

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)



EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIFF office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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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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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

Mr. L. H. FRECHETTE is writing a new drama.

PROBABLY *apropos* of this HERBERT SPENCER has lately said that after 60, men become mere obstructives and in the interests of science need strangling.

THE MESSRS. BENGOUGH are making a most excellent paper of GRIP at Toronto, Canada. It is filled with A. I. humor.—*Quincy (Ill.) Modern Argv.*

THE Toronto GRIP, for a foreign journal, contains some excellent political cartoons applicable to the present campaign in the U. S.—*Steubenville (Ohio) Herald.*

Mr. F. MUNRO of the *Cardwell Courier* issued his valedictory address to his subscribers last week previous to handing over that paper to Messrs. PHELPS BROS.

THE Baltimore *Every Saturday* of Oct., 9, was printed upon orange paper, in honour of their anniversary of the sesqui-centennial of the founding of that city. The armorial bearings of Lord Baltimore were orange and black.

The *American*, published at Philadelphia, gives evidence of permanency. It is a journal of the highest class, and is manifestly conducted by gentlemen and scholars. The writing in it reminds us strongly of *Bystander*.

Mr. DESEVE, violinist to H. R. H. Princess Louise, is meeting with great success in the United States. The Boston Press are warm in their praise of the concert recently given in that city by this talented artist.

THE opinion appears to be gaining ground that the *Mail* in all that constitutes a newspaper of the present day, is clearly ahead of the *Globe*, and constantly increasing the distance. Our King street east contemporary will have to put on more literary and managerial steam.

OUR intelligent compositor hereby apologises to Mr. J. B. MCGUNN, publisher of the *Canadian Portrait Gallery*, for having set up his name as "MCGUNNS" in last week's paper; also for having misprinted the word "parts" into "pages." What he meant to say in type was that the first twelve parts of Mr. MCGUNN's work are out.

Dr. TUCKER, of Duffin's Creek, contributes a poem of great merit to the *Canadian Monthly* for November, the subject being an incident of the battle of Lissa. The Doctor, who has for two or three years been confined to his room as an invalid, is a gentleman of finished scholarship and high poetic talent. To this he adds a warm and generous Irish heart, which has endeared him to all who know him, and makes him the subject of sincere sympathy in his present trying circumstances.

GRIP is funny still. His last cartoons are quite striking. "Empty Honors" represents the Hon. Mr. MacDOWALL with his newly presented Dinner Service given to him by the Conservative Club of Ottawa. He is in the act of raising a cover, and says to Sir JOHN, "The dishes are very complete, and my appetite is excellent, but —" "poor fellow, he finds but little consolation within. Just so, his long service in the Liberal-Conservative cause might have won him more honors than the gift of a dinner service.—*Toronto Sun. (Con.)*

CONSIDERABLE excitement prevails in artistic circles over a statement which appeared in the *Toronto World* of Tuesday last to the effect that the publishers of "Picturesque Canada"

had departed from their prospectus which promised that the sketches would be the work of Canadian artists. It seems that the present staff of artists engaged on the work consists of one Canadian and two Americans. It would appear from the lucid statement in the *World* that this result is the outcome of Mr. LUCIUS O'BRIEN'S "artistic management."

MANY of our literary readers may thank us for informing them that an Annual Register and Review containing a record of political, events, a review of Literature and Art, a Record of Science and Scientific Events, Militia Affairs, a Chronicle of Remarkable Occurrences, an Obituary of Eminent Persons, a Review of the Financial and Commercial Affairs of Canada, Remarkable Trials, University and General Educational Affairs, Promotions, Appointments and changes in the Public Service; Public Documents and State Papers of Importance. This useful publication was begun in 1878 by Mr. H. J. MORGAN, Ottawa, to whom subscriptions may be sent. The Register is \$2.50 per copy.

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THE CANADIAN

Illustrated Shorthand Writer FOR OCTOBER.

The October number of this *Magazine* (the publication of which was accidentally delayed), is now ready for delivery to subscribers, and on sale at the counter of the Publishers.

The November number will, it is hoped, be ready in the course of a few days, and future numbers will make their appearance promptly on the 3rd of each month. Subscription, \$1.00 a year.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

EDWIN BOOTH'S performance of *Hamlet* is not considered anything extraordinary by the London critics, they give him credit for a thorough and scholarly study of the part, but think his acting cold and artificial. His physical fitness for the part is, however, unanimously admitted.

THE Comedy, oddity *Fun on the Bristol* has proved a great success at the Grand this week. It is one of the best specimens of a description of entertainment which has of late become very popular with our volatile American cousins. Each member of the *Bristol* company is in every sense a sound actor.

REMENTY has fallen upon critics in Ottawa and Montreal who have varied the monotony of laudation by finding fault with his playing. The charge brought against the great EDWARD is that he uses trickery to catch the popular ear. REMENTY informally replies to these awfully æsthetic fellows through the columns of the local press.

MILBURN, the blind man eloquent, is again on Canadian soil. He lectures in Belleville on Friday evening of this week. We trust that should he honor Toronto with a visit on this occasion our citizens will realize in time the fact that they have an opportunity of hearing one of the greatest of living orators.

A MORE wretched "Comedy" than *Our Candidate* it would be difficult to conceive, and a more unguinely "Comedian" than HARRY G. RICHMOND we don't want to see more than once in a great while. The sooner that gentleman takes to clerking in a country store or acting as ticket seller on a ferry boat, the sooner will he strike his proper sphere in life.

Mr. CONNER announces as his next attraction at the Royal, the HARRISONS, in "Photos," a musical and comical piece after the pattern of "Fun on the Bristol," and judging from the notices it has received in the New York papers, fully as funny as "Fun." There is no apparent reason why the Royal shouldn't enjoy full houses during the week.

THE famous Gallery Vocalists whose performances have frequently delighted audiences at our city opera houses, have found a friend in the present manager of the Royal, who evidently understands human nature and amusement management better than some of his bilious neighbors. Mr. CONNER has intimated to the "boys" that if they will confine their singing to the intervals between acts, and not interrupt the instrumental overtures, his orchestra will not only make way for them respectfully, but also play their accompaniment. The boys sing many pieces in really good style, and this generous treatment will no doubt lead to their rapid improvement. The Gallery Chorus will ere long be one of the best attractions of the Royal programme.

THE Jubilee Singers wound up a series of four concerts on Tuesday night. Their performances are beyond all praise and afforded a very great treat to the music-loving public of Toronto. Their singing is above criticism, and the motive which induces them to leave quiet homes for the necessary trouble and vexations of a professional tour "all for love and nothing for reward" is very praiseworthy and we cordially hope that they will be successful in raising the required sum for the proposed addition to Fisk University Buildings. At the earnest request of Dr. PORTS they have consented to break through their usual rule of not giving more than five concerts per week, and in order that everybody may have a chance of hearing them, they appear at the Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens on Saturday afternoon at two. The admission 25cts. being within the reach of all, we hope a crowded audience will greet them.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

To Subscribers.

A subscriber dates a letter at St. Thomas, and says, "Please address my Grip to St. Thomas in future." Now, this would be quite easily done did we know his former address, but, as it is, we are obliged either to wade through a large list of thousands of names or write for his former address. A hint, &c.

To Correspondents.

Hoodstoun—Your hunting sketch is not up to the mark, by a long shot.

The Phaultless Phiz.

OUR WORLDLY-MINDED REPORTER INTERVIEWS THE BEWITCHING MRS. LANGTRY-LONSDALE.

Furnished with the requisite credentials our reporter visited Mrs L-L. at her elegant suite of rooms in the *Boys' Head*. The apartments are lavishly furnished, and the walls are panelled from floor to ceiling with costly mirrors, so that no matter in what part of the room Mrs. L-L. is, the phaultless phiz pluces her. On sending in his card our reporter was graciously received by Mrs. L-L., who struck her favorite pose for his sole benefit. We allude of course to the one in which she elevates her chin, throws back her head, braces her elbows and hollows out her back. After complimenting her on her beauty and startling affability, the question was put,

"Are you comfortable here?"
 "Oh yes!" was the reply, "there are plenty of looking glasses! what more could I desire? I put up at the *Boys' Head* foreseeing that newspaper men would be troublesome, and I thought that perhaps the sign might deter them. I am wrong, however."

"Indeed you are," said our reporter modestly, as he drew in his feet on the crimson satin lounge. "How could you imagine for an instant that the men of our profession would be deterred from paying homage to phaultless pheatures by any petty consideration like an hotel sign? Oblige me with a match—I beg your pardon, I forgot that you are matchless."

"What do you think of the character of *Juliet*?" bewitchingly asked Mrs. L-L. after a charming pause.

"Well," cautiously replied our Rep., remembering that he was in the presence of Genius,—"it all depends. When played by SARA BERNHARDT, now, I should say that *Juliet's* character was slightly—"

"Pardon me, I'm afraid you misunderstood my question," said the great tragedienne. "I mean what do you think of SHAKESPEARE'S creation? What do you think the author's leading idea was?"

"Youth, decidedly, youth," said our Rep., promptly, "and therefore there can be no doubt that he wrote that role for you, madam."

"Tell me now frankly," said she in an irresistible voice, "has my playing of the part any notable defect?"

"None whatever, except a lack of gush, which you can easily acquire by reading the notices of your performances in the Montreal papers. Pray let me ask do you personally like *Juliet*?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. L-L., "I'm extremely fond of *Juliet*, especially the latter portion. I dote upon the potion portion."

The reporter turned several handsprings in excess of delight at her unalloyed wit, and then offered to stand treat. Such was his fulness of heart. This being delicately refused, she asked him,

"Have you travelled much?"
 "Well," said the reporter, meditatively, "now that I come to think of it, I believe I have. I have been at least one day in each of the divisions of the Globe, to wit, America, Europe, Africa, Asia and Australasia."

"Indeed, said Mrs. L-L., "and pray let me ask how my loveliness contrasts with the specimens of female beauty whom you doubtless admired during your sojourn abroad."

"Now," said our reporter, "as far as I can judge I never saw anywhere such pretty girls as are to be seen in this city of Toronto."

"You are not answering my question," said Mrs. L-L. brusquely. "How do they compare with my pheatures?"

"As a general thing," observed the reporter, "I am a great admirer of youth and beauty. Yes, I am a true admirer of all that is young and pretty—"

"Will you answer my question or not?" sneered Mrs. L-L., as she secured a position commanding the fire iron.

"Don't I tell you that I am a lover of the young and pretty wherever met with, what more answer do you want. Don't irritate me unnecessarily, for in my rage I may say things that you won't like to hear."

Mrs. LANGTRY-LONSDALE summoned the servants, and after a short though fierce struggle our reporter left the building via first floor window.

The Autocrat of the Lunch-Table.

By "GRIP'S" TORONTO PHILOSOPHER.

None of the company had ever seen the *Shy-stander*—the young lady from the book-binder's department had once read the advertisements, as she folded it up; and WILLIAM, the Elevator Boy, who had once sold the *Globe* as a street news-boy, had an idea that its accomplished author was a rebel in league with the late Mr. BENNETT. I explained the true merits of that trenchant serial. I shewed that it had been foremost to advertise the HOLMAN Liver Pad; that it had spread the fame of the Peelee Island Native Wine, a liquor to which it was well that the potatoes of the annual dinner of a certain learned body not far from Toronto should be restricted. "I suppose it represents the Grangers," said the young man JOHN. He was always on the outside edge of our conversation, cutting into it with a joke or some extraneous remark. He was not in accord with the key-note of our talk, nor were his rapid jests received with favor by the school-teacher, who was too matter-of-fact, or by the pretty book-binder, who was too thoughtful to like irrelevant interruptions.

"So WALT WHITMAN is to write a book on the poets in his own peculiar style," said the school teacher; "which seems to be neither poetry nor prose, but something between both."

"Just as what is neither land nor water, but is something between both, is mud, my dear young lady." I then proceeded to read to those present a couple of copies of verses designed to show the difference between WHITMAN and his somewhat milder prototype TURPER. Thus might TURPER sing:—

A dinner is a thing of delight—a well-spring of joy and gladness.

Howbeit, O dinnerless one, murmur not against him who hath dined!
 For oftimes the tea is adulterated, the pickles are green with copper.
 The potatoes are mingled with the Paris-green designed for the unsuspecting potato-bug!
 So that he who dineth in agony calleth for the doctor.
 And dieth if he be not at home, or being at home, possesseth not a stomach-pump!

The metrical fame of WHITMAN is much the same; the matter more vigorous:—

Here am I, the man you was asking about, universal as Gull, or as sunshine:—
 Here am I, the swell at Government House parties, the lawyer in the hospital ward, the convict lashed to the triangles at the Central Prison!
 At one with all humanity, sympathizing with everything, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter!
 And I say to you that I love every true man with a supreme and personal love,
 And that every man is a true man!
 And I say that I hate every liar with an intense and personal hatred,
 And that every man is a liar!

The bookbinder smiled—a faint, evanescent smile. That girl has too much lifting of heavy weights, and doesn't eat half enough. The school-teacher asked us to copy the verses into her album; she forgets not to speak of the liberal terms that GRIP affords in remuneration of my poems—the still more important fact that Mr. ROSE still flourishes in Toronto for the encouragement of native authorship.

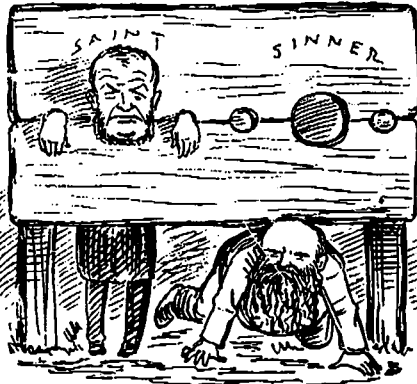
Notes from the Gaddy.

DEAR GRIP—Times! Times beyond all doubt are improving. Why, here on all sides are signs of National Prosperity and Commercial Confidence. Yes, that's it. That is what is being passed around now. But I tell you old bird, it is all moonshine. And I know it. Now people may talk about extravagance in dress, but I have demonstrated to my sorrowful satisfaction that a pair of trousers are an absolute necessity. The aborigines of this glorious continent would probably have considered it a mere bit of fastidiousness to wear such things, but somehow the people of now-a-days have got kind of accustomed to them, and there is no getting around it, you have to wear them. So I went the other evening to a tailor, not my own tailor, for he has become peculiarly disagreeable of late, always gets off some abominably stale joke about running accounts being on their last lap, and that sort of thing. Well I went to a tailor and talked to him about the great boom in biz, how remarkably easy the money market is; how greatly improved the feeling is at all mercantile centres; how, in fact, Commercial Confidence was, as you might say, entirely restored: then whispering in his ear, I said that I was only awaiting a remittance by the first English mail, and would he oblige me with a pair of Tweed inexpressibles. But bless your heart, Commercial Confidence was nowhere. I tried a coal merchant; talked about the beauties of the N. P.; how grandly it was developing our natural resources, and by amalgamating the separate interests of the different parts of our Dominion, was uniting our country in one homogeneous whole. I incidentally remarked at this point, that my coal hole required replenishing, and after asking his lowest figure per ton, for a large quantity, ordered a hundredweight to be sent to my rooms, at the same time offering a draft on the office of GRIP. As yet, I have not received those coals, and the condition of my never-mention-ems will not permit of my appearance in public. And yet they prate about Commercial Confidence. A fig for such Commercial Confidence; what is Mercantile Prosperity; what is the N. P.; to a fellow, when his cold-blooded laundress holds his other shirt? Pshaw!
 GADDY.

A man in a neighboring city has been arrested and imprisoned for 'raising' money. What a world this is to be sure. Many a man has got himself into trouble for not raising money—when his note became due.—*Rome Sentinel*.

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The "Sinner" Scot-free.

Mr. GRIP announces with much pleasure the honorable liberation of "Sinner" LAWSON, the Charlottetown journalist, who was threatened with a prosecution for libel. It all ended just as we expected. The Stipendiary Magistrate had no sooner set eyes on the picture we published representing the "Sinner" in the pillory alongside of the "Saint," than he ordered the discharge of the former, no doubt considering this pictorial punishment ample for the offence. The libel Bro. LAWSON (the "Saint") was accused of was a very mild one, anyway,—simply, as we understand, that of charging an asylum official with ill-treating the inmates. His acquittal confirms us in the good opinion we have always held of him, and we joyfully chronicle his return to liberty—the liberty of the press!

It is said that Chicago has the handsomest drug clerks in America, and they can mistake the Latin words on a prescription with a persistence worthy of a better cause.—*Modern Argo.*



The Jewel Consistency.

(Time, 7 1/2 p.m. Prof. Letherbrain on the point of leaving home.)

His Wife.—"Where are you going, my dear?"

The Prof.—"To Shaftesbury Hall, to hear Dr. Willets' lecture."

His Wife.—"And are you going alone? Are you not going to take me?"

The Prof.—"Can't do it, madam! As a member of the Council of University College I am opposed to the sexes attending lectures together; we have set our faces against the principle of co-education!"



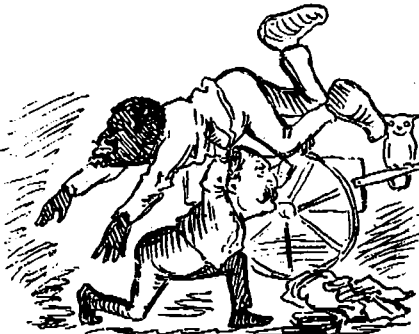
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King Coal Brought Low.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he;
He felt very nice,
And he put up the price,
For he had a monopo-lee!

Now, consumers didn't feel merry at all,
But a sensible lot were they;
For they formed a band
To supply the demand,
For a price that all could pay.

Then old King Coal was a sorry old soul,
And a wiser soul was he;
For he swore by his grog,
He'd no more act the hog,
Tho' he had a monopo-lee!

The Sheppard and the Sheep.

Miss SHEPPARD, who successfully passed the second year's examination at Toronto University, has been denied admission to University College by the Council of that institution.

I.
The gentle SHEPPARD from the fold
Where men imbibe from wisdom's springs,
Is waved away with gestures cold
By those who manage College things.

II.
In vain her record, bright, she shows,
Of brilliant honors, nobly won,
She has to deal with mulish foes
As over stalked beneath the sun.

III.
"No, no!" they say, "whate'er befalls,
Within our precincts none shall come,
Who might profane our sacred Halls
By using nauseous chewing-gum!"

The young clerk who wishes to pass himself off as the wealthy son of a retired manufacturer, or lord of the soil, should see that the height of the counter is not marked on the binding of his vest.—*Newark Sunday Call.*



An "Imposing" Ceremony.

ADDRESS TO SIR CHAS. TUPPER BY THE "WORKING MEN" OF WINNIPEG.

NOTICE
 PARLIAMENT
 WILL MEET
 DECEMBER
 9th

TO LEARN WHAT THE
 BARGAIN WITH THE C. P. R.
 SYNDICATE IS, —
 (AND TO DISCUSS GRIP'S
 FORTHCOMING ALMANAC FOR '81)

GRIP'S
 COMIC
 ALMANAC
 FOR 1891
 OUT IN
 DECEMBER.

NEW EDITION.
 TORY
 FAITH
 V. S.
 GRIT AGNOSTICISM,
 BY THE
 THEOLOGICAL EDITOR OF
 "THE MAIL"
 REPRINTED FROM SATURDAY'S
 1890.

THE
 GREAT
 LOAN
 LAND
 BY
 L. TAYLOR, D.D.



"A PIG IN A POKE."

MASTER BUNTING—"IT'S A SPLENDID PIG, I TELL YOU, AND IF YOU SAY IT ISN'T I'LL SMACK YER ACROSS THE SNOOT!"

MASTER BROWN—"I DON'T SAY NOTHIN' ABOUT IT; I ONLY WANT TO SEE THE ANIMAL,—THAT'S ALL!"



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

How to take medicine without experiencing any unpleasant taste—take it and throw it out the window.—*Meriden Recorder*.

He who has ridden in a country stagecoach knows how cream feels when it is being churned into butter.—*Boston Transcript*.

The ancient maiden who defers her proposition much longer will soon have Mr. chances for this leap year.—*Modern Argo*.

A facetious burglar, who had broken into an editor's house, said the only thing he struck was a match.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

The man who knows more about your business than you do yourself, has always leisure to entertain you.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

All editions of "Fox's Book of Martyrs" without the picture of the man who carries a sixty pound basket at a picnic are spurious.—*Puck*.

A new piece of music is entitled "Dance me on your knee, darling." She evidently wants to find out if he is ringing in a wooden leg on her.—*Peck's Sun*.

A Keokuk man has a dog by the name of Eucher, but he don't mean anything particularly disrespectful to the dog when he says, "Get out Eucher."—*Constitution*.

EVE was the first (and we reckon the only) woman who didn't gather her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.—*Meriden Recorder*.

Autumn gilds the leaf. Of course she does. That's her business. If she didn't we'd get some sort of a machine to do it for her and dock the old gal's wages.—*Free Press*.

The beet has its admirers, and there be those who up hold the merits of the cabbage; but all agree that the onion is a soup herb production.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

A Chicago paper asks, "Will the coming man use both hands?" If the coming man takes to politics he probably will when the ball is opened.—*Modern Argo*.

It is high time SARA BERNHARDT was robbed of her diamonds. Not that we would encourage crime—far from it: but business is business.—*Lockport Union*.

The average individual pays off debts of gratitude when he cannot help himself, but he pays off old grudges when the other fellow cannot help himself.—*Whitehall Times*.

A doctor went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.—*Albany Argus*.

"Yes, Charlie, 'a gem of thought' is very valuable, but an Alaska diamond would suit your purpose better—the lady wouldn't know the difference, and they cost but fifteen cents.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

They were in the woods. Said he looking things unutterable: "I wish I were a fern, Gussie." "Why?" she asked. "Why—praps—you—would—press me, too." She evidently hated to do it, but it is best to nip such things in the bud, so she replied, "I'm afraid you're too green, Charlie." The poor boy almost blubbered.—*Boston Transcript*.

An inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth it had, and the horse closed its mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

The other afternoon while Mrs. Miss SARAH BERNHARDT was rehearsing a tragedy in a New York theatre, she was suddenly missed from the stage. It was shortly afterward discovered that she fell through a crack in the stage floor.—*Ky. State Journal*.

"A Newspaper Man's Sad Fate," is the title of a touching article which we did not read. We suppose it is the old, old story of some editor who married a girl and then the old man refused to lift the mortgage on his son-in-law's office.—*McGregor News*.

Perhaps the happiest moment of a man's life is when he wakes up from a life-and-death struggle with a collar that won't stay buttoned behind, to find that it is only a dream, and remembers that he kicked the collar under the bed when he retired.—*Oil City Derrick*.

A Newark lady on entering the ladies' cabin of a ferry boat and finding the seats occupied by men, remarked to a friend that she had often noticed in the paper quotations of prices of dressed hogs and it had never dawned on her mind what the article was until then.—*Newark Sunday Call*.

She yawned and told him she wished he was a fire. He wanted to know why, and she said: "Oh, fires go out late in the night." Then he looked at her, and she looked at him, and he said he had to be at the store early to-morrow, and guessed he would go.—*Peoria Transcript*.

"ELLA, is your father at home!" said a bashful lover to his sweetheart. "I want to propose something very important to him." "No, CLARENCE, papa is not at home, but I am. Couldn't you propose to me just as well?" And he did with perfect success.—*New York Telegram*.

"Her love, her love is dead," sadly sings "Claude Melnotte" in a poem entitled "Bright Hopes." It wasn't love, Claude, not real sinon pure love. She was fooling with you. Pure love never dies. It gets dreadfully sick, sometimes, but it never, never expires. Brace up, Claude.—*Rockland Courier*.

Bo-ton stands at the top of the polls with a first-class, elegant, esthetic, cultchawed, romantic, artistic, bass-relieved, all-souled, yacht-loving, play-writing, heart-smashing, humblepie-eating, defaulting city governmental cashier. He was a man of large ideas and ethereal longings.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

"So enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired young SHLABUD of his adored one's little sister. "O, yes; and do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes awfully, and sister said it looked exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at the church sociables."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Both political parties have started in with tremendous kerosene brigades, and yet scarcely a torch bears enough to keep up the reputation of the oil by exploding. A servant girl can do more execution with half a pint of kerosene than a torchlight procession a mile and a half long can with two barrels and a half.—*New Haven Register*.

It is no use trying to explain to children that there is a difference between canary birds and women. A seventeenth ward lady who was visiting at a neighbour's, was asked to sing, and said that really she could not do so, under any circumstances, when a little girl went up to her and said, "Please, ma'am, is you a moultin?" Volumes would have had trouble in saying more.—*Peck's Sun*.

A Keokuk man recently discovered two oysters in a plate of soup, and he playfully spoke of them as a pair of slippers.—*Keokuk Con.*

She had sued for breach of promise, and the verdict of the jury was against her. "Want to poll the jury?" said the Judge formally. "Want to pole the jury?" she repeated. "Yes, I do, Jes' gimme the pole for two minutes," and she had thrown off her sun-bonnet and expectorated on the palms of her hands, before the legal phrase could be explained by her counsel.

The editor laid his half-smoked cigar on the table, and the candidate, dropping in to talk matters over, perched himself on the table and on a real Connecticut Havana. By and bye he sadly slipped off his high seat. "You are not lukewarm in my cause, anyhow," he said, plaintively. "Ah no," replied the editor, encouragingly, "the old fires are still burning." And then a great hush fell upon the busy sanctum, such a profound silence, that for a minute you might have heard a gum drop.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

"Have a blotting pad, sir?" said a peripatetic dealer, reaching out one of those absorbents. "How do you fasten the thing on?" inquired JONES, turning it over. "Fasten it on!" exclaimed the peddler, "what do you mean?" "What do I mean?" cried JONES, looking up. "Young man, I've had experience in this pad business. I've bought them for the head, stomach and liver, and this is the first one I ever saw with no tackle on it. No, I don't want it. Good-day!" The man saw it was no use to argue with JONES.—*Boston Transcript*.

In the course of a lecture on "The Wonders of Nature," a scientific gentleman informed his auditors that a series of exhaustive experiments had shown that the common house-fly lays upward of fifty thousand eggs in a single season. Among those upon whose ears the steep figures fell was a wide-awake, enterprising Yankee, who raised poultry for a living. No sooner was the lecture finished than he made for the platform and eagerly inquired of the lecturer "whether he thought it would be possible to graft a common house-fly on a hen."—*Albany Journal*.

Here is another straw. A man who went through an excursion train of nine hundred passengers taking a Presidential vote didn't find a single HANCOCK man. P. S.—He didn't find a single GARFIELD man either, for the first person he accosted knocked him down, and a dozen others wiped up the floor with him and wedged him so fast under a seat, that all the passengers, escaped before he could release himself. He has declared in favor of the anti Masonic candidate, his treatment in the car having made him opposed to grips. He was gripped too much.—*Norristown Herald*.

A woman will go on a shopping tour in quest of a score of dissimilar articles. The ribbon must be ten fingers and a half wide; the carpet must be like Mrs. SARGENT's only that she wants her's brown where Mrs. S's is green; the first knot in the string she carries in her pocket is the width of the window curtain; the second knot, the length of SUSIE's skirt; the third knot, of the picture cord, and the whole string the distance round the centre table. Besides these she has buttons to buy, cotton to select, silk to match, and Heaven knows what not; and she will come home at night without having made a single blunder, with a full satchel and an empty pocket book, and express packages will be arriving for a week to come. But the strangest part of this strange, eventful story is, that she can tell you off-hand the costume of every lady she saw during her tour, either on the street or in any of the numerous shops visited. Can a man do this?—*Meriden Recorder*.

Our Grip Sack.

BANDS OF HOPE—Norman's Galvanic Belts.

REV. MR. DARLING'S MOTTO—"How is that for high?"

WHEN is a man fit to cross that last river? When he can 'ford it.

HARRY PIPER only dealt out poetic justice to DOC. SHEPHERD when he lam'd him.

"WHERE is Dr. TANNER now?" asks an exchange. He's *fast* becoming unknown.

MR. SWEETLOVE says that young ladies need to be approached with caution. You must be a graduate!—*Tom Tit.*

AN Irish Grip says this talk of Detroiters taking up their residence in Windsor is all nonsense—nothing but Wind-sor!

THE London *Free Press* has an article on "French capital in Canada." We haven't read it, but suppose it refers to Paris, Ont.

THE Democratic newspapers have failed to display the usual rooster cuts after election. Perhaps they're "out of sorts."

WE learn from an exchange that the house of Mr. ALEX. CROWE took fire the other day. Our Cockney says this is what they call *'eating crow.*

THE REASON FRANK WILSON decided on making his new paper such an enormous blanket-sheet, was that he determined to make all his readers spread *The Truth.*

THE Halifax *Chronicle* talks about the "Reaction in P. E. I." Yes, yes, there is a good deal of reaction about P. E. I.—especially the mince variety, if you take too much.

IT MOUSSEAU cost JOHN A. a pang to part with MASSON, but no doubt he can CARON the Government without him. [The author of this was convalescent at last accounts.—Ed.]

Don't mourn for the Tenth Royals yet,
There's life in that *corps* still, you bet;
You thought they were "played,"
But you'll see them parade
Pretty soon under gallant GRASSETT.

THE Iroquois *Times* says the Tam O'Shanter fever has struck that town. We hope the editor hasn't been affected by it, for if we are not groping after truth, old TAM's fever pertained to Scotch whiskey.

There is a difference between the lips of a young man and the lips of a young lady—but sometimes it is a mighty small one.—*Keokuk Constitution.* Depends often on the heaviness of the male moustache, don't it?

THE Barrie *Examiner* thinks that the Ontario Assembly would work very well if it were much smaller, and calls upon Mr. MOWAT to lop off some of the superfluous members. Mr. MOWAT would gladly do so, we are sure, only he hasn't any lopper.

Gov. HENNESSY, of Hong Kong, is making determined efforts to suppress domestic slavery in China. He lately sentenced two Chinamen to seven years' imprisonment for this offence. As they left the dock, the washe-washes remarked that this was rather too strong a taste of HENNESSY to suit tea-drinkers.

WE shouldn't be surprised to hear that the bones of MARE LEMON turned uneasily in their grave when the present editor of *Punch* wrote the following in the issue of Oct. 23:—

"I heard by telephone all the jokes, but shan't tell o one of 'em."

This is only a colony, but Mr. GRIP wouldn't like to encroach any further than this on the forbearance of his readers, more than once or twice!

WE are afraid the truly good London *Advertiser* man is getting a little rapid. Witness this heading from an article in his paper: "A Little Game. The Diamonds Playing for Hearts; one deals a Club—Who is to be euchred?" This familiarity with HOYLE's parlance would imply that there is an Ah Sin the office somewhere.

CAPT. CHAS PERRY appeared last Sunday night in St. Andrew's Church with a rose in his button-hole, *vide World.*

'Twas the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone,
All its lovely companions
Had Perryshed and gone.

WE don't see how the Grits candle light in the Coal Oil Ring. It's simply wick-ed to jubilate over the people's sufferings. Such fiendishness hasn't *benzine* for a long time. Of course, it's all to make a point against the Government, and we only hope it will *sperm* on to remove the obnoxious tax.

SNODKINS' wife is somewhat loquacious when her dander is up. The other night he meanly handed her a paper with a blue pencil mark around the paragraph about BEACONSFIELD'S gout in the tongue, merely remarking—"and he didn't talk all the time, either!" She merely said "gout with you!"

A MR. SHIELDS, of Perth, Scotland, has discovered that a stormy sea can be calmed by sinking bottles of oil to such a depth that the weight of water breaks the bottles and allows the mollifying fluid to ascend. Now, here is a decent use for bottles! Hitherto they have had a prominent part in making trouble; let them now be devoted to the opposite use.

By the way, the old adage, "There is no lie in The Truth," will have to take a back seat if *Jacob Faithful* keeps on shying his goose-quill. Mr. GRIP thinks of giving a little portrait of this anonymous individual some of these fine days. The picture will be "badly executed," of course, but we guarantee that everybody will recognize it as a *Faithful* likeness.

AN up-town young man who is courting a pretty girl, tells us that he has received the old gentleman's permission to keep right on in the capacity of a wooer for fourteen years to come. At least, he says, the old gent has promised not to ask him his intentions until the American parographers have invented a new joke about the paternal boot.

Capt. Eads' Plan.

DEAR GRIP:—

The *Scientific American* says:—

"Captain EADS claims by his plan to be able to take loaded ships of the largest tonnage from one ocean to the other across the Isthmus of Panama, as readily as can be done by a canal after the LESSERPS plan, and at a much less cost for engineering construction."

Who is EADS anyhow? What kind of people does he think inhabit the earth. Fools! eh? Or landsmen—to speak more distinctly. No sir. Sailors are in the minority true enough, but there are enough of them to make themselves heard occasionally when variegated speckled fools like EADS come to the front. Somehow to me he seems to be much on a par with him who calmly proposed to take sea-going, deep-draught vessels up through the canals to the lakes. Hey! There's another mud-brained individual if you like. As to EADS, that luminary thinks he can lift a one thousand ton vessel with her rigging and spars probably weighing 800 tons more and 2500 tons of dead weight cargo in her hold, clean from the water and tranship her across the Isthmus. Oh, he does, does he! But at the same time the old chucklehead will not be such an ass as to stand underneath. Not he. Why that cargo would strain to pieces the strongest ship of iron or wood that was ever launched. Why don't old EADS turn his practical mind to something feasible, such

as digging up a coal-mine and planting it some where in the vicinity of Toronto, where we would all be too happy to see it and patronize it accordingly. Or tranship a good-sized hill to somewhere in this neighborhood. It would be paid for promptly—it's just what we want. Again why shouldn't he scheme out some plan for lifting Toronto a couple of miles to the westward, the vicinity of the Humber is so salubrious, or devise some plan for hoisting Doc. SHEPHERD to the other side of Jordan or some other foreign place, say Ethiopia or Nubia. Why there are dead loads of practical things to be done yet by such men as EADS if they are only looked for. Why shouldn't he try and transport Ireland to some remote nook in the Pacific ocean where we would only hear from it perhaps once in three years and where the bloodthirsty tenantry would be gradually eaten up by the South Sea Islanders. That's a grand plan. Good night GRIP.

Yours inventively,
ARCHIMEDES SMITH.

A Montreal Ballad.

Sir JOHN MACD. came here to speak,
Ha! Ha! the burkum o't,
And oh! he was so sly and sleek,
Ha! ha! the humor o't!
Conservatives, both old and young,
Swallowed every word he flung
From off his sweet and oily tongue.
Ha! ha! the greenness o't.

How they cheered and how they roared,
Ha! ha! the gladness o't;
As from his lips the words outpoured,
Ha! ha! the glamour o't:
'Twas really very very sad
To see them ready and so glad,
To be gulled by their worthy "Dad."
Ha! ha! the sadness o't.

With many a wise and knowing nod,
Ha! ha! the slyness o't;
He spoke about that famous load,
Ha! ha! the greatness o't;
Triumphantly he did relate
His patriotic efforts great
To form a worthy Syndicate,
Ha! ha! the richness o't!

Sir JOHN A. grinned, Sir JOHN A. smiled,
Ha! ha! the blandness o't!
And with his words the crowd beguiled,
Ha! ha! the sweetness o't!
Believing every word he said,
Believed the road as good as made,
Finished! running! ay and paid!!!
Ha! ha! the magic o't!

How they'll look, let others tell,
Ha! ha! the madness o't!
When they find out that it's a "sell,"
Ha! ha! the badness o't!
When they find out one by one
That the Country has been done
And that Sir JOHN was "just in fun,"
Ha! ha! the humor o't!

How long will people take to learn,
Ha! ha! the learning o't!
'Twixt things that differ to discern,
Ha! ha! the seeing o't!
To know that rails are never laid,
Railways built, maintained, nor paid,
By *promises*—though sweetly made?
Ha! ha! the sweetness o't!

P.

'Will you have a bus?' seductively asked a fastidious porter to a dashing lady alighting from the night train. 'If you please—but wait till we get to the hotel,' was the blushing reply.—*Oswego Record.*

HELP Yourselves by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances, remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls, to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed, sent free. Address, STRINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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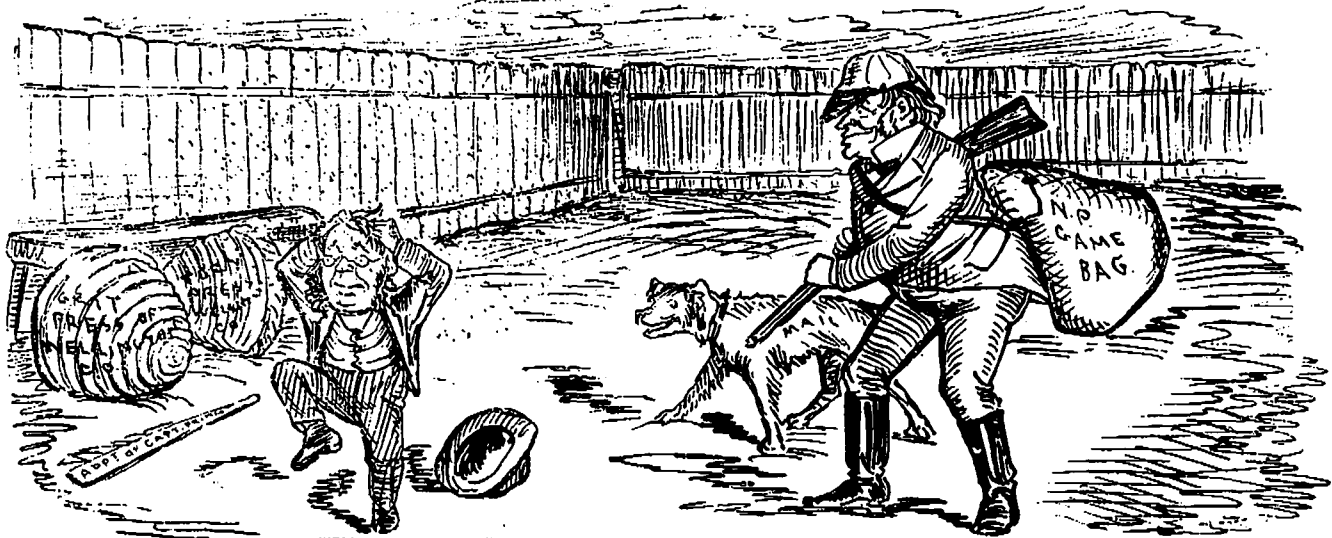
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1ST GENT—What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breatheth, and that these veins did verily beat blood.
2ND GENT—Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such divine, sprouting, portraits.
Studio, 118 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.
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Central Prison of Ontario.
TO FOUNDERS AND IRON-WORKERS.

OFFERS WILL BE RECEIVED UP TO
Noon of Saturday, the Sixth of November Next,

for the purchase of the following disused
MACHINERY,

viz., 1 Upright 25-Horse-power Engine, 1 Tubular Boiler, 4 Large Smelting Cupolas, 2 Melting Pots and Frames, 6 Wrought Iron Annealing Tanks, 1 Drilling Machine; 1 Lathe 12 feet bed, 28-inch swing; 1 Iron Planer, 2 No. 8 Sturtevant Fans, 68 Feet Square Sheet-iron Flue; 1 Ton Iron Shafting, various sizes and partly damaged; 33 Shafting Hangers, 33 Pillow Blocks, 34 Cast Pulleys, about 20 Tons Iron Rails, and 15 Tons wrought and Cast Scrap.

Offers may be made for the whole or a portion of the above material and plant. The articles may be seen at the Central Prison by applying at the Warden's Office between the hours of 1 and 5 p. m.

TERMS—CASH ON DELIVERY OF GOODS.
J. W. LANGMUIR,
Inspector of Prisons, &c.
Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 29th Oct., 1880.

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

A Country's Gratitude.

DAVY BROWN, AGED 95, A VETERAN OF WATERLOO, DIED IN POVERTY AND NEGLECT AT TORONTO, Nov. 1880.

I.
Over the Don to the Prison Gate!
The only refuge left at last;
"A grateful country's" out of date,
But "Black Maria's" team trots fast!
Rogues! Felons! Thieves!—I think the squad
Are scarce such mates as once I knew;
But then, at ninety years and odd,
What can a poor old soldier do?

II.
I mind me how we fought the French,
From field to field, in far-off Spain!
Black wine! black bread! and dark-eyed wench!
Are love and lost not hard to gain.
When flashed the sun-rays like a sword
The vine's dark-purple clusters through!
Ah! those were pleasant days, but Lord!
What now can your poor soldier do?

III.
Or, when through claudering peal on peal,
Charge follow'd charge, 'mid smoke and flame,
And still Old England's lines of steel
Stood as the dark squares onward came!
I'm dead, yet once I heard the cheers
That met the French at Waterloo!
But that's gone by, nigh fourscore years,
What now can your poor soldier do?

IV.
When smitten sore our Colonel fell,
We faced the gusts of leaden rain,
And stood that day for England well
To guard the colors and the slain!
Now useless grown, and left alone
Of all I loved and all I knew;
For bread I ask—they give a stone!
But what can your poor soldier do?

V.
Once in his prison 'mid the wave,
Our noblest foe, 'twas ours to guard;
We knew him bravest of the brave—
From freedom not by us debarred!
Now I to prison too must go,
Close herded with this feverish crew;
But, why, sir? Bless me if I know!
What did the poor old soldier do?

VI.
Worn out and useless! yet 'tis clear
This thing for which even I thank God!
That when one gets to ninety year
One can't stay long above the sod!
'Tis England's might may still prevail,
As when we won at Waterloo,
I'll pray, as best I can—in gait—
What else can your poor soldier do?

"Just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor, to a consumptive, "and you will never cough again." "Is it so fatal as that?" gasped the patient.—*Proof Sheet.*

"GRIP'S"

FUNNY

ALMANAC!

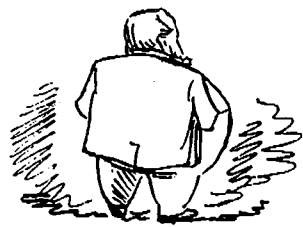


WILL BE OUT

IN

DECEMBER,

AND IS GOING TO BE



SIMPLY IMMENSE!

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