

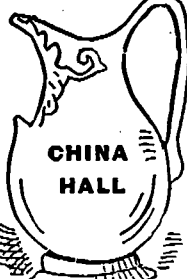
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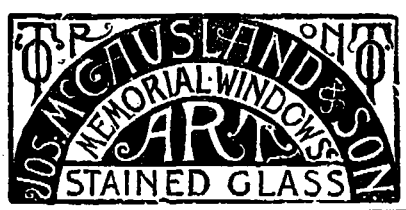
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# GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND  
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.  
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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH,

Editor.

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

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## Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—About the time that this number of GRIP reaches the hands of its readers, Mr. Blake will have set foot once more upon his native heath. Public expectation stands upon tiptoe and has all its eyes and ears open Blake-wards, in view of the present interesting "crisis" in our politics. "What will the Liberal leader do about it?" is the universal question. "Like Joly," cries the *Maid*, "he will manfully resign!" "What for?" queries the puzzled elector. "Why should he resign?" "Oh, don't you know?" answers the tall-tower organ. "Why, he is called upon by his party to give his assent to an iniquitous union between the Grits and the Bleus—the basis of which union is, that Riel is a martyr and his death must be avenged." "Don't you believe that notorious fabricator!" cries the *Globe*. "The proposed basis of union is nothing of the sort. It is opposition to the Government on its whole past and present record of extravagance, incompetency and corruption, and its responsibility for the rebellion." Mr. Blake's action in approving or prohibiting the proposed union will depend entirely upon the contents of the document endorsed "Terms and Conditions," which Mr. J. D. Edgar is popularly supposed to carry in his breast pocket.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Manning's record as Mayor of Toronto is neatly summed up in Mr. Howland's pointed phrase, "The strings hang loose." Whether our present mayor is or is not the schemer and corruptionist that some paint him, he certainly can lay no claim to being a man of moral earnestness in his office, and as the results to the city are much the same, whether the cause be corruption or carelessness, it is high time to have a change. "The strings hang loose," of a truth! Pick up

your morning paper and read the evidence of this in burglaries, sand-bagging, rotten block-paving, bob-tail car accidents, waterworks bungling, sickness from bad sanitary arrangements, etc., etc. Let us have a mayor for 1886 who cares something for the city as well as for himself.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It requires two men to fill the vacant place of Sir Leonard Tilley in the Cabinet—one to do the figuring in the Finance Department and the other to supply the temperance and moral power so long identified with Sir Leonard. The Premier has just supplied this double successor by appointing Mr. McLelan as Finance Minister and Mr. George Foster to take care of the fishes (and loaves). Mr. Foster has, we should say, plenty of ability for his post; but as nothing short of a Financial Hercules could hope for success in the other department at the present time, we cannot help thinking that Mr. McLelan would feel just as happy and comfortable if he had been stowed away in a snug Lieutenant-Governorship instead.



### PREPARATORY.

Walter.—Will you have your beefsteak well done, sir?

Tragedian.—No! Raw, RAW, minion! I play *Macbeth* to-night!

### MANNING TO THE LADY VOTERS.

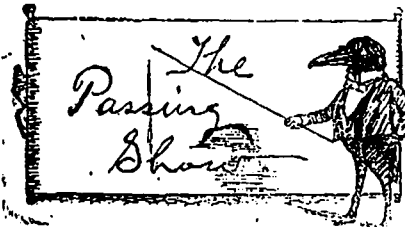
Ladies, ladies, vote for me—  
Don't you throw your votes away,  
I'm a pretty man, you see,  
Tall and stately—great and free,  
Jolly, witty, wise and gay.

Willie Howland's but a cub,  
Green as grass in "council" ways,  
Don't know how to scheme and grub—  
Open-hearted—like a tub—  
Solid truth in all he says.

If you want a clever mayor,  
One who's up to all the tricks,  
One who wins by foul or fair—  
In the party takes a share—  
I'm the man on whom to fix.

If you want the other kind—  
If you try this new-made plan—  
Mayor to jobbery never blind,  
Square and honest, candid, kind  
Howland's just the very man.

But, dear ladies, vote for me—  
Come out strong and put me back,  
If you do I'll—let me see—  
Let me whisper silently—  
Buy you each a sealskin saccus!



"Called Back," a splendid play, acted by thoroughly competent people, is the attraction at the Grand for the remainder of the week.

The fifth Monday "Pop." was one of the most enjoyable of the series. Miss Beebe captured the hearts of her auditors immediately and was voted the best vocalist we have yet had, excepting, perhaps, Miss Juch. Mr. Sherlock made a very favorable impression. When it is remembered that this gentleman is not a professional singer and makes no pretence to cultivation, his achievement may be regarded as remarkable. His voice in the upper register is beautiful, though his manner is not as taking as it might be. Jacobsen and Corell in their solos scored hits as usual and the quartette did famously. The ever genial Marshall was on hand to look after everybody's comfort, along with his equally lively coadjutor Tasker. The management of our Popular Concerts is equal to their artistic merits, and that is saying a good deal.

### AN UNRECORDED HISTORICAL INCIDENT.

"Ha! by'r lady," exclaimed a stalwart policeman, entering a small wayside hostelry and laying his heavy hand on the shoulder of a cowering individual who would fain have shrunk away from the grasp of the myrmidon of the law; "gramercy! but I have thee now; thy name, sirrah?"

"Peter Moir," replied the trembling captive. "Aye, alias the Slugger, alias Gentleman Wat, alias Walter Tyrrell: I know thy knavish countenance, and I arrest thee for misdemeanor, treason, and disobedience of His Majesty's behests."

"How, fair sir? What have I done?" asked the detected wretch.

"Thou didst even stick His Britannic Majesty, William, by the grace of God, of England and Ireland, King. Thou stuck'st him in the New Forest with an arrow."

"'Tis true; I did."

"'Tis not for that I arrest thee; he is well out of the way, but thou didst fracture one of the country's laws; come," and the peeler led his prey out by the left ear to the glades of the forest.

"Behold," and he pointed to a notice board; "read that."

"Aye; indeed am I undone. It says: 'Stick no Bills on these Premises.' Alackaday! I am lost."

"Thou art; for didst not thou stick our Royal Bill here: ha! ha! ere sundown thy grizzly head shall grace the parapet of London Bridge," and whistling for the "Black Maria," the constable thrust his captive therein, and they were whirled away toward the great city.

"Circumstances alter cases," said an unsuccessful lawyer, "and I wish that I could get hold of some cases that would alter my circumstances."

**KITTY**

will tell the solemn truth  
About a sentimental youth  
Who loved to decorate his outer man  
He wore a slouching hat  
With a feather stuck in that,  
And a beard a la Cæsar de BAZAN,  
He assumed such graceful pose  
In his med-i-eval clo's,  
That he won the heart of every pretty maid,  
He used to go at night  
By the moon's bewitching light,  
And charm them with a trancing serenade.

ONE night he went by car,  
Taking with him his guitar  
To a house without the limits of the city,  
Nor he'd got a straighten'd tip,  
Which is why he took the trip  
That there, there lived a damsel christen'd Kitty  
He was told she was so proud  
That she never yet allowed  
Any gentleman to breathe a tender sigh,  
So he swore he'd go and sing  
An extatic little thing  
That should fetch her, or he'd know the reason why.

For an hour or two this gent  
Tuned his voice and instrument.  
(It was raining & he got most dreadful wet)  
When at last he chanced to spy  
In a window up on high  
A ticket, with these mystic words, **TOILET**  
\* \* \* \* \*  
So this serenading man  
Shaved his beard and changed his plan  
And became a hardy, horny handed peasant.  
Every songster will agree  
I am sure, with him and me  
That to sing to empty houses isn't pleasant.

HOWARD

come to pass in the ordinary course of nature, so they begin to reason about it in this way: "Now, this is tough on us, because we were much better off when we were allowed to hold big blocks of land at county rates within the city limits and let them get enhanced in value by the improvements made around them; and as no man does himself an injury, if he can help it, it follows that this change in the assessment cannot have been brought about by our own asking. Now, if we are not the parties to blame for it, who is? It can't be our representatives in the council, for heretofore they haven't taken any more interest in the ward, one way or another, than just enough to keep them safe with the ratepayers. No, they can't have done it. They haven't got the sand to do anything of the sort. And, besides, whoever has done it has evidently had not only the interests of the ward but also of the whole city in view. It can't, therefore, have been our aldermen. Now, there's just one other party that could possibly have done it; and, come to think of it, it looks just like his work. It's that crank, E—A—MacD—, that's who's done it. Confound that fellow, he's always doing something. How can we get even with him? Let's see! I have it. We'll get the commissioner to charge him with taking water from the city hydrants illegally. I'll go and tell the officer that I suspect he has done so, and then we'll get it put in the papers, and we'll put off arresting or trying him for the offence, on the ground that we are waiting for evidence. That'll settle this crank." That is the way they argue things out, and the conclusion is always the same—E. A. M. Now, I guess I can stand this some longer. It hasn't done me much real harm, so far. I keep getting a little nearer all the time to what I'm driving at—namely, to make St. Matthew's Ward what nature intended her to be—the queen ward of the city. She's been Cinderella a good while, but I'm studying up the Witch business, and before long I guess I can transform her into a princess with store clothes on and nicer little slippers than any of the other girls have got. I don't know as I'll have her ride in a pumpkin, but I'm bound to have street cars, and good, level bridges, and a straight Don, and a few other things, and when I get into the council I'll have these improvements or know the reason why. And I'm going in this year, crank or no crank, you can just mark that down. But I wonder what they call me a crank for! Do cranks have influence enough to make the Revision Court come to time on crooked assessments? Mayor Manning is another party who believes that I'm alive. That fact has cost him some money in the shape of taxes, and it's going to cost him more. Do cranks build rows of houses and pay out thousands of dollars to workmen, as a general thing? Well, that is the kind of crank I am, as you can see by taking a walk through the ward. When I get into the council I'm going to find out another thing, too—I want to know how it is that St. Matthew's Ward doesn't get her proper share of city improvements in proportion to what she pays into the treasury? There are several other things I am after with a sharp stick and

(Here the manuscript breaks off suddenly. It is surmised that the writer just at this point thought of important business he had at the Revision Court or before the county judge.)

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GREAT MAN.**  
(Picked up in St. Matthew's Ward and identified as the handwriting of Ernest Albert M—d.)

I was born about thirty-five years ago. I can prove this beyond question to anybody who will come down to the City Hall—no, I mean to my house, and see the big Bible. I know it will not be believed otherwise, just because I say it. In fact I don't suppose many people can be convinced by my own statement that I was born at all. They call me a crank, and whenever I say anything that is true—and I frequently do once in a while—they sort of look at me incredulously and say aside,

"Oh, he's a crank—you can't depend on anything he says." This is very nice for me, of course; I naturally like it very much; rather prefer it to decent treatment—a man would, you know. But yet I am glad to say there are a few who do believe that I was born, and that I have been around pretty considerably ever since, especially within the last few years. Some of the cormorants of St. Matthew's Ward are quite convinced of this much, not so much because I say it, but because their formerly ridiculous assessment for city taxes has been raised to a figure more proportionate to what their poor neighbors have to pay. They can't understand how this has

A bill of rites—the undertaker's account.  
"There is nothing like leather for tanning," said the pedagogue.  
"Good morning," said the milkcan to the pump, "how do you feel this morning?"  
"Oh, as well as I can expect; how are you?"  
"Oh, pretty strong, but—oh dear, I feel weaker; good day; see you again."



A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

THE POLITICIANS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.

(From Grip's Almanac for 1886.)

ALAS! FOR MARY BROWN.



IM BROWN'S Mary was ecstasially beautiful, And morally the same, was she, as any one would testify; To her old father, Daddy Brown, she was extremely dutiful, And often that old man would say, "Now, Polly, I'll be blest if I

Would swap my gal for any gal, though of the aristocracy." And Mary then would say, "Dear Pap, I thank you for that sentiment"; But one fine day she met O'Miles O'Donohue O'Shaughnessy. You know the man—I'm sure you do: well, that's the very gert I meant.

Now Mary often told papa—I thought it most peculiar—That she would never leave him for the best man in the countree,

But who can trust a woman—in Latin call'd *mulier*—They are endowed so strangely with feminine effrontery.

And manners so deceptive. Was Mary any different From all her sex? I'll show you now in language satisfactory,

How good she was—(than old Jim Brown, sure no man paid a shilfer rent, But this is just *en passant*—that's from a Gallic factory.)

She met O'Miles, as I have said: he said, "Will you elope with me, And we will cross the ocean? oh, Mary! will you go? And Mary answered—cruel maid—oh, reader! don't you hope with me That she was quite averse to this? she *was*, and answered, "No."

This poem shows, dear reader, that when you most expect a thing

It turneth out the other way: I know you will express Much grief at being sold: you cry, "What! what! a girl reject a ring?" You know you all expected that Miss Brown would answer, "Yes."

—Swiz.

THE MEETING OF THE GHOSTS.

THEY FORM A PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

(By Twain Cablegram.)

With our usual daring enterprise we are enabled to place before our readers a succinct report of the great meeting of Ghosts recently held in London. We trust this great journalistic feat will be duly appreciated.

LONDON, ENG., Dec. 17.—Exeter Hall was to-night crowded with Ghosts, called together to discuss certain grievances. The Ghost with the Luminous Eyes was unanimously voted into the chair. He said they had been convened to consider the greatest insult ever placed upon the ghosts of this country. They had, without exception, been shamefully slighted by their old friends, the writers of Christmas Annuals. (Sepulchral groans.) Not a ghost, good, bad, or indifferent had been employed to work out to a satisfactory ending any one of the Annual stories.

(Unearthly wailing.) The remedy was in their hands. What did they propose to do?

The Ghost of the Murdered Man was the first to respond. He said he had been deeply affected by the gross neglect, so much so, that he felt like closing up his bullet and knife wounds and retiring from business. He begged to move the following: "Whereas, the writers of the Christmas Annuals published in these lands having deliberately, and with prejudice, slighted their old friends, the ghosts, by entirely ignoring their existence whilst preparing the present year's stories; be it resolved that notice be served upon each writer guilty of such conduct, warning him that should he not return to his former fealty he will be haunted with ghosts until his dying day." The Ghost with the Luminous Eyes sat down amidst shrieks, groans, and moans in various major keys.

The Lady in Shimmering Silk rose and seconded the resolution in a low, sweet, tremulous voice. She did so, she said, because the base action of the authors had materially affected her influence upon society. In days gone by had she not accomplished great good? How many treasure troves had been unearthed through her agency? How many avaricious fathers and uncles had been forced to disgorge their wealth? She might ask a thousand similar questions, but under the circumstances she would conclude with promising to do her best to make the authors more than miserable if they did not return to the old path. (Jubilant shrieks.)

The Churchyard Ghost next took the floor, and said he entirely approved of the resolution and would heartily second it. It was very evident the wretched writers desired the days of the Resurrectionists and body snatchers to return. If the authors did not change their ways he would make it hot for them and their relatives whenever they passed his way.

The Bleeding Nun, the Ghost without a Head, the Pale Faced Lady and others having spoken upon the resolution, it was carried by a standing vote, many of the ghosts floating rapturously around the hall.

The Ghost with the Clanking Chains was the next speaker and was listened to with the profoundest attention. His measured, cavernous tones, accompanied with a subdued clank, clank, from the chains he carried, adding weight to his remarks. He said he was pleased the last resolution had passed so heartily. He had now another to offer, which read: "Resolved that this meeting forms itself into a Protective Association for the express purpose of watching the interests of the ghosts; details to be left to a committee to be specially appointed." Had this Association, he said, been formed years ago, the present state of affairs could not have existed. The fact was, the authors had taken a mean advantage of their unprotected position, but it was not too much to say the ghosts would be

more than even with them yet. (Loud and spiritual cheers.)

The Presence rose to second the motion. He admitted he was not acknowledged a full-blown ghost, but from his connection with the annuals, it was just probable he had received as great a slight as any present.

The resolution was put to the meeting and carried amidst the wildest enthusiasm.

A committee having been appointed to draw up the rules of the new Association, the ghosts disbanded and made short tracks for their various abodes, leaving the hall to darkness and to me.

LONDON, ENG., Dec. 18.—(Latest report.) The writers of stories for the numerous Annuals published here, having heard of the ghosts' resolutions, are in a last frenzy of despair, and many suicides are expected. A meeting of authors is to be called, particulars of which, if hold, I will cable you.

A QUESTION FOR PETHER.

Oh Pether! oh Pether! oh Pether! me boy, Arrah, why have ye skipped? arrah, why did ye loon Like a saygull or gannet or wild duck or loon? And tako yer departure and lave us so soon, Afther tellin' the people to dhrav party lines In civic elections, and see better signs Of coming good government, if aldermen all Should only come out by a strong party call? Arrah, why did ye lave us to cross the salt broyne? Come, answer me that now, me bold Pether Royné!

Ye think that if we'd but Tories in power They'd grow worse and worse every day, every hour. 'Till the people would rise up and give them all fits, And thin we'd have no one but finest of Grits. Suppose the Commons would act as you say, And allow the bould Tories to lather away, And dale out the moneys without any check, Don't you think that the country would soon be a wreck? Faith of don't think, at all, that your scheme is so foyne; Is that why you skipped out, me bould Pether Royné? — B.

Mr. Smifkins is somewhat of a scientist, an ambitious druggist. For the sake of public information and his own personal satisfaction, he has of late been making analyses of the city water. The other day he returned and said to Mrs. S.:

"Amanda, my dear, the water is horribly impure again. It seemed to improve lately, but I found all sorts of peculiar substances in the water this morning, traces of insoluble ingredients, and enough albuminous and fatty matter to make me think that all the little Vorticellæ and Cyclopes quadricornes, and Amoebæ and Polyphagi had thrived so well as to have become perfectly aldermanic and to have gelatinized."

"Mary, where's the milk for Mr. Smifkin's coffee?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Smifkins. I left it on the sideboard, but it was gone when I went to look for it."

Mr. Smifkin turned pale, excused himself, and went out to see a man—the milkman.



WILL THE "OLD MAN" CONSENT?



A HINT TO THE TRADE.\*

The Photographer.—Now, madam, it's all ready; look pleasant, if you please, and keep your eyes fixed on that sign!

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

OPEN TO ALL OUR READERS.

NOTICE.—For conditions to be observed when sending for delineation of character from handwriting see GRIP of Nov. 27th. Back numbers always in print. We implore the patience of those who have forwarded specimens. Our expert is working day and night to keep up with the enormous quantity of letters which daily arrive at our office. All will be served in turn; those forwarding donations first, subscribers next, casual purchasers last.

7. Dear Sir I write this  
8. Latest fashions for  
9. It might have been  
10. Three year old next  
11. Very graceful  
12. Specimen of my writing

7. "Painter," Kingston.—Gentleman's hand. There is an unsteadiness about this hand which leads me to the opinion that the writer has a closer acquaintance with the bottle than he should have. He is a painter, whose coloring is somewhat glaring. Red is his favorite shade, and when using it he lays it on in large quantities, enough to cover a whole town. I see also that he has a liking for mathematics, for often, when he wanders homewards, he describes stranger curves and lines than Euclid ever dreamt of. As a married man he is shrewd, because his wife is a shrew. When in his right senses he has a most comprehensive grasp of material things, which, were it not checked by the masterly mind of his wife, would land him into jail.

8. "Lady Maud," Toronto.—In this hand I find strong evidences of a determined temper and a firm desire not to be left in her search after her rights. She is young and doubtless beautiful, but has no one to love her, because she is a flirt. Were she to abandon her impetuosity she might yet be courted by a real live lord all the way from Hingland. She plays upon the piano with great taste, but she has a greater taste for the meals prepared by her

hard-working ma. She is a past mistress in the art of choosing stylish bonnets, and could she but catch a husband who could allow her lots of money some milliner would reap a rich harvest.

9. "Socrates," Winnipeg.—Gentleman's hand. The owner of this hand possesses a highly imaginative nature (the expert would require to be more highly imaginative still to realize that he owned the dollar bill which "Socrates" states he enclosed) in which is mingled a small amount of military dash. He evidently passed through the terrors of the late rebellion, and what his military dash failed to accomplish his imagination fully made up. In private life he is nervous and excitable. This is clearly traceable to the efforts of his mother-in-law, who wears a wig. He has a great regard for his friends and will stand drinks round whenever he has the money, on the presumption they will lend him a quarter when he is out of the needful.

10. "Sportsman," Hamilton.—Gentleman's hand. Here is a gentle and refined nature. He keeps dogs and his love for them is unbounded, and his desire that they shall be well fed, unlimited. He has a wife, too. Kicks, curses and crusts are good enough for her. In company his diction is choice and elegant, and his manners engaging. To some extent he is impulsive, but only in the presence of his wife. He has much dramatic force and his effects are striking. On Sundays the serenity of his countenance is not surpassed by that of the minister he hears preach. He thinks the minister a good man, but he thinks himself a better. His last words will be: "Bury me with my dogs."

11. "Madame Le Duc," Toronto.—There is a severity of temperament noticeable in this hand which would be positively chilling were it not counterbalanced by an inner gushing love for some one who could be bold enough to lo—well, respect her. It is plainly evident she is of uncertain age, and that whilst in her sweet teens she suffered some bitter disappointment in love affairs. It is much to be regretted that she is not better known to those in search of a wife, for there is a small fortune in her mouth alone. Her inclinations are to the luxurious and refined, but she does not indulge them. She drinks strong green tea without sugar, but varies it occasionally with a dash of gin.

12. "Nick O'Demus," Toronto.—Gentleman's hand. There is ample proof to my analyzing mind that the writer of this hand is an alderman. There is such a preponderance of vanity and love of self displayed throughout, which admit of no other conclusion. His thoughts are subtle and deep; so deep, indeed, that when he ought to speak upon his subject, he finds them so far down that a pair of grappling irons cannot bring them to light. He is generous (with the ratepayers' money) and thoughtful (about improvements around his own house), but his word cannot always be relied upon. One portion of his existence he is busily engaged promising that every good thing asked for shall be performed; the other, acting the reverse.

(More to follow.)

"LEN GANSETT."

In the issue of the *Arkansaw Traveller* dated December 26 will appear the opening chapters of a new serial, by the editor of the *Arkansaw Traveller*, entitled "Len Gansett; a Story of Arkansaw Life." The characters in this story are drawn from life, and will be presented in the author's happiest style. The short stories which have long been a feature of the *Traveller* have been widely copied, and "Annie Green," the serial now running in that paper, is a story of absorbing interest. "Len Gansett" is a work of wider scope and stronger character than any of the original stories that have yet appeared in the *Traveller*, and it will doubtless receive a hearty welcome from readers of fiction throughout the country.



HOW SHE CUM BY HER DEATH.

I'd been at school in the country with him, and was glad to see him again. He noticed me glancing at the crape band on his grey wide-awake. "That thar's for Almiry," he said, "Cousin Almiry Simple, she was allus kinder delicate like, an' she got lonely a-stayin' in the kentry, and said she thought she'd like to stay in the city, where a knock would come to the door occasionally like. She was tired o' the loneliness o' the kentry, she thought it would be kind o' cheerful—to have to answer the door—but she got enough o' that. Guess she's got all her fill of knocks at the door now—but I guess she won't be troubled with them any more—it was them as finished her—them agents, sir, finished Almiry."

"Cousin Zeke," says Almiry to me, "you come an' help me to move an' settle down like." Course I went, and we hadn't the furniture well in an' the door shet afore they began, some knockin', some ringin'—oh, lawk! Almiry she'd go, an' then I'd go—but she said it was so social an' cheery like, so different from the kentry—she didn't mind, if they'd only wait till she'd get her curtains up. She did want to get them curtains up, badly.

\* From GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC for '86. Brim full of good things. Ten cents; send for a copy.

Well, we got the table drawn up an' a cheer, an' Almiry she'd an old apron tied on to her head, an' she'd a streak of black across her nose, an' a mustache o' the same color—an' she looked tough. Well, she'd just got herself comfortably fixed on the table when the door bell rang. "Oh, my!" says she, "look at my face?" and with that she down of the table, pulls the apron off'n her head, an' washes the black off'n her face in a hurry, an' slicks her hair—an' puttin' on her go-to-meetin' smile she walks to the door. "Have yez nary a pair av owld shoes, or any owld bottles, or any rags or bones ye'd be aither sellin', ma'am?" Well, sir, Almiry was riled at stoppin' her work an' goin' to the trouble of fixin' herself all for an old rag-woman. Still, she said it wasn't near so lonely as the kentry, so she tied the apron on her head again an' got up onto the table, an' blamed if the bell didn't go just then. "Good gracious!" says she, kinder vexed like, but she nigh desleeked her hip jint a jumpin' down in a hurry to have it over. Off cum the apron again, she slicked her hair with her two hands, and opened the door, an' I hears a husky Cockney a sayin' to her, "Hany humbrellas wants mendin', miss? do 'em cheap for you—unt 'em up, now, there's a good lady!" The whiff o' stale beer that cum to Almiry long 'o these remarks turned her kinder squamish like, and she said "No!" an' shet the door sharp. She was mad. She said no more about the kentry bein' lonely an' sich. She just stuck a stick o' wood in the stove, rubbed her hand across her furred, and had just one fut on the cheer and another onto the table when that darned door bell went again. Almiry, she just looked me straight in the face, an' marched off to the door without takin' the apron off'n her head or anything. But when she opened the door this time she started back with a little squeak, for you see she'd got a shock—it wasn't no old rag-woman nor umbrella man this time, it was a smart young dood of a feller, all dressed up to kill, with a small, fancy, black moustache, and smilin' black eyes, and he plumps a pretty little silver clock down on the door step an' starts the alarm off, Jehosaphat! how that durm thing did go! Almiry, she jumped nigh three feet into the air—for you see she'd never seen an alarm before, an' it most killed her. The young feller laffed an' began layin' off: "Just four cents a day, mam, think of it—four cents a day, mam, for that beautiful clock. Twenty-five cents a week! will buy you a clock, mam, worth double the money." Almiry, she explained very humbly as how they had a clock, a very good clock, her grandfather's clock, in fact. But the feller had no end of gall, and said he would allow her seventy-five cents fur it if she'd take one o' his'n at four cents a day. Then I put in my spoke—"Call again!" I yells from the kitchen, and away he went, thinkin' I was the man of the house. Almiry was terrible cut up about bein' caught afore sich a nice lookin' feller with an old apron on her head, so she took it off altogether, an' afore she could tackle them curtains again a cruet agent he cum along. Almiry spoke to him very civil, but told him she'd got one—an' besides she'd got no money to lay out. He told her he didn't want any money—he was only takin' orders, so she said she'd think about it—but she'd an awful time gettin' him away. We was gettin' tired o' visitors by this time. Almiry said if she'd only her curtains up, an' had nothin' to do but answer the door, she wouldn't mind. She got up and began at the curtains again. She'd just filled her mouth full o' tacks an' was gettin' on famous when another ring cum. Almiry, she spit out the tacks. "Well, I'm durned!" says she—she wasn't a woman as swore, generally, but I low she did say that—"Let 'em ring!" says she—an' they did ring, like the old Harry himself. But she held up—an' didn't give in till she'd driven in every

tack an' finished them curtains, when she cum down and went to the door an' looked out, an' there was the grocery wagon, with the groceries she wanted so bad, drivin' away down street. Wasn't she mad! She called, an' I whistled, but it was no go, or rather, all go—too much go in fact—just then. Poor Almiry, I felt for her—she'd a headache and wanted that tea so bad, and when she was a lamentin' her hard luck, there cum a ring that made her jump right off'n her cheer. "That's the grocery boy cum back—he heard us a-callin'," says she, glad, like—an' runnin' to the door—but it wasn't—not much—it was two men this time—one of 'em wanted to know if she'd a sewing-machine, an' 't'other was an agent for a new improved patent clothes wringer—just sold fifteen of 'em down street, he said. Almiry said "No!" to both on 'em, an' told me she wished she'd a patent for wringin' their necks. Her head ached so, she sot down and cried. Then there cum a man peddlin' fish, an' another coal ile—I smelt 'em both through the door, an' yelled through the keyhole as how the missis wasn't in. After that there cum a sweet little ring an' I thought I might as well see who it was. So I opened the door an' there was a smart little woman with specs on—blamed if I could tell whether she was young or old—her face was old but her hat was young, an' she spotted Almiry at once—she was takin' orders for a patent petticoat-supportin', back-comfortin' adjustable corset, with new bustle attachment—an' she talked the ear of Almiry—an' didn't leave the house nuther, till she'd got an' order fur a pair. We didn't get the door shet, hardly, when a book agent, a female one, cum, an' I sot my teeth hard. But she got round me by whisperin' that she wished to see the missis privately, so coorse I scooted, wishin' her an' her books at Jericho. When she'd gone, "Almiry," says I, "it's no use, I'm goin' to lock that door—this ain't the kentry." "No," says she, kind o' faint like—she was delicate, was Almiry—kind o' nervous. "An' so's you'll get peace to settle down I'm goin' to nail a smallpox card on to that door." "Oh my, no! Cousin Zeke," says she, "we'd all be carted off to the hospital. You go an' split me a bit o' wood, and I'll mind the door now, maybe they'll slacken off a little by'nby." Well, I went to the woodshed, but I hadn't got two sticks bucked when I'd a kind of presentment like that suthin' was up—an' I went in—an' there was Cousin Almiry in a fit o' high-strikes, an' four agents fur spring mattresses a-squablin' an' cussin' an' fightin' in the hall—about which was the best patent spring, an' who had the first right to the order. Well, sir, when they saw me with a cordwood stick—the way they skipped was a caution, an' I locked the door an' put the key in my pocket an' went out the back way fur a doctor, but it was too late, they'd killed her—it was too much for her nervous system—the doctor said she'd died from a plethora of agents.

AN ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY.

The publishers of the *Current* announce that, by a recent sale, this leading western weekly becomes the property of George W. Wiggs, Esq., a Chicago capitalist, and that its entire management will be entrusted to Alva E. Davis, Esq., a publisher of experience and wide acquaintance and interests. The editorial direction will remain in the hands of Gustavus C. Matthews, formerly of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and the *Indianapolis News* (who has been an associate-editor from the founding of the paper in 1883), and of John McGovern, late of the *Chicago Tribune*, who assumed the duties of an associate-editor of the *Current* in July 1884.

There is a difference between loose and lucid writing.

GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC.—This publication for 1886 is to hand. It is full of amusement, containing—besides its other attractions—a double-page cartoon, "Ancient Nursery Rhymes for Modern Politicians." For sale by all booksellers; only ten cents. One characteristic of the GRIP is the entire absence of all that is low and obscene. His jokes are ever on the side of temperance and purity.—*Canadian Independent for Dec.*

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REGULARITY is the main spring of life, and regularity of the bowels is one of the most essential laws of health. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the bowels in a natural manner, curing constipation and preventing serious disease.

"What is your circulation?" asked an inquisitive individual of an editor. "Blood, principally," was the sanguinary answer.—*Goodall's Chicago Sun.*

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SONS' Ordered Clothing Dept., and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

FEMININE LOGIC.

Customer (indignantly).—"See here, you've swindled me! You said that chicken was young, and it's tough as leather!"

Young Woman (pertly).—"Can you guess how old I am?"

Customer (bewildered).—"Eh—what? Well—I should say 16."

Young Woman (triumphantly).—"Just 16! You wouldn't call me old, would you? Well, I raised that chicken myself, and I know that it isn't half as old as I am!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

LUXURY ON WHEELS.

The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets, and 20 York Street.

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And we shall soon have snow."

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of Wm. West & Co.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

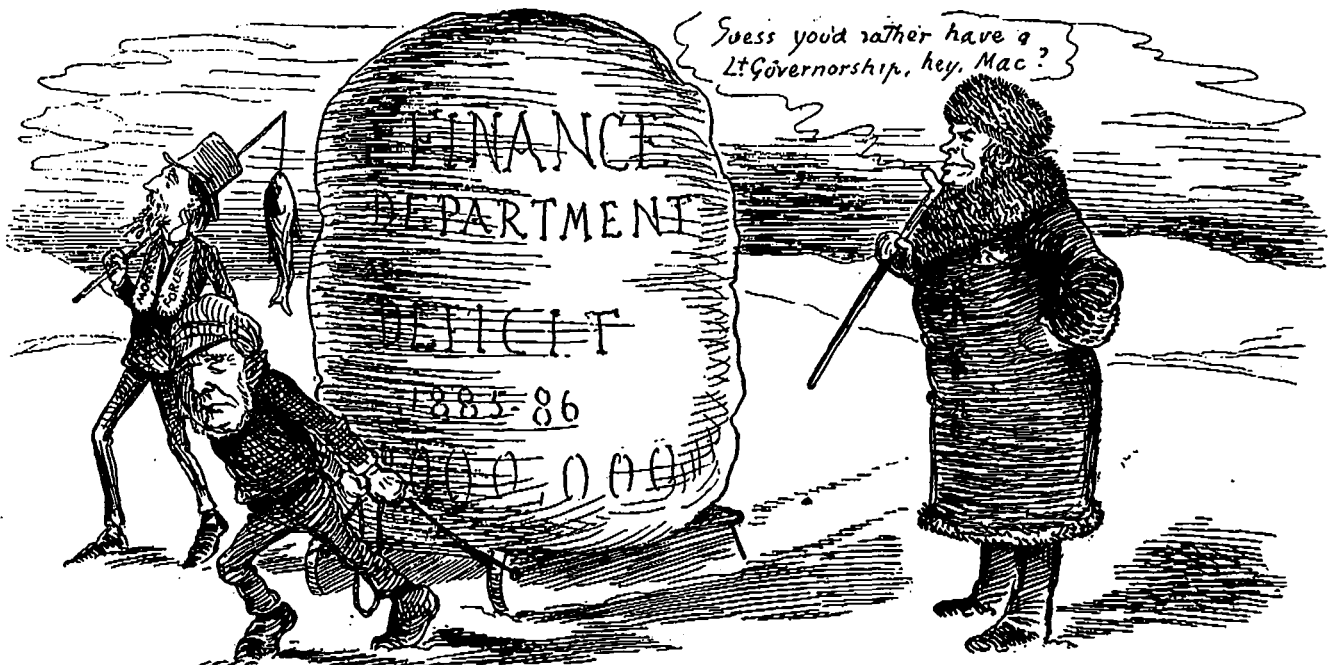
Reseat for makin' punkum pie.—Firs, choose youah patch, an' den wen de light am just 'fishent to tell diff'nce 'tween a ripe punkum and a green squash, retiah to de afosaid retreat foh meditashun. Don't take too much meditashun, but be shuah to take de punkum. Den *git*. De princerpel bizness foh youh am de *gitting*, de ole woman will look after de pies.

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A couple of Kentuckians fought a duel, one day last week, and both were badly wounded. The one who was shot in the head will recover; but there is no hope for the other duellist, who was shot in the stomach and can't hold whiskey long enough to do him any good. His sufferings are terrible.—Newman Independent.

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THERE is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, FRZYLA's is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

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