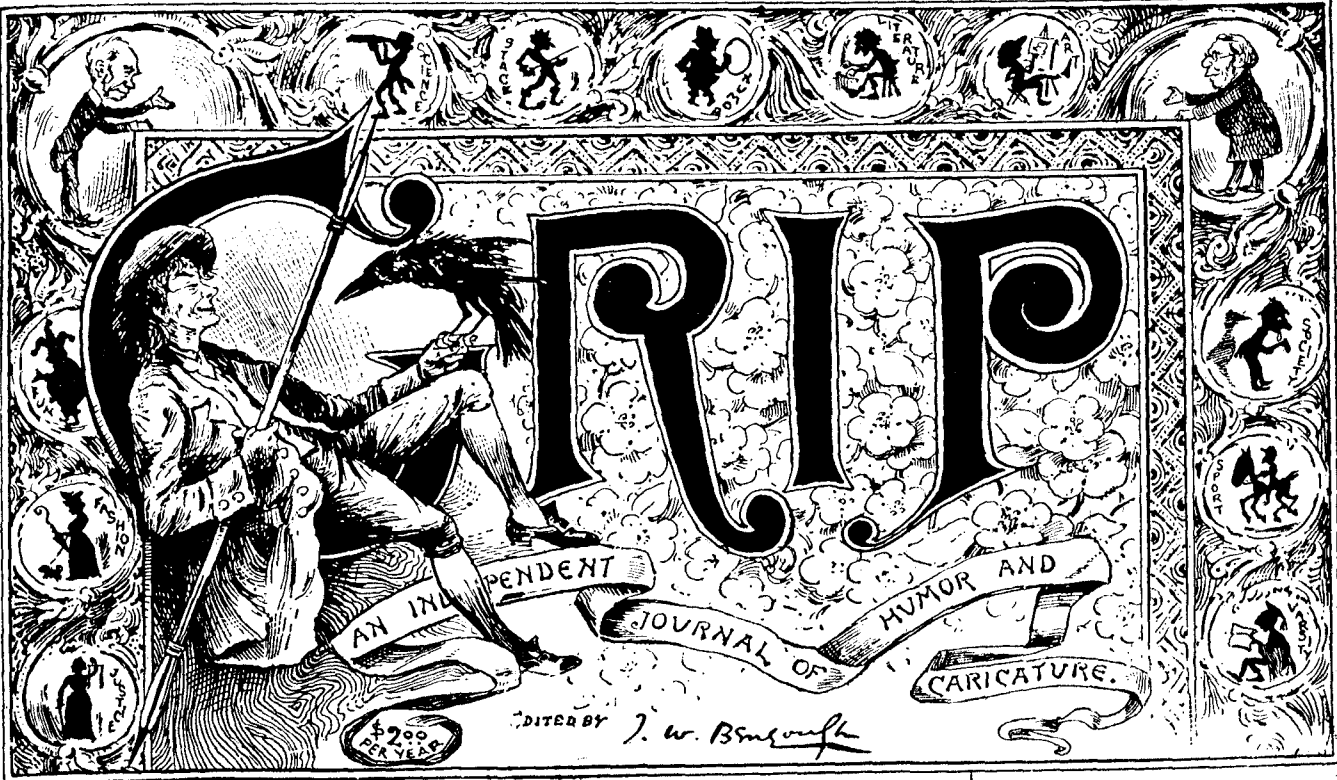


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VOL. XXXVIII.—No. 1. TORONTO, JANUARY 2, 1892. No. 96

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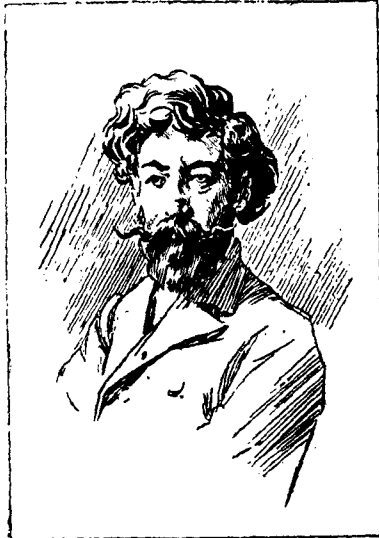
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(Showing how the printer misplaced the cuts of a Hair Restorer advertisement).



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GRIP

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VOL. XXXVIII.

TORONTO, JANUARY 2, 1892.

No. 1.
Whole No. 968.



GENEROSITY.

SANTA CLARKE—"To signalize the Christmas season, Madam, I am disposed to do a generous thing."

MRS. TORONTO—"Indeed?"

SANTA CLARKE—"Yes; I'm going to give you Permission to select another Mayor!"



TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1892.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

HUMOR COMPETITION.

\$60 in Cash Prizes to be Given.

With a view to encouraging the humorous pens of the Dominion (and there are many of them as yet unknown to Fame), GRIP has decided to offer the following Prizes:

For the best short humorous article, a prize of \$30 cash will be given. For the next best, a prize of \$20 cash, and for the third in order of merit, a prize of \$10 cash.

The conditions of the competition are:

- 1st. No article to contain more than 750 or less than 300 words.
- 2nd. None but original articles will be entered in the competition. Articles may be in the form of prose or verse, stories, character sketches, satirical skits, or in any other literary form whatever.
- 3rd. Articles will be judged not so much for literary merit as for the merit of the humorous idea involved.
- 4th. All articles submitted to be marked "competition," and to be the property of the Grip Printing and Publishing Company.
- 5th. Mr. J. W. Bengough, Mr. Phillips Thompson and Mr. J. V. Wright will act as judges in the competition.
- 6th. It is not necessary for any competitor to subscribe for GRIP, nor to send money for any purpose whatever.
- 7th. The authors of all articles which are, on a preliminary examination, considered meritorious enough to be placed in competition, will receive a copy of GRIP gratis for four weeks from receipt of article.
- 8th. No one who is a paid humorous writer for any paper or publication will be allowed to compete under any circumstances.
- 9th. All articles to be sent in by March 1, 1892, when the competition will be closed.

The result of the competition and the successful articles will be published in GRIP as soon afterwards as possible. The best of the non-successful ones will also appear.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS



HIS PLAIN BUT PAINFUL DUTY.

—If Count Mercier and his party are victorious in the coming Provincial election, constitutional law will require Lt.-Gov. Angers to step down and out; if the new Cabinet is sustained, it will become Mr. Abbott's duty, if he proposes to live up to the Letellier precedent set by his distinguished and infallible predecessor—and of course he does—to serve Mr. Angers with a notification that his "usefulness is gone." If he fails to do this, it will

be regarded as an admission of the truth of Mercier's contention, that the *coup d'état* was the climax of a plot deliberately hatched at Ottawa.

GENEROSITY.—It is in accord with the spirit of the season that Mayor Clarke should feel inspired to bestow some valuable gift upon the city. He accordingly grants permission for the election of another chief magistrate. This may or may not turn out as great a benefaction as he intends it to be, but if there is any disappointment it will not be Edward's fault. It is a gift

which costs him something. It is no joke suddenly breaking oneself off the habit of being mayor—especially when there is both honor and emolument in the office, and you can in all probability keep it if you want to. This is Mr. Clarke's case, and besides, he has the natural desire to stay in and vindicate himself from the gibes of his enemies. Against this desire he has made a long and hard struggle, but generosity has prevailed over self-interest, and he has decided to step down and out.

VOL. XXXVIII., NO. 1.



PERCHANCE you did not notice, gentle reader, that the last issue of GRIP was marked No. 26 of volume XXXVII. No? Well, it only shows that great events can pass by unmarked in this bustling Nineteenth Century. Possibly you would not have been aware that the Number you now hold in your hand is the initial issue of a new volume in the great career of this journal, if the fact had not been commented on in this prominent way. Yet so it is. Volume XXXVIII. begun! This means that we have braved the storms of eighteen years and six months—a long, long life as journals go. Yes, we're growing old, reckon-

ing by the watch. Still, as the Fool i' the Forest remarked, we take no note of time. We keep our youth and our vigor unabated. Judge for yourself, O gentle one! Is not this, the first number of Vol. XXXVIII., as spry and chipper and jokey, and withal as full of sound sense as was No. 1 of Vol. I? Perhaps you can't remember so far back, for we mustn't forget that a new generation of Canadians has grown almost to man's estate since that notable number made its appearance. Then take our word for it. We are "fitter" in every way; with more pages, better written and better illustrated, and wielding ever so much more influence than in those early days. And permit us to say that we feel a little proud of our record. Our pages have not been entirely blunderless, because human hands have constructed them, but so far as we can recall at this moment they have been unsullied. It will be our aim to retain what we are proud to possess, the confidence of the public, and to strive as in the past to live up to the ideal fun-maker of whom it was written:

His humor, as bright as the fire-fly's spark,
Played round every subject and shone as it played,
And his wit, in the combat as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

UNLESS you have resolved not to make resolutions for the new year, you cannot do better (if you are a family man) than subscribe to the following suggestions by Bob Burdette:

- I will get up and dress when the breakfast bell rings.
- I will not complain when everything goes to suit me.
- I will treat my wife as politely as though she were a perfect stranger.
- I will strive to be more thoughtful for my own comfort, that others, seeing me happy, may also endeavor to be contented.
- I will not spend so much money this year on the useless frivolities of life.
- I will remember the poor if I have to make a memorandum to that effect every morning.

I will endeavor to impress upon my family the duty of greeting, with cheerful voices and laughing faces, the father of a family when he returns home, wearied with the depressing cares and labors of a long business day.

I will go out by myself oftener, in order that my family may enjoy the tranquil and improving pleasure of a long, uninterrupted evening in the quiet sanctity of a happy home.

I must be more unselfish, and take better care of myself, that I may long be spared to be the joy and light of the home which it has pleased an appreciative Providence to bestow upon me.

I will pay my pew rent this year, if I have to deny myself a new overcoat, and my children have to go without shoes. I feel that we have not heretofore sufficiently denied ourselves in little luxuries for the sake of maintaining a good appearance at church.

I will be, in all things, an affectionate husband, a loving father, a good provider; and I will rear up a family that will love and respect me, and render to me prompt and cheerful obedience, with perfect deference to my wishes and thoughtful regard for my comfort, or I will break their backs in the attempt.

* * *

THE genial humorist is now editing a department in that excellent monthly, the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia, and his pen, we are pleased to see, is as bright and prolific as ever. Speaking of papers, this is a good place to say a word in praise of the Xmas number of *Pick-me-up*, our brilliant London (Eng.) exchange. The number is profusely and splendidly illustrated by a galaxy of the cleverest pen-and-ink men in Europe.

* * *

THE *Ottawa Citizen*, deputy chief organ of the Government, has mystified the country by expressing strong disapproval of the action of Lt.-Gov. Angers in dismissing the Mercier Government. Many Conservatives, however, share its views, and the impression is becoming general that the job will prove a bad one for the party, being a blunder as well as a crime. Mr. Abbott may find himself caged in his own *coop*.

* * *



EST any stranger in our midst—especially the more or less bloomin' Englishman—should have doubts on the subject, notwithstanding the assurances of the almanac and the casual signs and symbols in the shops, GRIP begs to add his testimony that this is really and truly the Christmas season, and furthermore, this unquestionably is Canada. We cannot blame our transatlantic cousin for doubting

the whole story, because the revelation of Santa Claus sloshing around in a mackintosh and gum-boots and carrying an umbrella strapped to the top of his traditional Xmas tree must be rather a stunner, don't you know. And let us further assure him that it is all as disappointing to us as it can be to the man who has come all the way from England to see the natives of the Dominion in picturesque flannel suits disporting themselves upon toboggan slides.

* * *

CHRISTMAS EVE was about as far from the ideal in point of weather as it could well be, and many a fair shopper came mighty near cussing about it.

And yet why frown and fume and fret,
And vex yourself in vain, dear?
Why marvel at the "horrid" wet?
Santa should come with rein-dear!

COMBINATION.

TWO of a trade can ne'er agree,
The maxim proved unjust,
When now-days whole trades we see
Combining in a trust.



HUMAN CONTRARIETY.

VISITOR (*in Hamilton*)—"Hello, the opera house is packed full, hey? Must be some extraordinary attraction."

NATIVE—"Oh, no; only an amateur performance, but, don't you see, the clergy denounced the thing as scandalous and unchristian!"

"GRIP" MAYORALTY ELECTION FORECAST.

JUDGING from the number of citizens who have recently put the question, "How is the election going?" that an announcement of the result of the mayoralty contest in advance of polling day would fill a long felt want, GRIP secured the services of a Theosophical adept, who agreed to communicate the desired information. By the simple process of projecting his astral body into the fourth dimension of space—which is really a very easy thing to do when you know how, he became merged as it were in the absolute Soul of things—a part so to speak of the universal Be-ness. Time being merely an illusion the future under such conditions becomes readily discernible as the past, so it was obviously no trouble to him to see how the Mayoralty elections went, or rather will go. His prediction which may be absolutely relied on as correct is as follows:

When Fleming's fortunes culminate,
His hope of victory will be great;
Nor would his triumph fail to bless
The consummation of success.
For be it borne in mind by all
That in the chances which befall,
The potency of Osler's name,
Presents methinks a valid claim.
In case that bold McMillan's cause,
Should of the myriads win applause;
The forces ranged on either hand
The situation can command.
The vote which Beaty will control
Will doubtless rally at the poll,



A PLAIN ANSWER.

STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR—"Fare!"

PASSENGER—"I'm a transfer."

CONDUCTOR (*who knows the facts*)—"No, you're not,"

PASSENGER—"What am I, then?"

CONDUCTOR—"You're a liar."

But many drawbacks will arise,
'Ere he will grasp the wished for prize.
Who would the future's secret scan,
May here see named the Coming Man,
Who runs may read, if read he will,
Methinks this forecast fills the bill.

Our readers may be glad to know that our adept's astral body returned to its physical frame all right—got back in fact just in time to prevent its being sold up for taxes in the absence of the proprietor. Little accidents like these will happen sometimes in the pursuit of Occultism. It is very rough on an astral body after it has been wandering off for a week or two in the planet Jupiter or the fourth dimension or somewhere, to find on returning that its fleshy integument has been chewed up by the rats or carted off to a coroner's inquest. Adepts will do well to guard against this danger by insuring their mortal frames by having them put carefully away in a safe until their return.

HOW "GRIP" WAS IMPOSED ON.

"HECH, JANET," said Mr. McTaggart as, he sat down in his easy chair before the fire the other evening and drew a copy of GRIP from his pocket. "I ha'e a treat for ye—I'm tauld ther's a braw Scot's sang in GRIP this week—it'll likely be frae Hugh Airlie or Alexander McLachlan. GRIP's no the paper it was, to my mind, when we had Airlie writin' in it ilka week—Man, his letters were just gran'! I canna jist say I care ower muckle for maist o' the jokes they preent now-a-days, but I

whiles buy a coapy o' the paper for the pectures an' the airticles on Free Trade whilk are muckle better than ony in the political press. I forgathered wi' young Jock Menzies the morn, an' was haein' a crack wi' him, an' he speered at me did I see GRIP. 'Gin ye haena,' says he, 'ye micht better get ane, for there's a Scot's sang intill that I ken ye'll appreciate. There's no an English loon that wad comprehen' a word o't.' Sae I bought the paper frae a newsladdie, an' noo I'll read it till ye. This maun be it. Aye, aye! 'A Beautiful Scotch Song sung at the dinner of the St. Andrew's Society.' Aye, I mind listenin' tae twa, three sangs yon nicht that I couldna catch a word o'. These English and Canadian singers, wi' a' their style, dinna ken hoo tae sing guid braid Scotch. Haud yer whisht noo bairns an listen:

Wi' cantie loons anent the nicht,
Gin birkies aiblins preen the licht.

"Maircy on us! There's nae sense nor meanin' till't ava. Hoo the deil could onybody preen a licht? Read it ower yersel', Janet, my een are no as guid as they were, an' I canna aye be sure o' the words."

"It sounds Scotchy enough anyhow, father," said Bob, the eldest son.

"Soond, laddie. Aye, the soond's a' richt. but it's a' soond an' nae sense. Cari ye mak' onything oot o't, Janet?"

"Na, Wullie, it's jist as ye read it."

"Gang on' then an' gie us the lave o't," replied Mr. McTaggart.

An' cushats crack maist ony sicht,
Forbye yon toon;
Gey weel maun ye tak' tent o' richt,
The wale aboon.

read the good lady.

"Waur an' waur! 'Cushats crack!' Wha ever heard the like? I'se be boun' the gowk that wrote it disna ken what a cushat is."

"Well, I'll be essentially jiggered if I do," said Bob in an undertone to his sister Daisy.

"Weel, let's hae the neist vairse. Aiblins, it's mair sensible like," said the father.

The sneeshin' throstle greets me sair.

"Bide a wee, woman! Sneeshin' what?"

"Throstle, Wullie, t-h-r-o-s-t-l-e."

"Guid presairve us a'! 'Sneeshin' throstle.' The puir ignorant gomeril! A throstle's a bird! Naebody ever saw a sneeshin' throstle! It's utterly redeeculous. Gang on."

An' braw auld clootie winna care
Wha lilt abune the caller air
Wi' clavers lang.
Yon doited haggis speers nae mair,
Weel unco thrang.

read Mrs. McTaggart.

"That's eneuch, woman! That's eneuch! Did ye ever hear sic nonsense in yer born days? 'Doited haggis speers nae mair.' Why, hoo could a haggis speer under ony circumstances? The man wha wrote that is jist clean daft. There's nae mair meanin' til't than gin ye were to pick yere words at random oot o' the deectionary—jist a promescuous clamjamfry o' phrases strung thegither. I dinna believe that ony siccan a sang was sung at the St. Andrew's banquet, an' I'll write tae GRIP the morn an' tell them hoo badly they ha'e been imposed on. Losh me! there's another five cents clean thrrawn awa', for I wadna gie a boddle for a housefu' o' sic trash as yon."



"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF."



EXACTLY SO.

MR. OLBLOW—"Yes; I've been 'round here, man and boy, for forty-six years."

MR. VENABLES—"An' I've been here just as long, only I put in my time boy an' man."

THE WARRIOR AND THE TRADESMAN.

HOW COL. DENISON NOBLY REBUKED THE MERCENARY SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

HARRY WEBB—"Good morning, Col."

COL. G. T. DENISON—"Morning Mr. Webb What can I do for you?"

WEBB—"Well, you can give me a cheque for \$150, the amount due me for that supper seven or eight years ago for the Governor-General's Body Guard, and the balance due for the ball given by the same illustrious corps at the Horticultural Pavilion in 1888. We'll say nothing about the interest if you'll settle the original sum."

COL.—"Ah-um—Yes, I believe there is a little balance due you. It had really quite escaped my memory. At a time like the present when the country is endangered by the machinations of vile and intriguing tr-raitors who seek to undo the glorious work of our noble and self-sacrificing ancestors, the United Empire loyalists—it behoves every true Briton to stand up for the grand Old Flag."

WEBB—"Yes, Col., those are my sentiments. But about that hundred and fifty. It's been standing now a long time."

COL.—"Ah yes—take a chair. I am always pleased to meet with a loyal man, one whose breast dilates with pride at the thought that he belongs to the grandest and most glorious Empire on which the sun ever shone; the roll of whose drumbeat encircles the globe. And to think that we have in our midst sordid, pessimistic souls who are insensible to all these noble considerations. Who would barter their proud and blood-bought heritage and become the vassals of the Yankees!"

WEBB—"It's too bad, Col. Too bad. I've no use for men like Goldwin Smith. I quite agree with you. I

hope you can find it convenient to let me have that money to-day."

COL.—"Um—As I was saying, Mr. Webb, every true and loyal son of Canada, every man in whose bosom lingers one spark of British feeling should appreciate the magnitude of the crisis in the history of our beloved country which is now upon us. It is not possible that a few dastard renegades and truckling cowards should mar our glorious destinies and doom our posterity to crouch beneath an alien flag. Men imbued with the courage of their patriotic sires will meet and hurl back the invaders as they did at Queenston Heights and Chateaugay. We may be few in number but, animated by the spirit of patriotism, we are invincible as the heroes who fell at Thermopylæ. And in the words of Shakespeare,

He that hath no stomach to this fight
Let him depart—his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.

WEBB (*brightening*)—"Ah, now there's a good deal of sound practical sense about Shakespeare. That's getting right down to business. Just carry out that idea now and put some money into my purse and I'll depart quick enough."

COL.—"What, sir? Am I to understand then that you take such a sordid, grovelling, materialistic view of the question that you are disposed to ignore the appeal to national spirit, the enthusiastic and heartfelt love of country which the great dramatist sought to inculcate—and to fix your whole attention upon those mean, paltry, mercenary considerations which are the stock-in-trade of annexationists and double-dyed renegades? Are you dead to those nobler impulses, that heroic feeling of self-sacrifice which prompted our forefathers, the immortal U.E. Loyalists to abandon home, friends and property, and brave the terrors of the wilderness that they might live and die under the Old Flag. What is your paltry \$150 in comparison with their sacrifices? Who is there so base—"

WEBB—"You've given me enough fine talk. The long and short of it is I want my money."

COL.—"Well, it's not my personal affair, you know, but—I'll—I'll look into the matter. I'll see the authorities. Good morning (*Exit Webb*). Ah, it's sad, sad to think how deeply the virus of sordid annexationism and base materialism have corrupted the minds of Canadians, and that at a time when all true patriots are straining every nerve to preserve the national integrity, some men's thoughts should be so devoted to money-grubbing and narrow-minded material affairs as to be oblivious to the glory of self-sacrifice for their country's cause. I feel sure that that man is a rebel and annexationist at heart, notwithstanding his professions. A true patriot would be above occupying his mind with such trivialities at a time like this."

"A PIANO next door,
What a terrible bore;"
"Now, don't to your feelings give vent,"
Said his far-seeing spouse,
"If we stay in the house,
It will help us to cheapen the rent."

MISSED HIS VOCATION.

BEESSWAX—"What a splendid politician Colonel Denison would make if he were to run for Parliament!"

PLUGWINCH—"What makes you think so?"

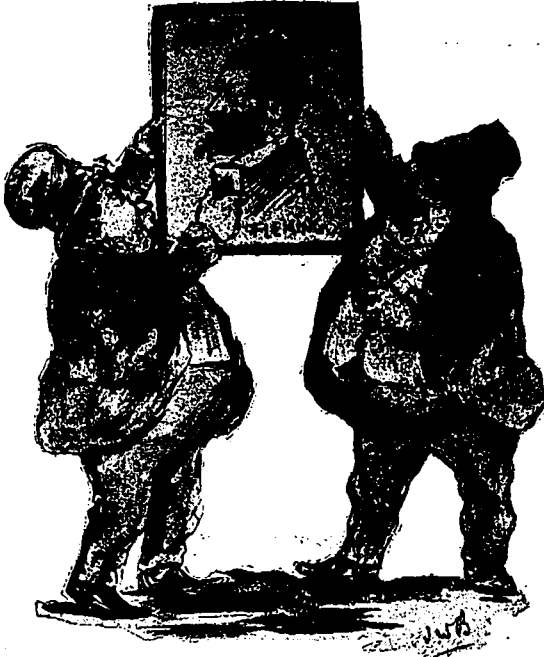
BEESSWAX—"The way he gets in his fine work every morning."



HIS PLAIN THO' PAINFUL DUTY.

LT.-GOV. ANGERS—"I beg to report that I have duly dismissed the Mercier Cabinet. Will there be anything else?"

PREMIER ABBOTT—"Nothing; except that it now becomes my painful duty to dismiss *you*. We must live up to precedent, you know, whatever happens."



THE POPULAR TEMPERANCE CANDIDATE.

"'Rah for Fleming! He's the (*hic*) stuff! Shays he'll stop (*hic*) p'lice from 'restin' fell's for gerrin' (*hic*) drunk, long's saloons 'lowed to sell (*hic*) liquor! Level (*hic*) head! Good boy, Fleming!"

THE AUCTION.

POLITICAL UNION AUCTION ROOMS. S—L W—E,
loquitur.

PLEASE give your attention, gentlemen, while I read the advertisement describing the property, and the terms and conditions of sale:

"FOR SALE; *en bloc*:"

"That certain parcel of land, or domain, being and comprising the larger and northern portion of North America, being bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean, on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the west by the Pacific Ocean, and on the south by the United States of America; formerly known as New France, later as British North America, but now known as the Dominion of Canada, containing a superficial area of 3,500,000 square miles, more or less, with all immovables and chattels as may be found thereon, together with all mining, timber, and fishing rights, and the privileges of the seal and fur trades.

"Title perfect, having been acquired by the British crown from the King of France by virtue of a certain deed, or Act of Capitulation passed at Montreal on September 8, 1760, and transferred to the present owners by the Imperial authorities by virtue of the Act known as 30 and 31 Vict., declared and proclaimed on July 1, 1867.

"Large sums have been expended by the present owners in improving the property by the erection of buildings, the building of bridges, railways, canals, and roads, the enlargement of the natural waterways and proper lighting of the same.

"This valuable property is in the hands of good, live men, capable of unlimited further improvement, and speculators have an opportunity of profitable investment that seldom presents itself.

"No reserve, and buyers otherwise than for cash must state what security, if any, they propose to offer.

"Auctioneer's commission payable in cash upon adjudication."

"There you are, gentlemen! How much am I offered for this fine property? Bid lively, please, there's an important sale of some choice corner lots in the town of Windsor immediately after this and we must get through!

'How much am I bid? Come! start it, start it, somebody! Anything you please, only be quick! It's entirely in your hands, gentlemen; no reserve; must be sold!

"What's that I hear? Gentlemen, I protest! This is *business*, and any such interruptions of curb-stone wit are both ill-timed and annoying. Five cents, indeed? Meant it, did you? Well! gentlemen, the owner's ideas are not large and my instructions are *to sell*, but you'll have to raise that.

"Come! come! gentlemen, do be lively. You all know the property. Some of you, I may say, 'are to the manor born,' and I know many of you have for years been casting longing eyes at it in the hope of seeing it in the market. Now's your time! Take it at your own price! Here's one of the finest domains on four continents going begging! 'A kingdom for a horse!' forsooth. Why, here you have a chance to get one for a song! How much am I bid?

"Look around you, gentlemen, see it for yourselves in all its matchless beauty, as far as your eyes can reach; and for all beyond, look at the acres of canvas, and tons of paper and quarries of marble, which artists, poets, sculptors, novelists and historians have painted and sung and carved and written in praise of it! What more do you want? Romance, legend, ivied-towers, love, war and so on? Why, gentlemen, not a Rhenish chateau or Spanish castle of them all can match the tales you may read in the archives of the Manor House. How much? How much do you say?

"What about the revenues?' 'Don't want any ruins,' eh! Well, gentlemen, this is no 'ruin' as you well know, but an improved property bringing in splendid returns. Here are the managers' last statements under the various headings of Farm, Forest, Fishery, Mine and Mill. If that isn't a good showing call me a Yankee!

"Look at the buildings! Look at the stock! Can you ask finer? Look at the money spent on the roads and bridges and the railway built across the domain from one end to the other, and then make me an offer!

"What are you afraid of, gentlemen? Bid up! bid up! What's that? 'Why do they sell?' Well, that's more than I can tell you, but you needn't let that worry you, if you get a bargain at your own figure. Now, then, what do you say?

"Arrange to run it?' Oh, yes. I won't go so far as to say that the hands about the place are included in the 'chattels,'—slavery is supposed to be extinct on British soil, you know; but I can promise that their services may be secured on very easy terms to any one buying the property and guaranteeing them board, clothes and lodging. Certainly, no trouble at all about that. They don't allow any sentimental twaddle about 'attachments,' 'old masters,' 'native heath,' and so on to stand in their way. They go with the place.

"Ah! thank you! 'One dollar!' There's the right ring in that, even if it does bear a foreign stamp. I confess, gentlemen, that's what we're after, 'The Almighty Dollar.' Its silvery whiteness mirrors the satisfaction our eyes express in contemplating its attractiveness, even as a unit. Only say enough of them and you have

me, but *one!* gentlemen. Where's my commission to come from? Who says *two?*

"Oh, this won't do. You must really bid up, gentlemen, or I withdraw the property in my own interest. Come, double the last bid, anyway. Any advance? Any at all? Have you all done? Don't let me be drawn into any alliterative quotations regarding pearls and pork, but bid up. What! no advance on one dollar? Well, then, my first duty is to myself, *Going!* GOING! GONE! and SOLD FOR A DOLLAR!"

BASIL SYM.

REV. E. A. STAFFORD.

BORN 1839; DIED 1891.

A LITTLE span of half a hundred years
He walked the earth; yet so benign that walk
He still will live, when half a hundred more
Have come and gone.
Not that his fame was known in many lands,
To be re-echoed from the trump of Time,
But that within the sphere in which he moved—
The narrower bounds of this, his native land,
We knew his worth, and will not let him die.
From sire to son that noble memory—
A Sabbath sunlight round the tall, lithe form
Which shined a soul wide as the human race,
That looked abroad with sad and gentle eyes,
Anon with humor kindling, yet which flashed
The lightning of a righteous wrath at times;
And spoke, through lips that wore a genial smile,
The homely phrase that sent an old, old truth
Upon its errand looking almost new;
And hid itself beneath the unschooled pose,
The nervous attitude, the quaint, slow voice,
That seldom rose to real eloquence—
Unless real eloquence is simple speech
That holds the mind and captivates the heart—
That noble memory from sire to son
Will surely pass, to bless and to inspire.
Bereaved Methodism kneels and weeps
At Stafford's tomb, but not in solitude,
Beside her all the sister Churches bend;
Creeds count for nought; this plain dead preacher here
Was great enough to love and reverence each,
And so is mourned by all.

J. W. B.

THE FAKIR'S BRILLIANT SCHEME.

"I AM going down to New York next week," said the Fakir, as he threw his cigar into the waste basket and seated himself on a batch of fifty-cent jokes on the edge of the editor's desk. "I'm dead broke. Shall have to put my watch in hock to raise my railroad fare. But I'm going to come back in a few days with a thousand dollars in good greenbacks. Yes, sir—not a cent less. Bet you I'll make some of them millionaires give up just as easy!"

"What is your scheme this time?" asked the poetry editor.

"Something entirely new and bound to succeed. I'm just going to ask for the boodle and get it handed right over. Threaten them with dynamite? Not much. What yer take me for? I'm not such a chump. D'yer s'pose I want to be sent up for ten years? Threaten nothing—just ask for it and get it."

"But you don't think the New York millionaires are the kind of men who give a stranger a thousand dollars for the asking?" said the editor of the Mule and Goat Department.

"Well, no, not as a general thing," replied the Fakir. "But you see circumstances alter cases. Just now the millionaires feel kind of rattled over this Russell Sage



THINGS THAT SLIP OUT WHEN WE'RE WARMED UP.

CANDIDATE—"Gentlemen, my opponent is acting in a mean, contemptible, low-down way, but let me warn him that two can play at *that* game."

business. They're getting mighty scared for fear some crank might blow them up. Well, I mean to work 'em for all I'm worth on that racket."

"I thought you said you weren't going to threaten them with dynamite?"

"Why, no. I won't give myself away as easy as that. Here's my scheme. I'll go into the office with my washing done up in a neat little parcel under my arm. Get to see Jay Gould or Depew or any of them fellers. Then I kind of look wild and say in an excited tone of voice, 'I'm just going to get my washing done. It's in this parcel. I want \$1,000 quick. Hurry up, now, and hand it over, or I might let this fall.' Well, if he's afraid he will probably put up the money and then I walk out. Where the feller that tried to blow up old man Sage missed it was in asking for a million. If he'd said a thousand he'd have got it."

"But suppose the millionaire doesn't weaken, but grabs hold of you and calls in the police?" asked the political editor.

"Ah, that's where the beauty of my scheme comes in. 'Officer, arrest this man; he's a dynamiter!' says the millionaire. I smile and say nothing. The peeler collars me and grabs my bundle. 'Ah, what have we here? Dynamite?' 'Nothing but my washing,' says I. He feels of it and by and by gets courage to open it; finds nothing but a soiled shirt and some collars and socks. 'Didn't I tell you so?' says I, with an air of injured innocence. 'Did this man make any threats?' 'Well—no—can't say he exactly did,' says Mr. Millionaire. 'Said he might let the parcel drop.' 'Well, ain't any man liable to let a parcel drop when he's tired carrying it round all day?' says I. 'There's no use arresting this man,' says



REDUCED ONE-HALF.

SHE—"Can you not let me have this for less than a dollar a yard?"
HE—"Fifty cents less if you only take half a yard."—*N.Y. Truth.*

the cop, and off he goes, leaving the millionaire feeling cheap enough to go out into a vacant lot and kick himself. When I go off and try the game on some one else, till I find somebody that's scared enough to give up without taking no chances. What you think of it? Big scheme, ain't it? I must get down there and get to work right away afore any one is onto the snap." And the Fakir departed.

MR. BEETLEWACKER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

CHRISTMAS with all its horrors is on us again. It's an infernal nuisance. Got to make a lot of presents. If there is anything I do hate it is this business of making Christmas presents. Not that I grudge the money—not at all—I don't think my worst enemy would say I'm that kind of a man. If I could plank down a ten dollar bill, or even double that amount, and be done with it, I'd do it gladly. But it's the ordeal of making selections, of getting something to suit everybody that knocks me cold. It's an awful business, but I suppose I've got to go through it. Well, there's nothing like facing difficulties manfully, the worst of trouble comes to an end, even a Christmas shopping expedition. May as well pitch in at once and get it over. Oh Lor!

To begin with, there's Aunt Jagworthy. What on earth am I to get her? Prayer book? No, I gave her one last year. Paper cutter? um—that don't seem exactly the thing. Might give her a book of some sort. She never reads, but that makes no difference. Hard to know how to suit the old lady. Mustn't make the same kind of a break that brother Joe did last year when in a moment of desperation he bought her a patent corkscrew. I really believe she's never forgiven him, and is

likely to leave him out of her will in consequence. Why on earth can't a fellow send her a couple of dollars in cash, and tell her to buy something to suit herself? But it wouldn't do I suppose, she'd probably think that worse than the corkscrew.

Here we are at the store. No, thank you. Don't want anything in particular. Just want to take a look round. Isn't so easy to look round for the crowd. Why do people leave buying Christmas presents till a day or two before Christmas. Wish I'd thought of getting my stock in before.

Oh, now here's a nice photograph album. But it's marked \$4. Plenty of cheap ones, but they look too paltry. Anyway I don't think she'd care about a photograph album, she's got a good one already. What on earth is there that would make her a decent present, and not cost too much? Ah, here's a fan, the very thing, a pretty, handsome affair, too. Only 50 cents! Pshaw, that won't do, too cheap altogether!

Would she like a work-box I wonder? There seem to be quite a lot of them so I suppose they are the thing for presents. But it don't seem to fill the bill somehow. All women must have workboxes. Or a brooch, how would a brooch do? I just wish when I saw her last she'd have given me a hint of what she did want.

Half an hour gone already and nothing bought, and and the storekeeper looking at me in a nervous kind of way as though I came in to steal things. Brooch, yes, that'll do. Three dollars, eh? More than I expected to pay for a single present, but I'm down for something in the old lady's will, and anyway it'll be cheaper than fool away any more time. Thank Heaven she's provided for, and that's off my mind!

Now what shall I get for sister Jemina? Inkstand? escritoire? no, that's too dear. Purse? Don't think she'd care about a purse. She did give me a hint that she'd like a muff, but that's out of sight. Got to be something cheap, say \$1.50 at the outside, Elegant pair of fancy scissors for \$1.25, that's the thing. But, no, Jemina wouldn't take 'em, got the old superstition that a present like that cuts love. Lamp? Awkward to carry. Probably break it before I got there.

Ha! Elegantly bound copies of Byron, Shelley, Keats, The Khan, Burns, Cockin, and the other poets. What's the matter with one of those? Let me see, though she must have 'em all or nearly all, and she wouldn't thank me for a duplicate. It would be just like her to say, "Oh, George, you know I've got so-and-so's works, why didn't you bring me something else?" Make a fellow feel like a fool. I don't think a book would please her as well as something useful as well as ornamental. Oh, this Christmas shopping is just a holy terror.

Hang it all, what is there that she would like! No use putting it that way after all. What is it that I can give her that'll let me out? Here's a seventy-five cent purse. That goes, I guess she's always losing or wearing out her purses—most women are. Now she's off the list.

Ah, but that's only a beginning, there's all John's kids to be provided for, I take dinner there Christmas and must bring 'em something. Let me see there's five of 'em in all stages. Can't go over a couple of dollars for the lot. Mustn't give one more expensive present than the others or they'll fight over it. How'd it do to get five dolls all exactly alike. I forgot, two of the lot are boys, and boys don't care about dolls, at least they didn't used to when I was a kid. Rocking horse? Too dear. Wooden monkey on a stick? Too cheap. Besides I don't think Tom, the oldest boy, would care about a

monkey on a stick. He must be getting on to fourteen now. I guess a few packages of cigarettes would be more in his line, but Susan would never forgive me. Ah, I'll get a drum and a cheap accordeon for the boys, and dolls for the girls. Come to think of it that would be worse than the cigarettes. John's always complaining of the rackets they raise as it is. What *can* a fellow find to suit half grown boys? Oh, what a nuisance this Christmas present business is! But I've got to get something.

I have it! See here, Mr. Toyman. Here's two dollars, send me some toys for five kids. What? Oh anything, any mortal thing in your blooming outfit. Five equal assorted lots of toys. Noah's arks, dolls, marbles, kites, picture books, tops, balls, knick-nacks of any kind. Two dollars worth between three girls and two boys. I leave the selection to you entirely. Bless you! good day! There that lets me out before reason begins to totter on her throne. Methinks I breathe more fully. What a truly wise provision of Nature it is that Christmas comes but once a year!

TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

GRIP has not come out squarely as the partizan of any one of the mayoralty candidates. All have their good points, and it seems to us the affairs of the city will be in safe hands, so far as the mayoralty goes, no matter which of the candidates is elected. Mr. Osler is a gentleman of high standing and great business ability, though they say he is not fond of being slapped on the back in a familiar way. Mr. Beaty has been in the chair before, so he requires no introduction to the public. Mr. McMillan and Mr. Fleming are both solid cold-water men, who have long served in the council, and passed the test without being even suspected of any manner of crookedness. Mr. Macdougall, a good and loveable man, has, we understand, decided to retire from the contest. So GRIP, as the mentor of the public, can only say, "you pays your money (to the tax collectors) and takes your choice."

"THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS."

TO E. M. PL—YT—R, OF THE B—K OF C—M—CE, TORONTO
AT INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND.

HOTEL ST. PETERSBOURG, PARIS, July 27, 1891.

DEAR FRIEND,—

These lines I write to you
From Paris, on the Seine;
I grieve to hear that you feel so "blue,"
Your head still gives you pain.

The cause of this, too much you spend
Your nights with cards and dice;
Eschew such follies, and attend
To words of good advice.

Don't climb too many snow-capp'd peaks,
Fight shy of beer and wine,
(Nor lose to any Switzer maid
That tender heart of thine).

Don't mope, but laugh, and then you will
Grow fatter day by day;
Impatiently She waits you still
By far Toronto's bay.

No gentle maiden's heart e'er beats
The faster when *I'm* nigh;
No fraulein fair from *me* entreats
A kiss, with tender sigh.

Ah, yes! 'tis true I'm drinking still,
The crave I *cannot* quench,
So long as poor, dear Be—m—nt will
Persist in speaking French.

Since leaving Interlaken we
Have seen "some startling things";
Efficiently our friend R. B.
Has used his budding wings.

He who in former days, sedate,
A grave and good young man,
Has proved—I grieve to say—of late,
A very Don Juan.

In London he would well begin
The day in Rotten Row;
Alas! the night would find him in
The Strand or Pimlico.

While *here* he's played a wiser part,
And done no harm—as yet,
Except, perhaps, to lose his heart
To Marie—a *grisette*.

But still I'd wager anything,
He won't go far astray—
Young blood *will* have its merry fling,
And "every dog his day."

Enough of this too feeble wit—
Far southward let me soar,
In thought—again with thee I sit
By Interlaken's shore.

To thee, dear friend, my fancy goes—
'Midst perils scorning fear,
I see thee breast the Alpine snows,
A daring mountaineer.

With Maude you sail the placid 'ake,
And trip the merry dance
With Gretchen, whose soft hand you take
With *such* a loving glance.

Though living in a ceaseless whirl
Of pleasures strange and new,
Ah! don't forget that little girl
In Canada. Adieu!

My love to H—: farewell again,
'Tis time for me to stem
The current of this foolish strain,
Yours ever,

E.C.M.

P.S.—One item let me add,
The news your heart will cheer—
Dear Be—m—nt, I am very glad
To say, has sworn off beer.*

*The following day he had a relapse.

HOW SHE REMEMBERED.

ETHEL—"Did you go to see 'Carmen' the last time it was presented?"

MAUD—"I think not. O, let me see! I do believe it was 'Carmen' that was being played the night I had such a delightful chat with Jack. Yes it was, now I come to think of it. It is a lovely opera."

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

GOOD CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT:

MAJOR MURGATROYD—"No, sir, I do not like the newspaper of to-day! Let me give you an illustration. Last week I met a reporter of the *Moon*—casually, you understand—and told him—casually—a good story about Judge Bungstarter's visit to my house, and the time we had. Made him promise he wouldn't publish it. See?"

POMPANO—"Yes. He promised?"
MAJOR M.—"He did. Then what do you suppose?"

POMPANO (*wearily*).—"D'no."
MAJOR M. (*savagely*).—"He didn't publish it. Not a line, sir; not a line!"—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly*.

HAVE YOU TRIED

A RIALTO Cigar? If not, get one at once; they are first-class. L. O. GROTHE & Co., Montreal.

DAINTY.

LILLIAN was once a dainty maid,
Whose words were chosen right,
Now she thinks nothing "good" or "nice,"
It's simply "out of sight."

SHOCKING.

She shocked me talking to her maid,
It really made me grieve.
"If any one should ask you, now,
I'm not at home this eve!"

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

ONE reason why there is plenty of room at the top may be the fact that people won't live in attics if they can help it.—*Puck*.

Now that we have the safety bicycle and the safety razor, it would not be a bad scheme of some inventive genius to gild the market with a safety accordion, for the benefit of begginers.—*Puck*.

LORD SNOBLEIGH—"In England, now, at dinner they tip the chairs according to a man's order."

WILLIAM ANN—"In this country you tip the waiter, or you never get your order.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly*.

ANYONE furnishing their homes and requiring anything in the way of gas or electric fixtures and globes should call on R. H. Lear & Co., 19 and 21 Richmond Street West. This firm is headquarters for goods in these lines. We would advise you to go direct to them and get their quotations.

"DICK SKINNER says marriage is a failure."
"A failure? I thought he married a fortune?"

"Yes—but the girl that went with it has suspended payment."

"As they approached the tunnel, the girl, with whom the commercial traveler had struck up an acquaintance, rose and took another seat.

"Why did you do that?" he asked reproachfully, as the train came out again.

"Oh, I have been through it before, you know."—*Philadelphia Times*.

"DID I hear you say that you once saw a red-headed Indian?"

"Yes."
"Well, can you explain the phenomenon?"
"Certainly; he was bald."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly*.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Consumption—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents a bottle.

"I HEAR that Baggs, your lawyer, is quite a poet."

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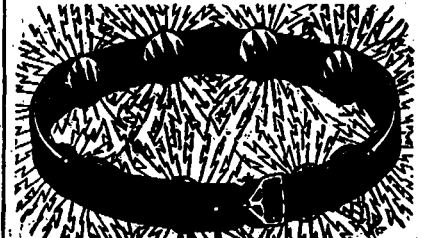
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