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TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO. } Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES. { 417 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

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ON THE CORNER.

Policeman Public Opinion—NOW THEN, MOVE ON HERE; GO EITHER ONE WAY OR THE OTHER! CAN'T ALLOW NO LOITERIN'!

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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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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

G. C. B.

The GRIP Printing and Publishing Co. have in preparation a splendid portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald, G. C. B., which it is their intention to issue in connection with the Christmas number of GRIP, to appear on Dec. 20th. In this work, which is not a caricature, but an excellent likeness of the Premier, executed in colors by one of the best portrait artists in Canada, Sir John is represented in the full costume of his rank in the Order of the Bath, wearing the cloak, seal and star over the court dress. This portrait will be unique amongst the many that have been made of its distinguished subject, and as a memorial of the Premier's fortieth year of public service it ought to be in every Canadian home. The Christmas number of GRIP will contain, besides, a colored cartoon portrait (No. 5 of the series) representing Hon. H. Mercier, Opposition Leader, Quebec, a double-page cartoon, apropos of the Conservative convention, in addition to the ordinary issue. The price of GRIP will be as usual, 5 cts.; portrait of Sir John, 10c. extra. Our subscribers will receive copies of the portrait at 10c. each, which may be remitted in stamps.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON—Sir John is home again, and his benign mother, the Conservative party, meets him with outstretched arms. His exploits abroad have covered him with glory, and the effulgence is reflected in the face of the proud matron. Has not her darling boy taken dinner with the Queen? What Grit ever had his cow-hide boots under the royal mahogany? Has he not hob-nobbed with earls and dukes, and been banquetted by bosom friends of the great Beaconsfield, and lastly, and most grandly of all, does he not come back with the star of the Bath—"an honor," to quote the enthusiastic language of a country convention resolution, "never before bestowed on a colonial Statesman." And now we are to have two gala days over the redoubtable chieftain in Toronto, and afterwards a splendid banquet in Montreal. Sir John said he would crush the little tyrant Mowat, and he has kept his vow!

FIRST PAGE—The Crit or Rouge papers of Quebec, voicing what are understood to be the sentiments of Mr. Mercier and Mr. Laurier, are declaring flatly in favor of Canadian Inde-

pendence. This brings about an interesting pass for Mr. Blake, who has quite recently declared his approval of and admiration for the Quebec Reform leaders. The question is, what does Mr. Blake say about Independence? He has as yet uttered no opinion *pro* or *con*, so far as we are aware. At one time it is known he was an advocate of Imperial federation, but Sir John has appropriated that fad, and if we are not to have the unwonted spectacle of the leaders agreeing upon a great subject, Mr. Blake must lose no time in declaring himself. He now stands upon the corner, and Policeman Public Opinion demands that he move on.

EIGHTH PAGE—The *Mail* says it expects a great gathering of loyal yeomen to meet Sir John on the 18th. There will undoubtedly be a large body of farmers in town on that day—respectable and representative men, whom Toronto will welcome heartily. But how comes it that these expected visitors are described as "loyal yeomen," whereas their neighbors, from precisely the same counties and townships, who came to meet Mr. Mowat, were "semi-civilized partizans in need of a bath?" Surely a "gentlemen's" newspaper would not alter in point of courtesy because in one case they are Tories and the other Grits?



KNOCKED OUT.

Sandy (from Hamilton).—Are you no afeer'd to fesh on the Sawbath? The de'il might grup yer hook!

Publican.—No fear, as long's it's not baited with a Hamilton man!

LETTER FROM THE MEMBER'S WIFE.

RURAL DELL.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP:—I would have written to you long ago, but I have been taking a tour to Winnipeg, and the North-west, and since my return I have had no time for letter-writing. Lucius and I took the girls with us, and I must say for my part I think I have enjoyed myself more if we'd left them behind, not that they are't good amiable girls and handsome, too, if I say it, but gracious me! that was one of the chief drawbacks. Every one else thought the same and more too, the young men especially; they just flocked around Mary

and Jane, in a way that would make Rural Dell girls open their eyes, but which kept me all on a *qui-vive*, for though the young men were nice and gentlemanly, they are all working hard as may be to earn a living, and most of them suffering from a collapsed boom. You must allow, it would have been harrowing for a lady like me the wife of a member of Parliament, to contemplate the idea of having my daughters marry young men whose means would compel them to expect their wives to do some house-work, and help them to build up their fortunes. I don't understand much about women's rights, but I do believe in the right a mother has to keep fascinating young men who have lost on "booms" from making my girls fall in love with them, so I put my foot down (which is pretty firm, if I do only wear number 5 boots), and wouldn't stay as long as Lucius wanted to, or take them on to Regina, or Calgary, where I knew the population chiefly consists of lords and younger sons. Naturally, Mary and Jane wanted to go; they have aristocratic feelings, which they come by honestly enough. I always feel bad when I remember what old friends won't let me forget, that my Pa kept a store, but I was firm and carried it out with the girls, for said I, what would be the good of your being a lady, instead of plain Mrs., if your next door neighbor lived ten miles off, and no-body but the hired girl, when you were fortunate enough to have one, to call you my lady, for of course your husband would call you by your Christian name—and we came home. I had other private reasons for objecting to their settling up in the north-west. I haven't much of an opinion of sons-in-law in general; like everything else in law, ten to one if even when they live near and are under your eye, you can manage them to your liking, separated by thousands of miles I'd have no chance with my sons-in-law.

Manitoba is a wonderful country, you see more cheerful people there in a day, even if you don't meet more than a half dozen, than you would in Rural Dell in a week; they are full of hope and fun and vigor and cheerful young people in a young country, a great point is that people aren't slaves to appearances which is a great blessing to those that can't keep them up, not but what I am as proud as can be of my daughters and love to have them stylish, and hold their heads higher than other people; who knows, I tell them, but that they may be *Ladies* yet. I am sure they have grand enough ideas for any lord, and I'll warrant they would spend all the money they could get. Lucius is too modest, I tell him; if it hadn't been for his drawing back, I'd have been Lady Pencherman long ago. When I go to Ottawa this winter I mean to give Sir John a hint myself,—but our cook has gone away, so I must go and see after the dinner, for Rural Dell doesn't produce *cuisiniers à la mode*; its a chance if you get one who can even make pumpkin pie. In country town ladies have a struggle between the elegancies of life and the practical, something our husbands can't be made to comprehend, so no more at present from

The member's wife,
ELIZA PENCHERMAN.

A BOSTON GIRL'S VERSION.

John and Jill predestinated from the base to the summit of a steep ascent.

For the express purpose of obtaining a supply of the liquid element in a wooden vessel;

John lost his equilibrium and was precipitated to the bottom of the declivity, and sustained a compound fracture of the topmost portion of his cranium.

While Jill followed her brother in an extremely hurried manner, her motion becoming greatly accelerated as she pursued her downward course.

HOW IT'S DONE.

A REVELATION IN TWO ACTS.

"A pleasing presentation, in the form of a silver ice pitcher, was made to Mr. Barnaby Bibcum, the indefatigable secretary of the "Rest in Peace" Brethren, last evening, etc., etc."—Daily Paper.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A meeting of the Testimonial Presentation Society. As the curtain rises some two dozen persons are discovered crowding around a table in centre of stage.

PRESIDENT SOLOMON SLOWCOACH.—Back to your seats, gentleman. You know the rule that each member in turn shall receive a testimonial. Back to your places, then, and await the drawing.

(The members seat themselves and await with interest the result.)

PRESIDENT.—How find you the drawing, worthy Scrutineer Toots?

TOOTS.—Mr. Pre-sident, I find that the num-927 takes the cake—I should say the presentation—and its happy owner is Brother Barnaby Bibcum. (Mr. B.B. is visibly affected.)

PRESIDENT.—'Tis well, Bro. Bibcum I tender you my congratulations. What form does the testimonial take, Scrutineer Toots?

TOOTS.—By the list I find it to be a silver ice pitcher.

PRESIDENT.—Then let the Public Presentation Committee take the matter in hand and arrange for a grand public presentation, befitting so highly respected a gentleman as Brother Barnaby Bibcum.

(The members of the T.P.S. give three cheers for Mr. B.B., and separate.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—The hall of Peaceful Rest. The members of the T.P.S. and others are seen awaiting the entrance of the chairman. He enters accompanied by Mr. Barnaby Bibcum. Loud cheers.

CHAIRMAN, MR. SOLOMON SLOWCOACH.—Gentlemen, we are met to-night to do honor to our respected citizen, Barnaby Bibcum, Esq., etc., etc. I will now call on Mr. Roger Toots to make the presentation.

TOOTS.—It is with much pleasure, etc., etc. (At the conclusion of his speech he hands the ice pitcher to Mr. Barnaby Bibcum, who is visibly overcome and has recourse to his handkerchief.)

MR. B.B.—(Broken voicedly.) I thank you for your kind gift, I shall ever treasure it, etc., etc., etc.

(All present retire and do full justice to an excellent supper provided by Mr. B.B. The presentation is duly reported, the news spread over the Dominion and Mr. Barnaby Bibcum's name becomes as household words.)

CURTAIN.

TITUS A. DRUM.

THE FLAT EARTH.

A correspondent of the London Advertiser, signing himself "Flat Earth," disposes of the heresy that the earth is round, and turns on its axis, in a way that must delight all kindred thinkers. He says, "I have made a long study of the heli-centric and geocentric doctrines, and with many others have come to the conclusion that the earth does not move—in other words I hold to 'flat earth.'" Now I, too, have made a long and costly study of these doctrines, and also of the gokinetic theory of plane geometric mundane surfaces—in other words, the movements of real estate in the prairie regions. And I, as the result, I "with many others hold to flat earth." In fact I hold on to too much of it, and have held on to it too long. Can anybody who has seen and invested in the earth's surface near Winnipeg deny that it is flat—flat as a pancake?

But we need not trust to the fallible evidence of our senses or our reason to settle this great question. The following equation disposes of it finally and unintelligibly. It can be solved by the method proposed in the Chinese treatise of Yung Ton Pax on "Absurd Theorems for the ascertaining of impossible vanishing quantities, by Squintic Equations."

Let *a* represent the geocentric function of the north pole; *b* the visionary coefficient of the horizon; *c* the sine of the north-west angle; *d* the kinetogenic energy of the U.P.R.; and *e* the Winnipeg boom.

Then:

$$\sin \left(\frac{c(b+d)}{e} \right)^5 = a^5$$

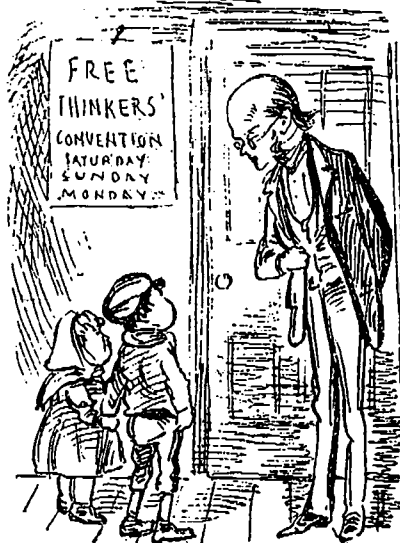
Where *x* represents the actual declivity of prices over a given surface. You can only ace into this by squinting very hard.

I shall further illustrate this admirable proposition at the next meeting of the Canadian Institute—unless my preoccupation with "Locke on the Human Understanding" prevents me.

Yours truly,

CLIVOPONENTOR.

Ward No. 5, Clarke's Hotel (suburbs of Parkdale).



INTELLECTUAL GIANTS.

SCENE.—Albert Hall. Free Thinkers' Convention.

SMALL BOY.—Please sir, can me and my sister go in free to see you think?

THAT WORKED ON HIS FEELINGS.

He declared that while he had the spirit of a man in him he would not crawl from under the barn.

Thereupon the farmer got a gun and reduced his manly spirit to the proper consistency.

The prowler looked like a tramp of the better order—that is, his appearance was that of a man who was used to saying, "you'd better order it up."

But he had a haunted look in his eyes.

The only article of real interest found about his person, apart from a revolver and a billy, was a note-book containing extracts from the Toronto papers on the inefficiency of the police force.

"I mane no harrum," he said in a weak voice, while the farmer and three bired men surrounded him. "I ax shelter, protickshun an' pity, an' I have the coin to pay fur it. Don't dhrive me from your ranch!"

"I have no pity for vagabonds and tramps," exclaimed the farmer in ice-cream tones.

"But, me frind, you'll surely pity me," the stranger urged.

"Who and what are you?" queried the farmer, as he hit the collic dog behind the ear with the billy.

"I am a Toronto detective!" said the poor wretch in a broken voice.

Then the farmer, who subscribes for all the city papers, reached out his big, brown hand and cried: "By George! if that's so you do need pity, and you'll get it good and solid on this here lot!"

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

A ROMANCE OF THE CAPITAL.

Solemnly the many bells from the steeples and turrets that point to the starry dome in the mighty city of Ottawa struck the hour of midnight. The cold north winds swept down the majestic river of that name, and conflicting with opposing blasts from the turbulent and fiercely rapid Rideau, seemed to concentrate around the stately pile that is consecrated to the representative wisdom of the land. Forsooth it is a stately pile, and one that Canada should be proud of. But on this night we speak of, it seemed as if the very elements were in a conspiracy—nay, do not smile, gentle reader—to uproot the building from its very foundations. The fierce wind shook the stained glass windows, as doth shake the voice of Schuch the seven by nine panes of a grit conventicle. The towers surmounting the mighty structure seemed to tremble as if they were about to fall, but they didn't. Truly it was a wild night.

It was at the season of the year when the place is uninhabited save by a few retainers who keep watch and ward there at all times, and at this lonely hour all were sleeping tranquilly, as only a Government official can, save one, a time-honored senator whose duty it was, in stirring times, to keep vulgar intruders from the presence of the great statesmen in their several bureaux within.

"Muther o' Moses but it's a holy terror of a night!" said Cornelius Flood Cardigan, the sentinel alluded to, "be this and be that, but the sorrah the loikes avit I ever witnessed," and he drew a flask of Venetian, or Milesian make—for it matters not—from his pocket and put it to his lips, placed the vessel back in his pocket and turned around—what makes his orbs start from their spears like frets on a quillful porcupine? What? With a yell that rose above the howling of the storm he started like a lubricated avalanche down the passage, up the stairs, and burst like—well, another lubricated avalanche—into the room of Janitor No. 45, the room of Peter Paramatta Duff.

"What the deel's the matter wi' ye, ye drunken Irish loon, to wak a mon cot o' his sleep like you! gang awa wi' ye, cot, gang awa!"

"Oh, Pether, Pother, oh, murder, murder! Oh, Pether, I've seen him this blessed night!"

"Seen who, ye sickless fule?"

"The—the party ye wor speaking—"

"What for like was he?"

"Oh, Pether, I'll tell ye, I'll tell ye. It had on a big collar of gold on which were carved crows, roses, shamrocks, thistles, a fur coat of red, with edging and lining of white, a crimson white lined mantle, a white silk hat and white plumes, a sword with white scabbard, white boots, red stockings and red breeches!"

"Yer daft man," began the Scotchman, when lo! before his eyes he saw the figure pass the open door. With one accord they both sprang through the door, the Scotchman bowling "wae's me!" and his companion "inella murder!" like two sublimated maniacs, nor did they halt till they came to the door of Percy Sniffens, Esq., 34th clerk of the Indian Department, who had chambers there. With

loud hulloa ! and brutal noise, they summoned that gentleman to the door.

"Well fellows," said the terrified Percy, "what's all this infernal waw about?"

"We've seen a spooke !"

"We've seen a ghast ?"

"What—what was it like—"

"Oh sir ! it had on a big collar of gold on which are carved crowns, roses, shamrocks, thistles, a surcoat of red with edging and living—"

"Go to bed you infernal idiots. It's only Sir John you saw in his robes of the bawth—aw—get out !" and Percy Sniffens retired to his room in high dudgeon.

"Be the powers of Moll Kelley !" said Mr. Cardigan, "if them's the robes Sir John takes his bath in, he has moighty hoigh notions, Pether, that's all I can say."

"Weil, oh weil, what for in a' the warl is the pur auld man comin' tae, I fear thon trip tae the auld counthry has turned his heed—weil, weil, to take a bath in. Con hae ye any thing in your flask, for I'd lak a we drappie. Ae mon, but this has beer a terrible nicht !"

THE SCALPEL.

WANTED—VIGOROUS AGITATION.

We are on the eve of a vigorous agitation for Canadian Independence.—*Toronto News.*

Only on the eve, eh ? Then you don't count your work for a year past ? This is candid, but it doesn't say much for the weight of the editor.

HE WAS PURSUED.

Mr. Eaton has already ran up a large workshop on the rear of his lot adjoining the English church.—*Orillia paper.*

But you don't say whether it was a festive bull or only an inquisitive dog that chased him.

AGRICULTURAL NOTE.

Personals in some of the county locals appear to have gone to seed.—*Boston World.*

Yes, to hay-seed—judging by the subjects of some of them.

MOVE INSIDE.

There is a miserable den within a hundred yards of this office.—*Collingwood Bulletin Local.*

Must be rather inconvenient to have the editorial sanctum so far away.

PRECEPT vs. PRACTICE.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong.

—*Gentle Poet.*

That's all right enough in sentiment ; but what about it when the nurse girl leaves the cradle right across the bed-room door on lodge night ?

HEAR THIS, CODY !

Cleveland will reside in Buffalo until his inauguration.

The President elect, you understand, wants to leave nothing undone to fill the bill—the Buffalo Bill, as it were.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

Mr. G. E. Whiten has decided not to be a candidate for re-election to the Council.—*Orillia Packet.*

Mr. Whiten probably wants to preserve the literal significance of his patronymic. That is to say, Mr. Whiten wants no one to blacken his name.

A SHERRY COBLER FOR ME.

It is said that drowning men will catch at a straw. The Tories are somewhat similar.

Just so. But there must be something of a liquid nature at the other end of the straw.

THE SHINGLES.

A LITTLE DRAMA.

Patient.

"What can it be, so large and wide,
This burning rash upon my side ?
I am not well—I am not sick,
But you must fetch the doctor quick."

First Neighbor.

"The doctor did you say ? oh dear !
He must be very ill I fear !"

Second Neighbor.

"Doctor indeed ! oh my, oh my !
He is not half so sick as I."

Third Neighbor.

"Well, he has but himself to blame,
My Peter had the very same ;
It will be nothing, I am sure,
Ye want no doctor in your door."

Wife.

"Have patience, James, the neighbors say
The doctor need not come to-day."

Patient.

"Neighbors, indeed ! what do they know !
My pulse is beating very low ;
I cannot eat, I cannot sleep,
And chills along my members creep.
My lips are parched, my tongue is dry,
I'll have the doctor, live or die !"

Doctor.

"Heigho ! what have we here to-day ?
A rash upon one side, you say ;
Commencing with a pain within,
Then efforescing on the skin.
While groups of vesicles appear,
Containing each a tiny tear ;
Engrafted on a tender base,
Yours is 'an interesting case.'"

Patient.

"Oh, doctor ! how it burns and tingles !"

Doctor.

"Why, yes, my friend, you have the shingles."

First Neighbor.

"I'm sure the doctor ought to know."

Second Neighbor.

"The shingles ! sure I told you so !"

Third Neighbor.

"Shingles be blowed ! my daughter Nelly
Had just the same from eating jelly.
These doctors don't know beans, I swan ;
But if it's 'shingles' he is gone !"

Wife.

"Oh, Doctor, dear ! what shall we do ?
Is there a chance to pull him through ?"

Patient (to Doctor indignantly).

"Shingles be blanked, and you the same."

Doctor.

"Aye, 'shingles' is the common name ;
But since true science we should foster,
The proper name is 'herpes zoster.'"

(The Patient subsides, the Neighbors collapse, and the Doctor continues.)

"There is no danger, if, with care,
You use the medicines I prepare ;
Let not your pleasures run to riot,
And live upon the best of diet ;
Tone up your nerves, as well you may,
And sleep by night and work by day.
Who rest and labor duly mingle,
Shall best escape the pain of 'shingles.'"

THE NORMAL SCHOOL PETITION.

It having become known to GRIP that a petition signed by all the male students at the Normal School had been sent in to legislative headquarters, praying the educational duennas for leave to speak to the sweet girl undergraduates at present attending there, and knowing that said petition is causing no little curiosity among certain outside members of both sexes, GRIP, in order to prevent the appearance of an unseemly protuberance on the craniums of these outsiders, caused by an undue development of the bump of inquisitiveness, has telephoned the secretary of the Legislature, and now proceeds to render a service to humanity by giving to the public, with his usual generosity, an original copy of the petition, free gratis, and no collection taken up :

To the Honorable the Members of the Legislature and others connected with, and in charge of, Educational Interests and Institu-

tions, the following petition is humbly and respectfully presented.

GENTLEMEN,—

Whereas, we, the undersigned and mighty illused and discontented students (male) at present attending the Normal School in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty four, with the avowed and declared intention of learning how to teach the young idea to shoot ;

And whereas, we are most of us strangers in a strange countrie as it wore, being deprived of the society of our sisters, aunts and cousins, in fact semi-orphans for the time being ; and whereas, some of these, our fellow students, are our sisters, or aunts, and all of them our cousins ; and further whereas, we are continually in their vicinity, tantalized by the flutter of their ribbons, the rustle of their garments, the smile of their faces, the heaven of their eyes ; and whereas, in all other government institutions, with the exception of penitentiaries and penal institutions, men are allowed to converse with women, to elevate their hats to them, to bow, and conduct themselves otherwise than as deaf mutes ; and whereas, we, the male students, daily suffer agonies from the unrelaxing death grip of old Fogeyism, in that we are not allowed in connection with these, our sisters, aunts and cousins, to use the human prerogative and grand distinguishing faculty of speech in the same way as to all other human beings or even animals. Albeit, it hath been previously shewn, by church certificates and other testimonials that these aforesaid sisters, aunts and cousins are the salt of the earth, and therefore more likely to preserve than corrupt the morals of poor innocent fellows like your petitioners ; and whereas, the woman being the natural complement, or completion, or half of man, it follows that there is great and imminent danger of your petitioners growing mentally and morally lob-sided, for lack of the support afforded by free speech with 'tother half ; and farther whereas, these, our sisters, aunts and cousins aforesaid, may speak, laugh, and chat with any other outside fellow, right under our disgusted noses, are in short being entirely monopolized by aforesaid outside fellows, we not allowed a decent show alongside of them, but must remain dumb, without even the privilege of protest, being under an interdiction of silence, monks against our own will and consent, having our hands tied with red tape and their lips sealed with a government seal.

We, therefore, the aforesaid male students attending the Normal School in the winter solstice of the year of our Lord 1884, do therefore, in language not loud but deep, humbly pray your Honorable Legislatureships to remove or cause to be removed at once and forever this Government seal from our lips, thereby raising us from the level of convicts to that of ordinary men. And we would humbly shew and set forth that such a concession on your Honorable parts, would do away with the tiresome practice of male students arraying themselves in female apparel, with veils, furs, etc., in order to gain, with full consent of the janitors, an interview with any one cousin ; for your Honors cannot be ignorant of the adage that love laughs at locksmiths, and applies a digit to the side of his nose, as he reads the Anglo-Canadian rules anent the male and female students of the Normal School. That your Honorable House may see that monkish separation of the sexes is at variance with the genius of the time, and an insult to the high moral standing of the female students in this the nineteenth century. And that the sun of said century may enlighten, warm and thaw your Honors out,

Your petitioners will ever pray.

In a boarding-house a man's room is better than his company, if he does not pay his board.



“OUR JACK’S COME HOME AGAIN!”

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.

Light-headed The blonde.
 Lost at C—The hoarse soprano's notes.
 A tea-totaller—The tea merchant's accountant.
 A good definition of flirting is "attention without intention."
 Can a girl who elopes be termed the "maid of the mist?"
 A Harlem girl jumped twelve feet in her sleep recently. She probably dreamed that some one was proposing to her.
 The man who got the last word in disputing with a woman has advertised to whistle for a wager against a locomotive.
 What are pauses? asked the teacher of the primary class. "Things that grow on cats," piped the small boy at the foot.
 Ogdensburg has a skating rink that they call "Niagara Parlor." They call it that because people go there to see the "falls."
 "Why is a young man like a kernel of corn?" asked a young lady. "Because," said another, "he turns white when he pops."
 He was carving. She was thinking. Wishing to be polite, he said: "How do you like Ellen Terry?" "Well cooked," was the reply.
 Parson Talmage complains that the number of marriages in this country is ridiculously small when compared with the time squandered in buggy riding.
 Wife: "John, our coachman must go."
 "But why, my dear? Our daughter is married."
 "Yes but—John, I'm not so very old myself, you know."
 Some one says: "No thoroughly occupied man was ever miserable." We don't know about that. John Sullivan can keep a man very busy and very miserable.
 "Good-morning, Murphy. Are those your children?" "Yes, sor; that is my small potato crop." "Why do you say that?" "Because, sor, they are all little Murphies."
 "Mother may I go out to ride?"
 "Yes, my darling daughter."
 But don't come home the coachman's bride Unless you feel you oughter."
 "There is nothing impossible to the determined spirit," says a philosopher. Evidently that philosopher never tried to reach up behind his shoulder to get hold of the end of a broken suspender.
 A little boy's grief upon being refused permission to attend a circus, was in part assuaged by the assurance from his mother that if he would dry his tears he might go and see his father have a tooth extracted.
 A gentleman who was dining with a young married couple in Kansas, asked rather abruptly, "Ever had a cyclone here?" The young people looked guiltily at each other, blushed and changed the subject.
 "What is your name?" asked Judge Powers. "Dolly Timple." "Where do you reside?" The witness giggled and replied: "What's the use me telling you where I live? You wouldn't call on me anyhow, would you Judge?"
 Miss Rosebud: "Do you know, Mr. Pallette, I never knew before to day that you and I were from the same State, Delaware?" Pallette: "Same State, Rosebud? Why I am a New Englander. I live in Massachusetts."
 Miss Rosebud: "Then, why do you always put 'Del' after your name in your pictures."

"You fairly worship the ground that girl walks on, Billy," said Jack, "and I can't see why. She's as cold as a block of ice." "I know she is," returned Billy, "but it's such jolly fun to go up three times a week and thaw her."
 "How beautiful those two old people look, sitting together at the fireside!" exclaimed a sentimental young lady, "I wonder what they are talking about?" "Probably fighting their battles over again," replied her matter-of-fact companion.
 Young lady (in the drawing-room): "Just listen! I can hear the gentlemen laughing. I believe they tell all their good stories directly we're out of the dining-room." Experienced and rather severe matron: "Good stories, dear! No—'good' is not the word."
 A minister having preached the same discourse to his people three times, one of his constant hearers, who was a member of the Legislature, said to him after service, "Doctor, the sermon you gave us this morning having had three several readings, I move that it now be passed."
 How very neatly a child may sometimes get out of a scrape is shown by the story of a little nephew who had gone to be the guest of his aunt, and who, on being asked at dinner if he had not been helping himself secretly to jam, said quietly: "Please auncie, pa never lows me to talk at meals."
 Oscar Wilde has invented a new hat. It expands or contracts with his head according as the spirit moves. The brim is full. It has a muffled bell and the band is not loud. It is specially adapted for night wear, and will contain a moderate supply of bricks, thereby commending itself to the Masonic fraternity.
 "My dear, look down below," said he, as he stood on the Brooklyn Bridge with his wife, gazing at a tug hauling a long line of barges. "such is life—the tug is like a man working and toiling, while the barges like women are," "I know," interrupted she, acridly; "the tug does all the blowing, and the barges bear the burden."
 "What are you doing, Mary?" asked a Staten Is'and husband, addressing his wife. "I am sewing on a crazy quilt," she replied. "are there any buttons on it?" "No." "I thought not," he said; "it wouldn't belike you to be sewing on anything that needed buttons." and drawing a deep sigh, he proceeded to fasten his suspenders with a half burned match.
 "My dear," said Mr. Snigginbottom to his wife the other day at the table, as he valiantly struggled to carve a piece of meat. "Why do the butchers put these miserable wooden pins into the roasts? Every time I try to carve off a slice I strike on one of them." "I do not know, dear, unless the meat is more skewer that way," responded Mrs. Snigginbottom. "Maria, I think you had better see a physician at once. I am afraid overwork is affecting your mind."
 TICKLISH OLD FELLOWS.
 Did you ever hear two old men talking of their prowess when boys? I overheard a conversation between Wallflower and Muldoon, the other day. It ran as follows:
 "When I was a youngster I could wrestle better than any of the boys," said Muldoon. "Why, I used to throw everybody that tackled me. Do you remember Bill Buckley? You know he was one of the stoutest boys at the academy, and had an idea nobody could throw him in a fair catch-as-catch-can; but I did it, and then he declared that if I would give him under-hold he could down me."
 "Did he do it?" asked Wallflower.
 "Do it! Do I look as if he did? Not much, sir. I just laid him on his back so quickly it made his teeth ache."

"How did you do it? Bill used to be a tough one to handle, but I threw him three times in succession one day. I used to know a twist that would fetch him every time."
 "So did I, Muldoon, and I tell you when his back struck the earth it jarred the crockery and rattled the dishes for blocks around."
 "Tell me how you did it, Wallflower."
 "Why, you see, I just put my arms around his neck like this, and when he put his foot out, I pretended to press down on his shoulders, but when he didn't expect it, I just lifted him clear off the ground, and before he knew what was going to happen, he was down. How did you throw him?"
 "Well, I'll show you. Stand up so I can take hold of you. Now, you know how he would lock his arms around a fellow's breast and squeeze the breath out of him. You do that and I'll show you how I used to kick his feet out from under him and fall on him so hard you could hear him grunt half a mile. Have you got me?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, look out, Wallflower. I feel the old spirit coming over me, and there is no knowing what I might do with you."
 Wallflower set his teeth together and breathing hard as he replied, trembling with anxiety to begin:
 "Go on, Muldoon. I ain't scared."
 "Look out, now; you might fall. Gosh! How I'd like to throw you down as I used to throw Bill Buckley."
 "Well, go on and do it, then."
 "Oh! I feel so skittish, I'm afraid I might hurt you."
 "Well, go on. I'll try to fall easy. Gracious! how like a boy I feel."
 "Ain't scared, are you, Wallflower?"
 "Ha, ha, ha! No."
 "He, he, he! You'd better be."
 Wallflower waited till Muldoon kicked at his feet, and then lifted him up and dropped him so hard he saw stars.
 "Can't do that again," cried Muldoon, rising, but Wallflower had become warm with the exercise, and downed him before he had finished speaking.
 "You think you're some pumpkins," said Muldoon, coming at the old wrestler again. "I'm good enough to put you on your back, old fellow," and he repeated the operation.
 "You don't tote fair," said Muldoon angrily.
 "Eh?"
 "You don't wrestle fair."
 "You're a liar, Muldoon."
 "You're another, and a coward to boot," Muldoon replied. When they appeared in the police court the next morning on a charge of fighting they insisted that they were merely showing each other how to do it, and were eventually discharged.



Mr. Brandram appears in Shaftsbury Hall on Saturday afternoon of this week. Mr. B. is, in all respects, the greatest elocutionist we have had since Bellew and Vandenhoff, and nobody should miss hearing him. The programme is particularly attractive on the occasion.
 Look out for the new portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald, in the full costume of a G.C.B. Not a caricature, but a splendid work of art. Ready Dec. 20th; to be issued as a supplement to GRIP. Price, with GRIP, 15c.; to subscribers, 10c.

THE BETTER HALF.

Our poets, though they've wives at home,
Sing Delias and Floras;
And write about Madrid and Rome,
And their dark-eyed Signoras.
They swear their charmers are divine,
And they themselves delighted,
But to "my wife" a single line
Is hardly e'er indited.

We're told that Della's eyes are blue;
She's exquisite in feature;
An airy, graceful figure, too;
A most bewitching creature,
And Flora's many charms divine,
Among the angels place her;
The poet's heart in every line,
Seems aching to embrace her.

Bolinda, beautiful as a dream,
Is sung with animation;
Her mien, and swan-like neck the theme
Of glorious inspiration.
Her rosebud mouth, her teeth so white,
So even in formation;
Her pouted coral lips invite
The amorous salutation.

And not an eulogistic line
In all their amorous lay, is
Of those who sit at home and pine,
And hunger for their praises.
Are poet husbands bound to rove?
Are all of them erratic?
Leave them the wives they've sworn to love,
To mope in some lone attic?

I think these poets all must be
An amorous set of fellows.
Were such a husband linked to me,
I'm sure I should be jealous;
I'd not permit these flattering lays,
If writ to praise a stranger,
For sure I am such raving ways,
Commubial bliss endangur.

They should not write in flattering strain,
Except on this condition—
That every man should first obtain
His lawful wife's permission.
They might not relish being forced
To praise the wives they've wedded;
I'd have defaulters all divorced,
And afterwards beheaded.

PENELOPE.

POOR HAMILTON GIRL!

Jennie is a pretty Toronto girl who lives on Jarvis-street. She has been spending a few weeks in Hamilton with her friend Minnie, who was to have returned with her.

"Why Jennie, where's Minnie?" inquired a friend who met her as she stepped off a train at the Union Station.

"Oh, she couldn't come with me, but she's coming this afternoon."

"What! all alone?"

"Yes, all alone, and on a flat car; you see her feet wouldn't go through the door of a passenger coach."

CUFF NOTES.

BY CAPTAIN COLLAR.

By Jove! that idea of Matthew is great—fine fellow, Arnold, but rather like an old-fashioned fruit pie at times, more crusty than fruity—writes on his cuffs whilst travelling on the cars—and poetry too! Happy thought, I will try it; perhaps the afflatus will come to me in that way.... Have tried the cuff-writing business—partial success. The first time I tried to write the pencil went off at a tangent and after describing a given line, stuck in the back of my hand; strong poetic feelings rose in my mind just at that moment. I could have written a war song with several whoops in it, but refrained from so doing, finding that there was more point in my pencil than in my poetry.... Second attempt—better—succeeded in dignifying my cuff with a fine assortment of Arabic and Syrian characters which imparted quite a learned bearing to me. This, however, was not poetry, which my soul was longing for. I therefore endeavored to sweep them out of existence by the aid of a piece of India rubber, only to convert my former resplendent white cuff to a color five shades remote from that of a sweep's brush. I will not be deterred; perseverance, a great trait in my character, has conquered.

I can now write with ease and comfort and a pencil, but the poetic ability does not come to me. Once a happy poetic thought rushed through my mind, but it was out of the side door before I could seize and manipulate it; it was something about an ode to the cucumber.

By Jove! I do believe the afflatus is coming at last. What is this mighty thought that is surging through my cranium? It was something concerning certain lights in Asia that Arnold wrote—mine is about gaslights in Toronto, aha! "Through the night's deep gloom shone bright the light"—but is this the truth, Captain? In poetry let me be truthful.

Here is my opportunity, but alas! I cannot grapple with it. The gas is either too heavy and dull to soar into poetry, or my head too light to do justice to the sombre subject, I know not which.

I confess these things are not in my line; I therefore give up poetry to Arnold, and my dirty cuffs to the heathen Chinese.



LOGIC.

Communist.—Down with the plutocrats! There's Vanderbilt with his millions, and nothin' to do, while I have to work! Why can't I have millions as well as Vanderbilt! He ought to be hanged, and I'd help to do it.

Logician.—And then swing aside of him, of course!

TOPICAL TALK.

AN up-country exchange speaks of "the old Aikman farm." Old "ache man" would be better understood.

The contributor intimated that he would send in "Leaves from a Dairy." "What kind of leaves are Leaves from a Dairy?" enquired the editor sarcastically on a post card, and the contributor's reply on another post card was: "Cabbage leaves."

MR. OATEN lives in Bracebridge and Mr. Eaton in Orillia. It is taking an awfully long time for the vigilant paragraphers to discover the latest humorism in this connection. "Oaten meal makes good Eaton." Now, that ought to give some of them a slight clue.

A CITY PAPER, which signalizes its approbation of the new style of orthography by such departures as "program," "quartet," etc., has a paragraph stating that "On Sundy the thermometer marked 25° below zero in Winnipeg." Thus is another rivet broken in the shackles of orthodox spelling. Soon the sight of "Mundy," "foosdy," "Wensdy," and so forth, in print, will be quite common. What this land needs next to more poor-houses is true spelling reform.

AN advertisement in one of the city papers reads: "Liberal terms to permanent boarders." Now, the question arises, what is a really Permanent Boarder? Decidedly, the Permanent Boarder is not the young man who signalizes his reception of a month's board bill by lowering his valise from the bed-room window with the bed-cord and passing out of the back door bareheaded, with his skull cap concealed about his person. Of a surety, the Permanent Boarder is not the model gentleman with the bald-head who is detected by the landlady in osculating exchanges with the servant girl. Certainly, the Permanent Boarder is not the retiring young fellow on whom the joke of dropping a couple of hair-pins in his bed has been practised. Most decidedly, the Permanent Boarder cannot be found in the person of the literary lady who charges the landlady with stealing her gold-rimmed specs, helping herself to manuscript paper and circulating the story she writes for the *Police Gazette*. Positively, the Permanent Boarder does not mean the elderly party who has to be brought home in a hack on an average of three nights in the week. By no means is the Permanent Boarder the jocular customer who is in the habit of remarking that he wonders if hash hairs could be made into a switch. Unquestionably, the Permanent Boarder is not the one who brings home a pup. Beyond peradventure, the Permanent Boarder is not that slim party who takes a bath in the wash-basin. Undoubtedly, the Permanent boarder, is not the fat man who is learning to play the fiddle. Who and what the Permanent Boarder is ought to be strictly defined.

GRIP TO THE RESCUE.

DEAR, ADORABLE, AND MOST CHIVALRIC GRIP,—Do, there's a dear—come over and help us. It is perfectly outrageous the way we are ignored and slighted and belittled in the reading-room of the Free Library. Here I run off away along Church-street, to see if I can't see the New York papers, or the news from Buffalo, or Cleveland, or Boston; in all of which places I have gentlemen friends and acquaintances, to say nothing of my lady correspondents. Some of the gentlemen are in Wall-street, some are literary men, some are in business, my cousins and brothers for instance, and then there is one in particular—but never mind him just now. Well, naturally I like to hear all about what's going on in these cities they live in—hoping once in a while, to see their names crop up in connection with some incident or another, but when I go to the reading-room—lo and behold! the whole of the papers are monopolized by the men. There is not a single paper on our side—not one—and it's like this all the time. Of course there's a couple of old English Reviews or so lying on each table, all about the Chinese being the most highly civilized people on the top of the earth at one time, and about the old ancient aborigines of some out-of-the-way corner known only to explorers and all that sort of thing, you know, good enough for cranks and men. But for mercy's sake! what do I want with the Chinese, I know all I want to know about them, and more too, and I would like to know what's the use of women being told about a race of savages we'll never set eyes on. What we want to get is the Daily Record of the world about us, and live news of these very days, to-day and to-morrow and yesterday, and so on; we want to be kept posted, and not to stare like gawks when we hear news more than a week old. Just fancy! Gussie van Redingote was married in great style in New York the other day. The U.S. papers were full of it, and here, through this cruel arrangement of the reading-room I never knew a thing about it until the whole affair was a fortnight old, when Alf. Butts from New York asked me how I

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liked his report of it in the paper. Fancy my humiliation, my disgust; of course I complimented him on the article, told him his description of the bride was just lovely—all the same I felt like a fool, to think that I had never once seen it.

Look here—dear Grip, why can't we have half the stands on one side and half on the other, and let gentlemen and ladies go on either side promiscuously? Dear me, surly you ain't going to advocate reading-room separation of the sexes, are you? We won't eat each other there any more than anywhere else.

But say, dear GRIP, couldn't you find out the name of the fellow who proposed to let us have the papers after they were done with them? Fancy! all soiled and tattered and—phew! scented with tobacco breaths—ah well! I suppose it's the nature of the—a—a—yes—beast! There—you'd say so yourself in my place.

Now, you dear old croaker, won't you come down off your perch and come hopping into the library some evening, and see for yourself the way these unmitigated hogs sit there hour after hour gloating over the news while we starve and look on. Fly up on some of their bald heads and prod them with your beak until they get uncomfortable, and until the idea occurs to them that the other sex wants to see the news quite as much as they do, and when they get it will circulate it too.

Don't say nay, charming Grip, but come at once to the rescue of our poor overlooked but news-hungry sex, and thereby earn the eternal gratitude.

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A SONG OF THE SEASON.

Now doth the nipping frost enerst with white
 The festive bummer's roost within the park,
 Where oft 'neath smiling stars, he passed the night,
 All undisturbed, save by some canine's bark.

And now, alas! do shivers seize the frame
 Of that poor ead, who, weather-worn and wan,
 Gazes with longing eyes where faunts the name
 Of "Isaacs" where his overcoat's in pawn.

Each nose assumes a tin cerulean,
 And sounds of chattering teeth break on the ear;
 Man's liquid wants become hot gruellean,
 He dreads the thought of ice cold lager beer.

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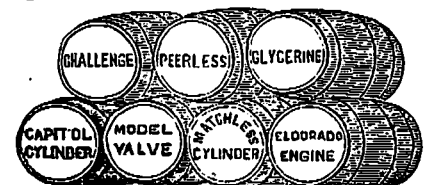
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