



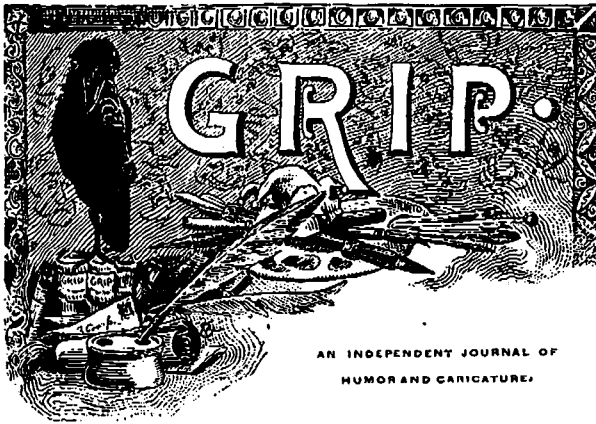
A BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE.

MAYOR CLARKE IS OBLIGED TO RESPOND TO AN ENTHUSIASTIC ENCORE!

PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY; \$2 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

By the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING Co., 26 and 28 Front St. West, Toronto.



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BY THE

GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President - - - - - JAMES L. MORRISON.
 General Manager - - - - - J. V. WRIGHT.
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Terms to Subscribers.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and Canada. To Great Britain and Ireland.

One year, \$2.00; six months - \$1.00 | One year - - - - - \$2.50

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.

In remitting stamps, please send one-cent stamps only.

Comments on the Customs.



A NEW YEAR'S STOCK-TAKING.—The report of the Minister of the Interior has just been issued, and it may well be called a blue-book so far as its information on the sale of North-west lands is concerned. It will be somewhat vividly remembered by the Canadian taxpayer that, according to the prognostications of eminent members of the Government, the sale of lands in that section of the Dominion would, by the year 1891, bring in enough money to pay for the building of the C.P.R. This is the basis Sir John had for his statement that the railway "would not cost the country a cent," his own calculation being that by 1890 something over \$70,000,000 would be realized. Sir S.L.

Tilley was not quite so sanguine, as he anticipated securing only some \$50,000,000 by '91. Mr. Dewdney, the present Minister of the Interior, gives the actual cash receipts of the fiscal year 1887-8 at \$80,000. This is about as good as any year has "panned out" since the highly fanciful estimates were made in 1879, and what is more—and worse—the expenses of the department have regularly eaten up all the receipts and left a balance on the wrong side of the account. At the present moment, therefore, we not only have nothing from the sale of lands wherewith to pay for the railway, but on the other hand a considerable addition to the public debt. This may be excellent management in politics, but in ordinary business circles it would give rise to unpleasant reflections. Painful as it may be to contemplate this fizzle, no sensible man in the country can wonder at it. With a railway monopoly on the one hand and a "protective" tariff on the other to fleece the worker of the whole proceeds of his toil, what encouragement was there for settlers to go in and purchase those lands, fertile and magnificent as they are? Give the North-west absolute free trade, and look to the land value there as the sole source of re-

venue, and in a few years that splendid country would be filled up with a splendid wealth-producing community. Continue the policy of making it the preserve of land-grabbers and other non-producers, and it must in the nature of things remain a burden and a disappointment.

A BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE.—Mayor E. F. Clarke has been *encored*. His performance well deserved the recall. Toronto has not had a more competent Chief Magistrate in all its history—nor a handsomer one, for that matter. Before his first term was half over, Mr. Clarke had, by his business-like bearing and earnest attention to the duties of the position, transformed all the opponents of his election into warm friends, and it would have gone pitifully hard with any man who had come out against him this year. GRIP hopes and believes he will so act during the present term as to retain all the prestige he has secured, and when he finally steps down from the dais it will be amidst the unanimous applause of his fellow citizens. The Council just elected contains a good majority of excellent men, whose views of civic reform are in line with the Mayor's, and we wish them all a very happy new year, and success in their labors.

GRIP voted early and often against the Inebriate Asylum project, and would like to have another chance of testifying in the same way his opposition to all such institutions. While the sentiment of compassion for individual dipsomaniacs which no doubt moved the promoters of the scheme, is most praiseworthy, the institution itself is an indirect recognition of the legitimacy of the liquor traffic, and stands upon a level with the whole wicked and illogical license system.

WHAT is the feature upon which the efficacy of Inebriate Asylums is based? Prohibition. The theory is that if you keep liquor away from the drunkard, and the drunkard away from liquor, a cure may be hoped for. We fully believe in this theory, but we want it applied, not in an isolated building surrounded with rum-holes doing "business" under the auspices of the Government, and ready to undo the work of the asylum as fast as it is done, but throughout the whole country. Dissolve the bloody partnership between the people and the murder-traffic, sweep away the infernal distilleries and breweries, outlaw the saloons, and let us have Prohibition throughout the Dominion. Then, we can not only cure our present drunkards on the asylum plan, but what is better, prevent the coming generation of boys from being transformed into drunkards by the scoundrels who are waiting to do the work.

THE Board or Trade banquet was a very brilliant success so far as the attendance, decorations and "viands" were concerned. We feel disposed to draw a line at the post-prandial oratory, which, while up to the average, could not be truly described as brilliant. There was too much of shouting and gesticulating over Canadian loyalty to suit the taste of one who believes that Canadian loyalty is in no danger whatever. "The subject who is truly loyal" is not usually given to wordy declarations on this theme at banquets or elsewhere. The recent utterances of hare-brained American blatherskites about annexation were not sufficiently important to justify the torrents of jingoism which very nearly made the banquet a very Bored affair.

ANOTHER thing about some of the speeches was their arrant untruthfulness. Allowance must of course be made for gentlemen who have "an endless amount of edibles concealed behind quinn's full dress shirt fronts," but when it was vehemently asserted over and over again

that Canada is at this moment "happy," "contented" and "prosperous," and that we are rapidly "accumulating wealth," Truth must have crept under the table to blush. Our debt is over \$300,000,000 and going up; we have a deficit on the current year's business; the North-West land policy is a sickening failure, the farmers have discovered the N.P. to be a fraud, and in the name of "loyalty" the Government is setting itself against an extension of trade with our Republican neighbors. These are the cold and cruel facts, and the glitter of colored lights in a warm and cosy banquet hall, where excellent wine (sold contrary to law) is on tap, cannot alter these facts.

* * *

IT will be just what we expect if we find ourselves pilloried in certain journals as traitors for saying this. We reply in advance that not one half of the dark side of the picture is hinted at above. The Canada which was painted so glowingly by the banquet orators is a possible Canada, and *ought* to be the Canada of this moment, but it is not. Corruption, mis-government and extravagance, combined with a fiscal policy based upon unsound principles, will effectually prevent the beautiful dream from ever being realized. Canada is a country of almost infinite possibilities, but so long as her natural development is restrained by artificial barriers, and her substance is absorbed by monopolies sustained at the expense of the people, it is simply insulting the common intelligence to talk in the optimistic strain that characterized the banquet speeches. Give Canada freedom and good government, and she will soon furnish material for orations which may be *true* as well as enthusiastic.

* * *

THE American actors are demanding protection from foreign competition under the law which prohibits the entrance of contract labor. For this they are being jeered at by the Protectionist press, which is illogical as usual. The actors are perfectly right. If the law bars out a gang of Italians who come over to act as laborers on a railway, why shouldn't it bar out a troupe of Thespians who come over to act as comedians and tragedians on the stage?



POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

GRIT.—"Pshaw! The fact is that the Tories are rascals, pure and simple!"

TORY.—"Yes; I'll admit that, compared with the Grits they are pure; but they're not half so simple as your crowd!"



MIXED DRINKS.

CHUMLY.—"Dobby, old boy, suppose I help you home; you're weary."

DOBBY.—"Wish y' (*hic*) would ol' fell'r; mush blig'; 'f you (*hic*) do, I'll nev'r f'give you."

THE CENSUS QUESTION.

NEXT time Mr. King Dodds takes the census he must do something about the query, "How many slept in this house last night?" which proved to be too ambiguous on the late occasion, and raised a number of queries, as, for example—

1. Does it include the chaps who had the toothache?
2. Parents who walked the floor all night with a colicky youngster?
3. The fellows who had to catch an early train?
4. The mother-in-law who never admits that she was asleep?

One of our Irish citizens told the census man that he couldn't swear he was asleep at all, for he "just shut his eyes and divil a ha'porth he knew about it till it was all over."

"SASSIETY" AS IT YACHT TO BE.

ONE of our "Society" papers announces that "the Yacht Club ball is to be painfully select this year, and no pretty milliners are to be allowed, as formerly." If the society reporter has been correctly informed, the Yacht Club managers must be a precious parcel of snobs, who, in putting the bar-sinister on honest labor, are probably casting a slur on their own fathers and mothers. If they really do carry out the above regulation the affair is very likely to prove "painfully" select, for nothing more painful for a man of sense can be imagined than to be obliged to pass an evening with a company of people who regard work as disgraceful. But of course there will be no men of sense there to suffer. A yacht club of this sort would be more useful with the yachts keel-up in the middle of the bay.



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

MULDOON.—“Phy are you paintin’ your residence that dhirty brown color. Flaherty?”

FLAHERTY.—“It isn’t for the purtyness av it, Muldoon. The shanty lets in the wind and they towld me brown was a warrum shade: that’s the rasin. It’ll save coal, so it will.”

MEEK MR. BRIGGAN.

MOSES has held the record for meekness for a long while now, but Moses in his meekest moments was never half so meek as little Mr. Briggan. He was a modest, unassuming, unassertive little fellow, with sandy hair, weak watery blue eyes and a hectic complexion, liberally spotted with freckles. He had been left an orphan and a very diminutive fortune long before he was old enough to know or care what he was left. His mother died in giving him birth, and about a year afterwards his sole surviving parent sat down carelessly on a circular saw one day. The saw was in motion and it came through and unbuttoned his vest. After that, old man Briggan seemed to lose all interest in his surroundings. He became indifferent and heedless of what transpired about him, and his only child was left to the mercy of a big, raw-boned aunt, who had a voice that rang like the toot of Gabriel’s trumpet, and a temper hot enough to melt a sad-iron. She brought young Briggan up in accordance with the ideas of the great and good Solomon, and

consequently, young Briggan attained his majority without spirit enough to set fire to.

When Brig broke loose from his aunt’s care, he locked his small patrimony up in the general store business. He employed one assistant. The assistant had not been with Brig a week before he discovered his employer’s constitutional meekness of disposition, and took a mean advantage of it. He ran the store just as he pleased. If Brig wanted the pickles on the top shelf and the canned salmon on the shelf below, Scroggs—that was the assistant’s name—would calmly put them in reverse order. He had the cod-fish and butter sandwiched between piles of gros grain silks and Canadian tweeds, in defiance of his employer’s wishes, and kept ciscoes and pickled herring in a show case along with ribbons, laces, cheap jewelry, hairpins, patent medicines and flavoring extracts. Briggan told the boy he opened the store at 7 in the morning; Scroggs would never permit it before 8. Whatever Briggan said, Scroggs seemed to take a delight in contradicting. His tyranny was shameful and scandalous. If Briggan wanted a thing done one way, Scroggs would do it by an exactly opposite method. If Briggan wanted goods kept in one part of the store, Scroggs would put them in the other. Meek little Mr. Briggan never said a word. He bore the tyranny of his man with the calm, serene patience of a monument.

“Why don’t yer sit on that feller?” the boy asked him one day.

“I can’t do it, Jimmie. He might get angry and leave me.”

“Blode if I wouldn’t let him. He ain’t no good, he ain’t. Jer suppose I’d let a feller boss me like that if I waz runnin’ this here store? Well, I guess not.”

“Hush, Jimmie, hush,” said Mr. Briggan, nervously. “He might hear you and that wouldn’t be pleasant.”

“Say, what are you two talkin’ a bout, eh?” growled Mr. Scroggs suspiciously from the other end of the store.

“Oh, nothing, nothing,” said Mr. Briggan, hastily. “We were just discussing the advisability of cleaning out the windows and dressing them up a bit for the Christmas trade.”

“Clean out nothing,” sniffed Mr. Scroggs, contemptuously. “Them windows don’t need any dressing. They’re all right the way they are. You hear me.”

“Exactly what I was thinking,” broke in Mr. Briggan, eagerly. “They won’t need fixing up for a long time yet.”

“They won’t, eh? Well, that just shows how much you know about it. They’ll need fixing next week, and they’ll get it, too. I guess I understand what this store needs. I know my business.”

“I guess you do,” said Mr. Briggan, resignedly. “I leave it right in your hands, Mr. Scroggs. I know I am safe in doing it.”

“Well, I guess you are, Briggsey. I’ll fix things all right. Don’t you worry about me.”

Mr. Briggan said he wouldn't and retired as usual, leaving his assistant master of the field.

By a course of reasoning Mr. Briggan reached the conclusion that as Scroggs invariably did exactly opposite to what he (Briggan) requested him to do, the simplest way to get things the way he wanted them was to request their consummation as he didn't want them. This worked satisfactorily for some time, but by-and-by Scroggs, who was of a suspicious and distrustful turn of mind, discovered the mild deception that was being practised upon him, and jumbled things up worse than before.

Mr. Briggan had a sweetheart. How any one so modest and retiring as he had ever mustered up sufficient courage to pop the momentous question, remains one of those mysteries which time discloseth not. He had accomplished the eventful act, however, and was a very proud and very happy man. Mr. Briggan's sweetheart was an exceedingly pretty and amiable girl, with quite an unusual allowance of physical and mental grace, and she was also very poor. The nicest people generally are poor. Some little time before the date fixed for the wedding, Mr. Briggan very nicely and delicately told her to get whatever she required for her trousseau and preliminary housekeeping arrangements from his store, and accept it from him as a sort of wedding present. The young lady hesitated to do this for some little time, but being a sensible girl and appreciating to the full her practically penniless condition and the kindness of the offer and the delicacy with which it had been made, she at last concluded to take advantage of it. It happened that when she called at the store, Mr. Briggan was out, and it was Mr. Scroggs who waited on her. She made her purchases and took up the parcel to carry off, remarking,

"Just tell Mr. Briggan when he comes in that I got these things." Mr. Scroggs knew perfectly well who the young lady was, and moreover, had been instructed by his employer to give her anything she required without question; but his natural perverseness would not permit him to do it, so he snatched the bundle back rudely and remarked, "Can't do it, Miss. We don't give no credit here. Nothing goes out of this shop unless we get the money for it."

The wholly unexpected cruelty of the incident and the man's aggressive and insulting tone drove the young lady to woman's usual refuge, and she was right in the midst of a storm of sobs and tears when Mr. Briggan entered the store. His surprise at the scene before him was beyond expression. He asked the meaning of it, and as best she could his lady love related the story of what had occurred.

Mr. Briggan jumped across the walnut counter at one bound. He grabbed Scroggs by the throat, hauled him on the floor and went for him with the fury of a black squall. Finally he hauled him over the counter, dragged him to the door and kicked him down the steps to the sidewalk. Then he went inside, consoled his sweetheart, sent the boy off with her parcel, and proceeded to overhaul the store and get it in a shape he had been trying to get it in for years.

A week after Mr. Briggan was going through the books when some desiccated human flesh limped in on crutches.

"Good morning, Mr. Briggan," said the remnants.

"Ah! Morning, Scroggie. What can I do for you this morning?"

"I thought perhaps you wanted some one to sweep out and take the shutters down and help you with the sales on busy days."

"Well, I'll give you a show. Sail in and tackle it. Get around here at 7 o'clock sharp in the morning and sweep up."

Meek little Mr. Briggan runs his store himself now. Scroggs still works there. But Mr. Briggan invariably calls him Scroggie, while Scroggs salutes his employer respectfully and humbly as Mr. Briggan.

CECIL SWEET.

DID SHE MEAN IT?

MR. JASSACK (on his second visit to Canada) - "Wather stwange weathaw for a Canadian Januawy, isn't it, Miss Ethel; so soft, you know?"

Miss Ethel.—"Yes; I've never seen anything like it since you were here before."

"RELIGION."

ROBBY—"Man, John, I think the Sabbath is the finest thing on earth!"

JOHN—"How is it you have suddenly got such a veneration for the Lord's Day?"

ROBBY—"Man, ye see, ye canna be dunned on that day!"

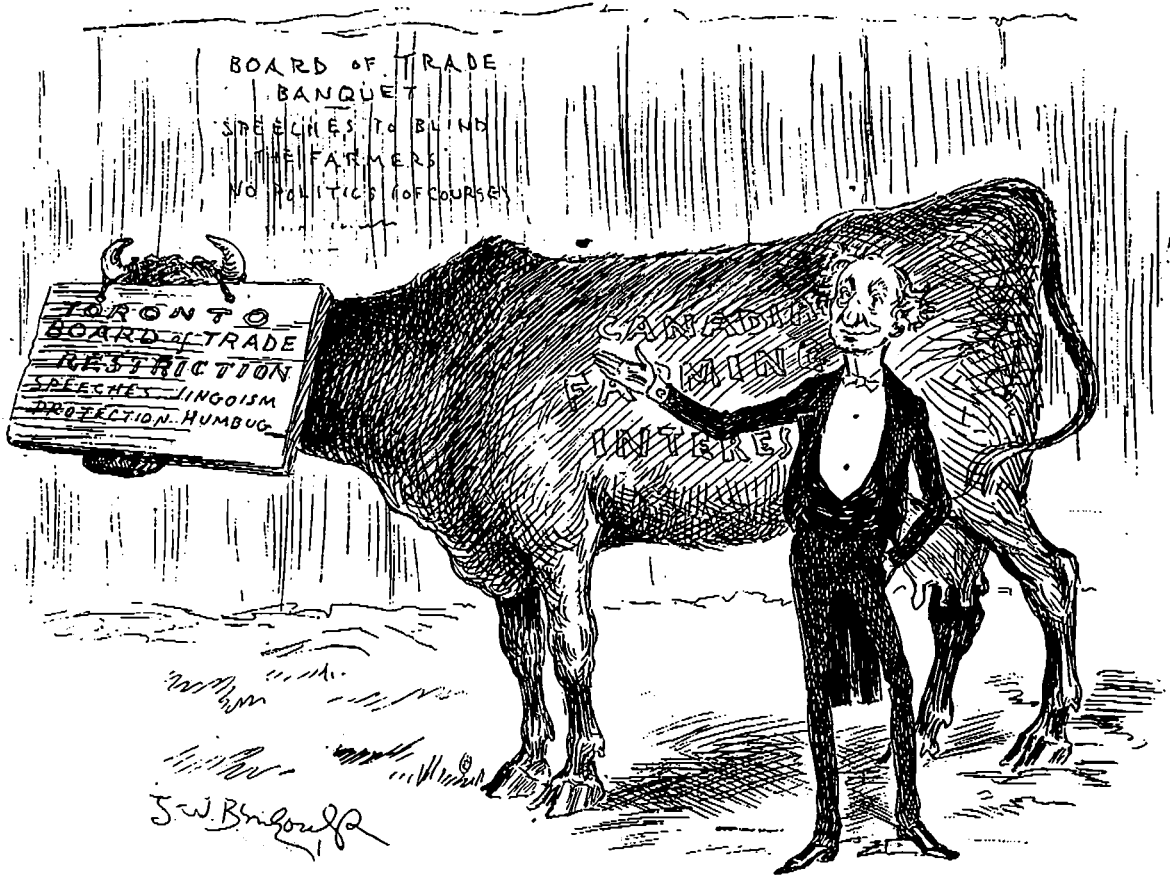
FREE TRADE ILLUSTRATED.



"Beg pard'n, sir, but have you any old clothes you could give to assist a poor man who is in distress?"



"Thanks; they're a beautiful fit; so long; ta, ta!"



A NEW USE FOR THE BOARD OF TRADE.

(A CONVENIENT BLINDER FOR THE FARMERS WHO ARE JUSTLY COMPLAINING OF HIGH TAXES AND RESTRICTED MARKETS.)

"We are very favorably situated. We are a very happy people. We are happy and we are resolved to remain so. * * * * We will continue to prosper and move on, gentlemen. We are still prospering, still increasing in wealth; still able to hold large banquets," etc. etc.—*From Sir John's speech.*

A MEDIÆVAL INSTANCE.

A SWEETLY pretty maiden lived in mediæval times,
Who wrote mediæval novelettes and mediæval rhymes,
Which she sent unto the mediæval editors, they say,
On the pretty, perfumed paper which is popular to-day.
And her name, when she pronounced it in her mediæval tones,
Was the sweetly mediæval one of Mary Alice Jones,

This mediæval maiden wore a mediæval gown
Which was said to be the sweetest mediæval dress in town,
And which suited her completely, from her mediæval nose
To the mediæval toe-nails on her mediæval toes;
And she wore her mediæval hair in mediæval style,
While her mediæval eyes were free from mediæval guile.

Now this mediæval maiden had a mediæval beau,
Who could say "By Jove, old chappie, haw! haw!" and "don't
y' know."

To speak the stern and solemn truth, he couldn't say much
more,
And though extremely swagger was a most consummate bore.
But the mediæval marrow of his mediæval bones
Was fairly soaked with mediæval love for Mary Jones.

For many mediæval years, in mediæval way,
He wooed this mediæval maid—or so, at least, they say;
And from his mediæval tongue the mediæval vows
He made were quite extensive, but she wouldn't him espouse,
Because, as she remarked, with many sobs, and sighs, and
groans,
She preferred the mediæval cog. of Mary Alice Jones.

So one mediæval morning, from a mediæval tree,
They cut down the swinging body of this *filo de y' se?*
And Mary Alice bought a mediæval carving knife,
And stabbed herself and bade farewell to mediæval life.
And this is how it happened that these lovers fond did die,
And become a pair of mediæval angels in the sky.

It may strike you that there's nothing very startling in all this,
But the moral, if you work it out, fits closer than a kiss.
It stands a solemn warning to Toronto's dearest girls,
With their furbelows and flowers, and their frizzes, bangs and
curls;
When the young man says, "Wilt have me?" in his very sweet-
est tones,

YOU WILT RIGHT OFF—beware the fate of Mary Alice Jones.
W. C. N.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

THERE would seem to be a crying need for some text-
books on the Canadian Constitution up about
Windsor way. The municipal contest in that town was
this year fought on the Annexation question, and now
that it is over, great disgust has been caused by the dis-
covery that a by-law providing for the political union of
Canada and the States is *ultra vires* of the town council.

Relic of the middle ages—*False Teeth.*

THE YORK COUNTY GRAND JURY PRESENTMENT BOILED DOWN.

BY GRIP'S SPECIAL CONDENSER.



TO HIS HONOR JUDGE MORGAN: MR. JUDGE,—We've sot here as long az we could in all consence (at \$1.50 a day—which ain't bad pay in a dull season). We've tried a heap of cases, and done the best we could, considerin' as how we don't know much about law. We've learned considerable about lawyers since we've ben here, and we hope to

profit by our experience. We think this is one of the great benefits of grand juries—a benefit to the jurors themselves.

We visited the various institootions, and found everything to our liking, except the blamed street cars that wouldn't wait for us, and we had to run for it. We are fat—some of us—and think your Honor's attention ought to be directed to this cryin' evil.

We don't agree with all the juries that have preceded us for many years, in sayin' that this Court House is on-healthy. We've thrived here (takin' plenty of rest between cases and getting \$1.50 a day), and we think there is no need for a new Court House. The city is poor and can't afford it, and I guess your Honors and them blamed lawyers can stand it a while longer. It wouldn't be a great pity if some of you were stunk to death—the lawyers—we mean.

We wish your Honor a Happy New Year and continued health.

REFORMED.

BILLINGS PERKINS was a funny man. He looked as sad as an iron, but he wrote funny things unconsciously. He looked at life through twisted glasses and from a pair of mournful brown eyes; reeled off yards of mirth-provoking brain product of more or less remarkable excellence as readily as a politician reels off fiction. They had become accustomed to the eccentricities of his phraseology on the paper on which he worked, and the authenticity of the astounding tales he wrote was never questioned.

One day they got a new city editor in the office of the *Morning Trumpet*. During the day Mr. Perkins delivered himself of the following gem of humorous literature, and passed it on to the city editor for revision:

"A distressing accident occurred the other day in a dynamite factory in the adjoining county. A negro named George Washington Grandmother, who is employed as porter around the place, found a mule grazing on the front lawn. Grandmother has a penchant for mules, and, as he is quite aged, may be accurately described as an old penchanter.* He proceeded to cultivate the mule's acquaintance. He ambled up behind the lean, long-legged, sad-eyed, hollow-cheeked, consumptive and contemplative old gray brute, twisted its tail to attract attention and said, 'Hist!'

"The mule histed.

"Its off hoof caught G. Washington on the side of his skull and the aged George Washington Grandmother went sailing aloft among star dust and pulverized comets and other celestial junk. When he came down, which he did about 200 miles from his starting point, he merely rubbed

his eyes and said, 'Marfa, whuffer yo' kick me outer bed? Why, bress yer black soul, chile, I'll get up 'n light de fi' fo' yo' wifout er word—yes, I will, chile, shuah.'

"The mule's leg was fractured in three places."

When Mr. Perkins picked up the paper the next morning, after an industrious search, he found his contribution printed as follows:

"In attempting to catch a mule yesterday, George Washington Grandmother, a porter employed in the dynamite works in an adjoining county, was kicked into insensibility. His injuries are somewhat serious, but it is not thought they will prove fatal."

Billings Perkins laid that paper down and smiled a wide and joyous smile. He realized that the new city editor's blue pencil wouldn't permit any more fresh laid humor in those diggings. The look of gloomy care and worry, the furrows of thought and the mournful expression left his countenance for good, and in place of a woe-be-gone, care-scarred, joyless-looking creature, his face took on an appearance of ecstatic bliss beautiful to behold. His appearance became the very incarnation of mirth. He grew so fat and jolly right off that he quit the newspaper business and is now running an undertaking establishment and doing well.

A SEASONABLE ACCIDENT.

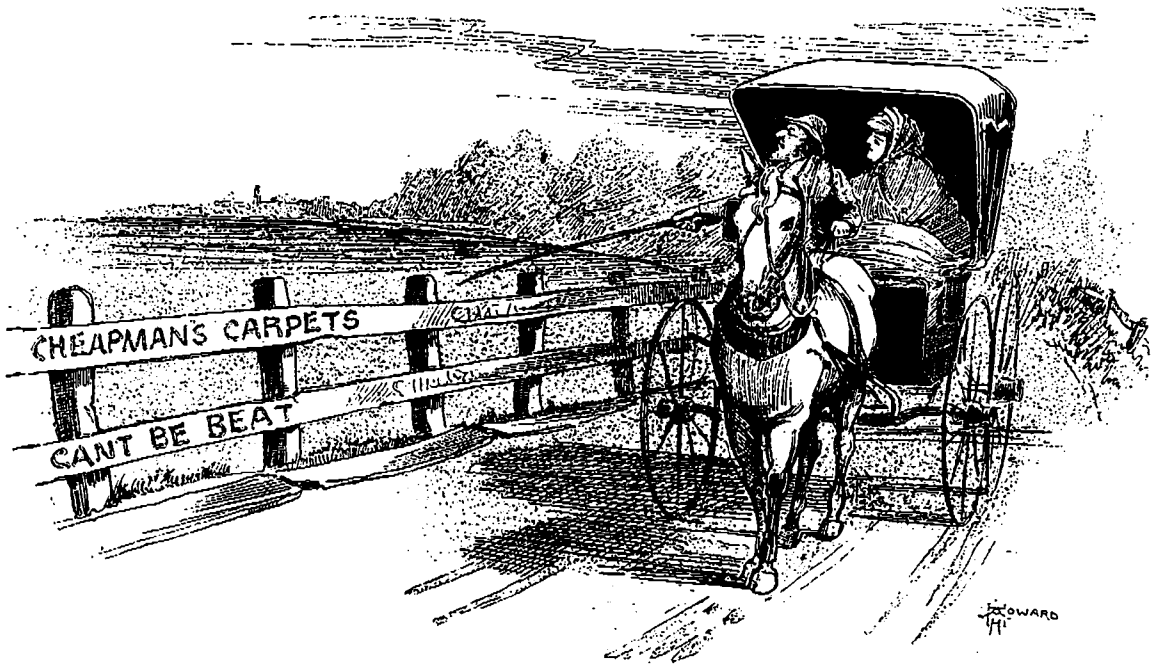


FITZ DUDE.—"Aw! Miss Maude, this is a beautiful—"



open wintaw, isn't it?"

*Pensioner—B.C. 2.—Ed. *Trumpet*.



INJUDICIOUS ADVERTISING.

MR. HAYSEED.—“‘Can't be beat,’ hey? Well how on earth are they to get the dust out of them carpets, then?”

THE DEFAULTER'S LAY.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty
Of thee I sing!
Land where our fathers fought,
Land where in bank I wrought,
Land where I'll ne'er be caught—
Ding, dong, ding.

Hard 'twas to leave thy shore,
But inconvenient more
There to remain;
Bloodhounds behind me went,
Threatening imprisonment,
So news to me was sent
To cross the main.

So crossed I Erie's tide,
In Canada to hide—
Cruel my fate!
And at the best hotel,
My breaking heart did swell;
Why is this thus? Ah, well—
Wait, only wait.

When a few years have gone,
Melted those hearts of stone,
They will repent;
Wait till the clouds roll by,
Back to New York I'll hie;
I may before I die
Be President!

J.H.B.

LINES TO AN INDIAN HEIRESS.

WITH APOLOGIES TO SHELLEY

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the wee sma' hours of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a demon in my feet
Has brought me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

All sounds within are still,
All's dark save one faint beam—
E'en the murmurs seem to fail
On the dark and silent stream;
The nightingale's lone trill
It dies upon her heart
As I would die on thine,
O, beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Prone, my love, I lie in pain,
My lips are swol'n, my eyelids pale.
O, fool, perceived I not, alas!
A swart and stalwart cast
Standing 'neath thy casement's pane,
My hopes of wealth to blast!

KELLY.

N.B.—Stars suggestive of what he saw about that time.

AFTER THE BANQUET.

WIFE (*admitting her better half, who is slightly "shot"*)
—“Why, George! you're tipsy, I do declare
You've been in some beastly saloon!”

GEORGE—“Nor'tall, m'dear (*hic*). Got it at the Bor'
(*hic*) Trade banq (*hic*) wet.”

WIFE—“Oh, I'm so relieved. You know you promised me New Year's never to go into a saloon.”

FAST LIVING.

“BY George!” exclaimed the New Year, as he looked over a heap of Christmas publications, “I seem to have struck a planet where they live pretty fast. If these artists are right, I shall find myself at the end of twelve months transformed from the chubby little boy I am now to a hump-backed, grizzled, and grey, tottering old man!”



A NEW YEAR'S STOCK-TAKING.

(PRESENTING A RESULT WHICH SHOWS HOW FAR OUT GREAT STATESMEN CAN BE IN THEIR CALCULATIONS)



AN EGGS-PERIMENT.

MRS. BANGS.—“Brigetina, didn't I tell you to boil these eggs soft? They are as hard as stones!”

BRIGETINA.—“Sure, ma'am, oi troid me best to hile them soft; I biled them near an hour, but sorra a bit softer wud they get”

MOLE ON SKATES.

I HAVE to confess reluctantly that Mole, my cherished friend, is a very picturesque—ahem—well, suppose we say romancer. His veracity is generally hampered by a very vivid imagination. I believe some of Mole's vulgar enemies have been heard to insinuate that he is a colossal liar. Now, I wish to say right here that such scurrilous remarks are false—that is, pretty false. Last summer Mole would frequently regale us with graphic, highly colored descriptions of the wonderful feats performed by him on skates, when they were favored with ice “at 'ome.” The river was frozen last Saturday, so we picked up our Acmes and hied away to have a pleasant skate. Mole didn't appear to be very enthusiastic, but I thought perhaps he was not feeling well. I had only been on the ice a few minutes when I made the startling discovery that Mole was afflicted with a sort of kink in his legs. He had a roundabout way of reaching a certain point. He would look at a certain object, strike out boldly, then all at once he would lose control of his feet and would gracefully “tack” off in quite a different direction. A woolly-headed small boy, noticing that Mole was unreliable on his feet, jocosely pulled his coat-tails and darted off. Mole swayed back and forth in a desperate endeavor to retain his balance, and then suddenly sat down with great energy. He was mad as a hornet on regaining his feet, and started after the small boy. He almost grabbed him, when suddenly “Woolly” turned sharply, but Mole kept straight on, got his feet tangled up, and finally sat down again. A pompous, fat old gentleman was cutting some intricate figures in the centre of the river. Mole bore down on him with a deadly precision that years of practice could not have equalled. He waved his arms wildly, gave one wild snort of dismay, and then, oh, ye gods! what a crash! The fat man went up in the air and came down with awful force on top of Mr. Mole. I rushed forward. I assisted the old gentleman to rise. He was out of breath, and felt aggrieved. Mole sat up, rubbed the back of his head, and looked slightly dazed. Then the fat man glowered in wrathful indignation at his unfortunate assailant, and said, “Don't apologize, please; you know you did it on purpose; and don't grin at me in that insulting way, sir!” Mole had tried to smile in a

conciliatory manner. “You shall hear from me, sir, through the press; don't you bully me, sir, don't you bully me!” and the angry old gentleman pranced around and transfixed Mole with a concentrated baleful glare of resentment. I took Mole's arm and we skated down the river. “Are you hurt?” I enquired, anxiously. “Oh, no, I was only fooling,” and he assumed a jaunty, rakish air, and smiled in a doleful sort of way. My conviction is that Mole cannot skate for sour apples.

E. A. C.

OVERWORKED HUSBANDS.

TIRED WIFE—“William, I wish you'd bring up a scuttle of coal.”

HUSBAND—“There, that's the way with women; always expecting a man to do half a dozen things at once. Can't you see I'm busy?”

“You didn't seem to be doing anything except rummaging around. I haven't asked you to do anything for about three weeks, and then I told you I'd like to have the legs of my sewing-chair made shorter.”

“Well, I'm looking for the saw.”

BETWEEN FATHERS.

JINKSON, SR. (*taking his old friend Jumbleby aside, confidentially*)—“Tell me, candidly, what you think of this young De Brassey.”

JUMBLEBY—“Er—does he want to borrow money of you?”

JINKSON, SR.—“Oh, no; simply wants my daughter's hand in marriage.”

A NEW RULE ABOUT TIPS.

WAITER (*to customer about to leave the restaurant*)—“You've forgotten something, haven't you?”

CUSTOMER—“I guess not. I've got my overcoat, cane and hat. What have I forgot?”

WAITER (*extending his hand*)—“The tip, if you please, sir.”

“I had fowl for dinner, didn't I?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, according to the new base ball rules, there are to be no more foul tips. Good-day.”



HARMONY.

B FLAT (*Graduate of Conservatory*)—“I say, Sharp, you can get Miss Flashpan for a pupil if you like. I happen to know her mother wants her to take lessons in the worst way.”

C. SHARP (*Graduate of Coll. of Mus.*)—“Ah! in that case she had better join your class!”

A FRANK YOUNG WIFE.—Old Moneybags (to young wife)—"I wonder sometimes, darling, how you can possibly love an old curmudgeon like me."

Young wife—"You wouldn't, dear, if you knew how much I like to wear good clothes."

AGNES THOMSON will appear, for the first time since her recent New York victories, at the Grenadiers' entertainment on Friday of this week. Two considerations will crowd the Pavilion—she is a Toronto lady, and is one of the finest sopranos on the continent. Concerning M. Rosenthal, pianist, the Boston *Post* says:—"The Roumanian Court pianist, Herr Moriz Rosenthal, was received with even more favor than upon his first appearance in Boston, and he was forced to answer the many recalls after playing the Rhapsodie Hongroise with the Polish Song by Chopin."

TERRIBLY annoying to read a sensational story down a full column of a newspaper and find after all it ends by saying "Jelly of Cucumber and Roses is the best article known for curing chapped hands"—ask your druggist for it. Wm. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

EDWIN ARDEN, (at Toronto Opera House this week) was greeted by a splendid house last night, and "Barred Out," his new play, was greeted with unmistakable enthusiasm. It was the first performance of the drama this season, and, as an unavoidable result, the curtain did not drop on the last act until nearly 11.30, but the production was such a success that the entire audience remained until it was completed. The drama is of peculiar construction, well laden with strong points and marks of the author's originality. It is an Irish drama with many strong parts and a liberal dash of comedy. —*The Rochester Union*

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Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Education, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines or fails to enter into a contract when called upon to do so. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

For the due fulfilment of the contract satisfactory security will be required on real estate or money, or satisfactory approved securities to the amount of ten per cent. on the bulk sum, to become payable under the contract (the amount of above mentioned cheque may be taken as part of said security).

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The plans and specifications can be seen in the Reception Room of the Parliament Buildings on Front Street, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. each week day.

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Minister of Education.

Education Department (Ont.),
Toronto, January 4, 1889.

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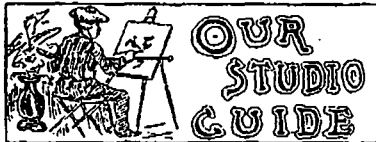
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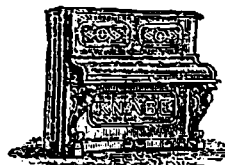
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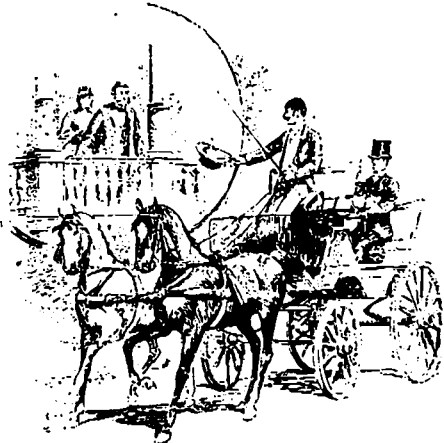
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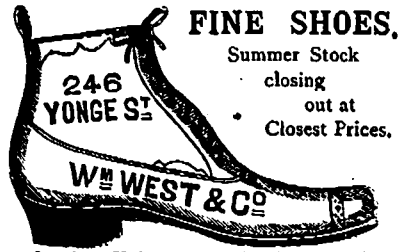


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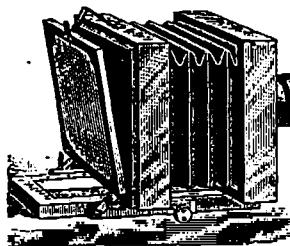


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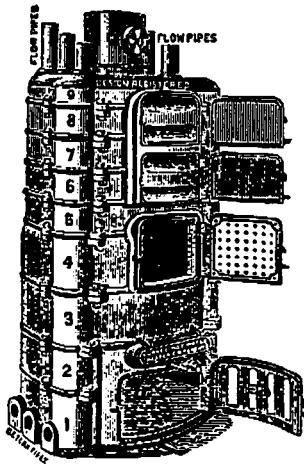
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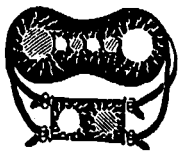
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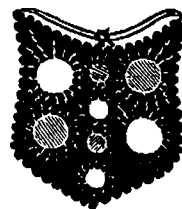
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