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OUR PROMISER ABROAD.

Sir John (aside).—DON'T BE ALARMED, MY DEAR; YOU KNOW WHAT MY PROMISES AMOUNT TO!



NOW READY. New 40-60 Calibre Winchester Repeating Rifle, Model 1884, and 22 CALIBRE, 25 SHOT WINCHESTER REPEATER. 44 CALIBRE BALLARD RIFLES \$3.50 56 CALIBRE JOSLYN RIFLES \$4.50

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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BRNGOUGH 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.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

- ALREADY PUBLISHED:
- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
 - No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
 - No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
 - No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5, HON. H. MERCIER:
Will be issued with the number for..... Dec. 20.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON—For a man who has a character for high morality, not to say piety, to sustain, Sir Leonard Tilley at present occupies a painful position. The hitherto respected gentleman to-day stands before the country in the character of a confessed and helpless deceiver. In 1878, he said many times, and allowed it to be said for him many times more, that by means of the policy of protection, prosperity and all the blessings that accompany it could be secured to the Canadian people. He joined in the outcry against the Grits for allowing the financial depression to exist, and by direct statement as well as by implication supported the doctrine that "hard times" can be controlled by Government. To-day we are experiencing a state of affairs which gives all these claims the lie direct. As it is incredible that a Government able to do so would refuse to make good times, it is safe to conclude that our present cabinet does not possess the powers it claimed, or if it does, Sir Leonard Tilley has forgotten how to use them. The fakir has received the hat, but has forgotten how to do the trick!

FIRST PAGE—Full reports of Sir John's recent speeches on Imperial Federation have come to hand, and it is found that he has spoken very definitely and largely in favor of the project in the name of the Canadian people. He has assured our Imperial relatives that we are ready to do almost anything they could suggest; he has made profuse promises on our behalf. All this is highly gratifying to good Mr. Bull, who has an idea that "Sir Thomas Macdonald," as he calls our John—owns the Dominion. It is also perfectly satisfactory to us, as we all quite understand that a promise of Sir John's never necessarily implies a corresponding performance. We are left at liberty to view the question just as we please.

EIGHTH PAGE—The most fitting comment on this deep-meaning picture can be supplied by the reader. Let him proceed to the shop

of his bookseller and buy a copy of GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC for 1885. He will find it better than anything hitherto published in the series, and costing only 10 cents.

A SONG OF THE UNSEATED.

One more unfortunate
Went it too fast;
For fame too importunate,
Got it at last.

Let him down tenderly,
Members beware;
Escaping so slenderly,
Just by the hair.

Speak of him mournfully,
Gently, not scornfully,
Soft be your tone;
Be unspoken his name
In his sorrow and shame,
Leave him alone;
'Think how his troubles came,
Think of your own.

Cross your hands piously
Over your breast,
Where cunning and lies lie
More than confessed;
Owning how bad, too,
The man had behaved,
Be thankful and glad, too,
You have been saved.



MRS. MURPHY ON THE SCOTT ACT.

An is it hooray for the Scott Act I wud be doin' if it was agin' my cup o' tay, ye do be axin', Murphy? Faix, an' I wud thin, if ye could show me the tay and the whiskey aich shtandin' on the same fut.

But I ax ye now, Paddy Murphy, was it the cup o' tay turned Biddy Malone out o' doors in the dead o' winter wid a cruel landlord, an' no rint to pay, because her man lift every sint he arned and, that yez know, at the tavern as he cum along on his way home? Was it thee cup o' tay blacked Sandy McCullough's wife's two eyes, an' let the little gossoons, sivin av 'em, as purty cratures as ye'd want to luk at, run about in rags, widout enough to ate an' no schoolin', while the poor woman slaved at the wash tub to git 'em a bit o' bread an' a shtick o' wud, an thin be nocked on the hed wid a grate, lazy, drunken brute as killed her at last an' let the children go to the Home, xcep' little Sandy what went to the pini-in-tary? Was it the cup o' tay did that, say? Was it the cup o' tay sint Maggie Smith to the police an' got her thirty days in jale, an' her husband and children wid no home to spak of, fur how can a little 'un luk after a babby and kape the house elane an' cook the males an' mind a couple o' young uns whin the mother of 'em isn't there to mould things?

Is it the cup o' tay turns the wife and children into the shtarate, and smashes the furniture, and quarruls wid the neighbors and fetches the police? Is it the cup o' tay drives a respectable family from house to house gettin wuss en' into a manner neighborhood every time, an' puts a man in the gutter, an' rolls him in the mud, an' sets the byes a jeerin', an' riddins his nose, an' bearns his eyes, an' loosens his tung, an' puts a hole in his coat and frizes

on his pants, an' knocks off his hat, an' sends him home betune two more, ahtaggerin' like a babby wi' the ricketts, wid his senses where he can't git at 'em?

Is it a cup o' tay makes a FOOL of a man, Paddy Murphy, that his bist friends can't respect him? An' a BRUTE of a man, Paddy Murphy, so that his wife trimbles, an' his children run away an' hide whin they hear him comin'? Is it the cup o' tay make a BASTE o' a man so that there is less sinse or raisin, or self-respect or respect for others in him than there is in a pig, Paddy Murphy?

Whin ye show me that the cup o' tay will do all sich things as these, Paddy, I'll sine a Scott Act agin' it; in the manetime I sine a in whiskey an' beer an' wine, an' anything else that has the pison in it that makes a man or a woman on'y fit for a lunatic asylum, or a jail, or anywhere, exceptin' home or Hivin.

THE BEST YET.

GRIP'S Comic Almanac for 1885 is just out. It consists of 24 pages uniform in size with GRIP, and is filled with fun and pictures. The literary matter is entirely original, and proves decidedly that Canadian talent in the funny line is equal to any in the world.

OUR ANTIQUARIAN AGAIN.

DEAR AND VALUED GRIP,—Greeting,—Dear me—dear me—what a long time since I sent you that renowned letter all about "Hengist" and "Horsa!" You remember—eh? of course you do—though, for the sayings of the eminent—well, well, I digress—people say I'm getting old—as if an antiquarian must of necessity be old! Such is the ignorance of the *oi polloi*. Now to business—I've only deferred it because my equilibrium is so painfully upturned, and my reasoning faculties well-nigh fossilized by one of the most startling discoveries it has ever been my lot to fall upon. Know then, friend of my youth, and companion of all that is highest in literature, that I have caught you tripping? YOU! GRIP!! The immense, the pyramidal!!!

(These dashes are to give you time to recover yourself before proceeding. They can be continued *ad libitum*, which means "go as you please." You see my classic mind must explain every sentence which might appear crude.) To resume; in a recent number of GRIP I came across a short and touching paragraph intended to induce a certain "Mr. Benedict" to secure domestic peace by purchasing for "Mrs. B." one of the "vests" advertised in another column of your esteemed comic journal. Struck by the benevolence manifested (as I thought) toward "Mr. Benedict," I turned to the page indicated. What did I see? *This*—in bold type, as though defying detection—"Seamless Lady's Vests," or (as the foreign exercise books would have it also) "The Vests of one Seamless Lady!" Now, as man to man, I ask you—the very fountain of wisdom—what is a "seamless lady?" Is it a lady who has never had a "stitch" in her side, or been ever "hemmed in" by any difficulty? As man to man, you know very well that you can't answer me! You have advised this poor, trusting, gullible "Mr. Benedict" to rid himself of household broils, and to bring the unwonted smile upon the face of his spouse, by going and asking for a vest such as worn by—a *seamless lady*! What will the confining imbecile look like when he asks the urbane store clerk for this impossible garment? What, too, will he look like when he finds he has been so heartlessly *April-fooled* (yes, I know it's November, but this joke belongs to April and should have been postponed accordingly). Joke or no joke, however, neither you nor the "vest" man can hoodwink me. No, no. Now for the true explanation of this extraordinary expression of

"seamless lady." Just the same old story I told you long ago about Allen's Anti-f. At How Allen, in order to make known his valuable compound and to air a wretched pun at the same time, allowed himself to even *anagram* his *fat aunty* into "anti-fat," regardless alike of spelling and the injured feeling of his obese relative. So to the point in question. By dint of burning the midnight oil (and some gas) to a ruinous extent, wearing out two pairs of spectacles, three dozen pencils, a bald spot on my cranium, and several reams of foolscap, I have discovered, beyond all doubt, that "seamless" should have been spelled "seemless." A mere advertising dodge, you see. The "seamless lady" simply does not exist—how can she? "Seemless," ex, "without seeming," "does not seem." Of course I have searched all the ancient and modern dictionaries, and that's what they all say. Alas! friend GRIP, can it really be that you have fallen into so shallow a trap, at your mature age, too! However, you can atone. You must listen to the advice of a privileged friend and colleague like myself. *Immediately* write, telegraph, telephone or see that wronged martyr "Mr. Benedict," acknowledge your error and implore pardon on your venerable bended knees. After that—a thought has intruded across my brain tissues. Does that firm mean "ladies' seamless vests," instead of "seamless lady's vests?" If so, then tell them to say so, and not lead astray and waste the precious time of

Yours always,
SEARCHEMOUTUS.

P.S.—By-the-bye, if my last supposition be correct I withdraw all my insinuations, friend GRIP, and drink (water, of course, Scott Act, you understand) to our speedy meeting, and wish you a "Ryghte Merrie Christmas Tyde."

WHY HE LEFT HER.

Oh, leave me not, dearest, so sadly alone,
Am I not thine own darling, thy pet, and thine own?
Or am I supplanted in that warm heart of thine.
That now thou wouldst leave me alone here to pine.

I see thou art moody and restless to go.
If no longer your own one, oh, pray tell me so;
When you go to the presence of her you love dear,
Oh, remember the love for you still cherished here.

One kiss e'er we part. It will be a relief;
One kiss to assuage now my sorrow and grief.
Tell her who is waiting to see thee to-night,
That I yield to her all that seemed happy and bright.

Nay, nay, do not linger, but leave me in tears;
May thy life be of happiness through many years,
For me I am tranquil, resigned to my doom,
There is nothing for me but the cold, silent tomb.

"Oh pshaw!" said her lover, "let up on such trash,
I'm hungry, that's all, and I'm off for my hash."

A BANK CASHIER'S LETTER.

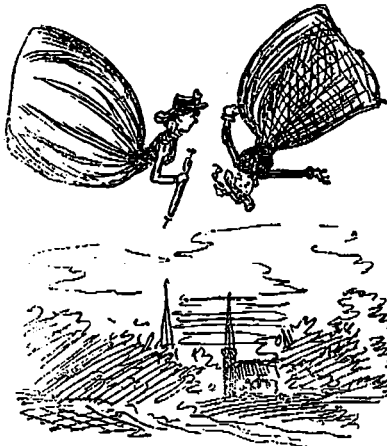
TORONTO, Nov. 19th, 1884.

MY DEAR FRED,—As you will see I am settled in Canada, and a glorious country it is. I am so sorry that I had not an opportunity of saying good-bye to you before I left the land of the free for the land of the free-er, but the fact is, dear boy, I was hurried, very hurried, and almost missed the train. For some time I had been contemplating my removal from New York, which I found to be not at all suitable for my health. I am much improved since I came to Canada. This Toronto is a dear, delightful place, and so very American. It is just like living in the States. We get the New York papers here regularly, so that I am able to read the comments on my departure which has occasioned more concern than I expected. I have a magnificent house on one of the leading streets, elegantly furnished. I drive my carriage and pair and, of course, have my coachman and footman. I am in the giddy swirl of the brightest society, and am much courted. I intend taking a trip to Quebec next week, to see Eno—John C. Eno—you know the Enos, don't you? The dear fellow, he is so clever, an excellent financier. If

you or any of the other fellows in the bank make up your minds to leave New York, do come to Canada. It will be so pleasant for us all, you know. It is strange, but there is quite a number of retired New York bank fellows here. We are about to form a club, which will be called, "The Refugees' Club." Odd name, ain't it, dear boy? Well, ta-ta. Give my regards to all the fellows, including the president and the managers of the bank.

Yours sincerely,
ARTHUR LITRETOU.

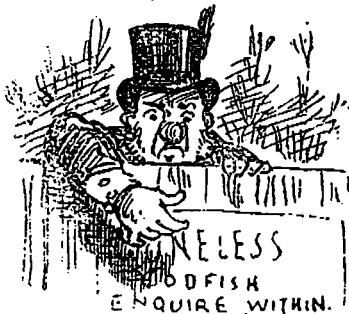
Frederick De Faultaire, Esq.,
Smashional Bank,
New York City.



FEMALE BALOONATICS.

Probable effect of the next wind storm if the craze for bustles continues.

The car was crowded and old Mr. Jollyboy had secured a choice seat. But all of a sudden he stopped the car and squeezed out. "I'm not likely to get another car for half an hour," quoth he, "but I forgot to get a GRIP ALMANAC, and I wouldn't dare go home without it!" It only cost him ten cents.



A FABLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF ARISTOPHANES.

A certain grocer, coming into a place where in he was a Stranger, and being desirous of introducing to his future Customers a Choice article of Fish, of which he had a large stock—it was, of course, Stock-fish—set his Wits to work as to the Best Means of fulfilling his Desire. Finally he went to a Printer and had several Immense Posters struck off, bearing the name of his Commodity of Trade; but by some Inadvertence, he forgot to have his own name printed thereon, but only added, after the names of his Wares, the words "Enquire Within." Then he hired a Boy, and putting the Posters into his hands said, "Go Forth and blazon these goods around the City and

hang these Placards up where all may see." And the Boy went forth, and by Chance or Premeditated Accident, his footsteps wandered to a region of houses of people who were proud, Stuck-up, yea, exceeding Arrogant, for they were of great Wealth, yet were of low Degree.

And the Boy, it being eventide and Dusk, stuck up his Posters, one on each house, or Mansion, in the Row where dwelt the People spoken of.

And lo! in the morning on each House was seen the placard bearing the words:

BONELESS COD-FISH.

ENQUIRE WITHIN.

And the city flocked to read what was there, and said, "Who hath done this?" And it was soon discovered, and for what he had done, the Grocer was applauded of all excepting the people who dwelt in the Mansions.

And his trade Increased; yet had the Joke been more Apparent, had the words been "Bloodless Cod-fish." For those people lacked Blood, yet not Bone, for they must have possessed Good Backbone or they had not risen to wealth from Low Degree.

MORAL.

Even by Accident is the Truth told sometimes. Yet was this Truth but Half the Truth which is even The Blackest of Lies.

ANGELINA'S AUNTY ANN.

Every night when I go sparking
My own Angelina dear,
Her lit e brother's always larking,
But I don't mind his childish jeer,
(He ask's what my moustache's made of
Says my hair is black and tan);
But gime oue me! I am afraid of
Angelina's Aunty Ann.

There she sits in arm chair knitting,
Knitting large size woollen hose;
I wonder who they will be fitting,
For the hired man I suppose.
By the fireside she keeps sitting,
Would I could devise a plan
To shun the glances unrequiting
Of Angelina's Aunty Ann.

If I nudge may chair up nearer
To my Angelina's side,
Aunty's sure to rock her car or
Open up her optics wide;
Every little move or motion,
Acts upon us like a ban
Would she were across the Ocean!
Angelina's Aunty Ann.

Does she take me for Don Juan,
For a gay Lothario,
That she dampens thus my wooing?
Never Edgar Allen Poe.
Dreamed in all his wild, wierd fancy
Of a bird, or beast, or man;
More fearful than to me seems Nancy,
Angelina's Aunty Ann!

So I thought until last Sunday,
When despair my bosom nerved—
I won't forget it, 'twas the one day
That my courage never swerved.
I right before the gaze of Aunty
Prop'd the question like a man!
Thou uprose quite spy and jaunty,
Angelina's Aunty Ann.

Speaking thus, she said, "young fellow,
So you've come to time a last,
It's raly made me turn rale yellor
In watchin' you this three months past:
I think you are the slowest critter
That ever sparked since world began!"
And by Jove! commenced to titter,
Angelina's Aunty Ann!

T. BROWN.

On another page of GRIP this week will be found the card of the Canada Pacific Trading and Importing Co'y. of this city. This company has just opened out at 120 Bay-street, under the management of Mr. J. A. McMurtry, a gentleman of long experience in the tea and coffee business.

Parent, if you have a family,
Rolling round the cottage floor,
Take 'em home GRIP'S Comic Almanac,
If you want to make 'em roar!

Profusely illustrated; funnily written;
splendidly printed; and rapidly sold for ten
cents per copy—GRIP'S Comic Almanac for
1885.

HIGH ENGLISH.

"The old man McCaugo, who was too rapidly im-
pelled from the church at Thornhill, is recovering."—
Vide Mail, 23th ult.

Do you observe, dear MR. GRIP, "too
rapidly impelled." I-n't it an admirable
phrase? So gentle, so refined, so polite?

What a contrast is this elegant mode of ex-
pression, to that vulgar bluntness, that brutal
plainness of speech so indicative of want of
breeding, that would have said "thrown out."
How redolent this beautiful phrase, of the rare-
fied atmosphere of the fanctum where it had
its birth, and of those fragrant groves of
Academe whence it issued on its beneficent
errand of captivating the public ear, and ad-
ministering a well-deserved reproof to the dull
coarseness of the local press!

May the example thus delicately set have
corresponding results; dear MR. GRIP, so that
people of super-sensitive organizations will
for the future enjoy complete immunity from
injury by the most pointed truths, and law-
suits for libel be known no more, henceforth
and forever.

DEAR GRIP,—Hope I'm first! "Vice-Admiral
De Horsey is announced as successor to the
Duke of Edinburgh in command of the Chan-
nel fleet." Consequently we need no longer
doubt the existence of those heretofore
apocryphal individuals, the "Horse(y) Mar-
ines." Yours in haste,

QUIP.

"Lord Randolph Churchill is to make a voyage round
the world."—*World*.

Always thought there was something missing
in Randy; it was "the grand tower," as Mrs.
Malaprop calls it. If he only brings back
Discretion no one will grudge him his holiday.

THE STREET CAR CRUSADERS.

You see, we had made up our mind
We'd stand it no longer; not we!
It was all very well to be kind;
But not in that way. D'ye see?
So we boarded a Queen-street car,
And we filled every blessed seat;
And we each took a vow then and thar'
If we budged our own heads we would eat.
At the first crossing, up came a woman
Rather tired—she works out by the day;
Her face was as yellow's a lemon,
And her hair—well the truth is—'twas gray.
But I stuck to my seat like a blister.
Then two girls came; they stared and cut up.
Said one, "These big eubs has no sister."
"Oh! they don't know no better, shut up!"
Next crossing they took up another,
An old lady, quiet, meek-faced;
She reminded me so much of mother
I felt, as I sat, quite disgraced.
But finally, capping the climax,
Who should step in but my fiancée,
And me sitting there like a lunatic!
Don't talk of a man turning grey—
I turned all hues of the rainbow.
The—a live interrogative point—
Gazing at me as if I was Jumbo,
And guessing what was out of joint.
Of course I got up; "Don't bother,"
She said with such sarcastic glee;
"I can stand just as well as another,
"Here mother, sit down here," said she
To the elderly party.—'Twas over!
I had struck my big foot in my dream;
And now I'm a lone, withered lover.
Take warning—things ain't what they seem!

"Best thing I ever read, ha, ha, ho, ho,
ho!" splattered Mr. Jobkins, choking with
laughter. "Let's see it!" demanded the
crowd. "Not much," replied the sturdy old
fellow, "Go and buy GRIP Almanacs for your-
selves." And they did. Price 10c.



YE HAZING OF YE FRESHMAN.

(After Coleridge) Dedicated to the University College
Literary Society.

It is a cheeky freshman,
And he stoppeth one of three;
"By my bran new gown and college cap,
Now wherefore stoyst thou me?"

"My boarding-house is distant far,
And I am short of tin;
My dinner on the table cools,
I prithee, let me rin."

He held him with his trembling hand—
"Last Friday night," quoth he,—
"Be off! unhand me, cheeky loon!"
Eistoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him by his gleaming eye.
"It was like this, as soon—"
Ye listner pressed, he beat his breast,
"Out with it, cheeky loon!"

"Last Friday night, when Teefy said,
"To study man and nature;
There was no hint, no warning wink,
On any single feature.

"Down dropt their eyes, their eyes dropt down,
There was no sound nor motion;
All innocent, as tho' of fun
They'd not the faintest notion.

"Oh, man a'live! we were but five,
Alone in that hazing spree;
And never a one took pity on
Our souls in agony,

"Each muffled head, they blindfold led
Into ave cellar dim;
Where Judge and Jury sat arrayed
In paste-board faces grim.

"Students, students, everywhere!
And everyone did wink
Behind ye eye-holes of his mask,
Like skaters at ye rink.

"With noses huge, and noses red,
And noses in ye air;
They bobbe, they bowed, they grinned, they leered,
A multiplied nightmare.

"My name was called; I stood appalled,
My heart stood still amain;
Uprose my hair, 's'raah! ye wear
Outside a brass dog chain."

"And one had walked beside a girl,
And one had che-k to spare;
And all had passed ye seniors by
Without saluting fair.

"They made us sing, they made us dance,
They made us kneel and swear
We would not hah to mortal cars
Of all we suffered there.

"On one who would not bow ye knee,
They turned ye water-tap;
Adown his spine ye water ran,
He shivered with ye sap.

"But saddest he who with his girl
For weeks must not be seen,
On pain of being hazed again;
Ah! woeful doom, I ween.

"Oh, man a'live, though we survive,
Our cheek it droppedt away;
Sank like a stone thrown at a frog,
Or needles into hay.

"And now I've told my woeful tale,
Of course it's *entre vous*;
We'd rusticated be, sure pop,
If ye professors know."

BEWILDERED.

Old Fogleton is always imagining that some
one is trying to get a rise out of him—why, no-
body knows—and when a man to whom he had
just been introduced in a certain rendezvous
on Younge-street asked him, "How do you
sell papers in this city?" he was immediately
on his guard, and determined to bite the biter,
so he replied,

"Sell 'em? Sell 'em by the quart, of
course."

"No, no," replied the other "I mean how
much are they a-piece?"

"Oh! you can't buy a piece of a newspaper
here; you've got to take the whole sheet, or if
you do buy a piece you must pay for the whole
paper," replied old F.

"You are obtuse, sir," said the other, "I
am a stranger here and want to buy a news-
paper. Surely that's simple enough."

"Simple enough, I should say it was. Al-
most any of 'em I guess would be willing to
sell—maybe not the *Globe* or *Grip*. The diffi-
culty is to find a purchaser who will pay
enough," said Fogleton, with a look in his
eye which said as plainly as looks can speak,
"not to be done this time, old Cocky Wax."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the stran-
ger, "I never met such a man. I—merely—
want—to—buy—a—newspaper"—this very
distinctly and slowly—"Now can you answer
my plain question; what's their price?"

"Oh, you must see the proprietors about
that. Some of 'em 'll sell themselves for very
little, I guess; some won't."

"I don't want to buy their politics, you old
humbug. All I want is to buy a copy of some
Toronto journal. Will that do you?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," returned Fogleton,
"but if you go to some of the proof-readers
you might get all the 'copy' you want for very
little, I should think, after they get through
with it."

"Isn't there a paper here—the *News*?
Well, I want that."

"They're all newspapers," retorted Fogle-
ton, without a muscle of his face moving.

"Well, well, well," sighed the other, "this
is the worst old lunatic I ever came across."
And then said aloud "Can't you tell me the
price of a copy of a paper called *The News*?"

"It varies; morning edition is double the
price of the evening."

"And how much, in the name of Job, boils,
patience, Bildad the Shuhite, and all Job's
friends, is a morning *News*?"

"Two cents," answered Fogleton, laconic-
ally.

"And why couldn't you say so at first?"
"Because you didn't ask me."

[Just then a boy was heard calling out
"*Globe, Mail, Grip, News, Week, Telegram!*"
and the stranger rushed out and cried "Here,
boy, gimme a GRIP," and tendered two cop-
pers.]

"Five cents, sir," said the boy, sniffing at
the coins with disdain.

"Give me a two cent paper or I'll kill you,"
howled the now desperate man.

"Hain't got one, boss," replied the boy,
"these is all hevenia's and weeklies."

"What's the weekly?"
"GRIP."

"Any other?"
"Week."

"Give me a *Week*, then," still proffering
the coppers.

"Here y'are; seven cents."
Then the bewildered man said a bad word,
dashed away down street, crying in his agony,
"A city of lunatics; a city of lunatics!"

And the boy gazed after him and said, "crank
broke loose, I guess."

And all this came to pass because old Fogle-
ton had sworn never to be the victim of a
"put-up job."

PROF. TILLE
PRINCE OF MAGIC.
will
out of the N.P. Hat
produce
prosperity, wealth,
Comfort, good times
and other blessings
TOO NUMEROUS
To Mention
1878.



HE'S FORGOTTEN THE TRICK!



THE THREE DOGS AND THE BIG PUP.

A LESSON OMITTED FROM THE NEW FIRST READER.

For a great many years there lived in our land three dogs. These dogs were known as Ex-press Co.s, and their names were Am-er-i-can, Can-adi-an and Vick-ers. Queer names, were they not? The two first were always chained to each other, and it is said both were owned by the same man. Well, these dogs were very fat; they fed out of a big dish that was always full to the brim, and they would growl if any other dog dared to go near them. But, at last, a pup named Do-min-ion, came up and when they growled he only wagged his tail, as much as to say, I've come to help you feed on these good things, there is plenty for four. Then the dogs snapt at him and growled, but he went right in and took a big bone and ate it up. The three dogs were very mad and tried hard to boy-cott him, but it was no use. He had come to stay, and he slept in the same box-car with them and still eats out of the same dish. This little story shows that there is room in the world for us all, and there is no use for three dogs to bust with fat, when a fourth is by to help them eat.



Boucicault is at the Grand this week in a round of his fine Irish comedies.

Mr. Brandram's readings were most successful, and his return at an early date is promised.

Madame Albani is shortly to appear in concert, and the Hungarian Court Band is set down for an early date.

Great interest is felt in the coming performance by Mark Twain and George W. Cable, on the 8th and 9th. Crowded houses are a foregone conclusion.

WELCOME TO THE FATHER OF THE N.P.

Ye followers of this King of wits,
To welcome him assemble;
He hived the Grits, gave Mowat fits,
And made the Yankees tremble,
And groan in spirit when they see
How rich we grow through his N.P.

His actions and his motives show
The loftiest sense of honor,
A Senator of Donohue,
A Judge of John O'Connor
He made, and then remember, ho
Is father of the great N.P.

Yes! be your welcome warm and strong!
He banished care and sorrow,
And fetch the Indians along
To welcome Old To-morrow;
A grand old "medicine man," is he,
The father of the great N.P.

Ontario's welcome to the Chief,
Sincere should be and real;
Did he not stop the litt'e thief,
Who tried her lands to steal?
'Twas for her benefit that he
Conceived and bore the great N.P.

THE SCALPEL.

A LITTLE RAILWAY.

The people of the Dominion are bound by the Premier by many ties.—*Collingwood Enterprise*.
That's so. Railway ties, you know.

WHAT ROOTS IT WHICH?

What the public of this great and opulent country needs to do is to come down flat-footed on the borrowing system.—*Lindsay Post*.
Or how would it work to go ahead square-toed on the borrower?

KNOTTYCAL NOTE.

Capt. Joe. Ganley and fleet of fishing boats have returned to town for the winter.—*Collingwood Bulletin*.

Likely Capt. Joseph was on his farm; but what the fleet of fishing boats wanted out in the country is bothersome to fathom. Now, don't go and say they were attending Credit Sails!

SURVIVAL OF THE UNFITTEST.

An old circus man says unprofitable circus stock always die in winter quarters.

How can this be true? you ask, well, the clown, understand, never goes into winter quarters.

SO EXPLICIT, YOU KNOW!

A considerable number of incautions drinkers were before the Magistrate yesterday. They were generally of what might be called the drinking class.—*Globe*.

Well, well! Who would have thought it? As a rule, the drinkers who show up before the Colonel are distinguished representatives of the temperance class.

GETTING IT DOWN FINE.

From this time forward the aldermanic candidate will get in his fine work.

And some of them will go on doing so, whether elected or not. There's Brother Baxter, for instance. He's all the time getting in fine work—when the Police Magistrate is in want of a substitute.

THE SELFISHNESS OF THE NEWS.

Major Denison writes from the Nile with thermometer 110° in the shade that he is in good health.

But think what a state the poor thermometer must be in!

IT'S THE SALARY THAT CATCHES THEM.

Bismarck says the payment of members lengthens the Reichstag's session.

Bismarck is right. That is, if the Reichstag is like Canadian County Councils, and the members get so much a day.

ACCOUNTS FOR THE SLANDERS.

The less religion a story has about it the more religiously we are apt to listen to it.

This must be the theory the editor of the *Mail* depends on in his editorial sketches of leading political opponents.

BY ANY OTHER NAME.

The delicate white flower of the buckwheat is the fashionable flower at summer resorts, where it is sold by florists under a fanciful title.

But the delicate white flower of the buckwheat made into pan-cakes—well, you don't have to go to Summer resorts to find it fashionable.

COOL RECEPTION AVOIDED.

Cleveland will be invited to the Montreal Carnival. For sanitary reasons the defeated Republican candidate will not be asked. Don't want to superinduce a chill Blaine, as it were. It would be a cool reception, anyway.

HORRIBLY SUGGESTIVE.

One shaver and splitter, and three hands, an unhairing and fleshing.

When you read this far you throw down the paper and exclaim:—"By Jove! If here isn't some Injin chief going on the war-path, advertising for recruits!" You are relieved to find, on another cautious squint at the advt., that it is only a tannery man's call for help.

TOO LITERAL AN INTERPRETATION.

Rev. D. D. McLeod, of Barrie, will lecture here tonight. Subject: "Anything will do." A collection will be taken.—*Stayner Sun*.

And the lecturer, after he had counted up all the vest buttons, tobacco stamps and counterfeit half-dimes, said softly to himself, "there is such a thing as taking a man too much at his word. What my lecture wants is a new name."

A WARNING TO BUILDERS.

The newest thing in vases now is made of a lady's shoe, gilded and decorated.

There is a painful rumor to the effect that while workmen were engaged at gilding and decorating a Hamilton *belle's* shoe, the scaffolding gave way, precipitating the men to the ground beneath, with, it is feared, fatal consequences to some of them.

TRIALS OF A LITERARY MAN'S WIFE.

Oh! I'm the wife of a literary man, and a jolly good time have I;
So jolly indeed, that many an hour have I sat me down to cry.
That fellow's enough to worry a horse; he's a most peculiar man;
He scowls at me when he wants to write if even I rattle a pan.

He sits down there in his easy chair, and he puts his pipe in his mouth,
And then he proceeds to stare and frown, nor looks east, west, north, south,
But enaught at his feet, and he tumbles his hair, and I merely ask him why
He don't get up and cut some wood? You should see him then, oh, my!

You would think he'd snap my head right off, and he says "you should and ought,
Leave me to do my literary work when you see I'm wrapped in thought."
"Your work," says I, "if you call that work you've a precious easy time,
What I call work is sawing wood; not hammering away at rhyme.

Why any child can do such work; our little Jim can write." And then that man! you'd think he was a lunatic maniac quite. And he'll say with a naughty, naughty word, "Begone, you woman, you; For don't you know I've got to write, so leave me, female, do."

"But you're not writing," then I say, "you're sitting loafing there, A-looking at your boots—and big ones, too—a-smoking in your easy chair; Whilst I must wash and cook and bake, and toil around the house; While you squat there and smoke, and swear if I make more noise than a mouse."

Ah! then he does get angry, and he roars, "You'll drive me mad; D'yo think I can write without a thought? you're, too, too downright bad."

"You want to think, then, do you? Why I can think and work, And why can't you? Go and cut that wood, you great big lazy shirk;

You can think and saw." "Oh! leave me, do," he'll yell—then perhaps I stop. In a little while he'll write ten lines, when in again I'll pop

And say, "I hope I don't intrude; but did you order the coal? And did you see if the ice was cleared from the top of the cellar hole,

And did you—?" Then he ups and bangs the door with an awful clatter. Oh! a precious time has a poet's wife, and that's just what's the matter.

SOPHIA SNIPSNAP.

P. S.—DEAR MR. GRIP,—I didn't compose the above myself, but I got a friend to do it and copied it out, and I think writing poetry as easy as easy can be, and I can't see what makes Snipsnap so angry when I speak to him. Your literary men are funny birds, and have a remarkably easy time, and that's just my opinion. Certainly my husband gives me plenty of money, but he must gamble or something, for he could never make so much just by sitting in a chair, and smoking and writing and scowling at me and the dear children.

S. S.



DANGERS OF THE TELEPHONE.

(Brown, wholesale grocer, going out of town, instructs Mrs. B. to continue his practice of calling up the watchman at the warehouse through the night.)

Mrs. B. (at 2 a.m.)—Hello!

Watchman.—Bur-r-r! r-r-r! hello!

Mrs. B.—Is everything all right?

Watchman.—Yes, all right. Lie down, you brute, and be quiet!

[Mrs. B. retires astounded and indignant. Subsequent interview between Brown and the Watchman. Watchman explains that his closing remarks were addressed to his dog, which was worrying his trousers while he was at the telephone. Everybody happy.]

G. E. C.

A PLEA.

The melancholy days have come, the trees are leafless, the fields are bare. Our morning paper spoils our appetite by dismal accounts of wages being cut down, or firms assigning; the North-west boom-crang has hit us badly on the rebound; we are all going to retrench, here and now; nor will we feel one bit better until we have a real good old-fashioned fall of snow, that which the poetkins call the beautiful. Not without reason. Beautiful it certainly is—to the grocer, the dry-goods man, and all the other men who have shingles hung out—for it brings to them visions of an interminable procession of sleighs, from away off in the country, each laden with produce, and with well-to-do farmers in thick mitts and overcoats, driving in on business bent, and the jingle of their money and their sounding sleigh-bells combined will "drive care away." For even as a soft answer turneth away wrath, so will the soft feel of the well-thumbed dollar turn away the wrath of an impecunious creditor. By-and-by winter will knock the snow off his boots on the door-step, hang his coat in the hall, shake down the stove till it glows like a comet, and draw in a chair and make himself comfortable

The boys will make "hunkey old slides" on sloping sidewalks, and every rink in the city will reverberate with the sounds of merry laughing voices, and with the whizzing ring of steel skates on the ice.

And Christmas, vending his way down from the dim days of old, will revisit us once more. The children will hear the patter of reindeer hoofs on the roof of the garret, and the much-abused and matter of fact stove pipe will become a sacred and mysterious avenue, a sort of enclosed Jacob's Ladder, on which in infantile dreams, the ministers of Santa Claus can be seen ascending and descending, laden with, oh! unspeakably beautiful things for little boys and girls. And all over, around every store in town, you will hear tinkle, tinkle; jingle, jingle, sounding for all the world like brisk buying and getting change back, but that, of course is the peculiar silver and golden sound of the fairy sleigh bells of rare old Santa Claus. Even the policemen will look happy; they will be relieved; a load will be lifted from their minds, for will not all the students have gone home for the Christmas holidays?

But there are those for whom the melancholy days abide. Of such are the sick in our general hospital. They have been sick and have been nursed and cared for; and, though convalescent now, though hope looks forward to the time when they shall again rejoin the company of those who enjoy life's blessings—still, while they wait the days are long and melancholy. There is nothing to cheer them as they weakly feel their way back to life again; nothing cheerful to look at, unless indeed the occasional glimpse of the bright, kindly face of a clever nurse. Day after day they lift up their eyes and behold the same bare walls. Now, can't we make the way back to health brighter and perhaps shorter to such as these? The love of beauty and of color is strong in human nature. There are few who have not been sick at some time and know what a weary thing it is, waiting to be quite well, even when surrounded by all that can please the eye and shorten the time. How much more to those having to spend the long days of convalescence in gazing at a blank wall? Cannot "we, the people of" Toronto, we, the workers who have been or may yet be benefited by the hospital, club together and get some first-class engravings and some bright pictures of summer woods, green fields, blue lakes, far-off hills and sunny skies; anything that will, during the long winter months, gladden the eyes, and awaken the interest of the convalescents things of beauty that will be a

joy to them, and a glad relief to the dreary stretches of the hospital walls. While outside the prospect is cold and bleak, in the corridors and convalescent wards let there be perpetual summer everywhere, rural scenes, rustic landscapes, scenes familiar, "just like it is at hum." Five cents a-piece would do it all. Don't laugh. Here is a precedent. Eighteen years ago a life-boat was wanted badly at Aberdeen, Scotland. The *People's Journal*, whose central office is in Dundee, hit upon a plan. That paper advertised for every subscriber, man, woman or child, to send them one penny, no more and no less, for the purpose of raising funds for the purchase of a life-boat. The receipt for pennies was the names of the senders published in the next issue of the paper. Of course there were not wanting sages who laughed at such an idea. But they can laugh who win, and before many weeks had passed the *People's Journal* could laugh loud enough for all Scotland to hear, for not only did they by that means raise enough to purchase one life-boat, with all modern equipments, but there was surplus enough, with a trifling addition, to purchase another, which was presented, with the compliments of the people, to the town of Peterhead. Now, why can't we do likewise? Why cannot all the newspapers combine in this good work? Which of the offices will refuse to have an open list, a cash box and a column of the paper for the names sent in, no sum to be accepted over five cents. Let the people have the luxury of doing something for themselves and for others without looking to the rich to help them. Let us cheer these melancholy days by the accomplishment of what will be a joy for ever and an honor to the people of Toronto.

TOPICAL TALK.

THE OWN AND ONLY Democratic paper is down on the "nominative system." What would exactly suit the able editor is the possessive system. The absence of it puts him in the objective

TALKING about Sir John's predicted Peerage—how would Earl of Ephesus do? Everybody would like to see Sir John's famous fight with the Beasts of Ephesus so neatly and appropriately recognized.

MISS FORTESCUE, having got her £50,000 out of little Lord Gumboil, retires from the stage for a space. What a pity it is that some other "actresses" cannot get hold of a similar amount and leave the boards, not for a time, but for ever. Some amateurs, I mean.

I DEEPLY regret to see that Ald. Piper is losing his most prominent zoological specimens by degrees. First Doc. Sheppard collapsed, then the gigantic elephant, John A., and now poor Peter the Great, of irascible memory, has gone the way of all bear meat. The woolly horse and the whale, however, show signs of as much life and vigor as they have done for a long time past.

If George Eliot ever said that half the women in the world die prematurely old for want of an aim in life (as a Hamilton paper asserts she did), then I think more of George than ever I did before. It's enough to make a woman die before her time to blaze away at an object, be it her husband or a hen or anything else, and find her missiles invariably hitting something about ten rods off her mark. If women could only throw straight they would live forever. We have much to be thankful for in this world.

ANOTHER poet for Canada! Hurrah! McIntyre, of Ingersoll, is his name. Title of his book, "Musings on the banks of Canadian Thames;" style, McIntyriah; metre, go-as-you-please. For able critique see Hamilton *Times*, Nov. 25. All Canada wants now is a poet for Toronto who will write an opposition book and call it "Musings on the Banks of Can-

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MR. GRIP'S ANNUAL PARADE.

adian Don in summer." Any poet that could not get sufficient inspiration in that beautiful spot to fill ten volumes of 1000 pages each can't write poetry.

As I was wandering along a street in the north half easterly part of the city, my eye caught this legend on a door: "So and so, Practical Express." What in the name of all that is mysterious, I said to myself, is a practical express? and what manner of man can a practical express be? Or is it the man's trade or profession, and if a practical express, why not a theoretical express? I haven't solved this mystery yet. I don't know that the question is of any great public interest, still people have no right to puzzle law-abiding citizens in this manner.

I SAW it stated somewhere that Dr. Wild admit- having learnt, at some period or other of his life, to play the violin. This may be true or it may be mere fiddle-de-dee. A base fabrication of some malevolent person to injure the worthy divine in the estimation of his many friends. If, however, it be true, and the Dr. can play, let him by all means give us a lecture, chanting the words and accompanying himself on his stradivarius; it would take immensely. The subject might be "Nero, Rome's greatest fiddler," and if Dr. Wild can't tell us something about that benevolent and amiable emperor, I should like to know who can.

WHAT does the Toronto Tribune mean by saying that "Sir John Macdonald has been appointed a Grand Cross of the Bath?" The Premier is no "cross," either by birth or appointment. He is a thoroughbred, with a pedigree and record which the editor of the Globe has had enlarged and hung up in his sanctum. Sir John is an out-and-out, high-bred, XXX, stamped and warranted, Statesman, Patriot, Constitutional Lawyer and Man of Canada. To talk of him as a "cross," is the most unkindest out of all—a regular cross-cut, so to speak.

WHEN the correspondent of an Orillia paper wonders how it is that no news is sent in from Coldwater, has he really given himself time for reflection? The idea of anything in the shape of cold water going into an Orillia editor! [P. S.—Should any Orillia editor desire to respond to this little familiarity, let him distinctly understand that bloodshed will not be sanctioned on our side. In fact, so averse are we to seeing gore that we hereby propose, in the event of a meeting, to choose pistols and have a Toronto policeman act as our substitute, provided our adversary will choose guns and get the man to stand up in his place who, while on a lone hunt recently, killed all those deer and gave them to the settlers, and then came home and told the editor all about it and had him write it up in the paper.]

I DOUBT very much if a handsomer group of men than that on the picture of Representative Canadian journalists lately issued, could have been gathered together in one body if the country had been scoured near and far. Of course there was not room for all the handsome newspaper men of Canada, but one or two more might have been crowded in. What Mr. Peter X, of Berlin, did to be left in the cold, I can't conceive. However, looking at the gentlemen whose beaming countenances appear in the picture alluded to, I must allow they make a noble array of beauty.

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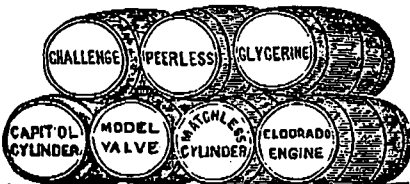
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