

GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BIRCHGROVE

GRIP ENG.

LITTER - ATOUTE

MUSIC

DRAMA

FOR CLIPPING ANNEXATIONISTS EARS

STRENGTH

PERMANENT

PAYABLE

IN

ADVANCE

The gravest beast is the ASS.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.



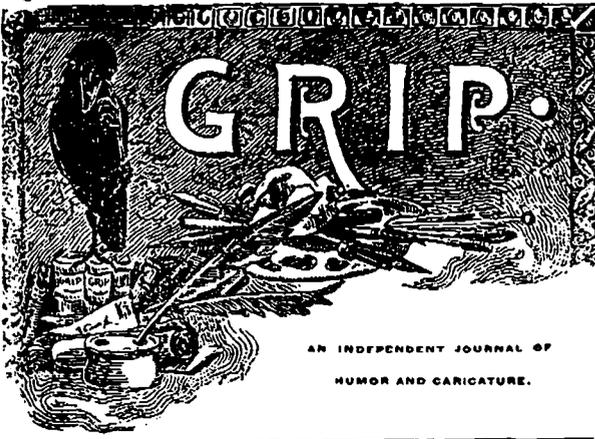
MILITARY TACTICS.

UNCLE SAM—"Young fellow, is it fighting you want?"
 COL. G.T.D.—"On the contrary, you old rascal, I'm doing this entirely in the interests of peace!"

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Comments on the Gaitans.



THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION. — Judge Thurman takes the verdict of the people at the polls on the 6th to mean that they are convinced that "the tariff is not a tax." This, we believe, is doing an injustice to the popular intelligence. Every citizen of the States knows that there are some hundred millions of dollars of a surplus collected by the Government every year and locked up in the treasury, and that this money comes out of the pockets of the people by virtue of the tariff. It is a matter of taste whether you call it a tax or give it some fancy name. It is something which the citizens are obliged to pay; it is, moreover, unnecessary, and for the benefit of the classes as opposed to the masses. To suppose that,

after such an exhaustive discussion as the subject has received throughout the country, a large majority have honestly been convinced that this surplus is a benefit and not a burden, is, as we have said, a poor compliment to the intelligence of the American people. It is very doubtful whether, after all, the election was decided upon the tariff issue, or any other question of policy. The vote in New York State is what decided the battle, and it is tolerably clear that the Republican majority was secured there by ways that are dark. To the lying, fraud, forgery and general corruption resorted to by the Harrison managers, backed by the "boodle," "soap" and "fat" of the alarmed monopolists, was added the treachery of the Hill wing of the Democracy, whose enmity to Cleveland was an open secret throughout the campaign. The Empire State was simply carried by a deal between these two gangs of political thugs. The Republican party is "victorious," but, looking over the field of conflict, it has every reason to blush at the means by which that victory has been achieved—if it remembers how to

blush—which is doubtful. Cleveland is ousted—and Canadians have no special disposition to weep for him personally—but the battle for Free Trade which he inaugurated will go on, and ultimately the right will prevail. Meantime, it will not surprise us if the Republicans find it necessary at the next session of Congress to pass a tariff reduction measure at least as strong as the Mills bill.

MILITARY TACTICS.—Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denison writes to the *Globe* to say that if his more or less inflammatory speeches and letters against Yankees have led people to imagine that his "soul's on fire and eager for the fray," it's a mistake. What he desires above all other things is peace, and it is for the express purpose of ensuring perpetual peace that he indulges so often in passionate denunciations of the Americans and their "Annexationist allies" in Canada. The *Globe* is inclined to applaud the Colonel's good intention, but doubts the soundness of his judgment. But, after all, isn't his policy just as sensible as that of Bismarck, and the other European rulers who keep their big armies in marching order as a guarantee of peace? It is well known that Col. Denison is built on the European model. But, notwithstanding his patriotic eccentricities, he is one of the best of good fellows, and GRIP is proud of him.

S AID Sackville to Grover, November the seven,
By way of an Anglo-American jest,
"The vote of the people to-day makes us even—
It's my turn to order. Go West, sir; go West!"

SOME of the States may be more uncertain than others, but they were all pretty debatable over the tariff issue.

HOW comes it that we hear no denunciations of Dr. Clark and other members of the Scottish Home Rule Society as a parcel of disloyal rascals who are bent upon dismembering the British Empire, and all the rest of it? They demand for Scotland precisely what Parnell and his followers have been asking for Ireland. Isn't it about time for the "loyal" dirt slingers to begin meting out to them the treatment they have always visited on Irishmen for advocating Home Rule?

OF all the absurd, antiquated and incapable institutions connected with our municipal system, the Court of Revision easily "takes the cake." In the first place, aldermen, however wise and well-meaning, should on no account be permitted to adjudicate on matters in which they may be supposed to have a personal interest, and yet this court is composed exclusively of aldermen—and not of very wise or well-meaning ones, either. Such a court, if properly constituted, would perform an important function, but it must be so constituted as to command the respect and confidence of the community. Instead of aldermen who want votes from the appellants, the revising board should be composed of two or three or half a dozen non-resident gentlemen, specially posted on real estate and personal property affairs, and reasonably paid for their services. This would secure something assuredly better than the partiality, inconsistency and injustice which mark the decisions at present rendered by the so-called Court of Revision.

DR. McCULLY seems to have been laboring under the impression that it was no harm to shoot medical students. This was not unnatural, perhaps, as the doctor is something of a recluse, and constant work with the scalpel does not tend to develop the humane qualities. But he has suddenly found out that society has so far advanced in its sympathy for the humblest creatures, that to take life of any sort is an offence against the proprieties now. The man who deliberately shoots a midnight cat

is held to account for it—and is not a medical student as good as a midnight cat? He is, at keeping the neighbors awake.

* * *

GRIP joins heartily in the general shout of our citizens for a Music Hall worthy of the metropolis of the premier Province. Let us have a hall capable of accommodating the biggest kind of music festivals, with a magnificent organ and all the et ceteras, and let us have it soon. *But*—and this but is advisedly put in italics—but let us take care that the civic heelers do not get their clutches on the project. They would be sure to spell it h-a-u-l.

* * *

“**T**HE Christian attitude of the mind is that of candor, honesty and sincerity,” said the Rev. Ministerial Association, speaking from his pulpit. “Christianity welcomes every new development of truth, earnestly studies the same, with open mind and unprejudiced heart, and if convinced that it is *truth*, is ready to spend and be spent in the propagation of the same.” “Amen!” ejaculated a member of the Anti-Poverty Society, from one of the pews. Next day he waited on Rev. Min. Association, and requested that he might be permitted to lay before him an outline of the proposed single tax system, which was at present almost universally misunderstood by the pulpit. “No, sir!” said the Rev. Association, curtly; “you can’t tell *me* anything *I* don’t know. I need no light on the subject. Get out!” And then the rev. and extremely candid gentleman sat down to write a sermon entitled, “Henry Georgeism; or, The Absurdity of Dividing up Property so as to Put all Men on an Equality.”

THE FAKIR IN ENGLAND.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 21st, 1888.

DEAR GRIP:—



I think I told you in my last that I was billed for a lecture in Lower Bebington, Cheshire, under the patronage of Canon Duxter. Well it was a big success. Hall crowded to its utmost capacity. Any number of local magnates present, and some from a distance. Punctually at eight o’clock I stepped on to the platform, and, without waiting to be introduced, drew the revolver I had bought for the occasion and fired at the ceiling. As you may suppose, a scene of wild confusion ensued. The ladies

shrieked, and I believe one or two of them fainted.

“Don’t get scared,” I said, as soon as I could make myself heard. “It is always the custom in America for a speaker to begin that way. It arrests the attention of the audience, besides letting ’em know he’s heeled in order to resent interruptions. The subject onto which I’m to shoot off my mouth to-night is, ‘Real Life in America,’ and, you bet, I’ll give it you straight and not unload any guff on you. ’Taint often that I’ve had the chance to toot my bazoo before so fly a crowd, accustomed, I reckon, to considerably better lay-outs than my chin-music, and I aint no such sucker as to allow that any flapdoodle would go down with you. Not to any extent,



HONESTY ITS OWN REWARD.

TRAMP READING ADVT. COLUMN—“Losht, a pocket-book, wid shmall sum a? money in it. The finder’ll be suitably rewarded be lavin’ it at affis!”

“Well, that’s nate, be me sowl! The man that finds it’ll be suitably rewarded be givin’ it up again! Av it’s me that finds it, he gob, it’s a thriffler more substantial reward I’ll be lookin’ for!”

by gosh! If I tried that racket on I guess I should give myself away real bad. You’ll allow me perhaps to brace up before we get down to hard pan.”

I paused a minute and drawing a large flask from my hip-pocket, took a drink amid loud applause from the audience.

“How charmingly natural! how delightfully unconventional, isn’t he?” said a young lady who sat near the platform, to an elder women, probably her mother.

“Yes, dear. The free and unaffected manners of the Americans are indeed an agreeable contrast to the restraints of English society. We must invite him to the Castle.”

“In America,” I resumed, “they reckon a man is away off his chump if he don’t irrigate every hour or so. Our favorite beverage is the cocktail. It is composed of equal parts of aquafortis and sulphuric acid, with a dash of bitters and a flavoring of lemon. (Sensation). Hence the expression ‘Nominate your pizen,’ when extending a hospitable invitation.

“My friend, the Canon here, who is no slouch, didn’t exactly catch on when I mentioned this circumstance, but as I explained to him, there is a difference in the climate.” Then I proceeded to give ’em the stories I’d unloaded on the Canon during our interview, which I don’t need to repeat here, about the effects of the cold and the way we conducted our elections, etc. Took it all in? I should say they did. When I was telling ’em about our fights with the Indians near Toronto, they got greatly enthused as I illustrated my remarks by several more shots from my revolver and by slashing up the desk with my bowie knife. When I exhibited a bunch of hair I had got in a hair-dresser’s store as the scalp of the Indian Chief, “Snapping Turtle,” slain by my own hand in an encounter on the Don flats, it just capped the climax.



I took out a big plug of tobacco, cut off a chew with the bowie knife and proceeded to tell them about buffalo-hunting.

"If you will look on the map you'll see in Western New York the name 'Buffalo.' That is the centre of the buffalo country. To follow the monarch of the plains as he scoots like thunder over the level prairie, making the earth shake beneath his tread like a thousand of brick, you bet it's elegant sport."

"Its hall a confounded lie," spluttered out a large red-faced man who had listened in open-mouthed astonishment to my discourse. "Ladies and gentlemen, hi lived in Buffalo, N. Y., four years, hand there his'n't a buffalo within 'undreds of miles."

"Oh, come off," said I, scornfully. "Then perhaps you can tell us why it is called Buffalo?"

The question paralyzed him, and as he couldn't answer it, the audience hooted him, and he was collared by a policeman for raising a disturbance.



I resumed. "I was telling you, when interrupted, about buffalo hunting, which everlastingly knocks the spots out of fox-hunting. Formerly we used to go on horse-back, but now steam engines are employed, the prairie being as smooth as a billiard table. Fancy the exhilaration of the hunter as on perceiving a herd of buffalo in sight, he gaily fires up, puts a weight on the safety valve, opens the throttle and lets her go,

Gallagher! On and on speeds the engine until the game is overtaken, when the hunter, carefully igniting the fuse, hurls a dynamite bomb at the nearest bull. The explosion can be heard for miles and the shattered carcass falls to the earth. That rather lays over your dog and gun business, I guess!"

At the conclusion of my lecture Canon Duxter remarked that it was perhaps the most successful of any delivered in the town. I was overwhelmed with congratulations and invitations. I have since been asked to repeat the lecture in several places, and shall of course do so. Guess I'll stay here a while longer after all. Yours, etc.,

THE FAKIR.



A FRUIT JAR.

CURRENT CROAKS.

TALKING about the price of baker's bread—can you expect the bakers to go on eternally altering prices and finally work people up to the belief that they really don't know how to conduct their own business? Wheat goes up, we'll say; then up goes the price of bread. Wheat presently takes a tumble; then the aggravated baker sits down and fairly grins with—that is to say, weeps with chagrin. Here looms up the task of advertising another tariff alteration; the nuisance of revising his probable profits presents itself and boldly stares him in the face; he is haunted by the thought of how customers will relish the disparity in the items of their accounts. He is perplexed. He is worried. He is mad. He finally says, in desperation, that he'll be hanged if he changes the prices. The infernal markets are to be blamed—not the poor baker!

WHILE Peter X. was eating his pastry lunch, the other day, he stopped between mouthfuls of a jam-pie and remarked in cold, husky tones: "Bro. Sheppard's story is 'A Bad Man's Sweetheart.' This succulent pie is 'A Good Man's Sweet tart!'" Then he resumed the pie as though nothing had happened.

WE read in our Southampton contemporary:

"Yesterday morning a partridge was shot opposite the *Beacon* office on a telegraph pole near the post office."

There is nothing like explicitness in detail, and if the boy had not just at that moment called for copy, the young editor would have added: "On Main street, in this village, w. ½ lot 14, McGlue's survey, be the same more or less." But there is one serious, though modest omission. The young editor forebore to say that it was he who shot the partridge. He was lying in ambush for a delinquent subscriber, when the partridge happened along, took the shot, and saved a bad man's life. The solemn truth must be told, modesty or no modesty.

MR. STUBBS, Mr. White's opponent in Cardwell, has with several others gone deer hunting in Haliburton. This goes to show that Mr. Stubbs, besides being after game, is game himself. Naturally enough a man who gets defeated in an election contest takes to the woods. Mr. Stubbs takes to the woods, but not in despair—only for sport. He is of bright, volatile temperament, not cast down by defeat at the polls or other trifles. No doubt he is fully loaded for bear. Mr. Evans, the belligerent aspirant and rival of Mr. Stubbs, was loaded up the other way. Mr. Stubbs probably is now quite satisfied that it so happened, seeing that a man only needs to use one eye when shooting off his gun. We sincerely trust the Cardwell hunter will completely fill his game bag with bear and deer and things.

SOME people are fond of working themselves into a catnip fit at the idea of the gross interference of Prohibition with a man's "personal liberty." But if it is "gross interference" (and several other stronger terms too numerous to mention) with "personal liberty" to try and stop men drinking whisky, what dictionary will supply the adjectives for interference with what a man shall do with his own money! And yet that is what the Lottery Act, whose provisions are now being invoked in Toronto, contemplates. Nevertheless it does not appear that there are any Anti-Lottery Act Societies being organized in Canada with the object of hurling despotism into the howling limbo. Not many persons seem to think the bottom is being knocked out of the British Constitution because they are liable to be punished for buying lottery tickets. This "personal liberty" doctrine surely doesn't hinge on whisky alone!



"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

POLITICAL POEM.

..... election in Maine,
 Republican gain ;
 Democrats,
 rats !
 'rah for Blaine !

SACKVILLE'S SLIP.

ONCE a hook was baited
 For a diplomat,
 Ne'er anticipated
 He the *quod erat*.

Demonstrandum. Took it,
 Letter wrote—alack !
 'Ome he has to 'ook it !
Nulla bona—sack !

Now *corps* dip'lomatic
 Resolute are :
 " No such act lunatic
 Our fine work shall mar.

" To all letters pregnant
 Possibly with spats
 'Twixt the powers regnant,
Respondemus : ' Rats ! "

MOTTOES.

BEING A REVISED LIST. PATENTS APPLIED FOR IN EACH CASE.

- " GO, WEST ! "—Lord Sackville.
- " Woodman, spare that tree ! "—R. W. Phipps.
- " *Je plie et je ne romps pas.* "—Kimber, the Black Rod Usher.
- " Come into the garden, Maud. "—Piper, the Zoo-man.
- " The President who is truly loyal to his party will neither advise nor submit to plenipotentiary freshness. "—Grover Cleveland.
- " O, the Times ! O, the charges ! "—Parnell.
- " Base is the slave who pays—attention to warrants ! "—Broker Baxter.
- " *Otium cum dignitate.* "—Ex-Treas. Harman.
- " The man for Gall-way ! "—E. A. Macdonald.
- " Doing the Grand. "—Manager Sheppard.
- " These 'ands are clean ! "—Ald. Baxter.
- " Barriers burned away ! "—London Tizer.
- " The Union for—others ! "—Mac. of the World.
- " Learn to labor and to wait—for more advts. ! "—Emperor Creighton.
- " *Dulce et decorum est pro patria et monstachia mori.* "—Anti-Annexationist Denison.
- " XXX ! "—Hon. John Carling.
- I. " The quality of mercy is not strained. " II. " Let 'er go, Gallagher ! "—Hon. Justice Sir Thomas Gall.
- " It might have been ! "—Blake.
- " *Ici n'on parle pas Français !* "—The Mai.
- " The brotherhood of man. "—E. Wiman.
- " Teeter-totter. "—The News.
- " Never get left ! "—Sir John A.
- " The Queen and Government patronage ! "—Regina Davin.
- " Now is the time to subscribe ! "—[Note.—In dispute; several country editors claim it.]

TORMAID ON MONTREAL FIRE BRIGADE APPOINTMENTS.

MESTER GRIP :—Do ye ken that we have a new chief for the fire brigade the noo at lang, lang last, and he is a Frenchman tae to be shure. They say he is a pretty decent chap and I dinna blame him tawkin' a guid job when he can get it. I would dae the vera same thing ma sel. But the way he was put, Mister GRIP, is what puzzles me. The insurance companies wanted another man, Beckingham, I think they call him. Some folks here seem to allow that the insurance men ken on what side their bread is buttered, and English public opinion here agrees with the insurance companies in favor of the men they ca' Beckingham. They say he was so long in the city brigade that he kens the city better than I do, and I do naething else but walk the ceeti a' the time. They say a' the blame may be put on Sandy, the son of Stephen. Once upon a time there was a big fire doon near the river. Sandy was there and he wanted to show Beckingham what ta dae and Beckingham would na dae it. The insurance companies said, " Good boy, Beckingham ; you have saved that place ; Sandy did na ken half as much about it as you did. " Sandy, however, did na seem to relish a' this and he put the veto on Beckingham being appointed chief the noo.

TORMAID.

P. S.—The *Witness* people are our best friends down here. Perhaps you might give them a little bit of a puff up some time. They and I always work hand in hand. I sometimes tell people what the old woman told the man that asked her what she believed. She believed what the Church believed, and the Church believed what she believed. It is the same way with me and the *Witness* and GRIP.

N. M.

" WE cannot check Manitoba ! " declares Sir John. " But we can muster 2,000 strong and try it on mighty hard, " declares General Whyte, C.P.R.

ON AN APPLE TREE.



HE farmer in the apple tree is prancing round about,
He treads upon the bending limbs and reaches boldly out,
He plucks the crst forbidden fruit used firstly to deceive
In Eden, but his thoughts run not on Adam nor on Eve.
He is thinking with what speeding strides Old Time has ambled by,
Since this goodly tree

was but a twig, whose twigs now poke his eye.

Its slender form but yesterday in one hand he did take,
And trod the earth about its roots and tied it to a stake;
Another yesterday it seems when its first fruit he tried,
And swore that the tree-pedar who sold it to him lied;
The very branch on which it grew now catches him behind.
And all his blue jean pantaloons are streaming in the wind.

He well remembers, too, the day the hired man broke a limb
In ploughing, and the epithets with which he went for him;
How its lop-sided shapelessness annoyed him many a day,
And tempted him to take the axe and clear it quite away.
Instead he grafted in a bud to fill the vacant place,
A score of offshoots from that bud now scourge him on the face.

He thinks on all that he has done, on all that has occurred,
On all the changes years have made, and all his soul is stirred.
Through Memory's halls he wends his way while on the apple tree,
And dwells on things that might have been, if he had let things be.
And thus on ashes of the past his phoenix thoughts are fed,
When a burly pippin knocks both him and them upon the head.

The leaves are scattered round the tree by many a windy storm,
And spreading wide upon the sward appears its spectral form;
Like a geometric spider's web, its outlines have been wrought,
And the shadow of the farmer seems a stout blue-bottle caught.
While thinking thus he steps upon a limb which is unsound,
And the pensive agriculturist is tumbled to the ground.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

HOW SCOTTIE CURED THE MISTAKEN CALLERS, AND WAS CURED HIMSELF?

IN QUARANTINE, Oct. 25, '88.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,

If I'm no oot o' my mind wi' the way I've suffered frae the ringin' o' that door bell, it's just anither proof that I'm nae ordinary man, an' that my mind's no ane that can be upset wi' ony ordiner' calamity. Still it's the continual dreepin' that wears the rock, ye ken, an' tae tell ye the truth, I wadna like tae move inta anither hoose that a minister had moved oot o'. Nicht an' day at a 'oors that bell gaed an' aye it was the Rev. Wiry Jones that was wanted. At scrauch o' day I wad hae tae loup oot o' ma bed an' it wad be an onnaterally early milk man wantin' tae ken whar the Rev. Wiry Jones had moved till. Then aboot breakfast time wad come a ring, an' it was a man gane awa on the train, an' he wanted a word wi the minister afore he gaed awa; then a while after twa emigrants came wi' letters o' introduction tae the Rev. Wiry Jones. Then a woman came an wanted tae borrow ten dollars frae the reverend man because she kent he had a real feelin' heart, an' anither auld man came an wanted a letter written tae his son in Californy. He had lost the address, but he thocht, bein' a minister, the Reverend Wiry wad be apt tae guess aboot it. Then a temperance deputation drove up tae the door an steppin in

an shook hands wi me afore I could get breath tae tell them they had taen the wrong soo by the lug. Aboot four o'clock i' the afternoon a man cam tae the door an' shook his fist i' ma face and tellt me I was paid for preachin' the Gospel, an' it was nane o' my business boo he paid his employees or hoo lang 'oors he keepit them workin': an' if I didna stop preachin' at his parteecklar private sins, he wud find means tae get me hoisted oot o' that! Losh! I just leuch at the man! After that an auld man wi a bit lassie o' seeventeen or sae, wantet tae ken if I wad marry them, but I telled them a woman may not marry her grandfather, an' sent the auld fule awa as mad as a hornet. He'll be thankful tae me for that some day. Then another couple cam, a likely pair, but I telled them it wad be the sorrow o' ma life that I cudna reverse the arithmetical rule by makin' twa one, on account o' me no bein' in tae holy orders yet. A man that had just buried his wife cam tae me for consolation, an' I telled him that absence made the heart grow fonder, an that the Reverend Wiry Jones might be fond through a directory. Then they cam wantin subscriptions for a beggar, an' when I telled them the Rev. gentleman had moved oot o' here, they wantit tae ken if I wadna like tae subscribe till't in the capacity o' a private member! When it came the next mornin' I was wakened oot o' ma fine mornin' snooze wi' somebody hammerin' carpet tacks. This was Mistress Airlie nailin' doon packsheet on tae the hall tae save the oilcloth, for there was sich a runnin' tae the door after folk seekin' the Rev. Wiry Jones. My banes were that stik wi' bein' keepit on my feet a' day answerin' that door bell, that I really felt ma health cudna stand anither day o't. Ma wife proposed tae bring ma meals intae the hall an' let me sit at the back o' the door tae be handy, but faith I fell on a better plan than that. I tuk a muckle caird an' I wrote upon't in muckle capitals, "SMALL POX," an' then I nailed it on ootside the door an' sat doon ahint the lace window curtains, like a muckle speeder, tae watch hoo mony wad come. It ackti't like magic. Me an Mistress Airlie laughed till the tears ran doon our cheeks tae see the awfu' scatteration that caird made. First, they wud com across the street thinkin' it was a "Let" on the door, an' then the minit they wad spell it oot, they wad turn an' flee like hens we' a whittrick after them. But wae's me, hoo short lived is anythin' in the way o' mirth in this weary world. I was sittin' at the parlour window, an' my wife was sittin' on ma knee fell canty, when what should I see drivin' up tae the door but a sma pox ambulance! An' there were we bundled in neck an' crop, in spite o' a' oor protests an' explanations, an' driven off tae the sma' pox hospital! Nae maitter what I said, we were telled noo we were there we wad hae tae ride quarantine till we wad see whether the pocks cam oot on's! Ma feelin's overcome me sae muckle when I think on a' I've suffered through that Rev. Wiry Jones, that I've only spunk enough left tae sign mysel yours in Quaranteen,

HUGH AIRLIE.

SHE SYMPATHIZED WITH HER.

AT ST. LAWRENCE MARKET.

FIRST WOMAN—"How m-m-mu-much is your b-b-b-butter a p-p-p-pound?"

SECOND WOMAN—"T-t-t-twenty-five c-c-c-cents."

FIRST W.—"Are you m-m-mocking m-m-me?"

SECOND W.—"N-n-n-no, I was b-b-bo-born that way."

FIRST W.—"Oh! wha-wha-what a p-p-p-p-pity!"

PROBABLY BY REV. DR. PARKER, LONDON.

O! HAD I the wings of a cow,
 To thee I would swim in a year,
 To hear thy most eloquent brow
 Fondly flashing its gaze in my ear.

To look on thy beautiful voice
 And list to thine eyelids so blue,
 Whilst my liver might outward rejoice,
 And my hair all turn inwardly true.

To ask thee to leave me alone,
 And crawl with the speed of a fish,
 That always for thee as his own
 Another might crave what I wish.

O! let us depart for the land
 Of water, so crystal and deep,
 Where the tigers by cork-trees are fann'd,
 And the short-neck'd giraffe walks asleep.

OUR FIRST FIRE.

MR. MOLE had joined our village fire brigade; he had a dim and shadowy idea that during some great conflagration he would astonish the natives by some act of unparalleled heroism, and then gracefully retire from active service in a blaze of glory. Mole described the life of a fireman in such a piquant, graphic manner, that I became quite interested, and, in a moment of mental aberration, I joined the "Hogwash Fire Brigade also."

We attended our first fire last night. It was dark and very muddy. When the alarm was sounded, I sprang out of bed and found a table I didn't think was in the room. Mole awoke with a snort, and leaping out of bed with a bound like a kangaroo, he thumped our inoffensive stove with cheerful vigor and barked his shins. We groaned, rubbed our lacerated limbs, and reached out for our clothes. Being in a hurry our garments became mixed. Mole squeezed into my new lavender-colored pants, and putting on one overshoe, he tore down the street, yelling like a fog horn. I easily slipped into his roomy pants, and pulling on a pair of rubbers, I went down the street on the keen jump, emitting sundry wild war whoops on the way. We yanked out our mildewed old hand-engine, and in less than seventeen minutes from the time the alarm rang out, we were at the fire. It was in a private house. I assisted four other lunatics to smash in the front door; then we turned the hose into the drawing-room—the fire was located in the kitchen, but we wanted to prevent it spreading. We grabbed the piano, knocked off the legs, and fired it into the street. I nearly bent my spine helping remove two large stone images that stood on the verandah. We had just smashed in the windows of the conservatory, and were carrying out the iron flower-pots, when a wild cry of alarm attracted our attention to the front of the house, and an impressive scene met our gaze. At one of the front windows stood a beautiful young lady and one of the servants. A ladder was at once raised by willing hands; the heroic spirit of Mole was aroused; he rushed forward, grabbed the ladder, and began his perilous ascent. The crowd looked on with bated breath. He reached the window. He was nearly ten feet from the ground; but he was cool and collected. With one blow he knocked the window galley west; throwing down his axe, he prepared to assist the fair young lady down the ladder, but the big fat cook could be restrained no longer; she threw herself into the arms of the astonished Mr. Mole, who left the ladder rather hurriedly and landed with awful force in a large



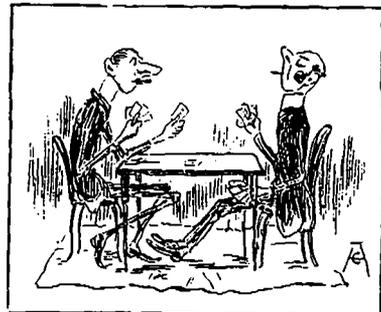
LITERARY PROGRESS AT OTTAWA.

BODKINS (of the heavy weights)—"By the way, I see Rivers has written a book of poetry. How is it selling?"
 SLOBKINS (of the bread and butter bureau)—"Doing very well, I think, for I saw Rivers yesterday coming out of Devlin's with a new umbrallah!"

mud puddle, where the cook at once went into hysterics, and clawed wildly at Mole's unprotected head. The unsympathetic crowd laughed, and when Mole was hauled out of the mud a baleful light shone in his eyes, for he espied his deadly rival, Jinkins, escorting the fair lady down the ladder. The crowd cheered, and Jinkins was the hero of the hour. We put the fire out; the inmates gazed ruefully at their slaughtered furniture, and we hauled our wheezy old engine back to the room.

We didn't talk much on the way home, but when we arrived at our room, Mole's long repressed ire burst forth: "I am going to send in my resignation," said Mole, as he stalked up and down, "that Jinkins is an abandoned ruffian of the lowest type; the chief favors him; I won't associate with such a degraded villain," and Mole looked fierce and disgusted. I gazed at my lavender-colored pants and my heart ached, so I said there was nothing avaricious about me, I knew when I had enough. So this evening Mole wrote an elaborate letter, full of fine flourishes and erratic spelling, in which Messrs. Muggins and Mole begged to resign their positions as hosemen in the Hogwash Fire Brigade. Our resignation was accepted, and, strange to say, they seem to struggle along without us, which is very surprising, for we were shining lights in the brigade, especially Mole, who has "auburn" hair.

E.A.C.



THE HIDDEN HAND.



A SPECIALTY OF HIS.

WORKING MAN—"You had a good deal to say about strikes at that Banquet, Mr. Chapleau, but what does a lily-fingered swell like you know about strikes?"

CHAPLEAU—"Me? I'd like to see any one of you that has gone on strike oftener than I have?"

ASKS AND ANSWERS.

A NEW feature—which might be called the "*knows*" of GRIP—will be introduced in the shape of a column devoted to historical, literary and antiquarian research. Some contemporaries have attempted this; but this paper will eclipse them all, having secured the services of the great encyclopædist, Dr. Horatio Van Rumpus, C.O.D., who will edit this departure and department from time to time. Questions are invited. Address, "Editor, Asks and Answers."

Ask (1) Where is the line to be found reading, "The short and simple annals of the poor"?—SOAPY.

Answer.—This line is usually misquoted as above; but should read as follows:—"The short and simple *animals* of the poor." Soapy will find it in Kirke White's "Natural History of Seldom," a rare MS. printed in 1592. The animals referred to are now extinct.

Ask (2) What is meant by R.S.V.P. on an invitation card?—BEAUTY.

Answer.—Another mistake. Should be R.S.N.P., "Rain shall not prevent." First used by early society after the Flood.

Ask (3) What is the derivation of the expression, "Gee up," used to make a horse go?—SPAVIN.

Answer.—"Gee up" is as old as some of the cab horses in Montreal, and is used to commemorate the fast driving of Jehu-get-along.

Ask (4) What is the origin of lotteries?—CHANCEY.

Answer.—So called after Lot, who wanted to draw a good wife and got left with a pillar of salt. Some trace it to the Egyptian lotos—because lotteries are nearly all plants.

Ask (5) Who is referred to by Johnson thus:

"He left a name, at which the world grew pale
To point a moral or adorn a tale?"

—BOSWELL.

Answer.—Consensus of opinion points with unerring finger to the somewhat hackneyed but remarkably historic name of Smith. Ask Goldwin.

HORATIO VAN RUMPUS.

A HOMILY ON LUBRICANTS.

PRICES-CURRENT, to be had at the exchanges, and always on file in well ordered counting-houses, invariably include among their quotations those of the various oils, light and heavy, used to allay the irritation cog-wheels, cams and levers are apt to evidence when hard worked. Plumbago, too, will be found quoted in certain of these commercial catalogues, a metal which in a finely divided powder can do much to suppress the outcry of wooden things in quick movement. While lubrication, then, in things mechanical, thus takes a noteworthy place in the merchandise of great marts, we cannot but perceive the important part surface, as well as substance, plays in the working world. Ethically cultured as GRIP is, he plainly discerns a lesson herein applicable to the moral sphere. Men and women are to-day running up and down the face of the earth quicker than ever before; they are, therefore, apt to jostle one another more, and see one another for periods so limited that the jostling, although as painful as ever, is less and less tempered by considerateness. Many good people, just, true and charitable, who have taken GRIP from the first number, are so conscious of being good in substance that they are careless about being good in surface. Yet surface it is whereby they are known to all but the few admitted to their valued friendship. A little of the inexpensive oil of politeness, suavity, or whatever else the external evidences of good-nature and good-will may be called, would act as a moral lubricant and bring into practical effect an immense stock of genuine worth in the community—worth unsuspected, because so securely hidden under rudeness, gruffness, inconsiderateness. The man of cash capital buys him a mighty engine of steam for many thousand dollars; for a handful of pence he doubles its efficiency and lengthens its life by the use of some pints of oil. The man of moral capital often lays up great stores of character at much cost of work, discipline, self-control; then unwisely despising the surface, or appearance of what is within him, he foregoes one-half the good at his command.



IDENTITY.

MCTAVISH—"Haf you sawn a black peeg heerabouts whateffer, Muster Murphy?"

MURPHY—"Sure I did. There's a big black pig wid a short tail down byant, fornint Crowley's front dure."

MCTAVISH—"Ah! That wass me! That wass me, sure!"



HURRAH! BLAINE—WE MEAN HARRISON—WINS!!



A THANKSGIVING IDYL.

"DO I LOOK LIKE A MAN AS WOULD STEAL A TURKEY?"

CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY,

TALKS ON MUNICIPAL CANDIDATES AND MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

GRIP, ould man, "Im wid you wance agin!" which is a humorous bit o' remark the bailiff does be indulgin' in whin he dhrops into a shmall houldin' at home, wid his pocket full o' prociss papers, a gun across his should-hers, and a divil-take-the-whole-o'-you look on his hay-thenish mug.

And the silf-same remark suggests the priscence wid us wance agin av the municipal candydade—bad cess till him!

It's not me, GRIP, that 'ud be afther beratin' the wise men that invinted municipal govermint for Canaday. Rist their bones, sez Denis Rafferty! And may they nivir rise up from their graves an' set eyes on the diginate, ondacent, murtherin', muddled shtate av affairs that in these modern days is shown by the prostitution of their patent.

It's us that's misconstrued an' pervarted and murdered the wance illigant system. An', bad scran to it all, there's but few av us willin' to rache out our hands an' raise our vices to privint thricksters from puttin' the koshapooka on it intirely!

It's too hivvy our taxes are, an' too little we get for him!

It's too many *crashers* we put into affis, an' too few MIN—dacent, honest, sensible min.

It's too much ward polytics we have, an' too shmall an amount av ginuine municipal growth an' improvement.

It's too big excitement we create iviry iliction time over matthers beyant the quistion, an' not enough rale, intilligant intherest in the things that ought to consarn us most.

Why do we lit ourselves favor the aisy-goin', good-natured, iviry-man's-frind, at the expinse av the man wid more to dimonshtrate his force o' charackther than an ivir-lastin' grin?

How, in the name o' common sinse, do we go on re-lictin' dummies an' do-nothings to seats at the Council Board, when their places would be taken be min who could criditably fill the bill, av proper manes were used to bring them into the field.

Why the divil do we so much sympathize wid log-rollin', an' humbug, an' extravagance, an' tom-foolery that we, *the payple*, have to shtand the cost av, an' refuse to back up the mimbir wid sand enough in his crop to thry to expose all these shortcomin's an' clane out the Augean stables o' civic abuses?

GRIP, I'm workin' mesilf up into a rage, bedad I am, at the thoughts av how the "ladies an' gintlemin"—the "indipindint electors," d'ye mind—are, year after year, givin' more play to the ringsther, the ructionists, the wire-pullers, the slatherin' blackguards, the useless bummers, an' Ould Nick knows how many others, who are no more fit, ayther be eddication or inshtinct, to manage our civic affairs than was me ould gran'-father, who fought in the ranks undher Wellin'ton, to take that Giniral's command.

I'll shtop now, darlin', for fear av a fit. But lit me say to iviry man an' woman who has a vote at the nixt municipal elictions—no matter whether in city, town or country, for I've had knowledge av all kinds—whin the would-be councillor comes to you wid a shmile on his face an' his hat in his hand, as iviry will-manin candydade ought to—don't promise your ballot widout honest, clear conviction that the man is, in most rispicts, anyway able to sit in his sate, talk little but say something, vote according to an enlightened conscience, an' have no more fear av "the gang" or its newspapers than me father had of an ould bull that wance undhertook to chase him across a five-acre field, but found itself, in a blissid minute, on the broad av its back, wie me father grippin' it be the horns an' its hoofs playing ta-too on nothin', till it owned up it was bate an' was at last let go wid its tale betune its legs an' not so much as a luk at the roguish face av the sire av

DENIS RAFFERTY.

THE BARROW-WHEELER AND THE THIEF.

A MAN in a certain small village earned his living by taking parcels from shops to customers in a barrow. One day he was robbed of a large bundle of flannel; on the thief being caught by a constable, the representative of justice said:

"Make that rascal wheel your barrow to the Court House."

"Nay," said the other, "rather bind him thereon that I may wheel him thither myself. No competition between prison labor and honest toil for me."

Moral.—Better is it to maintain a criminal in idleness, than to diminish public burdens by making him work for his living. Also, much can be done for national wealth when any three or four per cent. of the working population can be securely prevented from competing with the remainder.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL FAIR.

OBLIGING DIRECTOR (*pointing out to party under his escort the strong features of the show*)—"Here we have the Manitoba exhibit, and immediately opposite is the exhibit from the Regina District, er—(*playfully*)—the land of Davin!"

FAIR ONE OF THE PARTY (*eagerly*)—"What! Is that Mr. Davin's exhibit—the manual products of the tender-souled Nicholas, who writes such exquisite verses and delivers such amusing speeches? How interesting! But what immense potatoes he has produced! Oh! papa, we must certainly buy some of Mr. Davin's vegetables. Suppose we order a quart of each!"

LECTURER on Optics (explaining mechanism of the organ of vision): "Let any one gaze closely into his wife's eyes and he will find himself looking so exceedingly small that—"

The smiles of his audience caused an abrupt stop.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

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"OH! I suffer so from neuralgia that I have come to the point of deciding to kill myself!"

"In that case you ought to see a doctor."

PROFESSOR: "This is the rule in poetry. I will now show you some exceptional feet. Mr. S., will you please come forward?"

ON Monday "Monte Cristo, Jr.," was produced by the Kimball Company, with Corinne as the star. The *New York Sun* says:—"Corinne made a very charming appearance as Edmond Dantes and Count of Monte Cristo. Her singing and dancing were as finished and captivating as ever. There would scarcely be a richer spectacular than the cave scene; it was like looking in a kaleidoscope and pretty girls in place of broken glass." A grand extra matinee on Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 15.

JEANNETTE: "Say, ma, are you going to give me another piece of pie?"

Ma: "What do you want to know for?"

Jeannette: "Because if you didn't I want eat this piece as slow as can be."

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting 132-page Illustrated Book on Deafness. Noises in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d. Address Dr. Nicholson, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

YOUNG WIFE: "Yes, father always gives away expensive things when he makes presents."

Husband: "So I discovered when he gave you away."

And then he went to the library to draw a cheque for the monthly millinery bill.—*Ex.*

ORIENTAL ACTINA.—The only Catarrh remedy ever offered to the public on fifteen days' trial. Actina is not a medicine or a disgusting lotion, but a self-generating vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places. A written guarantee given with each instrument. Illustrated Book and Journal sent free. W. T. Baer & Co., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto.

"PA, did the Indians consider smoking the pipe of peace a religious ceremony?"

"They did, my son."

"Thank you. I know where the oath comes from now."

"What oath?"

"Holy smoke."—*Wasp.*

A BIG cave recently discovered in Virginia is to be bought by capitalists. It will be sold at wholesale.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE citizens of Toronto are to enjoy a rare treat on the 23rd, when the renowned contralto, Miss Hope Glenn, will appear at the Horticultural Pavilion. She will be assisted by several celebrated artists. Reserved seats at I. Suckling & Sons.

MRS. ALICE J. SHAW, the pretty American whistler, who has appeared before all the celebrities of England, carrying London by storm, will whistle for Torontonians at the Pavilion on the 19th. This will be the rare and radiant performance of the season. You may discover what to pay for this whistle at Nordheimer's.

LADY (having her hair dressed): "What pleases me in you is that you have not the failing of most hair-dressers, gossip about other ladies."

Hair-dresser: "Oh, I am too proper for that. I go to a great many houses and I could tell something about each one; for example, that Mrs. X. gives her lap-dog more to eat than she does her children; that the Banker A.'s wife goes out nights when he is at the club; that the Baroness W. wears a full wig; that the rich Mrs. L. owes everybody, has not paid me for three months—even borrowed five dollars of me—and lots more concerning other people, but I never tell anything. I am too well-behaved for that."

THE MESMERIST.

GET your risibles in good working order, and have your buttons sewn on with cobblers' thread. We offer these directions to all who intend "taking in" Prof. Reynolds' mesmeric entertainments at Shaftesbury Hall during the current fortnight. Speaking from a delightful experience of his visit last season, we have no hesitation in saying that these wonderful exhibitions afford more genuine and healthful fun than any other form of public amusement. You'll miss it if you fail to attend.

ANECDOTES OF OUR BRILLIANT SOCIETY WIT.

NO. 1.

"I SUPPOSE," said his friend the other day, "that you intend taking in the Glenn Concert?"

"Well," he replied, without a moment's hesitation, "I should *Hope* so!"

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Pavilion, November 23,

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DIVIDEND NO. 58.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of five per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after SATURDAY, the FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, at the office of the company, Church Street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November, inclusive. By order of the Board. S. C. WOOD, Manager. TORONTO, 24th October, 1888.

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The author of the work is the celebrated Dr. Richardson, of England; and, this book, though somewhat less bulky, being printed in smaller type, contains the whole of the matter of the English edition, slightly rearranged, as to some of the chapters to suit the requirements of our Public School work. It is, however, but half the price of the English edition.

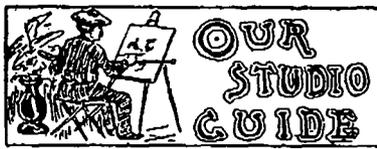
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HIS PROSPECT.

PATER—"Goin' to get married, hey? and do you expect to live on love, sir?"
HOPEFUL SON—"Oh, no; on love's father."



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Business Index.

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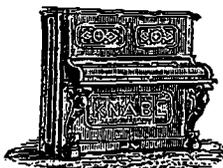
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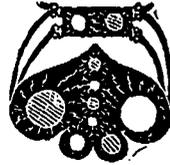
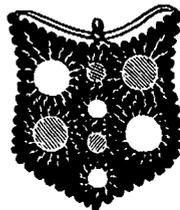
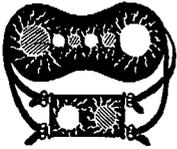
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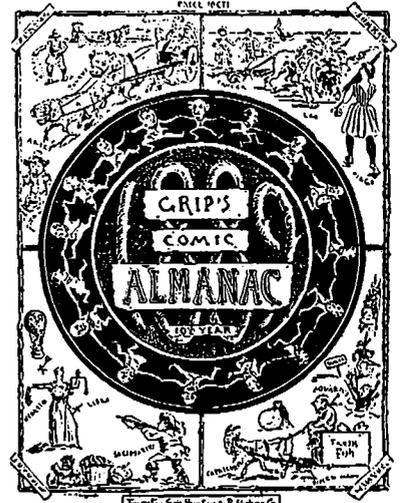
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