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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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### OFFICE OF GRIP,

TORONTO, Nov. 15th, 1883.

It is our intention to present to all our subscribers who are paid up on the 15th Dec. next, for six months or more in advance, a copy of **Grip Almanac for 1884 FREE**.

This is the fifth year that our Almanac has appeared, and it has improved every year. The issue now in preparation will be superior to any of its predecessors. It will contain 96 pages of choice humor profusely illustrated, and will have a handsome cover lithographed in 5 colors. It will sell at the same price as heretofore, viz., 25c. We are anxious to show our appreciation of the continued patronage of our subscribers and shall be pleased to have the opportunity of mailing you on or about the 15th Dec. a copy of the Almanac.

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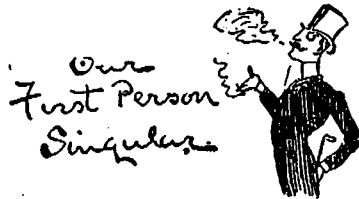
## Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The *Mail*, in its issue of Monday, declared that the reports of disturbance and dissatisfaction in the North-West, which have of late frequently appeared in the Grit papers, are not only well founded, but form part of a "bear" movement to kill the chances of Pacific Railway stock on the market.

**FIRST PAGE.**—When the ladies who waited on the Attorney-General the other day were told so urbanely that their petition in favor of Woman Suffrage would be "taken into consideration," they departed in the most happy and hopeful frame of mind. The innocent

little things! GRIP, who is the true friend of the down-trodden of all sexes, takes the opportunity of explaining in a picture just what Mr. Mowat meant.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Sir Leonard Tilley finds himself in a nasty fix between the millers and the farmers. The Canadian wheat crop being short, the millers are obliged to import American grain to keep their mills going, and the poor innocent fellows find by experience that the importer has to pay the duty. Consequently they go to the Finance Minister and ask to have the duty removed. But the farmers, meantime, find that the duty comes in very handy just at present, as it enables them to ask a higher price for the grain they have to sell. The farmers, therefore, kick very decidedly against the petition of their brethren, the millers. It is a good job for Sir Leonard that he is a heaven-born genius; if he were an ordinary financier he would find it very hard to satisfy both parties in this matter.



To a horney-lipped son of toil who was digging a drain on College Avenue I stopt me up and spake as follows: "What street in this city, my good man, do you most resemble?" "I dunno," quoth he. "Know then, varlet," said I, "that you are Spadin' a Avenue." Thus do we see that the wits of Toronto are not all things of the past—more's the pity.

Much as the "funny men" have to say, in an ironical way, about editors' diamonds and soforth, there really are some very wealthy newspaper men. J. Gordon Bennett has two yachts and the same number of four-in-hands; Charles A. Dana can afford a Pullman car for his own especial use; Bonner owns 170 horses, and I myself, though this is strictly confidential, intend to reshingle my wood shed before long.

December 22nd has for several years been the champion short day of the 365, but last Sunday beat the record in several places, and knocked several minutes off it. By the way, it seems to me that it would be a mighty good thing for some people if the days on which bills fall due could be blotted out. If the authorities can chop a few minutes off a day, surely it would be no harder to do away with 24 hours.

By the way, whilst speaking of the Salvation army, I should like to ask the Dundas Chief of Police why he so strenuously opposes the entrance of the bold warriors into the peaceful hamlet over which he presides. He declares that they shall not hold forth within its gates, and they vow that they will and that they are determined to "fight the devil" in this stronghold of iniquity. And what's more they will, too, and they seem resolved to begin with the gallant Fitz himself.

I was chatting with a very decent, hard-working corporaion laborer the other day, and somehow or other the rich people of the world in general, and the Duke of Westminster

in particular, came up in our talk. "Pat," I remarked, "it must be a fine thing to have a lot of money like those fellows. Just fancy having several pounds a minute coming in as I'm told the duke has: what in the world would you do with such an income?" Pat's eyes twinkled for a few seconds and then he said: "Sure it isn't that would be troubling me; but phwat dy'e think the Jook would do if he had my income?" I could not say.

I have seen young men look disgusted, often, but for a look that was the embodiment of scorn, contempt, disgust and cheap-feelingness that on the face of a youth I observed last Wednesday on Queen street beat everything I had ever witnessed. He was strutting along with a silver medal pinned on the breast of his coat. What he had done to be thus decorated I know not neither do I care, but the medal was probably a reward for winning a race of some sort or other; at any rate he was evidently extremely proud of the circular bit of silver. But how rapidly did that look of pride pass away from his features when a bold, bad, corner loafer remarked very audibly to his two companions, "Cheese it, Bill, here comes one of them Salvation Army chaps: it must be Captain Happy Jack." And the youth passed on, no longer the jubilant being of a few minutes previously; and he stepped aside into an archway and presently reappeared on the sidewalk, and lo! the medal was gone and its place on the youth's coat knew it no more for ever.

Those ladies who appear to make a practice of stopping street cars on the gradient on Queen St. near Trinity College, but who affect to be so sorry for the poor, overworked animals, and so on and so on, might ponder this bit of information, gleaned from the Glasgow *Chief*, viz: That it requires a force on the part of two horses equal to five tons to move a fairly well filled car against a gradient of 1½ inches to the yard and that the resistance increased in the same ratio as the square. When those ladies above alluded to have made out what a ratio is and what is meant by a square, they can then dive into some encyclopedia and discover what a gradient means and putting all things together they will permit the fact to dawn on their intellects that it would be much easier for the horses to start a car, or, as my friend the *Chief* says, "overcome the inertia of a car" (which sounds better and has a twang of profundity about it) on level ground than on the face of a hill: that is to say when they have to ascend. I hope I have made this clear. I have endeavored to do so. A horse is an animal sufficiently familiar to all to need any description on my part.

Verily, if Diogenes or any other man, were to make a tour through this city in search of an honest retail dealer of any description, he would need to take a different route to that gone over by me a few days ago when I was deputed to make a few purchases for home consumption, if he felt at all sanguine about the success of his expedition. I am speaking now in all seriousness, for I fail to see anything the least funny about this matter. I don't know whether all the dealers referred to are dishonest and bold, bad men generally, or whether I happened to strike the ones who are so, but those I came across were a tough lot. Here is a list of my alleged purchases: 4 lbs. pork chops; 3 lbs. sugar; 2½ lbs. butter; a quart of syrup and ½ lb. Epsom salts. Here is what I really got, as I discovered upon weighing my cargo when I got home: 3 lbs. 5 oz. chops; 2 lbs. 11 oz. sugar; 2 lbs. 3 oz. butter; a pint and a-half of syrup; but, all honor to that druggist, I had fully 6 ounces of salts. This is a simple statement of a fact, and I have no doubt that others are gouged just as I was

but, by the lord Harry! I'll make another trip over the same route and if I don't get full measure, pressed down and running over, some names will appear in GRIP'S Rogues' Gallery. The only man of those I patronised that day who need expect a felicitous hereafter is that druggist. His salts shall return unto him after many days.



#### A POET IN TROUBLE.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Whilst casting my eye over a paper a few days ago, I came across the following little verselet;

"Immemorial law of the Muses  
Decrees that bards may pay  
For all they get by playing  
And singing the debt away."

I was at once charmed, and a load seemed lifted from me. MR. GRIP, I am a bard; one, I may say, about as good as nature makes them, and I saw immediately a way of paying those debts which for the last ten years have harassed and bowed me down, and I determined to avail myself of the admirable law laid down by the Muses for liquidating all my indebtedness. I determined to "sing my debts away," and in a very few minutes after reading the lines quoted, I sallied forth armed with a banjo, on my errand of squaring up with my creditors. The first one I called on was a tailor. His face looked gloomy, not to say angry, as I entered his store, but the cloud passed away when I said, "Good day, Mr. Snip, I am come to settle up."

"It is time," he replied, "but better late than never."

I then alluded to the "immemorial law of the Muses," and stated my plan of paying my debt. Though the contemptible tradesman looked rather cast down when he heard what I had to say, I did not wait for him to reply, but at once started off as follows:

"Hey, Mr. Tailor, I suppose you thought  
(*Drum-drum-drum on the banjo,*)  
I never should pay for the duds I bought,  
(*Thrum, Thrum, Thrum, from my instrument.*)  
You thought, I say,  
That I never would pay,  
And you ought to be ashamed, you positively ought,  
(*With a ting-ling-a-ling, and a thrum-thrum.*)  
But now I will satisfy your craving maw.

(*Music as before.*)  
By aid of the Muses' immemorial law:  
How dy'e like my plan,  
Oh! ninth of a man?  
There's half my debt gone, haw, haw, haw."  
(*Throop-a-throop-a-thrum-thrum-thrum.*)

"Heavens!" ejaculated the knight of cabbage and shears, "is this some wandering lunatic? Get out of my shop; and if you don't settle up in three days, look out, that's all." I was not to be "bluffed" in this manner; I determined that the fellow should be paid in full, so, striking a preliminary chord, I started off again:

"One little verse more, of a quality rare,  
I think Mr. Tailor, will make us square;  
I will sing,—"

and then that low, soul-less brute, a despicable tailor, a Thing, took me by the shoulders and hustled me out on to the sidewalk, giving me a terrible kick as he flung me from him, and telling me to go home and sober up.



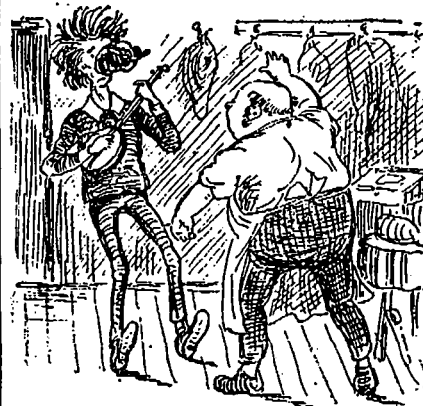
MR. GRIP, were you ever kicked by a tailor? *Mehercule!* I know of no other sensation to compare it to; it is the meanest feeling extant. I shook off the dust of the tailor shop and wended my way to a butcher's place. I owed the ghoul money, but, honorable to the last, I was resolved to pay him. He was in. "How much is thy bill, sirrah?" I enquired, haughtily.

"Eighteen, fifty-three, and seventy-five cents borrowed eash," the vampire replied.

"I have come to pay it; get a receipt made out whilst I dole out the coin." Then, as he went to his desk, I mentioned "the immemorial law of the Muses," and stated that I would play and sing him eighteen dollars and fifty-three cents worth, and would throw th seventy-five cents in. Would you believe it, MR. GRIP, the bloody-minded monster,—before I had got beyond my second line—my song went thus,—

"Ah! good Mr. Butcher, I am glad to diskiver  
That you charge but a cent a pound for liver.

I flung a filthy sheep's pluck at me, striking me fairly in the mouth, and effectually stopping payment for the time being. He then smashed



my banjo over my head and called a policeman and had me arrested as a dangerous lunatic, and I pen these lines from the dungeons across the Don. Kindly remit the sum due me for contributions to your paper, as I may be fined. When I escape from captivity's clutch I am going to hunt up the author of

the verse quoted at the commencement of my letter. Hoping to hear from you, and trusting that you will remit,

I am, dear MR. GRIP,  
Your pensive bard,  
BYRON LUTESTRING.

[As soon as you get out, please call round. We will settle your account in the manner decreed by "the immemorial law of the Muses." We are a bard ourself. ED. GRIP.]



#### DEAR MA'S PROPERTY]

MR. and Mrs. Lugswuppit got on together very fairly in a general way, but there was one little matter about which they could never agree; this little matter was the lady's mother who had taken up her residence with her daughter and her son-in-law soon after their marriage, and had remained a fixture in the Lugswuppit household ever since, though the arrangement was by no means to the taste of the long suffering Mr. L.

One day the two had been having a little unpleasantry, the cause of which was, as usual, the mother-in-law.

"However," Mr. Lugswuppit remarked, after much bitter language on his part, "I have the old lady's interest at heart: though I object to her as a permanent resident of my house, I am not opposed to her ah-residing, yes, residing near us. I shall not prohibit her from dropping in to see us whenever she is ab'e, but I have this day purchased some property for her—"

"Oh! you dear, good thing," interrupted his wife, "you really are a good fellow at heart; that is so like you."

"Yes, dear," continued Lugswuppit, "and as the property which is all her own, is quite close to us, I should feel very much obliged to your mother if she would take up her quarters on it as soon as possible."

"I'm sure she will be delighted," said his wife. "How thoughtful of you, Ichabod! How kind! close to us, is it? Whereabouts is dear mamma's property, Ichy?"

"Just over there in the cemetery, dear; quite a large lot," replied the harsh, unfeeling brute, as he sidled away towards the door. "So handy, you know, my dear, for her to drop in to see us—whenever she feels like it. By-by."

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



## THE REASON WHY.

"Goodness gracious! Simperton, that's a terror of a face you've got," remarked Boodleby to an acquaintance whom he had not seen for several days, and whose visage was in a fearfully dilapidated condition, both eyes being bloated and nearly closed, lips out and nose pointing north and by east, a little easterly: "How did you get mashed up like that, and where have you been?"

"Bin out o'town," mumbled Simperton as well as his mutilated mouth would permit him, "and that big brute of a gorilla, Captain Spurrowel, did it."

"What for? Haven't you had him arrested? Heavens! what did he maul you that way for?" queried the other.

"For taking a pair of boots belonging to his wife away with me when I left town a short time since," replied the unlucky Simperton.

"Well, he must be a fiend to hammer you like that for such a trifle, but what the mischief did you want to take Mrs. Spurrowell's boots with you for?"

"Oh! nothing particular, only she wouldn't go with me barefooted, you know: she was in the boots."

"Oh! ah; yes; that's another thing. Trala," and Boodleby departed leaving Simperton to ring at Dr. Glauber's bell.

## PICTURES FROM LIVING MODELS.

## V.—THE GENT.

Perhaps John Leech in his pictures in *Punch* has done more to immortalize this animal than anybody else. He certainly "had him down fine," as the slangy young man of the period would say, and "the Gent," as depicted by that great artist, is true to nature.

The Gent, that is the true, bona fide, Simon Pure, genuine article, is an English production, though he is to be found in this country, but he does not appear to flourish out of Europe, or to attain his full splendor and objectionableness on this side of the Atlantic. He is, as a rule, harmless, though provocative of profanity on the part of those with whom he comes in contact, and on this account may be considered as an evil. A Gent, to be a Gent, must also be a Cad. The two are inseparable, and let no man confound the Gent with the gentleman. He is invariably of short stature; dresses in a very loud and pronounced style, (his clothes being of the fashion known to Gents and tailors as the "nobby" and "dressy," and it is safe to make the statement that Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed like one of these gents. nor, probably, having been a man of much intelligence, would he have desired so to be), and is the very essence of vulgarity; drops his H's and puts them in whenever he thinks proper with a

recklessness that is not without its charm, but he is always under the impression, until rudely undeceived by some such incident as the following, that he passes for a native of whatsoever country he may happen to be honoring by spending his time and money in, for he is generally well supplied with the latter article, having been left a legacy by some deceased relative, who would have done more



wisely had she, for it is invariably a female, insisted on her money being buried with her. The rude awakening from this dream referred to is as follows:—

GENT. (enters cafe in Paris).—Oh! garson: vooly voo donnay mwor oon tas de cuffy, s'il voo play?

GARCON.—Oui, M'sieu. Would you like to see ze *Times*? (Handing that paper).

GENT. (*sotto voce*).—'Ang the feller: now 'ow the doose did he find hout I was Hinglish, Hild like ter know?

The Gent is quite condescending, nay, even patronizing towards foreigners, though in his inmost heart he feels a thorough contempt for them for being so. He is quite unabashed, no matter how exalted the rank of those in whose company he may chance to be thrown whilst on his travels, and enters into conversation with my Lord This or Sir Somebody That with as much apparent indifference (that is if those high and mighty personages permit him to do so) as though he were talking to one of the vulgar herd, but he is really swelling with exultation all the while and is devoutly wishing that some of his brother Gents "at home" could only behold him in his glory, and we may be very sure that those same friends of his will receive a full account of what he did say to "Is Grace" with a great deal of stuff that he did not.

Surely all of us have, at some period of our lives, come across the Gent. Certainly those of us who have been to Paris and London have done so, and possibly we have all wondered why and for what end he was created. His use has never yet been discovered, though he probably has some mission to fulfil on this earth, and if he does no more than to cause us to feel a heartfelt gratitude that we are not all Gents, he is entitled to our thanks for doing even that much. And now, as perhaps the Gent is not a subject of much interest to Canadians, he may as well be allowed to depart, and accordingly we bid him adieu.

Five persons have been made sick in Philadelphia from eating Bologna sausage. Some one has probably been throwing physic to the dogs.



## CHARGED WITH TAKING BRIBES.

"STAR" GRAHAM.—HERE HE IS, SIR; WE'VE CAUGHT HIM AT LAST. INVESTIGATE THE CHARGES, AND LET JUSTICE BE DONE, THOUGH THE MONTREAL GAS GOES OUT



**MERELY A HUM-BUG-BEAR!**

THE EDITOR OF THE MAIL NOT A BIT SCARED.





"So the world wags."

It is said, and I imagine there is considerable truth in the saying, that it is extremely difficult to 'get ahead' of a lawyer. Still the feat has been accomplished, though the instances of such occurrences are as few and far between as the angelic visits we hear of. This is the manner in which, according to the American *Machinist*,

#### BOTH BILLS WERE PAID.

A good story is told of the well-known engineer, William A. Sweet, of Syracuse. Casually meeting a prominent lawyer one day—a brief conversation ensued, in the course of which Mr. Sweet happened to ask the judge what he thought of some question they were discussing, without really meaning to ask legal advice in the usual way. Soon afterward Mr. Sweet received a bill from the judge, "for legal advice, \$1,000," which he paid promptly without a word of complaint.

Time passed on, and one day the judge, who was also heavily interested in salt manufacture, needed some mechanical advice about some machinery, which was not running satisfactorily, and asked Mr. Sweet to look at the machines and tell him what was needed. Mr. Sweet looked them over for two or three hours, and indicated the cause of the trouble. When he went home he promptly made out a bill against the judge, "for mechanical advice, \$1,500," and the bill was duly paid, furnishing probably one of the few instances on record in which mechanics ever got ahead of the law.

\* \*

It is quite a relief to find a few words written in defence of that much maligned personage, the mother-in-law, and I was so pleased to read in the Montreal *Witness* the brief remarks appended below, that I thought them worthy of a place here. It is about time that the funny men ceased to use the mother-in-law as a stock subject for their wit, for verily they can say nothing new about her, and most of the jokes on the poor old lady are pretty threadbare by this time. Well, here is my extract.

#### THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Of all the stupid conventionalities of alleged humor, the coarse jests that are hurled at the head of the poor unoffending mother-in-law are the meanest and most to be despised. There is no fun about them. Just look for a moment at the great debt a man owes his mother-in-law? If it had not been for her, where would his wife, the apple of his eye and the comfort of his heart, have been found? If it had not been for her shrewd management and tact in bringing up the girl she wouldn't have been worth marrying. If it had not been for her kindly watchfulness the first few days of his housekeeping he would have starved to death. If it had not been for her his babies would be short of one grandmother, and babies can't have too many grandmothers. What is home without a mother-in-law—to drop in and see you once in a while?

I know not and, I may add, I care not, who the individual was who originated the style of wit of which the little poem below is a specimen, but I imagine he must have been an American. I have seen many similar effusions in the papers of this continent, but not one in those of the old country. Doctor Johnson is alleged to have stated, uncontradicted as far as I can see, that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. What crimes, then, would the man not descend to who could perpetrate such a swarm of them as some writer in the *Lowell Citizen* has done in his song of the "Hunter's Love." Verily he must, according to old Sam, be a malefactor of the deepest dye: one whom to call a lewd fellow of the baser sort would be flattery indeed. Happily all of us in the present day do not agree with the great dictionary architect of an age gone by, so there may be a chance after all for the author of

#### A HUNTER'S LOVE.

A sportsman winged by Cupid's dart  
Said to the maid he loved, "My dear,  
Your wiles have fast enchanted my heart  
With lynx of steel, 'tis very clear.

"I quail to think of my sad lot,  
My bittern never ending woe;  
Should my fawn dreaming come to naught—  
I think 'twould lay this buffalo.

"Heron my knees I do declare  
I'd gladly, freely diver thee;  
Owlet me all thy burdens bear—  
Thy sorrows, share them all with me.

"You otter know how bad I feel,  
To your sea-duck-tive arts a prey.  
If you refuse your heart is teal—  
Say weasel wed and name the day."

She smiled, the minks, and blushing said,  
"Think not that I woodchuck you over,  
Knowing how badger heart has bled—  
Besides, you'll make a bang-up plover!"

\* \*

I don't vouch for the truth of the following article, nor do I know whether the *Detroit Free Press* from whose columns I clip it, intends its readers to believe it, but there is one thing very certain and that is that any young man, or old one, for the matter of that, who understands human nature and the art of giving people all the "taffy" they require, can "play it" just as the hero of this little tale is said to do. It is astonishing what a little flattery will do. This is

#### THE WAY HE PLAYS IT.

Here is a young man with a thorough understanding of the leading traits in human nature. He dresses well, carries an extra cigar, and he drops in and presents a card to the effect that he is engaged in canvassing for an embryo work to be known as the *Encyclopedia of the United States*.

"Y-e-s, but I guess I don't care to subscribe," replied the citizen.

"Oh, but I don't want you to. The book will be sold on its merits. I am calling upon a few of the most eminent——"

Here he makes a pause to allow the shot to strike, and then continues:

"—citizens of Detroit—the most eminent and prominent citizens of Detroit to secure brief sketches of their lives."

"Ah!" says the other as he began to melt.

"We desire to take five of the most prominent citizens of this country. In the sketches we desire to show how they have risen from poor boys to great and honored men."

Here occurs another pause to allow the victim to tickle himself.

"Well—ah—well——"

"You were the first of the five selected," chips in the young man. "My mission is to secure your photograph in order to make a steel engraving. In the course of ten days I will be followed by the gentleman who writes the biographies. Have you a photograph?"

"Well—ah—I think so."

"We want one which does you full justice.

The engraving costs us \$55 each. This we pay out of our own pockets, but are compelled to make a charge of \$5 each for the tint paper and the reference in the index. 'et's see. What does the initial in your middle name stand for?"

It invariably stands for a \$5 bill, and the young man leaves behind him such a pleasant impression that the victim keeps grinning for two weeks. At the end of the time he becomes suspicious, and in the course of a month he becomes a dangerous man to society.

#### APPRECIATED POESY.

GROSVENOR GALLERY, Oct. 5, 1883.

To the Editor of GRIP.

DEAR SIR,—When I erstwhile sojourned in your truly Arcadian land I found no evidences of the Higher Culture in your native literature. Your writers exposed their meaning to the vulgar gaze with a nakedness quite unæsthetic, and indeed scarcely decorous. The outlines of their pen-pictures were too hard, and the vaporous nuances of the Inefable were utterly absent. I am therefore delighted by the receipt (from a Canadian friend) of the enclosed poemlet, which is, in the above respects, quite precious and almost supreme. The vague limning of the female figure—the chaotic suggestion of a landscape—the decent concealment of an inconceivable significance—are beyond all praise! The magnificently lonely "She" is like nothing earthly, and embodies the purely nebulous incrudescence of the inscrutable *AN ME!* And then the weird wailing undertone expressed by the short lines and cropping out in the last stanza, seems to perfectly voice forth the Querulous Questionings of the Utter Inane! I still labour under the sad-sweet burthen of the insatiable *AN WHY?* laid upon my soul by the perusal of this *chef d'œuvre*, and subscribe myself,

Yours faintly,

O—W—

#### AH ME! AH WHY?

She sits on the verge of the Vapid Void,  
Weary and wan 'neath the waning moon,  
Weak with the warfare of loves that cloyed  
Her hopeful heart in its sunny noon.  
Waits she there wearily!  
Drips the rain drearly!

Precious and pallid her luscious lip,  
Languid the lid of her limpid eye,  
Gloomily gazing as stately ship  
And laggard lugger glide ghostly by!  
Sighs she so drearly!  
Soughs the wind eerily!

Sadly she sighs as the shapely yawl  
Yarely yaws in the yeasty loam.  
Yarns she for someone?—for something?—all  
Her rare soul proved in its pristine home?  
Choosing so cheerily!  
Changing so drearly!

Why does she wait on the watery verge?  
Why does she gloat in the ghostly gloom—  
Dismal and drear in her sage-green serge—  
Drunk with the billows' bellowing boom?  
Ask we it wearily,  
Quantily and queerily!

#### I STOOD,

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
When the bells were striking the hour;  
And I stood on the field of battle  
When the bullets came in a shower.  
I stood on my head in the circus  
When the clown was making his jokes—  
And I stood in a Southern "wurkus"  
And fed out soup to the "mokes."  
But never, oh never, oh never!  
Like a thirsty pig at a trough,  
Did I ever, oh no, did I ever,  
Stand a bejewelled bar-keeper off.

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## WILL DO BETTER.

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A HINT FROM GRIP TO  
CURB MY FIERY PEGASUS.

BY MCTUFF.

Ye rampin' randie, curb yer mettle,  
An' tae a canny canter settle,  
Or haith! yer flank I'll ablinks kittle  
Wi' a wuddie,  
Gin e'er at poesy ye sid ettle,  
Whan in deep study.

Nae mair star-gazin' will ye gang  
On Autumn nights the wuds amang,  
Unless Dame Sense ye tak' along,  
Tae keep ye sooler,  
I'll tak' nae notice o' yer sang—  
June or October,

I'll hae nae dreamin' or romancin',  
Nae wull o' wisp's game idly prancin'.  
Nae dilly dallyin' or dancin'  
I shaded groves;  
The pleasures o' the scenes enhancin'  
Wi' hopes and loves.

I'll droon ye! the deep Atlantic,  
Ye deil, gin ye again gang frantic,  
Or try tae strike a pace gigantic,  
I' prose or rhyme;  
Or cut again a silly antic  
I' the sublime.

Whan ye struck on sic a gate I thoct  
Ye tae yer senses wad be bioct  
An' tho' against ye sair I loct  
Wi' a' my micht,  
Yet ye wad lend an ear tae noct  
Wud keep ye richt.

An' noo GRIP's aifter ye, I ween,  
An' his fell neb is shaup an' keen;  
He spares nae foe, regards nae frien'  
Whan they gang gite;  
He disnae dae it tae be mean,  
Or yet through spite.

A bird o' wisdom, it's his mission  
Tae bring daft drivellers tae submission;  
An' be it poet, or politician,  
Or deil or dude,  
He'll show them up their true condition,  
An' t's richt he should.

He's gleg's a hawk to see a flaw;  
He wunna fricht or flec awa,  
Tho' some rash spot a bead micht draw  
Tae bring him doon;  
Yet he wha'd try sic shot I'd ca'  
A reckless loon.

Some ca' him bird o' evil omen;  
Tae ca' him that I'd be a slow man  
Wha'd tak offence, or be its foeman,—  
The bird manna chatter,  
An' whan ye ken it's but a crow, man,  
It mends the matter.

But haith, I doot I've said enuff,  
Sae for the present I will luff,  
And though sarcastic oft, and gruff,  
I like its pranks;  
And for its kind advice McTuff  
Returns his thanks.

An' trusts that for a comin' time  
He'll sense and brevity combine  
And ne'er again his reason tine  
Through wind or weather,  
An' his daft Pegasus confine  
Wi' hempen tether.

Bobcaygeon, Nov. 1, 1883.



## SCENE AT OTTAWA.

SIR JOHN, SIR LEONARD, SIR HECTOR.

SIR JOHN.—I have culminated. I am only a consulting physician after this. I am done for. I shall vamose. I shall absquatulate. **THE GAME IS UP!**

SIR LEONARD.—Sir John, as a Christian politician, it would be inconsistent with my past career were I not to remark that the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and that outward appearances are frequently extremely deceptive. Even cigars, which were formerly supposed to consist of tobacco, are now, as you are aware, universally manufactured of laid, and—

SIR JOHN.—What?

SIR HECTOR.—Oh, nossing. Ze cigar men have stuf him. Sare John, I am discompose. What you mean it is explode—it is bust up, eh?

SIR JOHN.—Why, all these chaps in the North-west are rebelling, that's all. The prairie's on fire, and they'll smoke us out of Ottawa.

SIR LEONARD.—I humbly trust in an overruling—

SIR JOHN.—Bosh!

SIR HECTOR.—But, Sare John, we have ze office for ze four year?—certaintment, indubitablement, eh?

SIR JOHN.—Four years! Don't you wish you may get it? Why that North-west ruction, if it come to a head, will force a dissolution before you can say Jack Robinson!

SIR HECTOR.—Sacre!

SIR LEONARD.—Bless me, even me, also—that is, notwithstanding a-y obliquity in temperance politics—

SIR JOHN.—Well, it was none of my fault. I wish I could say it was going to be none of my funeral; but you fellows got round me—you know you did. We've given away the North-west to the speculators. We can't get it back, and there's going to be a regular rum-pus there.

“They're a coming down on us like Cedron in flood, And they'll dye all their halloes in Toryite blood.”

Can't help it. You fellows, or your clans—some thing—got rich. I got none—a poor man.

SIR LEONARD.—True. Far more than others he deserves, yet they have given him only \$20,000 a year, isn't it?

SIR JOHN.—It is a calummy. You lackdaisical budget-cooker, you pharisaical non-inbiber. I never got \$10,000.

SIR HECTOR.—Sare John, I demand ze satisfaction and ze explanation. Vat is zat you say my clan get rich. Ze French gentilhomme he have no clan. Ze clan is one word of ze contemptible Scottish country where zey live on ze oatmeal and ze herring rouge. I say

zere cannot be too many Langevin'in ze departments.

SIR JOHN.—No matter if there was one in each pigeon-hole, and I believe there nearly is.

SIR HECTOR.—Sare John, I demand in ze one word, are you prepare to pacify ze Nord Ouest?

SIR JOHN.—Blest if I'am. I tell you you have used all the eggs; can't make the omelette again. No, the Dominion will go, and all the Locals. The game's up.

SIR HECTOR.—Sare John, it shall all be made correct. Have you seen zat ze candidates attacking ze elections of ze sclerats Mowat are supply wiz ze fund?

SIR JOHN.—Yes, but the sclerats shows no signs of leaving the ship.

SIR HECTOR.—He must leave—he shall leave instantement. As for ze Nord Ouest, I shall pacify him. I have von great plan. Listen to him.

SIR LEONARD.—By all means. If there be on y one straw vouchsafed to us, we shall grasp it.

SIR HECTOR.—It is not von straw. You are von impertinent. It is my grand scheme for ze repatriation of ze Province of Quebec. I require ze immediate grant of five millions of dolaires from ze treasury of ze dominion. I will transfer ze French element, stolen by ze New England mills, back to its prepare residence. I will take zat million of Frenchmen to ze Nord Ouest. I shall require five millions of dolaires more from ze treasury to arm zem. I shall lead zem in batt'lie to ze Nord Ouest. I shall pacify zem by ze force of ze arm. I shall erect zem into one French principality, and Sare John he shall have von Parti Bleu in ze East and von Parti Bleu in ze Ouest. Ze Mowat infame shall be crush between two fires, and sha'l dissipate in von smoke.

SIR JOHN.—Wish he was dissipated, but I'm afraid I'm more in that line myself. It's a wild cat scheme, but there's no other. Bring in your bill, we'll back you. *Scene closes.*

## WHAT SHALL A MAN PROPHET?

“Hello! revered fossil,”—shouted Sam Jinks, bursting into the sanctum of his white-bearded granddad. “What's the difference between you and the weather prophet?”

“Get along, you young scamp. How should I know? Don't believe in weather prophets anyway. I'm too old to be caught by all these modern Mother Shiptons. Out with it, boy, (with an indulgent dig in Sam's ribs) out with it—it's just bubbling over, I know.”

“Oh! come now, granddad—Well, if you must have it,—then—You're a venerable man and he's an able Vennor man! See it—eh?”

Granddad chokes—Sam knows he sees it then—and rushes off to make another clever one!

HUM DRUM.

## POETRY FOR THE PORTE.

(DUFFERIN'S VERSION.)

Europe had an old Islam,  
Uncivilized and slow,  
And everywhere that Europe went,  
Islam refused to go.

“Know anything about life in the west?” said Mr. Stone. “I should say I do! I was tarred and feathered twice in Missouri, and rode on a rail in Kansas.”

## HE LAUGHED.

He was a tall, lanky, cadaverous, dyspeptic—who had used almost every decoction and preparation that was ever made. His friend, said his case was hopeless, but he laughed, for he had just procured a Notman's Stomach and Liver Pad which had already commenced to cure him. He is now cured as everyone else is that wears a Notman Pad.



"BETWEEN TWO STOOLS!"



Mlle Rhea fulfilled a brilliant engagement, as was anticipated, during the earlier half of the week.

The beautiful Langtry is now the attraction at the Grand. This will be Toronto's last opportunity of seeing this famous lady for many years, and if you don't want to be behind standard time be sure you see her.

Mr. J. F. Thompson, under whose management Mapleson's Opera Concert Co. visited this city on Tuesday, has been engaged by the gallant Colonel to take charge of similar entertainments during the season. Mr. Thompson has also become lessee of the New Opera House at Belleville.

On Monday evening next (26th), the New York Philharmonic Club will give a concert in the Pavilion. It is unnecessary to remind Toronto people that the artists composing this company represent the best musical talent in America, each man being a master of his instrument, and indeed a phenomenal player. The Club will be assisted on the occasion by Mlle. Ilonka de Ravasz, the brilliant Hungarian pianiste, and by Mlle. Juliette d' Ervieux, mezzo soprano. The last mentioned lady is a protegee of our popular musician, Mr. F. H. Torrington, and is said to possess a voice of remarkable power and sweetness. Altogether the evening of the 26th is likely to be memorable in our musical annals. Sets may be secured at Messrs. Sucklings' and those who contemplate attending would do well to make early application as the plan is rapidly filling up.

"Are you going to follow the suggestion of the railway officials and adopt the mean time?" asked the watchmaker of Mr. Stubbins. "Mean time? No, indeed! My Globe watch keeps mean time enough now."

**A FIENDISH PLOT.**

"Revenged! revenged!"  
"Mercy, old fellow, what is the matter now?"  
"You know that supercilious Howard de V., who is a rival of mine for the affections of Miss La X.?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, he is in the hospital."  
"You surely did not call him out?"  
"No; that would have been against the law."  
"Then what did you do?"  
"I heard he was going out of the city by the noon train, and sent him a postal, saying: 'Be sure and save me a seat, for I am going, too.' It was in a lady's hand, but unsigned."  
"Well?"  
"Of course he rushed to the train, grabbed a good seat, told forty different men who wanted it that it was engaged, and then, when the train started off, there he sat all alone by himself and forty men glaring at him."  
"Well?"  
"Of course remarks were made. He was mad anyhow, and that made him worse. The lie was given, and there he is in the hospital. Before he gets out Miss La X. and I will be on our wedding tour."—*Philadelphia Call.*

**ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.**

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs:—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer,—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

Phi'adelphia has a preacher who believes in popular texts. His latest was "Baseball from a theological standpoint."

An Irishman was heard to say that he would have been a man of considerable property if his father had never entered the family.

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