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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide St. East first door west of Post Office.

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BENGOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XVI. No. 6.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1880.

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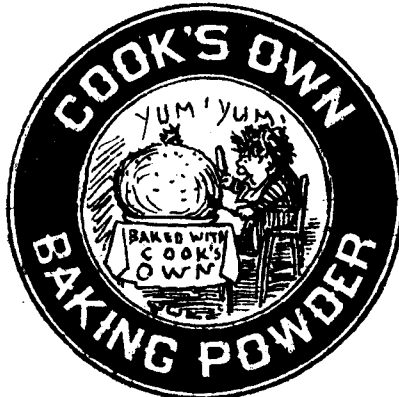
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(Signed,) JOHN A. MACDONALD.

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(Signed,) EDWARD BLAKE.

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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

Kepler, the cartoon artist of *Puck*, is tall and finely formed, with a good breadth of chest. He is a handsome brunette, with a black mustache and restless black eyes. He is one of the quietest of men, polite and easy, but almost shy in the modesty of his manner. He does not like to have any one praise his work, and he cordially invites criticism. His brother artists claim that he is the best artist of pencil portraits in the country. Wales, who contributes to *Puck*, is a good natured man, whose amiable manner is not always seen in the severity of his cartoons. In the main, however, there is always a lurking sense of jollity in his work, as there is in Kepler's. Oppen is a patient, keen, big-eyed young man who wears a perpetual smile and admires Kepler.—*Herald P.I.*

No person who feels an interest in the development of Canadian art can look over Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson's stock of Christmas publications without pride and pleasure. This firm are the recognized exponents of artistic culture in the Dominion, so far as books are concerned, and we are very much pleased to know that their energy and enterprise are being substantially encouraged by the art loving public. As a Christmas speciality, they have produced a line of daintily gotten up booklets, printed in the highest style of typographic art, and beautifully enclosed in covers of old gold satin, or other equally fastidious material. The binding consists merely of a ribbon fastened in a lover's knot, and the initial cover of each is embellished with a hand-painted illustration. These designs (all by artists residing in this Province) are in oil, water colours, india ink or sepia, and embrace a wonderful variety of subjects, the artistic work in every case being such as would do credit to the oldest art centres of the world. The best proof of this statement is the fact that these booklets are in active demand in London and New York, and the publishers are in constant receipt of orders from those cities. We venture to say these goods will prove a real revelation to the majority of intelligent Canadians, and cannot fail to act as a timely corrective to that miserable pessimism with which some of our people view the prospects of fine art in Canada. This is equally true of the little book, "Now the Day is over," which is issued by Hart & Rawlinson purely as a specimen of native manufacture and art. The paper, binding, type, typography, drawing and engraving, are all distinctively Canadian, and no loyal citizen need blush to own them. The contents consist of Baring Gould's well-known and touching hymn, with several illustrations drawn by Mrs. Schrieber, R. C. A., and engraved by Mr. Brigden, of the Toronto Engraving Co. In every respect this little book is surprisingly good. Space will not permit of more than a passing reference to the line of original Christmas and New Year's cards brought out by Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson. Suffice it to say they are such as might be expected of publishers who have a fine sense of the beautiful, and who also possess the means and enterprise to realize their ideal of excellence.

It may not be generally known that Mr. James Anthony Froude, the historian, is a regularly ordained deacon in the Established Church of England, but it is a fact that he was ordained in 1844, and was also a writer in Cardinal Newman's "Lives of the Saints." Mr. Froude was at that time an ardent disciple of Puseyism, although he has since gone so far in the other direction as to speak of the Scriptures as the "Hebrew Mythology." His "Personal Reminiscences of the Oxford High Church Revival," which he proposes to write in six numbers of *Good Words*, will therefore be likely to attract considerable attention.

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

1881 1881
THE MAYORALTY

To the Electors of the City of Toronto.

Your vote and influence at the coming Election are kindly requested for

JAMES BRITTON,
FOR MAYOR.

THE ELECTION TAKES PLACE
MONDAY, JANUARY 3rd, 1881

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

A GENTLEMAN four years pastor French Protestant Church, New York, wishes to form classes. Address Rev. J. Bleaubien, 20 Alexander St., Toronto.

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YOUR VOTE & INFLUENCE

Are respectfully solicited for the election of
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The Election will take place on Monday, January 3rd 1881.

1881
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FOR MAYOR.

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Supervision.

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

Gerster sends all the floral tribute she receives to the unfortunates in the hospitals.

Clara Morris has received an offer, by cable, from Mr. Barrett, of the Court Theatre, London, to take the leading characters in some new plays.

Miss Lulu Veling, a youthful pianist, only 12 years of age, appears in Washington, on the 21st of January, in her first public concert. She has been the subject of much generous criticism. She is a Poltsville miss.

The Salvini season at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, was a great artistic and financial success. The receipts for the eight performances exceeded \$26,000. Salvini will appear on the boards of the Grand before the close of the present season.

Dr. Wild's lecture on Tuesday night was listened to by a large and interested audience. The mystical title "Stone Miracle," was merely a "Wild" method of saying "Pyramid." A good sum must have been realized towards the object of the Young People's Association of Bond Street.

Edwin Booth's English friends wish he had begun with "Richard III;" for the play continues to run. The public is becoming used to his ways and getting to like him, and some day they will be saying to one another, "Really I would have mistaken him for an Englishman, you know." After which, there being nothing higher in the way of taffy in store for him, he will have to come home.

Mr. Pitou announces as his Christmas attraction the latest London and New York success, "The Guv'nor," with Geo. Fawcett Rowe in the leading part. "Engaged" and "Little Emily" will also be produced. Gus Williams opens the new year at the Grand in his comical drama, "Our German Senator," to be followed by Mrs. Howard (the original Topsy) in the ever delightful play "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Messrs. Thomas & Co., of Chicago, have been engaged by the following churches to give their celebrated Sun Picture Tour of Beauties and Wonders of the World. Their entertainment is very highly spoken of by the press, and comprises scenes of California, St. Lawrence River, An Ocean Voyage to Europe, London, Scotland, Ireland, Egypt, Palestine, &c., &c. They exhibit on Tuesday night, 28th, at St. George's Church; Wednesday night, 29th, at Shaftesbury Hall; Thursday night, 30th, at St. Paul's; Friday night, 31st, at East Presbyterian Church.

The Passion Play at Oberammergau this year was not a great success pecuniarily. The receipts amounted to \$60,000, half of which was profit to be divided among all the performers. Mayer, who played the part of Jesus, received the largest dividend, but it amounted to only \$250, while the lowest classes of the performers received only \$16 for thirty-nine performances. They are greatly dissatisfied with their gains and complain that the inn-keepers and peddlers received the largest share of the pecuniary income of the festival. The hotel men and the vendors of trinkets and photographs are much more impressed with the sacred influence of the play and are more anxious for its repetition than are the performers. According to the *New York Times*, American visitors this year were "more struck by the capacity of Mayer, as Jesus, to absorb beer than with his sacred aspirations. The Disciples were greatly addicted to flirting with the Biblical heroines, and their unprofessional manners, on the whole, very unbecoming to persons presumed to be saturated with the sanctity of the occasion."

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VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 6.

GRIP.

SATURDAY 25th DECEMBER, 1890.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY **J. W. BENGOUGH.**

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

Our Own Egotist.

It has been arranged to give Mr. Archibald Forbes a reception at the Queen's on Christmas Ev'g. I trust the newspaper press of the city will be thoroughly represented on the occasion.

A brief breathing space has been granted to Parliament, and I fervently trust the time will be usefully employed by members of the House of both parties, in learning the views of their constituents. Much to the chagrin of all right thinking men, and greatly to the danger of our country, the question involved in the Syndicate debate is descending to the level of party.

A term in the Penitentiary would not be too severe a penalty to inflict upon any man who would aid or abett such a crime against the country, as would be involved in making the fixing of the destiny of generations yet unborn a subject of mere partisan wrangle, and if the Government persist in forcing this confessedly grave matter through for the sake of a party triumph, they will deserve, and will receive, undying execration.

I say nothing for or against the terms of the bargain. They may be bad, as Messrs. Blake and Cartwright say, or good, as Messrs. Tupper and Plumb declare. What I demand is that we, the sovereign people, shall have a chance to look into the matter and form our independent opinion, before we are hopelessly committed to any contract.

At present it is notorious that the constitutions are far from enlightened on the subject, and I have no hesitation in saying that there are members in the House on both sides—dumb, driven cattle—who have no intelligent conception themselves as to what the document on the table really means.

In ordinary cases, Parliament can be trusted to reflect pretty fairly the public opinion, but the present case is not ordinary. If I am not utterly astray, the question involves the weal or woe of the grandest portion of this best of countries; a country that I know is loved alike by Reformers and Conservatives. Let the fate of Benedict Arnold await those who betray us, from whatever motives.

That was rather a smart "dressing down" that the editor of the *Globe* received from Sir Charles Tupper the other day. Mr. Brown ventured into the gallery, and the Minister of Railways seized the opportunity of giving him "a little on account." Mr. Blake reproved Sir Charles for his unparliamentary conduct, but it was only a fair case of tit-for-tat.

Mr. Gordon Brown was guilty of as great a breach of parliamentary etiquette in assailing a defenceless Minister through his newspaper, as that Minister committed when he assailed a defenceless "stranger in the gallery."

The Tupper-Cartwright episode was less defensible. It was ludicrous as well as disgraceful. Cartwright's perversion of Tupper's words, involving a charge of villiany, was very mean and unbecoming, and had the victim been content to merely call attention to the slander, and afterwards treat it with the contempt he professes to feel for its author, he might have gained something.

But he followed up his denunciation of the "miserable insinuation" by making one against Cartwright equally miserable.

A Resolution for the New Year.

Best Resolution? That depends
On him who makes it,
And also somewhat on the ends
For which he takes it.
An athlete who has been o'erthrown
And flooded, dejected,
A resolution, not a groan
From him's expected.
The man who Hanlan always beats
With splendid rowing,
A row-solution, that defeats
Should stop their blowing.*

A chemist whose deception fails
When it is tested
Should make a re-solution (quails) †
Before he rested.
Who wants to be an early bird,
And catch the worm when,
A rise-solution from him's heard
From out his worm den †
The wearied man with business tired
A rest-olution—‡

* I am well aware that this verse is terribly defective and that a verb and several other things are lacking. I'm not to blame for that however. I ordered a complete winter stock of verbs, of the very latest patterns but they are frozen in somehwere between here and N. Y.

† "Quails" is merely put in here to rhyme with "fails." I flatter myself it is successful. Besides quails are plentiful just now and very nice birds to have on a foundation of toast.

‡ I know it. But then the sweet singer of Mich. can make "rhynoceros" rhyme with "par-apatetic," so I think "worm then" and "warm den" may be allowed to pass.

§ [There! that's enough! Stop this machine!—Ed.] **LUKE SHARP.**

The Masher of the Matinee.

CHAP. I.

'Twas a bleak, cold afternoon in the month of December of the present year. There was no snow on the ground, and the western winds sent the dust up from the hardened streets in clouds, half blinding the eyes of the pedestrians, as each successive blast invaded the squalid apparel of the corner loafers, and asked them what they were doing all winter with their summer clothes on.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, vast crowds of people, the majority being ladies, might be seen on Adelaide street moving, it was apparent to the observer, to the doors of the Grand Opera House. It was Saturday, and a matinee was to be given by the **BANG UP VAUDEVILLE CIRCO OPERATIC COMPANY**. Never since the opening of the house was such enthusiasm raised as during the week of B. V. C. O. Company's entertainment. They had played 400 nights in Kalamazoo, and 300 nights in Oshkosh, and no wonder, their play "A Piece of Hash" being probably the best of its kind ever produced, carrying away the audience in rapturous though somewhat confused delight.

As the hour of two p.m. was rung by the mighty clock in the towering steeple of St. James', a youth might have been seen hurriedly coming up the lane leading from King street. He was chewing a clove, and the air was made redolent of spices and doubtful *eau de vie* as he took post at the theatre door. The youth stood for some minutes, his hands deeply buried in his ulster, and he gazed with evident delight into the face of each muffled damsel as she passed on her way to the box office. Who was the youth?

'Twas none other than Marmaduke McGriffin, the Masher of the Matinee.

"Ah," sighed Marmaduke, "and they call me the Masher *par excellence* of the Matinee. True, there is some reason for the public bestowing upon me the title. I may venture to say (here he drew himself up proudly) that I have made more mashes of the female heart than any one of my age in Toronto. But alas! there is one whose graceful form is impressed upon my susceptible mind. Oh, that I could see her face. It must be divine to belong to that Venus-like form. Ha! that blue dolman, that white hat and red leather! She comes!"

CHAP. II.

The lady thus apostrophised by the youthful Marmaduke was closely veiled, and without even casting a glance at the enraptured swain she tripped lightly up the steps, bought her ticket and passed into the theatre, followed as closely as possible by her admirer, who took a position so that he could see the mysterious lady's face when the curtain would rise, and on which occasion he fully expected her veil to rise also. He was disappointed. The curtain went up, and the serio-comic lady came on and gave the audience "Meet Me in the Lumber Yard," in her usual inimitable style, followed by "Dance Me on Your Knee," but still the lady kept her veil down. The tumbler took the stage and tumbled, the tenor and soprano came on and sang, the niggers, Irishman and Dutchman turned "flip flaps" all over the stage, and at last the curtain was run down, but the mystic lady yet sat immovable and closely veiled. Marmaduke was maddened. "Am I, or am I not myself?" he whispered inaudibly, as he found that all his killing glances towards her proved of no avail. "Shall I, the Masher of the Matinee, be discomfited? By heavens, never! I'll follow her home. I will make some excuse and accost her. Once I make her acquaintance, she will soon regret having treated with indifference Marmaduke McGriffin, the Masher of the Matinee."

She arose and he arose. She went up Adelaide street, and he followed. He followed her up Bay, on to Queen, up Queen to Elizabeth, up Elizabeth to Chestnut street. "Doubtless, she will cross the avenue at Elm street to some of the aristocratic mansions in the north-western quarter," thought Marmaduke, and still he followed her. Her graceful form he perceived on its way up Centre street, and quickening his pace he gained steadily on her, when the lady stopped short in front of an ancient wooden building, the steps leading to the door thereof being ornamented with three "pickaninnies." She raised her veil. Great Washington! She was as black as Othello's grandmother! This is what she said to Marmaduke, "See hyah, tell yo' what it is, I don't want any of yoah Matinee loafahs follerin' me up. I've been a watchin' of yo' fo' days. George Henry, come hiah! Here's a loafah been insultin' me, George Henry debouched through the door with a ten foot white wash brush, (calculating being that gentleman's profession,) and smote the too enquiring youth with it. Wiping the white wash out of his eyes, Marmaduke fled in haste to the seclusion of the avenue. And from that time thence forward the portals of the Grand have not been graced with the form of the Masher of the Matinee.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 281 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents. Plus 20 cents. quality and richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

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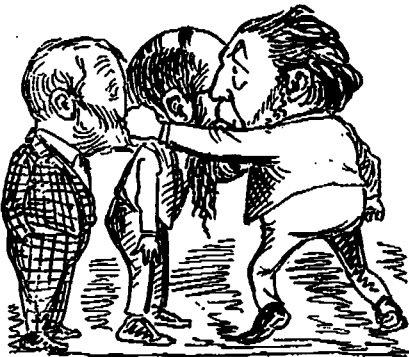
A Parliamentary Episode.

Charley Tupper, redoubtable Knight,
And his knightly opponent, Cartwright
This week had a row
And this is the how
Of their Parliamentary fight:

Quoth Cartwright, "If I'm not astray,
I understand Tupper to say
He will make such a pile
From this Syndicate vile
That he'll leave a great big legacy!"

Quoth Tupper, "A falsehood more gross
Never tainted the air of this House.
But I just let it pass,
For its author's an ass—
He is neither a man nor a mouse!
I might own to a feeling of shame
If I ever had played a sharp game
On the London Exchange
Where this gentleman's strange
And dark, crooked ways have a fame.

Quoth Cartwright, "You state a big lie
In your base innuendo so sly,
My loans were all made
On the fair rules of trade,
And were such as I'll always stand by!



Then Tupper, with science so deft,
Let out a straight blow with his left,
And on Gordon Brown's nose
He planted such blows
That of sense he that worthy bereft.

Here's the moral of this queer affair,
Our knights have no "manners" to spare,
And if poor Gordon Brown
Hada'n been looking on,
He would not have been struck—which is clear.

The St. John, N. B., *Telegraph*, describing an assault committed by a young man named Holland, who struck his father on the head with an axe, says:—"It is almost a miracle that the man's skull was not fractured, and but for the desperate struggle made by the elder Holland previous to the assault, there is no doubt but that he would have been a lifeless corpse to-day."—GRIP is very glad to hear that Holland, Sr., escaped the terrible fate here referred to; and that the misguided son has not now to regret that he not only killed his father, but transformed him into a *lifeless* corpse!

The Row in Parliament

What a nice spectacle our idolized House of Commons must have presented, upon the night that Sir Charles Tupper administered his celebrated castigation to Sir Richard Cartwright. What a noble and elevating pattern these worthy knights present to the youth and rising generation of our country, who are taught to look upon these men as models to guide their future course of life. And how proud the Queen must be of her new made knights; what a pair of doughty knights they are, bespattering each other with bad epithets and filthy abuse across the floor of the highest legislative hall of the land. A brawl in a bar-room is debasing; a brawl in the House of Commons between two of its "brightest ornaments" is simply disgusting.



Condign Punishment

Proposed to be inflicted on the Cookes church Rioters, who have conscientious scruples against organ playing, but no particular objection to organ burglarising.

Queries.

Is it true that the Prince Bismarck in speaking to the Baron von Lagerdrinken as to the course taken by the conquered French provinces said that their protests are *all sass*, and he will have German *law* reign there?

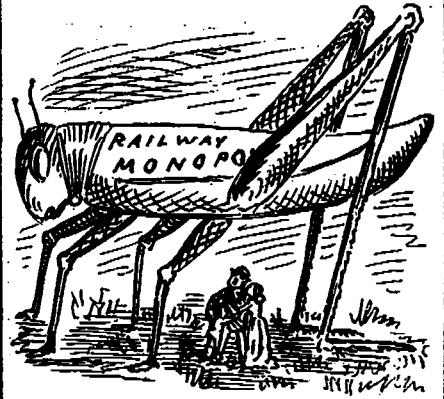
Is it true that Mr. Jones of Baudon wrote to Mr. Parnoll anent the dealings of the Leaguers with his cattle, saying that it was a cow-herd-ly action.

If an old country settler in Muskoka should get up in the morning apathematizing the government officials that sent him there, could his actions be construed into a rising in Ashantee?

Should not the prospects of the Dutch expedition to the Arctic regions be bright, when their parliament have granted sever thousand guilders to carry it on?

And see here! If a lady should aggravate about a hundred dry goods clerks while looking for suitable material for a calico dress, could she, Oh, could she be said to be on a Buy-cotton expedition?

"Are you acquainted with Buffalo Bill?"
"No, but I know I-owe-a Bill and can't pay it."



The New Scourge of the North-West.

NOW IN PROCESS OF HATCHING AT OTTAWA.

The Mayoralty.

The *Mail* says the future success and consolidation of the Conservative Party depend upon the election of Ald. Close to the Mayor's chair. Now would it not be a grand thing to defeat the conservative candidate, and thereby defeat the Pacific Railway Bill, cause the resignation of Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues, throw the conservatives out of power, and elect Ald. McMurrich Mayor of Toronto and Premier of the Dominion at one and the same time. We did not know before that the country was upon the verge of such a crisis, we accept the gravity of the situation, but we are very much afraid this is only the necessary amount of buncombe required to cover up the iniquity of introducing party politics into Municipal Elections.

The Syndi-cat.

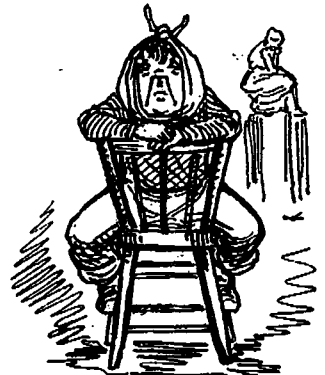
PAT.—Be the powers Gottlieb, that same Syndi-cat is making a tearing ould ruction in the country.

GOTTLIEB.—Yaw, dot is zo. De beebles doand do id dumble.

PAT.—Nary a thumble, but if Sir John dusen't kape his weather eye open he'll thumble, bad scan to him.

GOTTLIEB.—Nien, Nien, dot ish not zo, dey vill schwallow dot Syndi-cat glaws und all. Id no vorse bin und dot Paecatic piness und dey schwallow dot. Vat you dinks.

PAT.—May the cat live to dance on its own grave.



Ill Pen-ser-osa.



THE SYNDICATE CHRISTMAS TREE,
OR, THE TIME FOR GIVING THINGS AWAY.



"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A physician gives directions "How to see the blood circulate." His method is not as simple as the old way of calling a prize fighter a liar.—*Norristown Herald*.

A paper in New York is called *The Wheel*. It ought to circulate, but most readers would soon "tire" of such a name. It would flourish better at the Hub.—*Norristown Herald*.

Christmas trees are looking spruce. Children pine for them.—*Boston Post*. By gum! Yule—yew'll be sorry for re-uh-ning these old puns. This subject is trees on.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

In looking over the photographs of aquatic heros, the scull of Haulan is found near the head.—*Boston Globe*. We understand that photographs of Haulan are not for sail.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

"Judie, the actress, makes \$40,000 a year in France and Russia, and saves nearly all of it." She has evidently acted Judic-iously—in not acquiring a husband to squander it for her.—*Norristown, Pa., Herald*.

Certain Democrats in New York have formed a club called the "Hyenas." If they intend to howl for office and dig up dead and buried issues, the name is a singularly appropriate one.—*Norristown Herald*.

An Irishman who was very near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and they were both to fire at the same time.—*Detroit Every Saturday*.

The following from the *Norristown, Pa., Herald*, is not bad:—Secretary Thompson says we have a navy. We don't dispute his word, but the man who is sitting upon it should be invited to get up, so that our navy can be seen.

When Theo was five years old, she having been taught that it was rude to stare at people, was heard calling from a room in which sat an exceedingly stout lady: "I'm not staring, mamma; but isn't she fat?"—*Detroit Every Saturday*.

The first part of last week, people were all stove-up. Coal comfort they received at home, too. It wood anthracite any man to be chilled at one's very hearth-stone. It makes one's burden too grate to bear.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

There is a horrible rumor abroad that Sarah Bernhardt, after fulfilling her present engagements in this country, will start out on a series of annual farewell tours, covering a period of three years, before her return home.—*Norristown Herald*.

Adolphus:—The howel is a tool used by coopers for smoothing the insides of casks, and for giving a general finish to their work. You would be astonished to see howel they hoop'er up, and how 'staving' the cask looks, when finished.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

A certain musical critic is so full of melody that he eats soup with a tuning fork.—*Boston Globe*. We presume it is also natural for him to pause and rest at a bar.—*Somerville Journal*.—A breakfast on note meal suffices, and he likes to see Do-ra prepare it.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

It has begun. The shower of almanacs. It's enough to make us all-maniacs.—In our youthful days the small boy had plenty of lip, but now it's a mouth with a kid attached. —"Snow use. a rain of terror is upon us, to flea or fly, or meet the man with a paper bill, and tall'on's too.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

Eldest daughter: "I think you might let me come out, mamma! I'm twenty, you know, and surely I've finished my education!" Festive mamma (by no means prepared to act the part of Chaperone and Wallflower): "Not yet, my love. Society is so hollow! I really must preserve that sweet girlish freshness of yours a little while longer!"—*Punch*.

The *Brooklyn Eagle* describes a paper carnival at which a young lady appeared with a fan made from the *Danbury News*. We are glad some one has succeeded in raising the wind with that estimable paper.—*Danbury News*. So are we, brother Bailey, but this is not the first time a bustle has been created, by a young lady, with the *Danbury News*.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

"Anything new and fresh this morning?" our reporter asked in the Lagonda House office, the other day. "Yes," replied the lone occupant of the office. "What is it?" queried the reporter, whipping out his note-book. Said the diamond-stud man, edging his way toward the door: "That paint you are leaning against." The hotel man is now in the care of a physician and the reporter is in jail.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

The *Lancaster Examiner* says that a poor man "with his wife, horse, wagon and thirteen dogs, has taken winter quarters on the Greenland Hill, along the Philadelphia pike." The man must be very poor indeed, and it is hard to understand how he will be able to keep from starving this winter with only thirteen dogs. What he wants is a few more dogs. As it is now, he is a proper subject for charity.—*Norristown, Pa., Herald*.

Bliffers went into a down-town restaurant, the other day, and called for a bowl of bread and milk. The cerulean tint of the lactal fluid hardly suited Bliffers' fastidious tests, and there being a pitcher of cream upon the table, Bliffers poured a generous portion into his bowl. The waiter, observing the operation, called out: "I say! What are you doing with that cream?" "Oh," says Bliffers, "I am merely rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's!"—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

A few nights ago the girls in an Indiana college got up a kicking match, for the championship, the one that kicked the highest to be awarded the belt. One of them tried to kick with both feet at once, and she sat down on her spinal column so itally that she was seriously injured. A college girl shouldn't kick at the ceiling with both feet at once unless there is a young man standing near to catch her in case of a fall—and then it would be advisable first to dress like a female trapeze performer.—*Norristown, Pa., Herald*.

These cold mornings are favorable for abbreviated salutations. The latest is:

"Good morn."
"Morn. Horn this morn'?"
"No horn."
"Good morn."—*New Haven Register*.

Deuced clever, you know. But it reminds us of the scene in a play, where this brilliant conversation occurs:

"Good aft."
"Aft. Going to mat' this aft'?"
"Not this aft'."
"Good aft'."—*Hackensack Republican*.

The *Boston Journal of Commerce* says:—Bliffers alluded to the "Silver-tongued orator" recently, as Wind ill Phillips, because the poor man was suffering from an attack of colic.—"When you make an engagement to take your sweetheart out to skate upon the frozen surface of the lake, be sure you don't slip up on it.—Horses frequently show great affection for vehicles. When attached to each other they are generally hitched together and sent on their bridle tour.—It is the opinion of Hans Pfeiffer that a murderer upon the scaffold, although in a very serious position, is always bound to have his "leedle choke."

A young gentleman of Boston, who recently graduated from Harvard, and has come west to let the country grow up with him, has for some time been paying marked attentions to a beautiful girl on the west side. The other evening he remarked that "Endymion," the title of Lord Beaconsfield's new novel, meant the setting sun. She looked into the brightly-glowing grate a moment, and then said she thought his name should have been Endymion, as he could set around as long as any son she ever saw. Chicago girls are not always cultured, but they can bring a man to the scratch every time.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Our female reporter who gathers and dresses-up about town notes says she has to bustle to collar news, as some people don't take stockin' a female reporter. Hat makes no diff. to her, she says, for she can handle the ribbons as well as anybody, pin an item as deftly, embrace an opportunity, hug a delus'on, coax an unwilling witness, or press a subject, with the next one. And she can lay the young men reporters in the shade getting Madame Rumor to unbosom herself of secrets. Occasionally she muffs an item, gets sacqued or handicapped, but by legging around the outskirts, she gets lots the regular reporters miss. Then she can array ideas, cloak a thought, as well as any one. Take it all in all, however, a reporter's life is a frye-ful one.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

At last we have embraced Fauc. After a long and wild chase after the coy maid, we caught her, and she's a charming captive. We have invented a Gustophone. Men, blocks or miles distant, can taste what each other drink or eat. A man can hug a hot fire these winter nights and drink anything he wants by having the up-town bar tender put one end of the gustophone into his favorite drinks. So he can eat a princely meal by having the gustophone worked on his choice dishes at the restaurateur's. By very careful, intense application a man can kiss his wife or sweetheart, though she be miles away. Oh, it's delightful! It's perfect now, all but the kissing. By untiring practice, with and without the gustophone, we expect to make it altogether satisfactory in that branch of usefulness.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

Excelsior.

The shades of night were falling fast.
As through Toronto city passed,
A blooming maid in bloomer dressed,
With this device upon her breast,

GRIP's funny Almanac out this month, price 25 cents.

Her brows were knit, beneath her veil
Her eyes flashed like a comet's tail,
And like a clarion bugle rung
The tones of that outlandish tongue,

Fun is better than physic; got GRIP's comic Almanac, out this month.

Oh stay, the young man cried, and rest
Thy tired head upon this vest;
A tear rolled down her painted cheek,
But still she answered with a squeak,

The greatest hit of the day. Milk for the young, meat for the old, and crumbs for all in GRIP's comic Almanac. Don't fail to get one.

Our Grip Sack.

"Honey that and nothing more"—a razor strop.

If the boys do build snow men its 'snow bodies business.

"The Chin-ese must go" when the dull razor is applied.

Glass eggs are put in a hen's nest as a rus c ter make her lay.

HE.—"Pray Annie dear, why look so sad?"
SHE.—"Because so long I've waited,
If I could get a mate for life
I'd be more *Annie-mated*."

How happy the man in the moon must have been when he got his *first quarter*. But nothing like his delight as when drinking he got into his *third quart*.

A poker player found a sole ace in his hand and yet wasn't happy.—*Boston Post*. You deserve to be so laced that you'd never perpetrate another such vile one.

A butcher in the market is responsible for the following: "Why is my slaughter house like the globe?" Ans. "Because it's-vere I kill." This is sphere-ful and Knox spots out of anything of the kind around this "quarter."

Poetical (?) Justice.—Our hard-up contributor remarked in a late issue that the Jews are prone "to lighten the Gentiles," but then, on the other hand he must concede that the Gentiles are not backward in "giving the devil his *Jew*."

Grip is brim full of good things and should be in every house; in fact, no family should be without it.

GRIP is like Allsop's Ale,--
Sometimes frothy, seldom stale.
—*Port Hope Guide*.

We met a bar-room "beat," with a "reddish" nose, the other evening and asked him if he would take a "nip." He said he wasn't like a feller that would "pass-a-nip," so he "took it up and went alone," after which he waited for some one else to "turn-up" and ask him to "take something."

Our funny contributor says that a great wave of prosperity may have passed over the country but it has not struck him to any alarming extent. He says that any abandoned contracts on Section B. or other unconsidered trifles will be thankfully accepted by him as Christmas offerings. Letters of Contract transfers—enclosing five dollars as a guarantee of good faith may be addressed to our contributor at Lindsay.

Mrs. Sillibus asked one of the clerks in a King street, St. John, N. B., dry goods store for some "Colored Person Cords." "You probably mean Colored Persian Cords," replied the polite young man. "No, indeed I don't want any Colored Purgin Cords, and if I can't have a sassy-factory answer, I shan't fraternize your store." She went out in a high dudgeon muttering something about the trowdashous imprudence of these whopper-snuffers.

The Washdemoak river in New Brunswick, derived its name from the following curious incident. During the early settlement of the Province, a settler, exploring this river, came across a negro's cabin close to the river side. Aunt Dinah was giving a young picaninny a bath in the river. "What are you doing there?" said the stranger. "Ise gwine to wash de moke," replied Dinah, and he immediately named the river Washdemoak. This does not appear in Hanny's History of Acadia but is absolutely accurate nevertheless.

Our Christmas Story.
11.30 P.M.



Convinced that Tommy was fast asleep, they were playing Santa Claus quite unaware of



THE LOOKER ON.

Hot with curiosity, he went down stairs to inspect; suffered



A DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE,

and returned hot with something that was not curiosity. M. B.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. F. You are anxious to hear of the fate of your "Pupp." Well, not having the tag of merit on his collar, he was shot—into our wastebasket without any ceremony.

AUTHOR. We do not undertake to reply by post to every contributor. If an article does not appear in a reasonable length of time, it may be considered as rejected. MSS. are not returned.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER. The writer of this must be left lamenting, as the event referred to is entirely too stale now.

"The Hemisphere."

WHAT OUR PATRONS SAY OF IT.

I have advertised in the *Hemisphere* for the past six months, and I still live,
J. CHEAPJON,
The great clothier.

We have had an advt. in the *Hemisphere* for quite a long time, and say without hesitation that the leading articles are occasionally good.
JONES, SMITH & Co.,
Noted for cheap goods.

You ask us to say we have found the *Hemisphere* a first class advertising medium, and in return you will give us a free advt. by inserting our certificate. Well, under the circumstances we agree to say so. HODGE, PODGE & Co.,
Wholesale importers of the very best groceries.

In compliance with your fluttering circular we beg to say that in our opinion the *Hemisphere* is a far better advertising medium than the *Postbag*. GOOSEBERRY, SONS & Co.,
Importers & dealers in Dry goods. (Call and see our Christmas stock.)

I can conscientiously say that I consider the *Hemisphere* a very good advertising medium, though not to be compared to GRIP.
HARDPAT & Co.,
General Merchants.

The Coming Man.

A correspondent writes us to ask our advice upon the question of a Platform for a new paper which he is about to start under the above title. By way of reply we submit the following,—
To-day we present to our numerous readers the first copy of THE COMING MAN; a paper

we believe, destined to revolutionize the Political, Religious, Social, Criminal and Newspaper world. In this our Exordium we will briefly lay down the platform that, as Reformers, we intend to occupy; and if any man can find there in that which does not meet his particular view, we will change it to suit him. We believe that every newspaper should clearly and distinctly lay before its readers the principles by which it shall be guided; and furthermore, we believe it is the inalienable right of every man to demand and exact from newspapers, such clear enunciation of principle. Premising thus we introduce the paper of many principles; our motto being to please all, in which we don't expect to succeed. As the question of Finance is perhaps the most important that now occupies the attention of both Canadians and Foreigners, we will take it first into consideration. If the principle be correct that money in itself is a thing of no value (which it certainly is to those who do not possess it,) but only a measure of the value of commodities; if its debt-paying power is only conferred upon it by the sovereign stamp of Government being impressed thereon, thus making it legal tender, then to our mind the cheapest money is the best; and we hereby give in our adherence to paper money. We also want all money redeemable in gold, and we individually want all the gold we can possibly get. We will therefore allow the Rag Babyites to have all the paper money they want, if they pay for it; and in the meantime we will try and scratch along with gold. As regards our Trade relations with other countries, we believe the less restrictions placed upon Commerce the better for any country; at the same time we want a good protective tariff for Canada. We believe the principle of Protection to be wrong, and would therefore advise all nations to discountenance it; but as we appear to be getting along pretty well with it, we would advise Canada to "hang on" to it for the present. The question of the Scott Act is one of considerable importance, and as intemperance is known to be a great evil, we would advise its adoption by every municipality except the one in which we live. We are in favor of total prohibition, and of the right of every man to sell whatever merchandise will yield him a profit, let it be dry goods or whiskey. We think our School Act one of the best in the world; and we are confirmed in this opinion by the fact that we do not understand it, and never knew anybody that did. We would advise Mr. Mowat and the Local Legislature to further amend it, at the coming Session, that is if it be capable of further amendment. In the matter of the Pacific Railway, we believe the Syndicate scheme to be the only method by which it could be built, also we are opposed to the granting of large tracts of lands to either corporations or individuals. We believe the land, the air, and the water, to be the free gift of God to the population of the earth, and if any man possess more than he himself can properly cultivate, he is robbing his fellow-man of his birth-right; also, if the government have any more blocks of 168,000 acres to give away we will try our best to cultivate it. We are totally opposed to the introduction of Party Politics into municipal elections, unless we are made the party candidate. In Politics we are strictly independent inasmuch as we will support both old parties and give the Beaver-Backers a lift occasionally. The measure of our support to these parties will be guided by the amount of support we receive from them. These are a few of our principles, and in presenting them we hope they will meet with your hearty approval. Space will not permit us to give further expression to our views, but in future numbers will be found a continuation of our Platform. We invite earnest consideration and criticism of it, and hope it will receive the support which it undoubtedly merits. TIMOTHY.

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VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 6.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 25TH DECEMBER, 1880.



"WOLF! WOLF!!"
SHEPHERD BOY BROWN.—O! O!! Here's the wolf for sure, and I haven't breath left equal to the occasion.



AN IDYLL OF CHRISTMAS.
Good will to men—even to the "abandoned."

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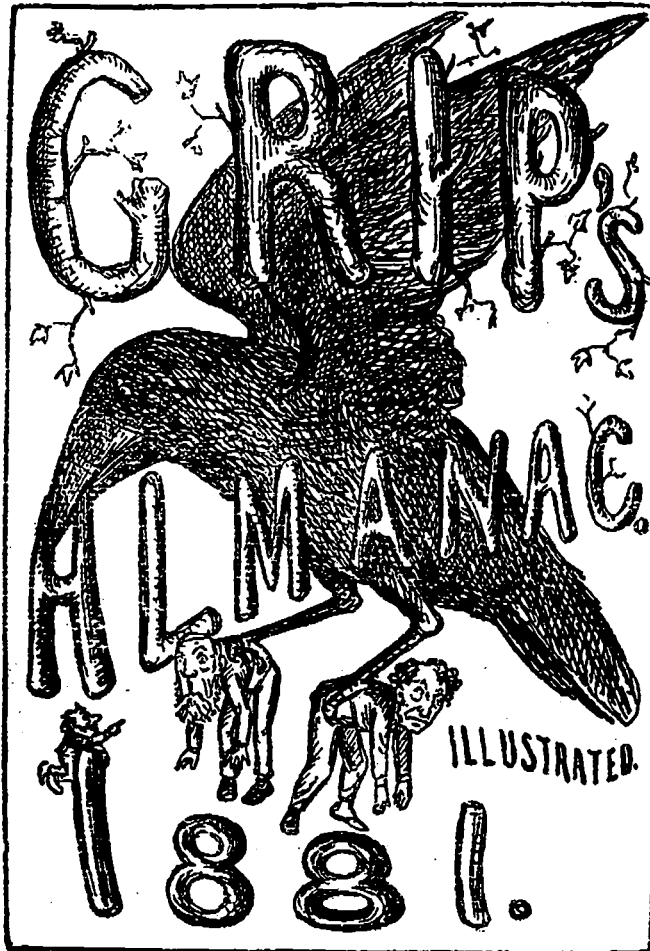
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