think of them as Waltzes. This must not be accepted as a specimen of our future reviews, as they will be confined to a very few words or sentences, still sufficient to express our opinion.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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 Happy New Year.**

With a flutter of joy  
And a twinkling eye,  
Grip wishes his readers, dear  
Long life and light hearts  
(Which Grip's humor imparts)  
And a genuine Happy New Year.

**Galt's Lament.**

If you see Moses Oates send him home—  
To be absent so long is a shame;  
While his loving wee wife  
Is most scared out of life  
And nobody thinks she's to blame;  
And since from our midst he took flight,  
There is none our affairs to indite,  
And we're now in the blues,  
Having wardsmen to choose,  
With the grand civic conflict in sight,  
Without Moses to lead on the fight,  
So, though neither a priest nor a lord,  
To want him we'll all can afford,  
For, with insight so keen,  
He's both gleg and far seen,  
While beyond moon and stars he has soared,  
Till his prophecies can't be ignored.  
On the editor's stool and the street,  
We thus miss the clay pipe and big feet,  
And more harassing still,  
We're deprived of his skill.  
The clouds on the carry to mete,  
Foretelling of sunshine or weat.  
Even Nature her reckoning has lost,  
And the weather has run all to frost,  
Neither raining or snowing,  
But freezing and blowing,  
Till of sleighing our last hope is lost—  
Hence Moses should be at his post.

JOHN GALT.

GALT, Dec. 15, 1880.

**Grip's Christmas Cards.**

Grip expresses his entire satisfaction at the manufacture of Christmas Cards in the Dominion, and is struck with the thought that the idea may be carried even further. With this object in view he offers to supply the public with plain Christmas cards in the shape of pen and ink sketches (on fine cardboard) of Canadian events of startling interest. No. 1 represents Sir Charles Tupper inspecting the Union Pacific Railway at Cottonwood Swamp. No. 2, Sir John and Mr. Huntington walking arm in arm in Ottawa. No. 3, Mr. Gordon Brown dining with Mr. Goldwin Smith. No. 4, Major De Winton rescinding the low-necked dress order. No. 5, Mr. Perrault and Mr. Goldwin Smith receiving the honor of knighthood from Her Majesty, and many other scenes of permanent historical value to Canadians. Price \$1.25 per million which barely pays for the cards. Early orders solicited. No Rag Baby money received in exchange.

The discussion of the Pacific Railway Bill has been carried on in anything but a Pacific manner. To some the terms Syndicate a new way of settling the country.

**Curing a Clucking Hen.**

She was a long, lanky, dispirited hen of the Dorking variety, but it is useless to discuss all her points now, as she was discussed long ago. Well, this hen for some time manifested a desire for incubation, patent even to my unlearned eyes. It was in the beginning of winter too, when a young brood of chickens would infallibly perish. I had systematically stolen her eggs, and now seeing the maternal instinct strong upon her, I determined to gratify it. So I started out for the corner grocery store and asked Smith for five cents worth of eggs. He looked at me seriously, and then fished up one fine new laid egg, and asked me if I would have it in paper? I said that quality was not my object in buying eggs that day, but quantity, so after favoring me with a prolonged stare of amazement, he filled a paper bag with the merchandise, adding that he was willing to warrant that they had been in the store for two months. This was exactly what I wanted, so laying down my five cents I went home and put them under my yearning hen. She looked at me with thankful eyes, and settled herself on the eggs with every appearance of unspeakable joy. Well, she sat, and sat, and sat. To do her justice, she did her level best with those eggs, but it was no go. Twenty-five days passed, and one afternoon I was smoking my pipe in the woodshed and not thinking of anything in particular, when I noticed the hen step out of her nest, and gently and charily trundle one of the eggs out into the light and scrutinise it closely. She must have thought that something was up, for she gave it a furious peck driving her head up to the eyes in it. Uttering a fearful scream of dismay, she flew through the doorway and buried her head in a snow-drift. All this time the old rooster was standing in the doorway, taking mental notes and smiling inwardly. Seeing his wife fly out in that summary manner, he, with an assumption of awful dignity stepped up to the egg to investigate. After looking at it askance for a moment, he turned it over with his beak and—fled from the shed screaming at the top of his voice. This was highly interesting, and went far to prove that the egg was not as fresh as it might be. I was confirmed in this opinion a moment after, for my sister's cat came slinking and blinking into the shed, and spying the egg steered straight for it, licking her chops in anticipation. Pusey gave it one sniff and the next moment might have been observed trying to extract whinge nails with her teeth high on the roof of the shed. I often feel sad when I think of the unmanly ungentlemanly deception I practised on that poor misguided fowl; but it is too late now for anything but regrets, and fervent resolutions never to do such a mean trick again.

DELIBERATIVE DORMOUSE.

**"She Stoops to Conquer."**

The moon hung placid in the sky  
One summer night,  
Two lovers sat upon the stoop  
In the silvery light,  
The drunken little stars were blinking  
All their might.  
He gazeth in her darksome orbs,  
So liquid bright,  
She gazeth fondly up again  
With tear-dimmed sight,  
A hermit bull-frog chanted by his  
Firefly light.  
Sweet maid, see'st thou yon twinkling world  
Small to the sight,  
That days ago rose late at e'en  
And satellite?  
A star shot bias o'er the azure  
Infinite.  
"The stars are nothing new to us,  
Alphonsie," she sighed,  
"Like thee, each is a feeble spark—  
And nought beside;  
Did'st look to planet with a ring, I'd  
Gaze up willingly."

BUN.

**Notes from Our Gaddy.**

DEAR GRIP,  
O.

GADDY.

P. S.—Happy New Year and many on 'em.

[NOTE.—The above was handed in, highly perfumed with stale tobacco, and a strong suspicion of beer. Gaddy, if this happens again we shall have to call you an M.P. or something particularly disagreeable.—ED. GRIP.]

**Blake's Meeting.**

Perhaps a more disgraceful and disgusting spectacle has never been witnessed than that presented at the meeting called to discuss the Syndicate Bargain, in St. Lawrence Hall. The interruptions made during Mr. Blake's speech were not only ungentlemanly and absurd, but in most cases, were impertinent. However, it was at the close of Mr. Blake's speech that the audience showed to advantage. Hoots, yells, groans, and oaths filled the air, and the efforts of the chairman to preserve order only served to make confusion worse confounded. In one corner two men were fighting, in another a small clique of Conservatives were making determined and successful efforts to prevent the speaker's voice being heard, while the conduct of a great many in the audience was such as would be expected from a crowd of bar-room loafers, rather than from men of good standing in society, many of whom have had the advantages of a University education. Both political parties were equally bad, and both deserve the severest censure and condemnation.

**The Champion Mean Man.**

An instance of the beautiful working of the law relating to distraining for rents has recently come under our notice. Under the old law, the landlord in default of payment could seize the goods and chattles of the tenant, but was compelled to leave him certain specified articles of furniture. At present the law has been so amended that he need leave nothing, and the instance referred to is a case in point. A Toronto landlord in the disguise of a man, seized upon the furniture of his tenant and completely stripped the house, taking the bed from under the sick wife; and, coolly laying the baby upon the floor, walked off with its cot. Comment upon this is unnecessary.

Grip predicts a very severe storm on or about the 3rd January, 1881, accompanied by a very high wind and numerous orthographical thunderbolts. The storm will be general throughout Ontario, but will be felt most severely in Toronto, and the U. E. Club will have a very close escape from being demolished. Another storm will commence about the 5th., confined principally to Ottawa, and which will raise the temperature some thirty degrees before it subsides. As Grip cannot see more than a week ahead, we will wait until our next issue, when the dark veil of futurity will be again lifted.

The Union pays a deserved compliment to Major Theodore Byxbee, speaking of him as a gentleman of ability, standing and character.—*Meriden Recorder*.—Correct, Bro. Riggs, correct. We have some of them around here too, not just at this season of the year, but in warmer weather, and they are all of considerable ability, but very apt to give a stinging retort if disturbed. We cannot say about their standing, in fact, don't remember to have ever seen them stand, but they will destroy any single mans character in ten seconds, if they happen to catch him while out with his girl. The ones we mean have striped backs, and always carry a piece of chain lightning with them.

If you are oiling your hair and spill the oil over your face you will attain a facile expression.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 281 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Purity and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

**GOLD HEADED CANES.**

50 Patterns. The Nobbiest Things in the Market.—WOLTZ BROS & Co. 29 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



**The Great Grab.**

The phenomenon of a mirage is not uncommon in our North West Territories, and whenever such a thing appears it is greeted by all beholders with wonderment and admiration. An entirely different emotion is likely to fill the breast of any North West settler whose mental eyes can detect the portentous thing which hangs over that fair domain at the present moment. It is not a mere mirage, however, but a gigantic verity, which may soon become all too visible to the corporeal senses. The vast and itching claw of the Syndicate is ready to make a fatal grab, if government and parliament prove recreant to their high trust. Let the people see to it that if this outrage is consummated, it shall not be because the public voice was unheard.

**The Mayoralty.**

A good many respectable Conservatives feel compelled to vote for the nominee of their Party, because notwithstanding that Mr. Close is a very unpalatable dose to swallow, they claim that if he is defeated the *Globe* will announce it as a blow against the National Policy. This is about as sensible and manly an argument as that used by certain other Conservatives who say they must support the Syndicate scheme, and give away our lands in the North-West, otherwise the Government will be humiliated. What does it matter to the citizens of Toronto what the *Globe* or any other paper may say? The question before the people is whether Mr. Close is a proper person to occupy the highest position in the gift of the city. Gaze most decidedly thinks he is not.

Many farmers have excellent sheep dogs but Toronto has the Boss Sheppard.



**The Reckless Skater.**

**Grip as a Mentor.**

The Ottawa correspondent of the *Kingston Daily News*, in a recent letter, said:

Sir John Macdonald is much improved in health. This (Monday) evening he appeared in excellent health and mixed freely amongst members on the Ministerial side. There is "life in the old man yet." He seemed to enjoy Grip's last cartoon. He and Sir Charles Tupper had considerable fun this evening while examining the contents of the *Canadian Punch*. No public man in Canada can appreciate a joke better than the Premier, even if it be at his own expense.

A sense of humor is a valuable quality in a public man, and Grip is glad to know that his work amuses our careworn statesman. But it is intended to instruct as well as amuse, and these honorable gentlemen would do well to study the moral meaning of the cartoons, after sipping at the humor which bubbles on the surface.

**The Syndi-cat.**

**GOTLIEB.**—Pat, vat you dinks about dose Syndi-cat now. You did heard Blake in dot St. Lawrence Hall?

**PAT.**—Troth an' I did that same, an' if the schreamin' varmint didn't git a bastin' that noight, thin oim a Dutchman.

**GOTLIEB.**—Yaw, dot is zo! Vat you dinks of dis Gløse peecesness.

**PAT.**—An a mighty Close business it is too; bad luck to the dirty ohmadouns that concaived the idea av running the loikes av him. Oh, whirra, whirra, fwat is this foine country coming to?

**A Section of Ancient History.**

And it came to pass in the reign of Ali Lorne Bey, the Caliph of all that country lying between the two great oceans, and from the country of the Yankee even unto the North Pole, that the Pasha John A. was chosen his Grand Vizier, and Ras-al Tup-per was chosen second in command. And they were men of great repute because of their wily tongues, for their words were sweet in the ears of the people, and their promises of plunder to their followers were great. Yet was not the Pasha a true believer, as he was a partaker of the intoxicating juice of the grape, and of the distilled juice of grain. And in the second year of the reign of Caliph Ali Lorne Bey, the Grand Vizier and Ras-Al Tup-per took council with themselves, and said, Lo, we will build the great iron road, and forasmuch as our friends have for some time been without plunder, therefore will we now give unto them that for which they long. And that their deeds might not be too closely scrutinized they went unto a far off land and there arranged the scheme. And they apportioned unto their followers each one his share, and returned unto their own land with great blowing of trumpets wherewith to blind the people. But the people waited patiently for the terms to be made known unto them, and were not deceived by the fine allegories of the Grand Vizier because they knew he had deceived them aforetime. And when the terms of the contract were made known, behold the people rejected them, because of their stupidity, and because of their corruptness. And they petitioned the Caliph to dismiss his unworthy servants, because if his scheme were carried out it would result only in enriching a few, and bring ruin on the country. And the Caliph listened to the prayers of the people and drove his unworthy servants forth with blows, and contumely and scorn was heaped upon them, and every man spat upon them, because such stupidity as theirs had not before been seen in the land. And their followers who had expected to profit by them, cursed them for being so utterly soon and before-hand in their calculations, but the country was happy.

**Currant events—Plumb piddings.**



**"Endymion."**

Gaze makes bold to draw aside the curtain and permit the public to squint into the study at the Grange. The gentleman sitting in the chair is enjoying himself intensely—though his face does not betray his inward feelings. He is engaged in the work upon his famous monthly, and at the present moment is roasting "Endymion." Gaze doesn't like to encourage anybody to break the golden rule, but he feels justified in winking at the Professor's little exhibition of tit-for-tat.

**Tobaccoist.**—Will you Hav-an-a cigars?  
**Crowd.**—Kill him.

An innocent farmer who offered an adulterated turkey for sale on the market the other day, excused himself for stuffing the crop with pebbles on the ground that he couldn't find out how many stones it weighed otherwise.

Under the delusion that the regular charge for whipping a Port Hope editor was from \$1 to \$5, a young man named Frank Lowe the other day pummeled the *Guide* man. He was fined \$27. This is a warning against Lowe conduct, and ought to be taken by editors as well as their assailants.

**Cartwright's Speech on the Syndicate.**



There are three hypotheses, Mr. Chairman. First,—That they were mad;



Second,—That they were bought. Third,—Or, they were sold!



**THE CHARITY SEASON.**  
ON AN ERRAND OF "GENEROSITY!"



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Hon. W. Macdonald says he doesn't care whether the Syndicate bargain is ratified or not if he only can secure a copy of *Gur's Comic Almanac* for 1881.

Ladies should beware how they indulge in hor racing. A young lady barely escaped with her life while on the Brighton road last week, the trouble being that she couldn't hold her roan.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

Bernhardt has a wonderful picture called "The Young Girl and Death." There are two figures in it, and you can take your choice of the two, as to which is Bernhardt and which is the young girl.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"Well, I've done one good deed to-day," said Billington. "What's that?" asked his friend. "I have given a poor, deserving man an overcoat," replied Billington, turning about; "how do you think it fits?"—*Boston Evening Journal*.

Nineteen men out of twenty can pull a shot gun toward them by the muzzle and go their way in good health, but the twentieth man always happens to be a citizen whose loss is deplored by a whole community.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A young woman flung herself into a cistern in Newburgh but was fished out. A local paragon advised her as follows: "Cis-tern from your evil ways." But he won't joke that way when it comes cis-tern.—*Poughkeepsie Eagle*.

It takes five gallons of whiskey to cure an elephant's cold, and, since this fact came out, seven New York men have been sent to insane asylums, as nothing can convince them that they are not elephants suffering from colds.—*Boston Post*.

A Boston man was invited to a banquet. At the bottom of the invitation was the following: "Nota Bene.—Eight o'clock prompt." He read it thus: "Not a bean, eh? Then I don't go to the darned banquet, that's all about it."—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

A Bridgeport carpenter, while in a fit of anger, threw a hammer at a fellow workman and swallowed a screw he had in his mouth. It was an unfortunate affair, but it was better than throwing the screw and swallowing the hammer.—*Daubury News*.

Whenever you see a man mad enough to tear the azure robe of night all up the back and bust the buttons off, put it down he has been inveigled by his home ruler into some sort of millinery shebang, and got stuck for something handsome.—*Bloomington Eye*.

A patent medicine notice in many of our exchanges is headed "An Editor's Escape." We haven't read it, but we are glad that he escaped. We suspect that while the man with the bill was coming up stairs the editor jumped out of the window and slid down the rain spout.—*J. H. Williams*.

Two girls in an Illinois boarding school had a contest to see who could dress quickest on a wager. Three other girls acted as judges, and the air seemed full of lingerie, pictorial stockings and lots of things that no fellow even knows the names of, for seven minutes and thirteen seconds, when the winner smilingly emerged, faultlessly dressed, even to bonnet and gloves.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Scene in Cincinnati.—First speaker: How are hogs to-day? Second: High; are you in the market? First: Yes, are you? Second: Yes; do you intend to stick? First: To the last; how many hogs can you control? Second: Smith, Brown and Jones. First: And I've got Robinson; we'll "bull" the market.—*Phil. Sun*.

A Murray Hill girl has had one of her shapely feet modeled in marble, and has presented it as a birthday gift to her affianced husband for a paper weight. A St. Louis girl did the same thing, but the unesthetic creature to whom she is to be united heartlessly utilized the gift as a foundation for his new residence.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

It was a Vassar girl just graduated who inquired: "Is the crack of the rifle the place they put the powder in?" Another, watching the operation of a steam fire-engine, remarked in wonder to her companion: "Who would have thought that such a diminutive looking apparatus could hold so much water?"—*Wicked Exchange*.

When a young man brings his girl a half pound of caramels, four ounces of chocolate creams, a half pound of sugar almonds and a dozen squares of taffy, and she eats them all during the evening, it is the very gall and bitterness of hollow mockery, when he is leaving, for the young man to lovingly whisper to the dear girl, "Happy be thy dreams."—*Rockland Courier*.

Gilboly had bought a barrel of apples from De Smith's grocery, which did not give satisfaction. "What's the reason," said Gilboly, indignantly, "that the further down I go into the apples the worse they get?" "The reason for that is that you didn't open the barrel at the other end. If you had only done that the apples would be getting better all the time."—*Galveston News*.

Two little boys in a family on Munson street had a pull at the wish-bone Thursday. The eldest won, but the parting was so unexpected that he lost his balance and went over a stool, striking on the floor with such force as to split his coat the whole length of the back. For the life of him he can't tell now what he wished, and of course will never know whether he gets it or not.—*Danbury News*.

A writer in an art journal says: "I do not think platos look well hung on a wall. They should be put on shelves in a kind of dresser." That writer's art taste is low. It needs cultivation. Next thing he will declare that coal-scuttles and wash-tubs do not look well hung on parlor walls, and he will relegate a decorated boot-jack to its proper place. If he were to go to Boston and promulgate such ideas he would get bounced.

A hatchet-faced woman, of about fifty-one summers, with a wealth of freckles in her face and a snuff stick in her mouth, got into a crowded car on Galveston avenue. There were half a dozen gentlemen on the car, but none of them offered to give her a seat. After she had waited a reasonable time, she said: "Ef eny of you galoots is waitin' for me to squat in yer laps, you are barkin' up the wrong tree, for I want you to understand I'm a lady." A dread that she was not in earnest caused six gentlemen to leave the car.—*Galveston News*.

Dolls, this season, dressed a *la mode*, cost all the way up to \$500. You can get one of the other kind—one that opens and shuts its eyes, eats ice cream, and understands handkerchief flirtation—for less money. But the \$500 doll doesn't make disparaging remarks when a man comes home weary at midnight, nor put its cold feet in the hollow of his back when he gets into bed.—*Yaucoob Strauss*.—That's a fine lingo. We know one of the "other kind" that has cost us three or four thousand dollars, and the end is not yet.—*Springfield Sunday Times*.

The glow of the evening firelight had lighted up her face and she never looked more charming. Resting her head gently on his shoulder, and looking with her great round eyes full into his face, she murmured: "John, oh, John. The days of the closing year are fast being numbered, and—John, you can divide—them—by—four—" "Ah, Eliza, I've often thought of this, but I rather like addition more than division." "Then, why—should—our—lots—be divided—at all." And that boshful coot allowed himself to be carried away by her sophistries and agreed to enter that state where multiplication is the true mathematical science.—*New Haven Register*.

A Texas man said he preferred to fight a duel rather than act as judge of a baby show. This is surprising, as he could get more fighting out of a baby show.—"Would you like to look through the big telescope?" asked one girl of another. To which the latter replied: "No, I'd a great deal rather look through a key-hole."—"You don't know how glad I am to see you, Clara dear." "Oh; yes, I do," replied Clara dear; "Johnny told me he heard you say you would rather die than see me."—They tell of a very cultured divine in Boston who, instead of saying "The collection will now be taken up," impressively remarks: "The accumulation of money will now ensue."—*Springfield Sunday News*.

### HE SENT HER A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Christmas was a sorry day for young Mr. Woolley. For weeks he had lain awake o'nights thinking what he could send his girl for a Christmas present. Yesterday morning he again counted his money, tugged up his greasy coat collar and strolled into a bookstore. "Ha, ha!" said he, "I have it—a book of poems, thirty-five cents. But how will she receive it?" he queried, as he deposited the brass pennies on the counter. "This is, indeed, a world of tribulation; suppose my dear Charlotte should tell me that she would not accept it! The fates forbid it; and me—why, I would feel like dining in the back yard."

After a moment's reflection he bethought himself of a messenger boy. "Ten cents more gone," said he, sorrowfully, "and I must write a note. How would this sound?"

"MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"My Dear Charlotte:  
"I send you this little book of poems. Please accept it as a small token of my esteem.

Yours truly,

"W. WOOLLEY."

An hour later, as Mr. Woolley was picking a chicken bone in his boarding house, a small parcel and a delicately written note were placed before him. Tearing open the letter he read:

"CHRISTMAS.

"W. Woolley, Esq.:

"Book received. Can't accept it. Have no use for a book on 'False Hair and How to Utilize It.' Farewell forever. "CHARLOTTE."

The bookseller had done up the wrong package; that was all!—*N. Y. Express*.

"My children," said a New Haven man to his son and daughter, both along in their teens a trifle, "if I should give you each five dollars, what would you do with it?" "I would buy something to read," replied the boy, the light of intelligence beaming across his countenance. "And I," said the girl with enthusiasm, "would buy something to wear." "You both do yourselves credit. It is natural that a boy just on the verge of manhood should seek to improve his mind, and girls of your age, my dear," as he stroked her curls, "always are thinking of good clothes. Here is the money, use your own judgment, both of you." The boy bought a full collection of "Wild Bill; or Life on the Plains" novels, and the girl a five dollar set of diamond jewelry.—*Thos. S. Weaver*.



## Our Grip Sack.

Deep thinkers. Coal miners and submarine divers.

To some sports "Life is but a Span"—of horses.

Motto for Toronto police force: "Non Est Inventus."

When one of our employees is dismissed he gets the "Grip Sack."

"Choke Damp." When a man strangles himself with a wet towel.

When is a pair of old pants like a paid account?—When they are re-seated.

Travellers stand the best chance of receiving titles.—Many travellers are Be-Knighted.

Difference between a certain Englishman speaking at a meeting and writing to the *Globe*. At one he asperates, with the other he exasperates.

Now is the time for the daily papers to come out and tell about the man who took too much benzine on Christmas day and has not benzine since.

'Tis sweet to court, but oh how bitter  
To court a girl and then not git her;  
And yet it always makes me glad  
To see a chap get sold so bad.

Samuel Hicox, an old resident of Seymour, dropped dead Sunday noon as he was crossing his room from heart disease.—*Meriden Recorder*.—Just like some men. We suppose if he had been cros ing from his bed, he could have crossed safely but crossing from heart disease, what could he expect. By the way, what part of the room is that anyway?

Bachelors' rejoice. Leap Year is over and we are yet free. No longer will we be haunted by dreadful visions of some deceptive male swooping down upon us and binding us in the hated matrimonial chains forever. Again our haggard care-worn countenances can assume their old time jollity of expression. For three long years we are free. Free, Free.

The Ahmerstburg *Echo* tells about Justice Gott imposing a fine upon James Barrowman for assault and battering John Meek, tax collector. Bad name for a tax collector, he will have to belie it so frequently. We presume he had a Barrow man to help him home after the row. Possibly James Gott enough of it, too, before the Justice was through with him.

### ▲ DICKENS OF A FELLOW.

"Mark Tapley" is not dead. He still lives. He lives in Hamilton, and holds an editorial position on the *Spectator*. He is as "cheerful" as ever; in fact he is actually facetious on the subject of the Syndicate bargain, and Mr. Blake's visit. It is easy to see that his "humor" is painfully forced—which proves that the writer has some latent sense of propriety though he tries hard to conceal it. He knows, as well as we do, that the Bargain is a matter of the gravest concern to the people of this Dominion, and that the people as a whole entertain a decidedly unfavorable opinion of it. But he also knows that if that opinion manages to get utterance through Parliament it will result in the discomfiture and perhaps the defeat of the Ministry. Such a *denouement* he knows would be a trivial circumstance in comparison with the disaster which would result from a temporary triumph of the Government, and yet the insanity of Party leads him to act the role of a patricide. He cannot do so seriously, however; his feelings no doubt revolt against that. His only resource is to try to be cheerful under the melancholy circumstances, and we hope he succeeds to his own satisfaction.

## Skeggs. of Tennessee.

George Zephaniah Skeggs, Esquire,  
Of Bunkumboro, Tennessee,  
Resolved he'd sail for Europe's shores,  
The Old World wonders for to see.  
And so one day in July last,  
He thirteen Saratogas packed,  
Ten handbags, and a box or two,  
And on them parchment labels tacked.  
Columbia's shore he left behind,  
Aboard the "Baltic," White Star Line,  
He ate and drank the very best  
Of well cooked food and sparkling wine,  
The cabin stewards, from the chief  
Down to the smallest boy of all,  
Vied with each other to be first  
At Mr Skeggs' beck and call.  
When he was sick and like to die  
They brought him sparkling "champagne cup,"  
They brought him basins by the score,  
And held his languid forehead up.  
When he was convalescent too  
They fed him up on strong beef-tea.  
No one on board the Baltic fared  
As well as Skeggs, from Tennessee.  
Behind these kindly actions hid,  
Lay half a hundred itching palms,  
Which yearned for worthy Skeggs' gold,  
And sought the same with low s.laam  
But Gratitude was not in Skeggs,  
And when at last ashore he went  
Loud lamentations filled the air,  
He hadn't given them a cent.  
But be it from me far to say  
I wouldn't do the same as Skeggs:  
For I'd have done the very same,  
As sure as crocodiles lay eggs,  
Just put yourself in Skeggs' place,  
And I will bet you two to one  
That when you saw the itching palms,  
You'd do—what Skeggs and I'd have done,  
When honest Skeggs to Paris got  
He quartered at a new hotel,  
With some tongue-tangled foreign name  
Like "Maison de la Mauvins Smell,"  
In fact I've often noticed that  
While visiting these foreign climes,  
I think that if I've felt it once  
I've felt it ninety thousand times.  
Whilst strolling out one day he saw  
In lettering of blue and gold,  
"Fine Champagne baths, apply within,  
Terms, 10 francs hot and 5 francs cold."  
"So help me," quoth astonished Skeggs,  
"Just let me read this here again!  
Is this the way them furrin fools  
Get wastin' of their good Champagne?"  
He read the sign board o'er again,  
Yes! there it was and no mistake,  
Inviting all whopassed that way  
A most luxurious bath to take.  
"I will!" at last he boldly said,  
"In writing 'twill be awful fun  
To tell them folks in Tennessee  
What Zephaniah Skeggs has done."  
And so he went and rang the bell.  
An ancient negro man replied,  
Who, with a most politish bow,  
Invited Mr. Skeggs inside.  
"A bath sah? Yes sah! Hot or cold?  
A sparklin' Koaderer will you try?"  
"No, not at all," said Mr. Skeggs,  
"A hot *Vevee Chignot*, still' and dry!"  
A tap was turned, a marble bath  
O'erflowed with the inspiring flood,  
The sight of so much goodly wine  
Fired honest Skeggs' torpid blood,  
And so he bathed as kings should bathe,  
Or other knaves of high degree,  
'Twas better than the yearly "scrub,"  
Skeggs used to take in Tennessee.  
And as he lolled in lordly style  
Submerged to his unshaven lip,  
Pray ask yourselves the question how  
Skeggs could avoid a little sip?  
But all things fall in course of time  
So Skeggs got out and dressed,  
The bath was slightly smaller then  
For Skeggs had drank the rest,  
"Nay, never mind," the negro said,  
"The balance goes to fills the tubs  
Of all our poorer customers  
Who like their *five franc* Champagne "scrubs,"  
"And after that?" said Mr. Skeggs,  
"What with the refuse do you do?"  
"Well," said the ancient negro man,  
"I really don't mind telling you.  
We bottle all the *refuge* up,  
We packs it up in empty crates,  
We sends it off to New Orleans  
And other places in the States."  
DELIBERATIVE DORMOUSE.

A man at Augusta, Me., recently wanted to make his wife a present of a pair of shoes. The salesman asked him what number she wore. The customer didn't know, but remembering that she wore No. 7 gloves, he got her a pair of No. 7 shoes. There was war in that man's house that night.—*Rome Sentinel*.

## Capt. Tom's Meditations.

"I say Capt.," said Jim Bluffer, one of the boys down at the corner grocery, after the usual crowd had assembled and old Capt. Tom had taken his accustomed seat on the biscuit box; "What do you think of this business of arresting hotel keepers for selling liquor after hours?"

"Well now boys, I'll tell yer what it is," said Capt. Tom, expectorating on the stove—there's a good deal ter be said on both sides. Some people takes un runs down tavern keepers cause they sell whiskey. Now, I don't believe its wrong ter sell whiskey, cause the law makes it merchandise and gives 'em the right to sell it, but I believe its mortal wrong ter drink it. If yer don't want em ter sell whiskey, why, change yer laws, un I'd like ter ask yer how often do yer enquire of a candidate how he stan's on this question? But as soon as eny of yer is hurt by drink, then yer go un howl about the wickedness of tavern-keepers in sellin pisen, when its all owin ter yer own foolishness in buyin' un drinkin it. Now look here, tother day there was a man fined in the Police Court fur sellin' whiskey arter hours. Now, that man had a Skatin' Rink, un the c fellers were there, un he refused them morn half-a-dozen times, un they got it at another place. At last they cum ter him an says, "If yer don't give it ter us we'll get it across the road, but your friend and we'd sooner give you the money than tother chap." So considerin' as how they were his friends he gave them a drink, an then they went un informed on him. Now which was the wust man of the two I'd like ter know? Marier says any man as sells liquor is a bad man; but I say as yer don't need to drink it unless yer want to, an if you do you are just as bad as the man that sold it.

Now boys, there's another thing. I want ter tell yer how I feels about this yer business of introducing party politics inter municipal elections. In the first place I don't want to have things here like they are in the States. There they elect everything from the president down to the constable according to their politics, un if we do the same we will have an opposition in every council we have. Un then what difference does it make whether a man believes in the N. P. or not, if he is going to be a Water Commissioner? Taint goin ter make the water taste any better, is it? En what difference does it make whether the Chairman of the Board of Works supports this cussed Syndicate? They aint goin' ter give away any more lands ter build sidewalks I hope. Un what has the Deceased Wife's Sisters' Bill got ter do with the Park Committee? It may have something ter do with the Cemetary Committee, but hanged if a man's politics is going ter make much difference even in that. All this is bad enough, but the wust part is the man the Conservatives has put up. Dod gast it, I've been a Conservative so long that it most kills me, but I'll be blamed if I have anything more ter do with them. I said to Marier, says I, Marier I haven't felt so bad since I had the measles, but I'm done with 'em. Why they've took un put up a man, who if all the stories told about him are true, ain't fit ter keep a pound let alone bein Mayor. Now I don't say as how all these things is true, but there has been a Commission appointed by Parliament, un they've found out lots of his crooked on Section B, un that he's a political jobber un ward politician, an I think he might have waited until these things were cleared up afore he cum' out fur office. But that's just what we may expect if every thing is ter be run by party. Marier says so too.

TRMOTHY.

Mr. Mackenzie has taken no part as yet in the Syndicate squabble. It is rumored that he is so much interested and amused in reading Grip's new *Comic Almanac* that he can't think of anything else.

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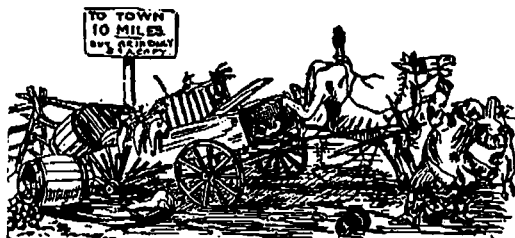


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