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# GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENG

LITERATURE

MUSIC

DRAMA

WISDOM  
WEAR THE  
WISDOM

STRENGTH

PROSPERITY

PAYABLE

IN

ADVANCE

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

Joe Miller

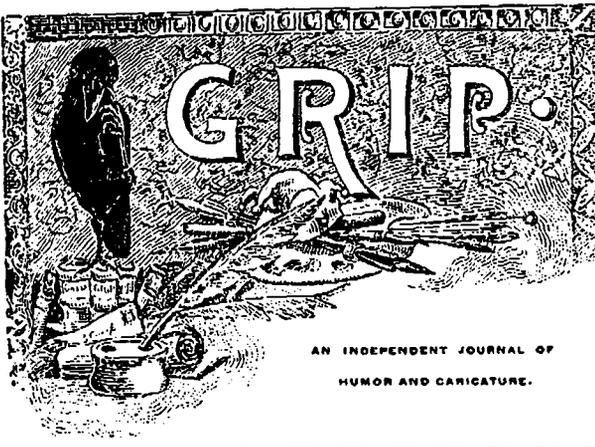


EDWARD, PRINCE OF ORANGE, CROSSES THE CIVIC BOYNE.



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### Comments on the Cartoons.



Wiman, the erudite Butterworth, the argumentative *Mail*, the hard-headed *Globe*, and all and sundry the advocates, friends and believers in Unrestricted Reciprocity! What would not Europe give for such a paragon as our Sir John?

EDWARD CROSSES THE BOYNE.—Mr. Edward Clarke is our new Mayor, and we hope he will prove as good as he is handsome. As a newspaper man we are in duty bound to admire him—especially as he is personally well worthy of our esteem. While it cannot be denied that Mr. Clarke was the favorite candidate of the opponents of civic purity and temperance reform, we hope that he will prove true to his own high personal character, and show to the world that he does not consider himself under any obligations to the reactionary element. GRIP most heartily congratulates him, and hopes he may have a pleasant and successful term of office.



MARK, gentle reader, that this is NUMBER ONE OF VOLUME THIRTY-ONE. Sounds somewhat venerable, doesn't it? Well, yes, GRIP, *etat* fifteen years to-day, is at least half a decade the senior of any publication of the same class in America, but, as his appearance indicates, he is just as full of life and vigor as ever, and looks forward to a long career of merry usefulness to his esteemed public.

STARTING out upon another year, GRIP has no radical changes to announce in his programme, for the sufficient reason that the policy in question is not susceptible of improvement. What is it? Everybody ought to know by this time.

IT is to treat all public men with fairness and, as far as possible, with kindly consideration; and to deal with all public questions upon their merits, so far as honest and unbiassed enquiry may enable us to estimate the same. Having no axe to grind at Ottawa or elsewhere, GRIP can afford to "hew to the line," regardless of where the chips may fall.

GRIP'S view is that the legitimate forces of humor and caricature can and ought to serve the state in its highest interests, and that the comic journal which has no other aim than to amuse its readers for the moment, falls short of its highest mission. GRIP has sought to play the part of an educator though dressed in the motley; and upon questions with a distinct moral bearing, he has always striven to be on the right side.

THE civic elections are over! Please understand us to ejaculate this with a deep-drawn sigh of relief. So far as this city is concerned, the fight has been a three-cornered one, and the corners proved unusually jaggy. Happy is the defeated candidate who can reflect that, at all events, he didn't say anything nasty about his opponents. He has better chances for a happy new year than the fellow who "got there," if he only knew it.

THE general verdict upon the first number of *The Empire*, so far as we noted critical remarks, was that theed a l pop was "tame." The editor has a right to consider this flattering. What the public evidently expected was something "wild"—a renewal of the rip-tearing sort of editorial which the accomplished Mr. Griffin used to give us every morning in the *Mail*. We have outgrown Griffinism, however, and it is just as well that the editor of the new organ acts on the opinion that "calm printed words" will in the long run do more for the Party than the "vigorous" writing of other days.

BUT, after all, is there really any use for this new organ? The daily papers already in existence are, most of them, ready and willing to make official announcements for the Government (at so much per line, nonpareil), and to render the due measure of praise editorially for governmental acts that are worthy of praise. A good majority of them, also, could be safely counted upon to support the Government in any measure that was manifestly in the public interests. What, then, is the

necessity for the expenditure of \$250,000 in the problematical task of establishing a new journal? It cannot surely be that the *Empire* will undertake to do what none of the existing Toronto journals could be decently asked to do—namely, support the Government in wrong measures? Perish the thought! And yet if this is not the idea, we ask once more, what is the use of this new organ?

\* \* \*

OUR opinion is that organism as well as Griffism is defunct in Canada. Neither of the parties, as at present constituted, are worthy of the earnest, enthusiastic support of level-headed men, and no paper can charm them into such state of mind, charm it never so wisely. Both parties are without any clearly defined policy, and both are too cowardly to venture upon any of the new issues which the people are discussing. Something is going to break before long; a live people can't live for ever on husks, and we are not aware of anything more succulent than the editor of the *Empire* can offer in the name of the Ottawa Government, or that any Grit editor can offer on behalf of the Ottawa Opposition.

\* \* \*

IF it wouldn't be troubling M. Frechette too much, might we ask that gifted poet to sit down in some of his odd moments and re-write his work in the English language? It give us an odd sort of sensation to hear of the honors Paris has been heaping upon him as the national poet of Canada, when we know that some three and a half million of his fellow-countrymen have, for good and sufficient reasons, never enjoyed his writings in the original. If M. Frechette is really the great poet of Canada, it seems to us that Canadians ought to get the benefit of him.

POLITICAL MORALITY.



HE details of the recent election trials, "wrote the able editor," "disclose a scandalous and shameful bribery. It is sad to reflect that citizens of a free country should be base enough to barter their franchise for a dollar or so. They should be made an example of. Such rascals richly deserve a term in jail." And having exhausted his virtuous indignation, he turned to his exchanges for fresh food for thought. Then he wrote again:

"We are glad to announce that the government have at length resolved upon the construction of the long-delayed Squigglepop harbor improvements at a cost of \$20,000. It is also in contemplation to give a bonus of \$3,500 a mile to the proposed Squigglepop and Peterout Junction Railroad. These undertakings will greatly conduce to the material prosperity of Boodell County, the electors of which at last election, by the way, returned an Opposition member to Parliament by a small majority. They would be guilty of the basest ingratitude to a government which by its liberal policy has clearly shown that it has their interests at heart, should they repeat this mistake at the approaching by-election."

A PRIZE POEM.

A WEEKLY paper offers a prize of \$10 for the best poem on "Boys, Don't Leave the Farm." When I read the announcement, my heart stood still with wonder at the munificence of the offer, and I decided to pocket that X. But somehow, I couldn't get my muse to strike the proper chord. Try as I would, I couldn't get up enough enthusiasm on the subject to write a conscientious poem. I had not enough sympathy with my subject. My mind ran in the wrong channel. When I thought I had got it worked up to about the proper pitch, ghosts of past politicians, governors, presidents and bank cashiers and other famous reformers, loomed up and informed me that they had at one time wooed the goddess Pomona, but found her too exacting and too prodigal of her remuneration. I also resurrected the memory that I had myself been born and raised on a farm. In fact, I was raised several times on the farm—by the plow-handles, by Billy the ram (and occasionally by the toe of my father's boot). This latter by way of parent-thesis. But had I not discarded the dear old thistle patch and won for myself fame, honor, and a lucrative position in the vortex of city life? On what pretence could I advise the boys not to give up farming, when such a brilliant contra argument as my own phenomenal success kept tugging at my heart strings and crying "hypocrisy!" However, visions of that X succeeded in stifling the tugs, and after several hours of agonizing thought and squandered brain tissue, I managed to reel off a few lines, which I imagine ought to come in a winner by several laps. My wife speaks French, and she says it is just *aw-fa*:

Oh, don't you leave the farm, my lad,  
For if you do, you know  
The "dear old home" will miss you bad,  
And big bull thistles grow;  
Wild mustard with its yellow glare,  
Wild oats and weeds most foul  
Will grow in rank profusion where  
You once did "spud" and growl.

Remember, boys, your childhood days  
Among the "buds and bees,"  
The winter whites, the summer grays,  
The plum and apple trees;  
Remember, too, the old ox team—  
But then you will, of course,  
Remember how you'd shout and scream.  
Gee! haw! till you were hoarse.

I know some boys have left the farm,  
Who won themselves a name,  
Whose lives seem now to be a charm,  
But still their lives are tame;  
They can't build fences in the rain,  
Or chase the "breechy" ox;  
They can't make chewing gum of grain,  
Or blast the blank, blank rocks.

They can't arise with morning light  
To haul the ripened grain,  
And work and sweat till late at night  
Because it's like to rain;  
They know not what sound slumbers are,  
Tired backs and aching bones,  
Nor how the hands get many a scar  
While freeing fields from stones.

Ah, life upon the farm, my boys,  
Is lively and is free;  
I'd go myself back to its joys,  
But that may never be,  
For I've a \$7 sit,  
The which is better still  
Than farming, and I'll stick to it—  
You'd better bet I will!

SAM STUBBS.

## THE FALLS.

BY THE GHOST OF EDGAR ALLEN POE.

### I.

COME and gaze upon the Falls—  
Water-falls!

What a heap of H. z. O. leaps o'er their rocky walls,  
How they tumble, tumble, tumble,  
Down the yearning gap below,  
Whilst the never ending rumble  
Seems a great gigantic grumble,  
Or a sort of monster blow!  
Down they go, go, go,  
Like a cistern over-flow.  
O! the circumnavigation of those cataractine squalls  
Of the falls, falls, falls, falls!  
Falls, falls, falls.  
Of the dashing and the splashing  
Of the falls!

### II.

How about those horrid falls,  
Sidewalk falls?  
What a shake-up to the body, and how the mind it galls,  
And men say as down they go,  
"Hang it all!" or "Rats!" or "Oh!"  
Whilst the omnipresent boy,  
At height of voice,  
With a yell will them annoy,  
For with frantic, fiendish joy  
Doth he rejoice.  
Oh! the epithets he bawls,  
Whilst his victim spreads and sprawls.  
How he calls,  
And cat-like crawls  
Up the sidewalk, and snow-balls,  
With triumphant catawals,  
The wretch, lying, sighing, crying,  
From his falls, falls, falls, falls,  
From his falls, falls, falls,  
From the aching and the shaking of his falls

## COLLEGE SONGS.

WE have known good and pious citizens with an ear for music to be on the verge of profanity at the musical efforts of students on the streets. Other citizens, of less self-control, we have known to openly express their desire to murder these authors of discord. The question, What can we do with musically inclined Varsity men who sing out of time? has profoundly agitated Toronto. Messrs. Suckling & Sons have neatly solved this poser, by publishing in handsome form a volume of College Songs, from which the words and tunes of all the choruses, odes, glees and madrigals known to undergraduate fame are printed. There is no excuse now for poor performances. The street parades, with "Old Grimes" sung according to the score, will hereafter be a treat and not a terror. Suckling & Sons deserve a medal.

IN the great European upholstery establishment the French Cabinet is being run down by the German Press!

"You say that you love me," said the charming young lady to the dude. "I do," he replied. "Then why do you ask me to marry you?"—*Boston Courier*.

POLITICS and poetry are not supposed to assimilate, yet the politician and the poet are not so very different. One lays his pipes and the other pipes his lays.—*Texas Siftings*.

THE rain falls on the just as well as the unjust. On a wet Sunday, however, the churchman gets wet going to church. The baseball man postpones the game and keeps himself dry.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

HON. MR. FOSTER.—To talk nothing but straight and immediate Prohibition when Mrs. Youmans is around.

Hon. S. H. Blake.—To consume more sugar and syrup than heretofore.

Hon. T. B. Pardee.—To give no more champagne lunches to visiting lumbermen, unless the permission of the *Canada Citizen* be first obtained.

Sir John A. Macdonald.—Not to give the C. P. R. Syndicate a cent more—than they ask for.

Hon. E. Blake.—To remain out of public life until the policy of the Reform party can be discovered by the naked eye.

Mr. John Livingstone.—To tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in the editorials of the *Empire*, and thus to convince everybody of the purity, honesty, and capacity of the present Government.

Hon. Frank Smith.—To stubbornly remain out of the Cabinet and thus bring Sir John to his knees.

Rt. Hon. Jos. Chamberlain.—To write a book upon the manners and customs of Canada, from notes taken during a lengthened residence.

Mr. E. F. Clarke.—To find out the truth about Langevin's alleged anti-Orange influence in the Cabinet.

## AT LIBERTY.



SIGNOR NORQUAY, late of the Manitoba Government, is open for engagements in his unrivalled act entitled "The Back-Boneless Politician." Address *Winnipeg*, care of *Conservative Club*.

## OFFENSIVE EPITHET.

SINCE the developments in Banking Circles this week the operators in the Telephone offices object to be accosted with, "Hello Central."

THERE was a young man named Bosanquet,  
Who grew so exceedingly languet,  
To take off his hat  
On a chair down he sat,  
And people all said he was cranquet.

THE INTOXICATING RHYME.

GRIP has always been a comparatively peaceful publication, and I have no desire to interfere with its reputation in this regard by one warlike word; yet in the name of a long-suffering public somebody ought to protest against the open encouragement to poetic perpetration offered by a well-known and should have known better contributor to the *Montreal Gazette*. To emphasize the fact that I am not directly thirsting for the gore of this person, who is known to be an inoffensive character in private life, I will refrain from publishing his name in connection with my wrath, but he is as familiar to the readers of the *Gazette* as Mr. Richard White or the virtues of the C.P.R.

There are people in this world who can be very philanthropic at the expense of other people, but we cannot accuse this gentleman of being one of these, for does he not write, doubtless out of the depths of a bitter experience, "I receive weekly parcels of verse, chiefly from young people," as a preface to the expression of his approval of the practice. He has also suffered then, suffered secretly and alone perhaps, where only the rays of a student lamp lit up his anguished features, from the rhyming mania in its most malignant form—the manuscript form. None know better than he the harrowing possibilities of a tightly rolled, blue-ribboned inspiration in seventeen pages with *L'envoi* labelled upon a spasmodic after thought at the end of it. And he has come forth a martyr to the conviction perhaps, that if it did not break out in this comparatively innocent way there would be no computing its dangerous possibilities in the social system. And with heroic disregard of its consequences to himself invites more of it. There may be something in this. Poetry like anarchy, runs in the blood. The difference lies in the fact that unvarnished justice is meted out to the Anarchists, while the amateur poets get afternoon tea and sugared compliments.

It has also been urged by some people prone to extenuation of all crime—the same people who go about signing petitions for executive clemency and sending canvas backs to other interesting conspirators against the peace of society,—that's a rhyming facility combined with a desire to put certain tender sentiments into print indicates a gentle and harmless nature that is not rare in these days of iconoclasts, dynamiters, and boodling aldermen. It should indicate something like that; occasionally it does. But more than dreams go "by contraries" as the old women have it, and the soulful strains that proceed from the most unsoulful people make one of the anomalies of human nature. The creative faculty—save the mark!—seems often to exist and exercise itself altogether apart from and almost uninfluenced by the personality an odd-purposed fate has connected it with. Who doesn't know some trenchant satirist and merciless hard-hitter upon paper who in private life is meek and inoffensive as a shorn lamb, who walks humbly before his wife and grumb es not if the steak be over-done! On the contrary who hasn't heard of the hearthstone tyrant whose domestic relations are constantly "strained," before whom the plumber trembles and the cook flees amain, whose chief delight it is to sit among the *debris* of his household gods and indite graceful sentiments about the mating birds and the joy of living! We are always gathering grapes of thorns and figs of thistles without being in the least aware of it. And in the rare instances where his fruits tell truly of him the tale is not always an encouraging

one. Your amateur poet is apt to feel unappreciated by his wife and flirt for sympathy. Or he is overcome by the gas bill, in full settlement whereof that unfeeling monopoly will not take a sonnet, and lays himself down in his long-haired woe to wonder why he was born. Or he becomes possessed of eccentricities of the wardrobe, and walks abroad in a cloak like Hamlet's, Prince of Denmark, which goes not well with a silk hat and yellow gaiters. Or he takes to drink. No amateur poet that I have ever known does any of these things. The type is altogether unknown among those who have contributed the overflowings of their divine selves to the columns of this Journal. I doubt if there is an individual of rhythm's rhyming tendencies even within the immeasurable scope of GRIP's circulation to whom the foregoing remarks could be appropriately and safely applied. Nevertheless, outside of you, and your relatives, and your acquaintances, and the people you have heard of that drop into poetry upon occasion they have a certain gluesal application.

There are few things in this world better calculated to draw tears from the eyes of a newspaper person who is accustomed to the sad sight, than a large, badly printed, badly bound red, blue, and gilt volume of very young verse, published at the expense of the writer, with a little, disarming, deprecatory preface at the beginning and "Finis" at the end. One instinctively calculates the cost of production, and divides it among the large family which is probably suffering for shoes or schooling or something, while the bread-winner wastes his substance in riotous proof-reading at great expense. Yet in face of these well authenticated facts there lives a man who urges the cultivation of poetic proclivities by the innocent young of the human species, from whose mental organizations they might, if taken in time, be eradicated!

G.C.



A SOCIETY PHILANTHROPIST.

*Aunt Minerva (to fashionable niece)*—"Do you expect to do anything in the direction of charity this winter, Clara?"

*Miss Clara (brightly)*—"Oh, yes, Aunt. I am already planning my costume for the charity ball."

## Address to my Old Grey Goose.

### III.

NOT always in the deeps profound  
Do nature's marvels most abound ;  
Yea, simple things full oft confound  
The more abstruse ;  
" Divinities may hang around "  
A pair grey goose !

How little e'en the wisest men  
O' their dumb fellow-creatures ken ;  
'Twould do them good an hour to spen'  
Wi' the unscen  
Strange thinking being that's far ben  
Thy wondering c'en.

To sympathize wi' the dumb creature,  
And study weel its ev'ry feature,  
Oh, hoo it broadens out our nature !  
Softens the heart,  
E'en to our spiritual stature  
Does grace impart.

And frae the wondrous realms o' thought,  
What revelations may be brought  
By despised instruments, I wot,  
To our blind race !  
E'en truths transcendent may be caught  
F'rae thy meek face.

How often in earth's lowly places,  
Tho' unadorned wi' outward graces,  
We've met wi' loving lowly faces  
We could adore,  
That spake to us o' heavenly places  
Unkent before ?

Wi' bonnet aff I ca' to min'  
The sacred mem'ries that intwine  
Roun' humble hearths, altars divine,  
That ne'er depart,  
Hived, sacred mem'ries o' langsyne,  
Here in my heart.

Love whiles may take a strange direction,  
And show itsel' in queer connection ;  
But, whether in joy or dejection,  
This truth doth shine—  
That humble and sincere affection  
Is aye divine.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

### THE N. P. SUSPENDED.

" SIR JOHN, I just want to ask you one question," said a Canadian type-founder, to our distinguished Premier.

" Fire ahead ! " said Sir John, in his classic manner.

" Well, I want to know what you mean by importing type from Scotland for your new Toronto organ. I thought that you introduced the N. P. for the special good of Canada ? "

" Well—er—yes ; quite so," replied the great statesman—" but you know we're truly loyal. This was for the good of the *Empire*."

### CLEVELAND'S SIMPLICITY.

SPEAKING of the present sent by President Cleveland to the Pope, a handsomely bound copy of the American Constitution, the dispatch says, " the greatest praise is given for the simplicity of the gift." Well, yes ; it looks quite simple. But isn't it just possible that the sly Cleveland intended His Ho iness to search through the interesting little volume and find out how dumb it is on the great fundamental doctrine that the church is above the state in earthly authority.

### " A GRAN' BUIK."

THE memorial of David Kennedy, the late Scottish singer, with its fund of anecdotes and reminiscences has been received with considerable enthusiasm by the Scotch-speaking community. There is an unco muckle-ness—a sort of tak-a-richt-guid-willie wacht tone—a brawly-mon-brawly-an'-thank-ye-for-spee'rin' ring about it, eminently calculated to appeal to the Caledonian heart. The general style of the narrative runs somewhat as follows :—

At the close of a highly successful performance in Poughkeepsie, an aged man rushed up to Mr. Kennedy, remarking—" Aweel, aweel forbye aiblins no that unco fash, but 'twas bonnie skirlin', wadna muckle glaikit sin' yestreen." " Aye, mon," was the reply, " a' thegither awa' siccan a fauraut gowk maun thole the lave o't." Several of the bystanders were affected to tears.

Shortly after the party arrived in Montreal, Mr. Kennedy enquired of a man whom he met on the street, the gait till the post office and received this answer—" Here awa', there awa' wandering Willie, gin ye dinna tak' tent ye winna craw sae croase." The humor was irresistible, and the party enjoyed a hearty laugh.

During a concert at Slinker's Corners, Ont., one elderly lady was so carried away by enthusiasm over the rendition of " Bonnie Charlie's Noo Awa'," that she exclaimed audibly—" Hech sirs, gin it were the muckle Auld Cloutie himsel' wi' the haill clamjamfry iika dour." The effect was electrical, the audience encored the piece thrice. What a tribute to the power of Scottish song to touch the deepest emotion of our nature !

These anecdotes may not be found in the book, but they are good enough for the non-Caledonian reader of these pages. An English edition of the work will no doubt be issued shortly.

ABOUT the best way we know of discounting the winter, is to get a copy of Vick's Floral Guide. It is a perfect dream of summer beauty, and its talk is all of bulbs and plants and flowers. Let every reader who hasn't a ticket for the Rink, try this simple cure for winter ennui.



### THE GREEN SERVANT.

*The Missus*—Mary, Mary ! stop that ! What do you mean by destroying our resthetic decorations !

**A NEW YEAR'S RETROSPECT IN THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM.**

MR. GRIP, like a wise and sensible bird who has a due regard for his own health and the well-being of the people who prosper by his sage advice, retired early. He went to his comfortable roost, not above the study door, where that omenous raven, we all wot of, was wont to perch and croak his dismal "Never more," but on the back of a most luxurious office chair. How long he had thus thrown himself into the arms of Morpheus, he cannot distinctly and certainly say, but his bill was resting in the soft feathers of his sympathetic breast, and his eye winked at the dying embers in the grate, when he became conscious of a presence.

It was that of an old man with long silver locks flowing down his shoulders, his loose garments gathered about him, a scythe in one hand and an hour-glass in the other. He had little strength left, and on his forehead he bore in luminous characters, 1887. It was the Old Year come to say good-bye.

GRIP—(trying to look cheerful and blinking with one eye).—"Hello, old fellow, you here?"

OLD YEAR.—Yes! I'm going, old friend, going the way we must all go when our time's up, and I've come to say good-bye. We've had many a crack together, we have, and I'm sorry to leave you.

GRIP.—Don't be down-hearted! Cheer up! You leave a warm remembrance in my heart. I've watched you from the cradle to the grave, and you seem like one of my own children.

OLD YEAR.—Watched over me? I should think you did. Not a fault escaped *your* eye. And how you made me laugh! How you gave it to Sir John and Tupper, and how you twitted Edward about his little weaknesses! And what fun you poked out of old Sir Richard, with that wicked pencil of yours! Ho, ho, ho, ho!—and here the old man fell into a fit of laughing that nearly finished him before his time.

GRIP.—Even thus we must perform our duty as *ensors morum*, holding up to ridicule the faults and foibles of mankind.

NEW YEAR.—Yes! They all have to take their turn. I've just been making old year calls on some of them.

GRIP.—Then you called on Tupper. What was he doing?

OLD YEAR.—Reading GRIP. He was quite bright. Said you gave him credit for looking after the interests of Canada in the Fisheries Commission, and keeping Chamberlain straight. Used to think you were all for the Grits, but believes you do justice to the Tories after all.

GRIP.—Whom did you call on next?

OLD YEAR.—I skipped over to Ireland and said good-bye to Edward. Found him reading the year's file of GRIP. He said it was good for his political soul, but not exactly comforting. He said, "Old Year, GRIP was right! I was too weak and had no policy. I'm going to commence life over again with GRIP as my guide."

GRIP.—Did he offer you any refreshment?

OLD YEAR.—No; he only pulled his hat over his eyes and buried his nose in GRIP.

GRIP.—On whom next?

OLD YEAR.—On Sir Richard.

GRIP.—And what was he doing? Looking over the expense account of the Kingston election protest, I suppose?

OLD YEAR.—No, he was reading the Christmas number of GRIP. He said it was splendid. So you see,

they all study GRIP. What grand opportunities are yours during the coming year! Good-bye. Do as you have ever done. Be unsparing, but in truth and good humor, and may your shadow never grow less.

He was off, and GRIP slumbered peacefully till the break of day.



**THE ALLEGORICAL vs. THE LITERAL.**

*She*—It is a great expense trying to repair an old house, don't you think?

*He (interested)*—Er—why? Are you not feeling well?

**SHE DIDN'T TUMBLE.**

THEY were walking home from the lecture, discussing the merits of the able and scholarly discourse to which they had been listening.

"'Tis seldom," said the young lady, "that I have been so carried away by a speaker. He was so logical—so clear and convincing. Don't you think so?"

"I do, indeed," replied her escort, "and furthermore, it is not often that you find a man with such a perfect and ready command of language. It was a treat not soon to be forgotten."

"Yes; he talks like a book."

"That is not at all surprising," the young man went on to say, "because he is a-tome on the subject."

"Just so, quite at home on the subject as you say."

"Yes, at home—a-tome! ha! ha! Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see; you mean he is thoroughly acquainted with what he was talking about. But I don't see what there is to laugh about it."

He gave a despairing groan and lapsed into silence. He has since been heard to remark that a woman never can catch onto a joke anyhow.

Who says the "growler" isn't a popular institution? We use 1,000,000,000 tin cans in this country every year.

Two Philadelphia hotel clerks have discovered a cure for red noses. Improvement in every branch of business seems to be the order of the day.



SETTLED BY THE RULE OF THREE!

A GREAT STATESMAN SQUELCHES "COMMERCIAL UNION."

"It's as I said to an old farmer the other day. 'Commercial Union,' says I, 'would be all right but for three things: first, England won't have it; second, the United States won't have it; and third, Canada won't have it.'"—*Sir John in recent Interview.*



“1888.”

THE NEW YEAR AS HE NOW AP-PEARS. WITH APOLOGIES TO SIR JOHN MILLAIS.



### SIR JOHN AND THE REPORTER.

THE following is given by the Ottawa correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as a characteristic anecdote of Sir John A. Macdonald :—

“A newspaper friend tells me that on one occasion he was sent to report a speech which Sir John was to make at a banquet. The expected utterance was to be fraught with deep political importance, but it so happened that the champagne had been so good and abundant, that when the toasting stage arrived Sir John was not in good speaking trim. He made a speech, however, and I took it down *verbatim*—‘not for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.’ I did not think it prudent to print the speech, and next day Sir John expressed surprise that his effort had not appeared in the paper. I called upon him and explained the reason, reading him extracts from my report. He vigorously repudiated the statements as read, and declared he had never talked such nonsense. He then proposed that he should re-deliver his speech, which he did then and there, and having taken full notes of it, I was about to withdraw when he detained me by a gesture. Turning to me with an expression of compassionate forbearance and paternal interest, he said: ‘Young man, let me give you a word of advice. Next time you are sent to report a speech by a cabinet minister, don’t you get drunk!’”

### HOW HE SPENT CHRISTMAS.

ALPHONSO DE BROWNE had not given up all hopes of winning the heart of Araminta Van Goldstein. He had reflected seriously over his past ineffectual efforts to conquer the affection of the obdurate beauty, and he had also pondered over the numerous insults and injuries he had borne for her sweet sake; but with heroic spirit he secretly forgave her irate parent for kicking him out of the house, when he had mentioned his limited income in strict confidence; he determined to forget the rudeness of the rash chambermaid, who drenched him with the contents of a water-jug when he tried to serenade his lovely mistress, and he wisely resolved not to risk another encounter with the bull-terrier by climbing over the garden wall again. Yes, he freely forgave them all on Christmas eve, the season of peace and good will, and sallied forth

to buy a suitable present for his fair divinity, which he fondly imagined would heal up all old wounds and cement forever the differences that had hitherto separated them. He wandered through the thickly peopled streets, gazing into every shop window, quite undecided as to what would be the most suitable gift. He thought of a toboggan and blanket suit, a silver-mounted snow-shovel, a pair of Acme skates, a Christmas tree, his own photograph in a fur suit, which he could get out of pawn for the occasion, and many other pretty ideas suggested themselves. At last he paused before a jeweller’s shop. A happy idea struck him. Why not buy her a ring? It would remind her of the old happy days and bring to her quick girlish mind possibilities of a happy and united future. That settled it. In went Alphonso de Browne and demanded to see all the rings in the place. The jeweller produced a large supply, and Alphonso carefully looked them over, taking those he wished from the cases and spreading them out upon the counter. The shopman was called away for a few moments by another customer, and on his return Alphonso showed him his selection and enquired the price. It was a \$25 article, containing 8 rubies. Alphonso pulled out his savings of six months and paid for the article. He had been engaged as an advertisement-raker on the *News*, hence the difficulty of his amazing wealth. As he was leaving the store, he saw a tram-car going towards his home, and made a rush to catch it. The moment he had shut the door of the jewellery store, the shopman noticed that a diamond ring was missing and ran out after our hero, who was now rushing frantically after the car. The cry of “stop thief” was raised, and Alphonso de Browne soon was captured and given into custody. In vain he protested his innocence. The jeweller searched his ring-cases again; but the \$200 diamond ring was gone. The constable searched Alphonso by his own request, and found nothing. A person entered with a book and newspaper he said Alphonso had thrown away. He denied this, and said they must have fallen from his pocket. Everyone concluded he had thrown the ring away, so he was taken to the station and locked up after being charged with the theft. He sent a note to Mr. Van Goldstein and another to Araminta, explaining his situation, and asking them to bail him out; but no notice was taken of his request, the old gentleman declaring that he always knew that young fellow would come to a bad end, and Araminta sighing over old days. So Alphonso languished in gaol on Christmas Day, instead of dining at the Van Goldstein mansion as he had intended. However, he dreamed that night that he was there and was dancing with the lovely Araminta, when he gave her the ring, and—fatal flash of dream-land!—it was the stolen diamond—whereupon Araminta fainted and Alphonso woke up.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next morning, when Mr. de Browne appeared in court, the jeweller withdrew his charge, having found the ring on the floor of his shop that morning. He had brushed it from the counter with his sleeve when going to speak with that other customer. Of course, he apologized profusely for his wretched mistake and made Alphonso a present of the \$25 ring; but alas! it was a poor recompense. However, he determined to call at the Van Goldstein’s on New Year’s Day, and we will record the visit in due time.

MR. STIGGINS is a Brockton plumber. This is a clear case of the survival of the fittest.

**THE LADY AND THE HORSE CAR.**

FROM the curb stone—"Driver!"  
 "Whoa!"  
 "Driver! Driver!! Stop the car!"  
 "Wh-o-a! Ride, madam?"  
 "Does this car cross Fifth street?"  
 "Yes'm; jump in."  
 "How near to X street does it go on Fifth street?"  
 "Within three blocks. Ride, ma'am?"  
 "Can't you go any nearer than that?"  
 "Not without pulling up the tracks. The passengers inside are getting anxious, ma'am."  
 "How dare you try to hurry me. I'll get in and ride just as soon as I get ready. How long does it take to go to Fifth street?"  
 "About an hour and a half sometimes. Twenty minutes in the schedule. It depends on who wants to ride."  
 "I'll report you, sir. Why, there comes another car right behind you."  
 A groan rises from the car platform. "I should think you'd be ashamed to be caught up with in that way. I think I'll take that other car, it isn't nearly so crowded."  
*—Merchant Traveler.*

**MISTAKEN IDENTITY.**

CONFIDENCE man (to stranger whose name he had learned from the hotel register)—  
 "Hello, General! Glad to see you in Boston, and hope you are well and happy."  
 General Scabbard—"Well enough in health, thank you, though not exactly happy, but perhaps you can help me."  
 C. M. (confused)—"In what way?"  
 G. S.—"I am not much acquainted here and have a check which I wish to get cashed. Well, bless my heart, how that man can travel. Think he is in danger of being fleeced by one of his own kind."  
*—Boston Budget.*

**SEEKING INFORMATION.**

"YES, dear children," said the Sunday school teacher, "with God nothing is impossible."  
 "Can He make a thing a foot long with only one end to it?" inquired Bobby, who is a small but earnest Christian.  
 "Now, Bobby," said the teacher, with gentle reproof, "you are talking foolishly."  
 "What's the matter with a dog's tail?" asked Bobby.  
*—New York Sun.*

**CATARRH.**

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—A NEW TREATMENT.  
 SUFFERERS are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made once in two weeks by the patient at home. Send stamp for circulars describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

**SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.**

PARSON—"That was certainly an awful stroke of lightning, Mrs. Ransom."  
 Mrs. Ransom—"Yes indeed it was. It's a terrible thing to lose husband and children at one blow."  
 Parson—"The ways of Providence, Mrs. Ransom, are certainly inscrutable, but there's one consolation: lightning doesn't strike twice in one place."

LADY (to clerk)—"I want to look at something that would be a suitable Christmas gift for my husband." Clerk—"Yes, madam; something cheap, I s'pose?"  
*—Epoch.*

TRAMP (to woman at the door)—"I feel very much distressed, madam." Madam—"Something you have eaten?" Tramp—"No, something I've not eaten."  
*—Epoch.*

TOLSTOI declares his brains are still as hard as a nut, and that they have no idea of softening. It is his readers that are in danger of being affected in that way.  
*—Exchange.*

LIVING at the early age that he did, Adam must have felt keenly the absence of many of our modern arts and appliances, but he "held over" us in one respect. He never had to listen to old men tell fairy-tales about the number of cords of wood they used to saw before breakfast when they were boys.  
*—Epoch.*

MASTER DICKIE looks at the caller's head with great curiosity and breaks out: "Why, Mr. Llaydout, you're not a bit bald." "I?" says Mr. Llaydout, "I should say not. I have a head of hair like an Indian. Did you think I was bald?" Master Dickie (in an injured tone).—Why, pa said last night that you had been regularly black bald everywhere these four years past." And the cheerful flow of conversation falters, runs slowly, and finally sinks deep, deep into the insatiable and thirsty sands.  
*—Exchange.*

"I WOULD like a position on the editorial staff of your journal," said Mr. Slimwit, uncovering his slender head as he bowed before the Great Man. "There is no staff position vacant just now," said the editor, kindly; "but I can give a special assignment." "Yes?" "Yes, indeed, and you're just the man for it. I want somebody to pass himself off as an imbecile and get into the Home for the Feeble-Minded to write up the abuses of the institution. You needn't waste time in training; go just as you are."  
*—Burdette.*

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.**

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**ANOTHER ONE GONE.**

FIRST Anarchist—"So poor Herr Bierup is dead eh?"  
 Second Anarchist—"Yah, dot great villainthropist he is gone. He blow up hissself up."  
 "Eh? Mit dose bombs vat he make for dose millionaires, eh?"  
 "No, he got too close to dot gas light mit his breath."  
*—Omaha World.*

BUFFALO BILL's share of the profits of the "American Exposition" in London amounted to £70,000 and a position in English society. He would probably be willing to exchange the latter item for a plug of tobacco.  
*—Minneapolis Tribune.*

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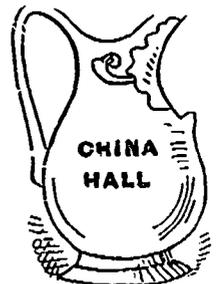
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DR. JOE PARKER makes no bones of acknowledging that he is here after Yankee boodle; but as he is neither an actor nor a professional beauty, and has no weightier characteristic than brass, he has probably worked the Philistines for all they are worth by this time.

THE Supreme Court of Massachusetts has actually issued an edict kindly permitting citizens to be shaved or shave themselves on Sunday. This is probably in deference to the old-fashioned prejudices against wearing a beard, revived by the traditional hirsuteness of the Anarchists.

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