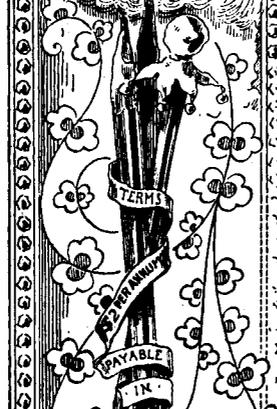


GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

GRIP CO. ENG.



The gravest bear is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.
 — J. Miller



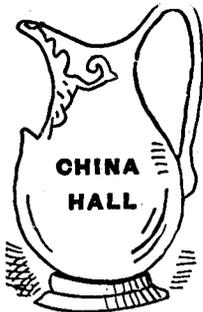
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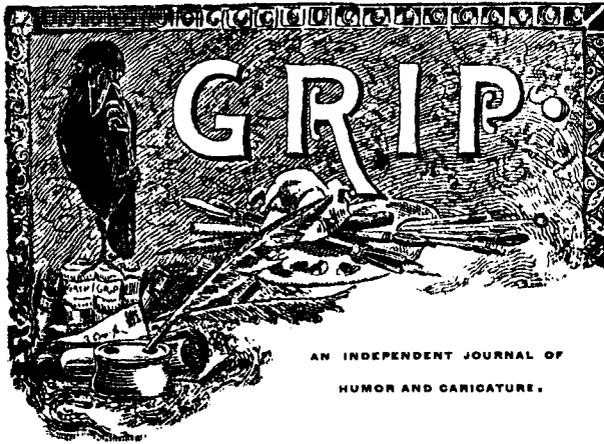
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J. W. BENGOUGH EDITOR: ||

VOL. XXVII. TORONTO, DEC. 18TH, 1886. No. 24.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

Comments on the Cartoons.



"DYING!" YOUR GRANDMOTHER!—The portion of Mr. Blake's Orillia speech printed in last Friday's *Globe* presented the Liberal leader in a character not generally associated with his name—that of a humorist. This title is nowadays greatly abused, and Mr. Blake may not be very anxious to wear it, but it is evident that in addition to his other talents he has a faculty for wit and humor which places him easily above most of the professional funny men of the day. His revised version of "Haman and Mordicai" was so droll that we are sure Sir John was tickled almost to death when he read it. His application of the nursery legend of "Little Red Riding Hood" was equally witty. Alluding to the frequency with which Sir John is now calling attention to his advanced years and his early departure from this scene of trial, Mr. Blake warned his auditors to be careful of expending their sympathy too freely, as the Premier wasn't half so poorly as they might be led to suppose. "You remember," said he, "how poorly the wolf made out to be when he was luring innocent Red Riding Hood to her doom. But his appetite was good, as she found to her cost; and as you will find to yours if you allow yourself to be lured in like fashion." This was too good a thing to be lost amongst the campaign refuse, and we are sure Sir John (in his capacity as a joker) will thank us for having preserved it in our pages.

ONE FAITH.—About the only point worth remembering in connection with this "Scripture Selections" controversy is the fact that Archbishop Lynch gave his endorsement to the book. In doing so he practically declared for an "open Bible"—and surely this is something for a prelate of the Roman Catholic Church to do. Having taken this step, His Grace can, of course, have no objection to his people reading the book if they see fit to do so—and such reading, Protestants believe, would be likely to enlighten them on several important points. Surely this is a triumph worth recording, but as yet Principal Cavan is the only writer who has had the wit to see and point it out.

A DIAGNOSIS.—Mr. Blake's deliverance on the subject of Prohibition has plunged thousands of his warmest friends into grief. The Liberal leader, on peeping into Miss Canada's mind, finds what he

considers a want of temperance sentiment. He is afraid there isn't enough of a basis for Prohibition, and he has decided that he will wait until it grows. Well, how long does he propose to wait? what criterion has he established, so that he may know just when to give the country Prohibition? As nearly as we can get at it from his speech, he proposes to wait for the Millennium, for not till then will he find public sentiment so strong on this question that illegal drinking will be regarded by the average citizen with the same aversion as that with which he now regards pocket-picking. Mr. Blake is dreadfully afraid of going too fast for public opinion, and we can only wonder that he finds it possible to consent to the customs laws and the thousand and one other laws which are violated without inspiring horror in the average citizen who stands by as a witness. And how, in the name of consistency, can Mr. Blake endorse the Scott Act as he does when, according to his own test, the country is so far from ripe for it? The deliverance was in every way unworthy of Mr. Blake's reputation. It would have been much wiser to have said nothing at all on the subject until he could have said something definite on the right side. The statesman who stands up before the Canadian people to-day and declares straight out for Prohibition of the scurvy liquor business—and that without any baby-talk about "compensation"—unless it be the compensation of the poor suffering wives and babies upon whose wretchedness the rumsellers live, will fire the hearts of our people from end to end of the Dominion, and will soon find out that this country is ripe for Prohibition, and that a radical measure for the whole country will be a great deal easier to enforce than any local option measure. We protest in the name of common sense, against applying rules to temperance which are not applied to other subjects which come up for legislation. In no other department does the lawmaker wait for the public mind to be "educated up to the proper point" before passing the law. He passes the law, and lets the law act as the schoolmaster—which it does most potently. And this is the divine method, for nobody will claim that the Israelites in the wilderness were "educated up" to the Ten Commandments before the tablets were engraved and put in force. Has Mr. Blake ever thought of that on a quiet Sunday afternoon?

PASSING SHOW.

THE present attraction at the Toronto Opera House is the fine melodrama, "The Black Flag." The play is far better written than most of its predecessors, the varying fortunes of the hero are smoothly told, and transpire with strong and occasionally thrilling effect. As to the acting there can be only one opinion—it is excellent.

THE first concert of the third series, by the Popular Toronto Vocal Society, will take place in the Pavilion on Monday evening, Dec. 20th, when Miss Henrietta Beebe, the famous ballad vocalist, and M. Francois Boucher, violinist, will be the stars. The society, under the conductorship of Mr. Elliott Haslam, will sing several attractive selections.

FRUSTRATED.



A MAIDEN stood waiting so anxiously—
 anxiously.
 She was waiting for William, who promised
 she—
 promised she
 That as sure as he was a coachman true
 He'd elope with her in a day or two.
 And now that the hour was surely come—
 surely come—
 She sat there waiting and singing some—
 singing some
 Singing some to herself in a humming tone,
 As she waited for William to claim his
 own.

But she didn't wait very long, you see—
 long, you see—
 For she had to run from a bumble-bee—
 bumble-bee.
 And when William came there was no fair maid,
 So the marriage never came off, tis said. W. H. T.

(All Rights Reserved.)

The Lay Preacher ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD REFORMER.

THO' many long years with their weal and their woe,
Have sunk in time's gloomy profound,
Yet still I can see the o'erhanging yew tree,
And the villagers gathered around ;
And there stands our Hero, with features so wan,
His thin locks are wearing quite gray ;
Come listen, my friends, for he looks like a man
Who has really got something to say.

THE SERMON.

- " Dear neighbors and friends, on this beautiful eve,
All nature's so peaceful and still,
The heart is unwilling, yea, hates to believe
In the very existence of ill ;
Behold yonder cloud on the mountain afar,
It seems like the spirit of peace,
Descending from heaven to bid cruel war
And all earth's calamities cease.
- " And oh, what a glorious world it would be !
If men from the days of their youth
From worldlimindness kept themselves free,
And had implicit faith in the truth ;
O ! lift up your eyes to yon symbols of might,
A joy still my old bosom thrills,
I am thankful to God I was reared within sight
Of yon great, of yon glorious hills—
- " And that I companioned with flowers and with streams,
And the great old mysterious sea ;
And they from ambition's demoniac schemes
Have kept me unsullied and free ;
And they are the preachers that never depart,
The teachers that never grow old ;
And their inspirations, aye, live in the heart !
For they are more precious than gold.
- " They tell of the greatness, the grandeur of law,
Through which the Eternal doth shine,
With them shall your spirits on wonder and awe
Ascend even to the divine.
Men lack love of nature, their hearts have grown cold,
The fruit of our science and lore ;
And are in utter earnest 'bout little save gold,
Which they throw down their manhood before.
- " By worshipping intellect they've gone astray,
And have seen some old virtues depart ;
Yea, without a murmur they've wandered away
From the evergreen vales of the heart ;
Thus our little lives are distracted, ajar.
For earth's lost the charm of its youth ;
With our better nature we're always at war,
Lacking faith in omnipotent truth.
- " E'en mighty Napoleon, like one gone insane,
How like a mere charlatan tries,
For all his big intellect and his coarse brain,
To build up his throne upon lies ;
Poor man, in his vain intellectual pride !
How short was the distance he saw ;
Believed he could shove the commandments aside,
And hoodwink the God *abune a'*.
- " Can we call him great who unconscious remains,
Of the great, the Omnipotent eye ?
Nor sees the detectives which nature maintains,
And always lets loose on a lie ;
O'er earth like a terrible tempest he passed,
Loving nothing outside o' *himself*,
And so his card-castles all vanished at last,
And down to destruction he fell."

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

(To be continued.)

The happy mean—those who succeed in cheating street-car conductors, the custom-house and the tax department.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HAVING comfortably partaken of their evening meal, our four Pickwickians proceeded, in accordance with their settled programme, to the church of the Rev. Dr. Wild, in which after a process which it would be as tedious and painful to describe as it was to undergo, they found sitting room. The sermon was a highly characteristic one on the subject of "The Ulster of Scripture"—a learned effort to show the Jewish origin of the name of the Irish Province, by tracing out the notorious affinity between Ulster overcoats and Jewish pawn-shops. The whole service was, as usual, most interesting.

"Well," said Bramley, as they gained the church-door, "that was a most extraordinary sermon, was it not? The doctor is evidently a most powerful and original thinker; his is no ordinary intellect."

"No, indeed," chimed in Coddleby, "I was deeply interested and am fully convinced that he was right from beginning to end of his discourse. He must be excessively clever; he struck me as being so. What do *you* think, Yubbits?"

"He struck *me* as being a howling crank," replied that gentleman; "clean off his nut, *I* should say, though I may be mistaken—but what are all these boys and youths standing round the door for?" he added suddenly, as his eye fell on a long row of gawky, half-grown hobbadehoys, drawn up along the sidewalk. "Who are these and what are they doing here?"

"Oh! I was reading something about this class in a paper only yesterday," replied Coddleby, "these are 'mashers,' and are waiting here till the young ladies come out; ridiculous looking fellows, aren't they?"

Indeed they were; Mr. Coddleby was never more right than when he made that remark; the ages of the specimens of Toronto's lady killers, as here displayed, varied from seventeen to about five and twenty, and as they conversed amongst themselves, every variety of voice could be heard, from the quavering notes of the callow youth whose voice is breaking, and which are emitted at one moment in deep bass notes, whilst the next produces a discordant rasping treble, to the mature tones of the full grown, fully fledged man of twenty-five.

"I should not think that ladies much relished having to run the gauntlet of all the idiotic glances cast upon them from these fellows," remarked Coddleby. "What ill bred hounds they must be; look at that tall, tallow-faced youth with his hands in his pockets over there; did you ever see such an expression of imbecility outside an asylum, Bramley? over there, see; that fellow with the tight trowsers and long-pointed shoes, and downy lip."

Bramley and his friends glanced in the direction indicated, and certainly, the young man pointed out by Coddleby was a most senseless, empty-headed looking specimen of humanity, as he leaned forward with mouth half open and glass in his eye, to get a glimpse under the hats of the young ladies who were passing. As one very nice, modest looking girl walked by him, he detached himself from the rest of the loungers and followed her, and, as our friends' road lay in the same direction, they proceed on their way, some few yards in rear of the young fellow who was rapidly overtaking the lady. As he drew up alongside of her, he bent down his head and appeared to address some remark to her, which, it was evident, from her manner, she resented.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Yubbitts, "I don't believe that fellow knows that lady, and he's trying to force his unwelcome attentions upon her—the blackguard!"

That such was the case now became evident, for the young lady was heard by our heroes to say, "I desire you to leave me, sir; your presence is utterly distasteful to me; if you do not at once leave me alone, I shall certainly speak to the first policeman I see."

"Aw, I say, come, that 'ed be too bad, yau know; allow me to offer you my arm," remarked the fellow, without giving the slightest sign of any intention to comply with the lady's request. So intent was the young blood (who was, as before stated, tall, and somewhat heavily built), on persecuting his victim, that he failed to notice the proximity of the four Pickwickians, evidently imagining that no one was near, for they had all now turned out of the more crowded thoroughfare, and were proceeding along a nearly deserted street where only an occasional pedestrian was to be seen.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Yubbitts, who was by no means deficient in pluck, "I'm not going to let that blackguard torment that girl; he's evidently a beastly cad, and I'm going to tell him so," and, before his friends could interfere to prevent him, even had they desired to do so, he stepped up to the man, who had actually taken hold of the lady's arm and was whispering some words of a nature highly distasteful to her in her ear, and said, "You had better leave this lady alone, sir; she does not appear to be anxious to avail herself of your escort."

The hero of the tight trowsers relinquished his hold of the lady's arm in surprise and stared at Mr. Yubbitts, placing his glass in his eye and regarding him in a most offensive and supercilious manner.

"Who the dayvle are you, anyhow?" he at length exclaimed in a drawing voice, "and what the dayvle d'ye mean by your imputnent interferewence?"

"My interference is, I imagine, called for," replied Yubbitts. "You cannot fail to see that you are annoying this lady—am I right, Miss?" he asked, turning to the persecuted young woman, who was evidently a lady and an exceedingly pretty one. "I believe I am not mistaken when I say that you wish to be rid of this—this Thing," he continued, looking scornfully at the "masher."

"Indeed, sir, I am most anxious to escape from him," replied the young lady, trembling as she spoke.

"Exactly so," said Yubbitts, as his three friends halted near though without saying anything. "Now, you, sir, the sooner you get away from here the better for all parties concerned. You confounded blackguard," he continued as the young lady began to cry, and his temper commenced to rise, "take yourself off at once."

"You dayvlish common fellow," returned the other, "I am not accustomed to obey such fellows as you."

"You're not, eh?" cried Yubbitts, springing towards him and seizing him by the collar, "I give you one minute to make yourself scarce."

"Ah! you've got friends with you—" began the "masher," seeing the odds against him.

"Never mind my friends," returned Yubbitts, "they won't interfere; they are English gentlemen who know what fair play means. Now, are you going?"

The young lady exhibiting signs of being about to faint, Coddleby and Bramley stepped to her side with words of comfort, enjoining her not to be alarmed.

"No, I'm *not* going," replied the fop, "not for you; take that, d—you!" he cried as he aimed a blow at Yubbitts' head with his cane, which was warded off by that gentleman who threw up his arm very dexterously,

and before the other knew what was happening he had received a stinging rap between the eyes from Yubbitts' fist, followed up by a perfect shower of blows on his nose, eyes and mouth, delivered, it must be confessed, not in the most scientific manner imaginable, but with admirable effect and zeal.

"Oh!" yelled the fellow, "oh! help! I'm killed!" he shrieked as the blood spouted from his nose, "you bwoot," and he made a rush at Yubbitts, who, however, more by good luck than skill, tripped him up as he raised his cane, and he fell heavily on his face on the sidewalk, considerably damaging his immaculate costume in his downfall. Feeling that he was getting by far the worst of the combat, he picked himself up with extraordinary celerity, and started off at a rapid run from the battle-field, closely pursued by Yubbitts, who, at every other step, threw out one of his long legs with admirable dexterity, and implanted a vigorous kick in his flying foeman's rear. Out of breath at last, he desisted from the pursuit, and with one parting kick of immense vigor, he let the vanquished 'masher' go, that individual urging on his mad career till he disappeared round a corner. The gallant Yubbitts now returned to where he had left the lady and his friends. The former had quite recovered from her temporary faintness and was now fairly bubbling over with gratitude to her rescuer.

"Oh! sir," she exclaimed as the victor came up, out of breath, "I am so extremely obliged to you; how *can* I sufficiently thank you for your services?"

"By permitting me to escort you home," returned Yubbitts, bowing and taking off his hat. "I cannot think of permitting you to expose yourself to any further insults and indignities; I trust you will allow me to see you safely home."

The young lady, after some little hesitation, availed herself of Mr. Yubbitts offer, and that gentleman telling his friends that he would rejoin them at the Rossin House in a short time, sailed off with his fair companion in one direction, whilst the other three proceeded, leisurely, towards their hotel.

(To be continued.)



BADLY TIMED.

Happy Young Bridegroom (replying to toast of the bride)— * *
"No one knows better than I her virtues and graces, and no one feels more than I how unworthy I am of such a treasure—"

Mr. Scottie Malaprop (from foot of table)—Hear-r! Hear-r!

MARY—Stop your flatteries, or I shall hold my hands to my ears. JOHN—(wishing to be complimentary)—Ah, your lovely hands are too small.—*Exchange.*

AN ABBREVIATED "POME"

ON THE UNABBREVIATED HAT.

TALL hat	Small man
At mat—	Much profan—
Lady gay	Curtain rises
In parkay	Man surmises—
Stage setting	'Nother man
Madder getting	Hats scan,
Stands tip-toe	Very wise,
No show	Ticket buys.
Winks, nods,—	
Joins "gods"—	
Wise choice ;	
My advice.	

J. T., JR.

THE POPISH PLOT.

A FIFTH OF NOVEMBER MYSTERY.

IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

TIME,—MIDNIGHT.

(SCENE.—The Education Department. Enter the Provincial of the Jesuits, disguised as a hackman, driving a coupe. He soliloquizes.)

PROV. JES.—This is the opportunity for which I have hungered ever since my grandfather Guy Fawkes was hanged. Now I say hug my revenge! Ha, ha!! To have the Bible turned out of Protestant schools, and a selection without chapters and verses substituted! And to make Protestants do it themselves! It is glorious work, but I must dissemble. [He dissembles. Enter Inspector Hughes disguised as an old Orange-woman.]

INSP. HUGHES.—'Tis he! I have tracked him like a sleuth hound through fire and frost, up the Garrison Creek sewer, and have braved the mud of King Street crossings till at last I have him! But who comes here? I must dissemble. [Pretends to dissemble. Enter G. W. Ross with parcels.]

G. W. ROSS.—Art thou brave, hackman? Yes, I see it in thine eye. These to the Fathers of the—of the city. You know what I mean.

PROV. JES.—Or can guess. Aye.

G. W. ROSS.—Be bloody, bold and resolute. If you find an orange lying in the road, quarter him, and—I could drink hot blood!

PROV. JES.—So could I. Much. [Enter Premier Mowat disguised.]

MOWAT.—Is the driver trusty? But send no underling; go thyself.

ROSS.—I go my chief; I'm ready. But who is that in wild weeds, weirdly watching our doings?

MOWAT.—I know not. Prithee go—go—go. And be back e're Hardy has time to thunder. (Ross drives away.) Now I know him. 'Tis Hughes! I can tell his wind-bag among a thousand. No pretticoats can cover it. Well, if he knows aught there will be the d— but I forget—I am a christian politician. I must dissemble. [Goes out without dissembling.]

ACT II.

(SCENE.—The Archbishop's Palace. Time, 1 a.m. Enter Archbishop Lynch, half dressed and rubbing his eyes.)

ARCHB.—Here's a pretty kettle of fish. These Protestants will give me no peace till I ex-communicate some more of them. But they would only laugh at me, the blackguards. They must needs send me proofs of the Ross Bible at midnight, and I must hold a council before

cock-crow to approve them. What do I care, as long as they don't put in chapters and verses! And if they only leave out part, it will be easy to get them to leave out more next time, and at last they will leave it all out except the Ten Commandments. I don't grudge them the Ten Commandments. But here come the Fathers. I must dissemble and stop rubbing my eyes. (Enter a number of Priests in solemn silence. All sit.)

ARCHB.—You have the proofs.

OMNES.—We have.

ARCHB.—Any corrections.

1ST PRIEST.—None your grace.

2ND PRIEST.—We'll leave it to you.

3RD PRIEST.—I second that motion.

4TH PRIEST.—We're all agreed.

(Aside.)—And glad to get off so easy.

ARCHB.—I have read these selections carefully, and with a vigilant eye to the interests of the Church. You know my capacity for work, and that 500 pages an hour is not much to me. The heretics have been cautious—most cautious. They evidently dread the vigilant eye of our Holy Church. There is nothing offensive in the matter, but with regard to taste, I regret to find they continue to degrade the *Pater Noster* in defiance of taste and grammar by translating it. "Which art." (*Sensation.*)—I shall therefore insist—insist I say, that it be changed to "Who art."

(All bow in solemn silence and go out. The Archbishop is left alone.) Well, that job's jobbed. Now to return these proofs and get another nap. Nothing deranges one's nervous system like irregular hours. Gracious, what a yawn that was!

ACT III.

(SCENE.—The Trustee Board Chamber. Enter Trustee Meredith. He begins to dissemble to himself, to keep in practice. To him enters Inspector Hughes, through the window, mounted on the Protestant horse.)

MEREDITH.—Zounds, man, take my life, but don't tread on my corns. You give that beast too many oats.

HUGHES (Hoarsely).—Hast called the meeting? Is all well? What excuse did'st make?

MEREDITH.—Oh, just a report about the—you know. (Blushes.)

HUGHES.—Yes, I remember, the—(tries to blush but fails. Enter other trustees. He hides the Protestant horse under the table.)

MEREDITH.—We have met to—to—pass that report. (All assent.) Also to—to—make Mr. Hughes our—our *Privy* Councillor. (Loud applause.) To send him through the length and breadth of the land to denounce Papal tyranny. (Hear, hear.) To preach the new N.P. No Popery. (Tumultuous applause.) To beard the hydra in his den, and to unfold his tale in every school-house in the province!

(WILD CHEERS.)—To give the separate schools their gruel. (The Protestant horse rises under the table and upsets it. All the trustees vote twice, and retire dissembling as they go.)

INSP. HUGHES.—So I have my revenge—and my holiday—and my salary! Ha! ha!! (Mounts the Protestant horse which refuses to dissemble, and vaults through the window. Blue fire! Curtain!!)

"PAPA is so kind," said Miss Binabroad; "he took us all to Europe last summer, and as for shopping expenses he gives me blanc mange at all the stores and never grumbles at the bills. Dear papa."

A SUGGESTION.

WE notice in the hasty perusal of the powerful local items which may be occasionally detected among the quack special notices of an esteemed county exchange, that "The contractor, Mr. Van Every, is now engaged sloping off the bluff at the head of Main street. This is the hardest part of his job." Without pausing to argue the matter with the contractor just at present, it occurs to us to remark that if he finds it such a hard job to "slope off the bluff," it might not be a bad scheme to go to work and bluff off the slope. This is no purely expert advice, but simply a passing observation prompted by large humanitarian instincts and a knowledge of the game of poker.

GRIP IS ALARMED.

WHAT is this country coming to? Well may we Loyalists open our eyes in astonishment when an audience of our supposedly best citizens meet to applaud such utterances as those of Mr. Laurier on Friday evening. Here is a man who actually raises his voice against the Government, and the people cheer him! Here is a rebel who openly declares that no Government shall trample over his living body, and that so long as he has a voice he will protest against the oppression of the meanest subjects of the crown! And good citizens cheer him!! Here is a man who declares that constitutional means sometimes fail to secure the redress of grievances, and that Governments have been known to ignore the just claims of the people until their demands have been made with bullets. And decent people cry, Hear, hear! One would suppose that Laurier was speaking of Canadian issues, to judge by the intense interest and the applause; it is difficult indeed to realize that so much enthusiasm could have been aroused over such a dead issue as the rebellion of the Scottish Highlanders hundreds of years ago. It goes to prove that the spirit of those disloyal fellows is abroad, even in this fair and well-governed Dominion.

SUPPERS.

THE opinion of the *débutantes*, that a ball is the only thing that explains life, is to be supplemented by the opinion of the advanced *chaperones*, that supper is the only thing that explains a ball. Supper, as at present practiced, is often a gigantic disappointment. After struggling down stairs, past scowling scufflers in the conservatory, and through clouds of torn tulle that lower in the doorway of the supper-room, the intrepid navigator anchors his consort—the old galleon upon whom all his hopes depend, or perhaps the fair galley to whom he would confide those hopes—in the most sheltered bay he can find, between two craft already at anchor on the edge of the coast. Perhaps he does not even find an anchorage, and in that case he heaves her to in the middle of the room, or brings her up behind the door, where the stream runs least strongly. Then, with his head full of what he means to say, he sails away for the edibles, under cover of which he wishes to insinuate his contraband of war. He sees a large number of lights, a good deal of silver ornament, fruit and flowers; and on the other, or sacred side, a number of waiters engaged in sweet and improving converse among themselves. But when, after struggling past immovable flats, and avoiding shifting glasses of wine, he arrives at the table, he recognizes the deception. Around lie pink, and white, and yellow enormities, known, for distinction, as creams or jellies,

"but no more like to jellies than eels to ortolans." There is the stale sandwich of half-cooked ham, and very likely raw trichinæ. There is (if he can get it) tepid soup, of which the white is too innocent of taste and the brown too guilty; there is the breastless fowl of commerce, a sepulchre whitened with suspected sauce; there is the galantine, insipid like the galanterie of the present day; there are *patés de gibier* which have never passed through quarantine; and there is, even in the 19th century, that old enemy of the human race, *mayonnaise de homard*. Besides these there is too often the sound champagne of commerce, a compound of capillaire and ginger beer, which not even ice can disguise, and which seltzer cannot even alleviate. For what is not that champagne responsible? Envy, hatred, and malace, and a love of settlements spring from it; half the miseries and all the headaches of life spring from it. The efforts of those in whose hands lie the control of supper are directed foolishly enough towards producing a "stage effect" with it, and it seems necessary to say that it matters but little what the supper looks like so long as it eats well. The silver may be suppressed, the polychromatic enormities must be suppressed; but do let us have what we can eat and drink. The *coup d'oeil* will suffer, perhaps, but the *coup de dent* will gain. Give us—oh give us!—hot cutlets, not greasy chops—hot soup, not cold gravy and water—eatable dishes, not culinary *fiascos*.

THE BIG SHOW AT THE PAVILION.

ON Friday evening, 10th inst., the much advertised Grit entertainment came off at the Pavilion. The management having announced free seats for Liberals and admission without paying to Tories, with reserved gallery to ladies and escorts at the same popular figures, an enormous crowd was the result. The building was jammed from floor to dome, and many a Reform auditor found himself in sympathy with the poor Government, for he could realize how uncomfortable it was to be in a tight place. The performance began with a few words by the Chairman, who closed by introducing our fellow citizen M. Laurier, a tall, willowy, intelligent looking gentleman. M. Laurier divided his programme into three parts:—I. Recitation; II. Reading; III. Declamation. His first part was of the patriotic order, and took well. His little piece about unity of Race in the grandeur of Canadian citizenship, evoked special applause. Part second was rather slower, though the readings were interesting from a political point of view, and as an illustration of how the government

"Did nothing in particular
And did it very well."

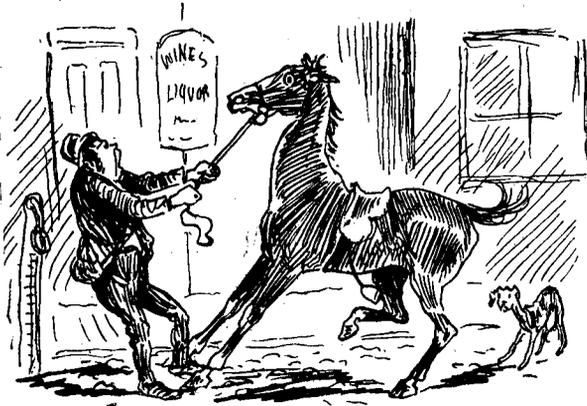
In part three, M. Laurier's performance was brought to a conclusion by some first-rate selections. His rendering of old Lord Chatham's dramatic speech to the House of Lords drew cheers from every rebel of the same sort in the audience, and nobody, so far as we could see, failed to cheer.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

WIFE—Harry, dear, what is the meaning of "luney"?

Husband—It is derived from the Latin word *luna*, the moon, and is generally applied to what are termed moon-gazers, or embryo lunatics.

Wife—Moon-gazers? What a good thing I married you when I did; you might have been in an asylum now.



WHOA!—BE TIED, YOU!

THEY AND THEIR GRAND-DADDIES.

A SERMON TO THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

BY ONE OF THEM—REFORMED.

[Now first published; but you'll have to excuse that. No rights reserved. Copy it, credit GRIP with it, and my blessings on you.—THE PREACHER.]

"FARMERS who are complaining of hard times can see how the case stood with their grand-daddies."

This text you will find in the London *Free Press*, editorial column, top of 4th page; date, a few days ago, but that makes no difference, because the issue that had it in will have to be produced in court during the libel suit proceedings which will follow the publication of this discourse.

Some of GRIP's readers do, we sadly fear, subscribe for the London *Free Press*, weekly edition, not so much for the intrinsic value of the chromo which goes with it as to have its original agricultural editorials in a neat and concise form without the trouble and expense of subscribing for the able American Farm Journals from which these able editorials are so ably clipped.

But you will not be able to find this text in the weekly edition, because it was, no doubt, the work of the versatile horse reporter, and was promptly suppressed when discovered.

In case some persons may desire to make a pilgrimage to London to see where the author of the graceful and contentious paragraph above quoted is kept, there will likely be people about the neighborhood of Woodstock who can point out the road to the town or be willing to enquire for the pilgrim. When in London, the traveller ought to be able to make his way to the Zoological Gardens.

Now, in considering the grand truths and lofty sentiments with which my text is pregnant I shall divide it. Thus:—I. Farmers; II. Hard Times; III. Grand-daddies.

I.—Then, Farmers are an innocent, unobtrusive, in fact, perfectly harmless, class of the Canadian people whom Sir John Macdonald, and the newspapers which support him for large bonuses, as the *Free Press* does, invariably begin to remember the existence of, just about election times. Farmers ought to feel profoundly grateful for this signal mark of recognition on the part of the Great and Good Government under which they are permitted to live and work hard and enjoy all the blessings

of bountiful taxation. Perhaps, when the Farmers rise in the scale of number, education, political knowledge, representation, gall, and other characteristics of general importance, they may fairly claim to be deserving of a paternal Government's attention somewhat oftener than on the eve of an election. In their present insignificant status as factors in the sum total of national progress, they can only patiently await the course of events till they are placed rather more on an equality with the Boodle M. P's, the nepotists, the timber-grabbers, the charter-snatchers, the Boys and all those others elevated, influential and specially gifted few for whom the country was created and on whom the country really leans—while they fatten. I urge on you, my farming brethren, to rest and be thankful as things now stand. The time, I think, is coming when you will be actually taken into account in the economy of Government, not to say the Government of economy, between elections.

In the meantime, do nothing to precipitate matters. Till, toil and take taxation like the noble, unselfish yeomen that ye are. All of you who can afford it, get 5 cent copies of "In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye" and "Over Jordan;" practice regularly at singing them, and "learn to labor and to wait"—especially wait.

II.—Hard Times, you must remember, are in your own hands. If you don't want them, sell them. You can effect this sale by a very simple process—very simple. Support the Government which assures you that it has full control of hard times and soft times, too, and is prepared to deal them out in lots to suit purchasers. It strikes me you did something like this once before, but if you did, perhaps you did not do enough of it. Maybe you dealt at the wrong shop! likely you traded out too much, or took notes at too long dates, or were satisfied with poor security! Look into this matter and try again. If you find more hard times on your hands than you can conveniently carry over for another Parliamentary term, make another effort to get rid of them, even at a little present sacrifice. Polling day is a good time to make up your minds as to whom you will dicker with this trip. There are only two political shops just now going, with Ottawa headquarters. It mightn't be a bad idea to transfer custom this once, if you should be haunted with the idea that somehow or other you made a mull of it last time. Remember that you had forefathers and that they used to have to handle transactions of this kind. This brings me to another division of my sermon.

III.—As my text neatly put it "you can see how the case stood with your grand-daddies." There may not be a positive superabundance of satisfaction in the contemplation that your ancestry did or had certain things and therefore you who do or have about the same things will be able to grasp how the situation was with them. It is, however, excessively kind and considerate of one of the accredited organs of the Dominion Government to point all this out to you at this juncture. It proves conclusively how deeply interested the Great and Good Ottawa Government is in your behalf and how anxious they are not only to comfort but to help you. Of course the inference from the text is that really you shouldn't grumble because wheat is only sixty cents and other things you raise are in proportion, while your taxes, for the Government Fiscal Policy, are being most neatly and attractively piled up. But, on the other hand, if you really must grumble, please let your memory take a short walk down the main street of the past; think "how the case stood with your grand-daddies," be comforted, be consoled; be virtuous and you will be happy. T. T.



“DYING!” YOUR GRANDMOTHER!

“You all remember how poorly the wolf made out to be when he was luring innocent Red Riding Hood to her doom. But his appetite was good, as she found to her cost; and as you will find to yours if you allow yourselves to be lured in like fashion.”—*Vide Blake's speech at Wingham.*

HIGHLAND IDIOM.

MRS. DONALD F—— is the wife of a well-known farmer near one of the large towns of Western Ontario, where Highlanders "most do congregate." Both husband and wife are rather eccentric, and many amusing stories are told of their peculiarities of thought, speech and action. One of the funniest is this:—Mrs. F—— had occasion to borrow a potash kettle from a neighbor, who reluctantly loaned it, and subsequently grumbled to another neighbor about, having to do so. Mrs. F—— happened to hear about the grumblings, and, when returning the borrowed kettle, thus loftily expressed herself:—"If Tonald spares the Lord till last Summer, she'll have a ketash pottle of his ain, so she will!"

STORIES OF DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

TALKING to a Scotch friend the other day, he told me the following heretofore unpublished stories about Dr. Norman Macleod, with whom he was intimate, and who, he says, related to him the incidents with his own lips:—He had occasion one stormy day, to cross a loch in order to fill an appointment. His companion was a brother minister, out on a vacation,—a diminutive man, unused to the water and rather nervous about embarking on the trip. At first the Doctor felt no trepidation, but as the little boat got farther out into the lake, he began to feel that he had undertaken a rather perilous voyage. Turning to the boatman, who was bending lustily to the oars, apparently all indifferent to the surroundings, he enquired:—"Isn't it very rough, Sandy?" "I've kenned it waur!" was the brawny ferryman's only reply, delivered in a gruff voice. The storm increased in fury. "I think we are in grave danger!" the Doctor ventured to remark, as sea after sea began to be stripped. "Nae doot, nae doot!" grunted Sandy, without raising his head or relaxing an effort. Finally, when a huge wave struck the frail craft, as if bound to swamp it, the Doctor in great alarm exclaimed:—"Stay, boatman, stay! I will ask aid of Heaven!" Sandy turned his head and, glaring for a moment at the speaker from under his shaggy brows, growled out:—"Hoot, mon! *You tak' an oar! The wee'un'ell pray!*"

Walking one Sunday afternoon, along one of the streets of Glasgow, he saw a party of arabs playing about, wholly unmindful of the Holy day and its obligations. He stopped and spoke kindly-admonishing words to the boys. "God knows of your Sabbath breaking," he said, "and it grieves Him. He knows everything you do, and will reward or punish you, as you do right or wrong." The boys seemed to take the little sermon in a better spirit than the preacher expected, and he was congratulating himself thereon, when suddenly one of the group, a roguish-looking urchin, stepped forward and asked: "Does God ken evrathing." "Yes, my lad!" "Does he ken I hae a bawbee in ma han'?"—holding out a dirty closed fist. "He knows that, my lad!" "Ye're a liar!" exclaimed the urchin, opening the hand and showing that it was empty! And with an exultant and derisive laugh he ran off, followed by his companions. T. T.

THE BARE IDEA.—"Papa," said little Jimmie Briefless, "what do you wear when you go to the court house—your law suit?" "Oh, no, my son," replied the good barrister, kindly. "That is the suit a man puts on when he goes naked. Only the clients wear that."

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DIVIDEND 44.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum has been declared by the Directors of this Company, for the six months ending 31st inst., and that the same will be paid at the Company's offices, 28 and 30 Toronto street, Toronto, on and after Friday, the 7th day of January, prox.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st inst., both inclusive.
By order. W. MACLEAN, Manager.



Notice to Contractors.

TENDERS will be invited in a few days for the construction of the Section of the Cape Breton Railway extending from the Grand Narrows to Sydney, a distance of about 45 miles. This preliminary notice is given in order that Contractors desiring to tender for the work may have an opportunity to examine the location before the winter sets in.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
OTTAWA, 26th Nov. 1886.

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Monday, the 3rd day of Jan., next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th of December to the 31st of December, both days inclusive.

B. E. WALKER,
General Manager.

TORONTO, Nov. 23rd, 1886.

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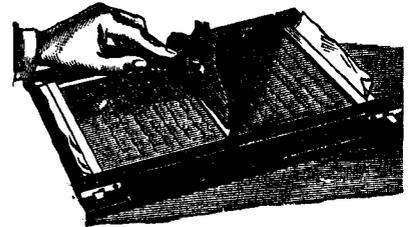
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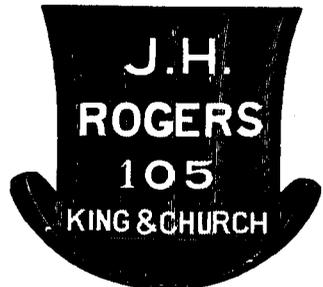
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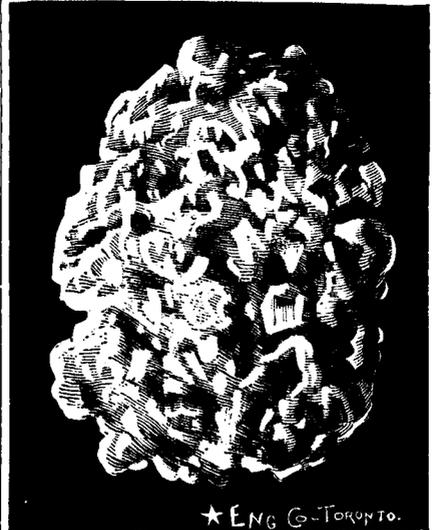
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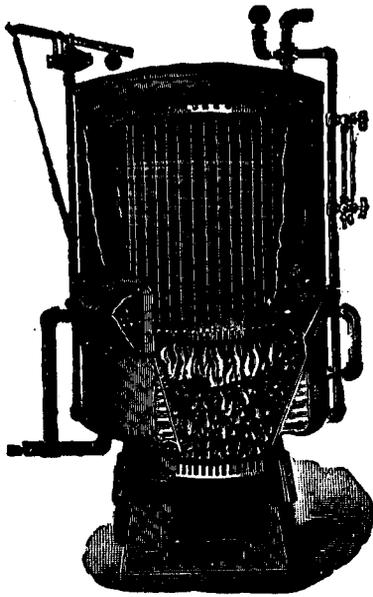
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