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GRIFFIN

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INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE



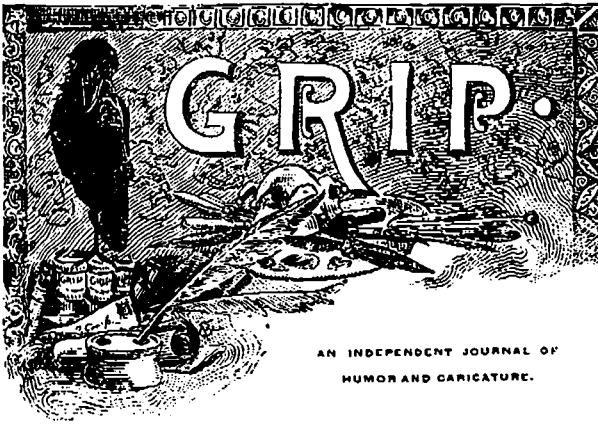
HE BELONGS NOT TO KINGSTON ALONE.

CANADA WELCOMES BACK DR. GRANT, ONE OF HER PRINCIPAL CITIZENS, AND IS GLAD TO KNOW THAT FOREIGN TRAVEL HAS RESTORED HIS HEALTH.

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Comments on the Cartoon.



AFTER THE FIGHT.—The answer of the Supreme Court to the question submitted by the Dominion Minister of Railways involving the point in dispute between the C.P. Railway Co. and the Government of Manitoba, was given more promptly than was generally anticipated, though it came too late for the extended notice it deserved in GRIP, a matter which we are sure their Lordships deeply regret. The judges were unanimous in replying to the effect that the position taken by the manager of the C.P.R. is not tenable, and that the Provincial road has an unquestionable right to cross the track of the other, upon complying with the usual formality of asking permission from the Railway

Committee of Parliament, and obtaining from that body the requisite directions as to the method of making the crossing. This decision is regarded as another brilliant victory for that game little legal bird, the Attorney-General of Ontario, who was the leading counsel for the Manitoba Government. In this case he proved more than a match for that hitherto unconquered forensic fighter, the Hon. E. Blake—which ought to be consoling to that badly licked constitutional rooster, Sir John. Of course Mr. Greenway and his colleagues are jubilant over the result, and additional zest has been given to the Christmas festivities all over Manitoba. Mr. Van Horne, on the other hand, is bitterly disappointed. It would be too much to expect the manager of the Syndicate Railway to bow to the decision of a mere Supreme Court, however, and give up a monopoly which he never legally possessed, but which he was paid to relinquish. Such an idea has not occurred to Mr. Van Horne. He proposes to go right on with the fight and carry the question to the Privy Council. It is a moral certainty that he will be again routed, but meantime the hated rival road will be kept at a standstill—which is apparently the chief object at present in view.

DR. GRANT'S RETURN.—Rev. Principal Grant was enthusiastically welcomed by his fellow-citizens of Kingston on his return from his tour round the world last week, and the event was one in which an interest was felt throughout the whole country, for Principal Grant is one of the best known and most respected of Canadian "men of the day." It is fitting that, through her own special organ, Miss Canada should extend her congratulations to the distinguished gentleman on his safe home-coming and the restoration of his health; hence the little sketch on our front page. It is a grand thing for this Dominion to have a man of Dr. Grant's character at the head of a great educational institution, where his influence upon large numbers of young men is so direct, for no one can come under that influence without having his patriotism quickened and his mind enlarged.



HIS is No. 1 of VOLUME THIRTY-TWO, and in honor of the auspicious occasion GRIP appears in a new outfit. Upward and onward is our motto, and we think we look prettier to-day than we have ever looked before, even if we do say it ourselves. But the newness does

not go beyond our title, type and jokes, it will be observed. The great moral principles and profound political truths upon which GRIP has always stood, remain as before. Being above all trivial human weaknesses, a new suit will not make us proud, nor take our minds off the important business we are doing for our country. Upon the threshold of a new year GRIP is not called upon to turn over a new leaf, or make resolutions of amendment in any respect. He is willing to confess his shortcomings—such there no doubt have been—but there is no need for a better programme than that which he has endeavored to carry out in the past—to wit: Humor without coarseness; pleasantry without personalities; and politics without partiality. GRIP belongs to no party but the party of Facts. It is a tribute to his fairness that to-day he is denounced by some Tories as a Grit, and by some Grits as a Tory organ. He hopes so to conduct himself in the future as to maintain this admirable balance of opinion. This he will endeavor to do by representing the Facts of each case as it comes up. It is for the parties to make the Facts. If they wish to avoid adverse criticism let them make their Facts accordingly.

* * * *

THE *Empire* sees in Mr. Ross' energetic action in the direction of technical education some indications that that minister is a believer in Protection. This is a poor reward for his efforts, surely. Mr. Ross has a right to regard the intended compliment as amounting to an allegation that he is a shallow fellow who believes the whole population can be benefited by putting money in the pockets of a few. The Government organ goes on to encourage the new departure, as the establishment of technical schools in Ontario will put this Province in the forefront of the Dominion as a manufacturing community. This looks as if our brother had lost all faith himself in N.P. philosophy. Why does he advocate expensive

schools and all the rest of it when he knows so well that a high tariff around this Province would do the business just as well? And if a high tariff is good for the Dominion, why wouldn't it be good for each Province?

* * *



WE congratulate the Reform Party on having at last found an issue worthy of its attention. If we are not wrong in supposing that the *Globe* is the acknowledged organ of that party, then there can be no doubt that the burning question of the day is fairly up for settlement. It is, Who wrote that Parody on "The House that Jack Built?" It is of extreme consequence that this great issue be settled, and settled right, and the *Globe* deserves the thanks of every patriotic citizen for its fearlessness in tackling the subject.

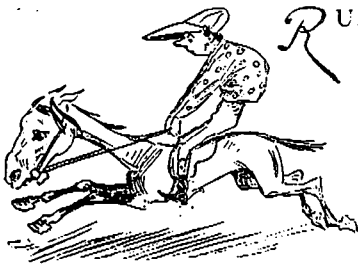
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MEANTIME, everything pertaining to the House that Jack rules at Ottawa may be left in abeyance. The trifling fact that the so-called "Protective" policy is crushing the life out of Canadian labor, is not worth noticing, any more than the cognate fact that extravagance and corruption are going on at about the same old rate.

* * *

WE are in hopes that if no consideration of fairness or honesty can move the administration, the present fiscal system will be before long abolished out of absolute shame. It only requires one or two more exhibitions like that made the other day at Windsor, where the trunks belonging to a couple of little Canadian girls returning from school for the holidays, were brutally ransacked, and their contents—including articles of under-clothing—strewn about the floor amid the vulgar jeers of a crowd of men.

* * *



UMOR again whispers that a change is to be made in the leadership of the Reform Party at an early date. Hon. Mr Laurier expresses himself very willing to hand over the reins to Sir Richard Cartwright at any time, but Sir Richard

does not manifest much anxiety to take them. It is this indifference in the commanding officer that is demoralizing the Grit rank and file. A leader ought to be full of confidence in himself, and loaded to the very muzzle with ambition. Then, he ought to know just what he wanted to fight for; and, lastly, he ought to fight. Mr. Laurier is a most admirable and gifted gentleman, admired by friend and foe alike, but he is not a political pugilist. Sir Richard is a perfect parliamentary John L., but he either has a want of faith in himself or the future of the party that robs him of his strength. What seems to be needed is a combination of the qualities of the two men. Isn't there some young Liberal looking for a job?

INDIGNATION has been expressed against the Government official in connection with the Windsor case, but the man was only doing his duty. Every other Custom's House examiner would perform similar scurvy work if he honestly performed the business he is paid to do. The whole blame ought to be put where it belongs—upon the system of "Protection," which is essentially a system of sneaking, prying interference with the natural rights of individuals. Besides being this, it is a system of swindling and robbery, its true character being obscured under a hocus-pocus of economical verbiage.

THAT BOY OF MINF.

DEDICATED TO ALL MOTHERS WITH BABIES.

STRANGERS think him "such a little darling." I wish they had to "mind" him for twenty-four hours. They would not call him a "darling," they would call him a nuisance, and if they were in the habit of using strong language they would put a very strong word before "nuisance." He has just arrived at that age when he can climb on to chairs and reach and pull down the whole contents of the house—and he does reach and pull it down. I verily believe that if he were left alone for one half hour he could disarrange the solar system; would upset the visible universe. His favorite plaything is the frying-pan, and next to this (and generally directly after this) the white kitten. When he has quite done, a goodly share of both frying-pan and kitten have changed places, for the latter is black and the former hairy—and *he* is both, of course. Next to these he likes silver spoons (to poke the fire with) and wine glasses (to hammer the stove with). All this to him is, I have reason to believe, fun; to me it is not fun; to his father I don't know whether it is fun or not, for after dinner he says, "Let the poor little chap alone." But before dinner it is usually, "Here, what are you about now? Can't you take this kid away?" People say, "How like so-and-so he is;" but it is usually very difficult to trace any resemblance of this kind: it is only when his face is washed (this is done regularly half-hourly during his waking life) that you can tell what he is like. Generally his face is covered with a mixture of treacle, ashes and breadcrumbs, all mixed with hairs from his doll's head. I have seen people hesitate about kissing him sometimes. I never do—kiss him, I mean, not hesitate—except when he is asleep. When he is asleep he certainly is . . . but I suppose all mothers would say the same of their boys; still, I really think mine. . . . But there. Gracious heavens! What *have* you got, baby? His father's pipe in that kitten's mouth, as I live. I must stop this and attend to him at once! H.

THIS SETTLES IT.

WE understand that Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin is being credited with the authorship of our Regina correspondence. He has blushing denied the report through the columns of the *Regina Leader*, but this does not appear to settle it. We do not like to be too emphatic in backing up the *Leader's* denial, as we have a profound respect for the abilities of the genial statesman whose name is mentioned in this connection, but for anybody to suppose that Mr. Davin *could* write those letters is carrying flattery too far. It is a singular thing that, Irishman as he is, Nicholas Flood has never been a success as a humorist. Our Regina writer, on the contrary, is one of the keenest and funniest writers in America.



"IS THIS YOUR CAT?"

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE ARTIST OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE "STAR.")

"Now, Mr. Harmony we don't believe in these here organ builders; they leg you too much. We can see there is a good deal of space between them pipes, so we'll just tell Jones, the carpenter, to plug them up."

Organist, aghast, but meekly—"The difficulty is not there, gentlemen"—leads the way to the bellows and shows where the leakage is.

Happy thought; one has a small engine on his yacht; will send for it and steam it all night.

Committee delighted. Organist demented. Explanation of the nature of glue; relation of mice to leather, etc.

The organ builder must come, after all.

"But, Mr. Harmony, as regards them swelled pipes, wouldn't it do if the sexton could put warm flannel on 'em—it's good for reducing swelling from cold."

"Or," suggested Mr. B. Flat, "what's the matter with rubbing the pipes with arnica. Arnica's cheaper than flannel!"

Collapse of organist. Builder triumphant. Committee report at Vestry. Thanked for service. Re-appointed!!!

THE ORGAN COMMITTEE.

AT VESTRY MEETING.

SIR, I beg to move, seconded by Mr. B. Flat, that Messrs. Sharp, Discord and Fidler, with the chairman and the mover and seconder, be the organ committee for the ensuing year. Carried.

ORGAN COMMITTEE (perfectly ignorant of playing, singing or even whistling any tune correctly, or recognizing it when it is properly played), await the *denouement*.

AFTERWARDS.

They are never asked to select the music, strange to say; but they never thought of that. Of course the music was there; got there before their time and paid for itself.

N.B.—Not one of them has been known to subscribe anything.

But they represent the congregation, and criticize by repeating the various and incongruous things which they hear, to the organist or members of the choir casually.

Organ committee in glory!

The wind chest in organ leaks badly, and some pipes are swollen by damp.

Organist can do nothing but call the committee.

Committee, gazing at front of organ and addressing organist—

TO A HIGH CASTE MUMMY.

STILL art thou a time-serving thing,
Thou hanger-on of death,
Even as if in life some flattered king
Sustained thy fawning breath.

The rags that wrap thee, fold on fold,
Thou Dives chrysalis,
A Lazarus shrinking from the cold
Would shun to change for his.

The humble life of thine own age
Long since has passed away,
And reappeared on Nature's stage
In many a minor play

Whilst thou in petrified decay
Remainest as remains,
But even now as in life's day,
Art worthless bones and veins.

The pauper's corpse; the gibbet's prey,
Dissecting steel well serve,
Unwind thy shroud! lo, crumbling clay,
For sinew, skin and nerve.

Yet though thou fail'st, the knife, the pen
In thee, through coming time,
May find to pleasure moody men
A subject—for a rhyme.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

THE FLY KID.

HE MAKES HIS DEBUT IN LITERATURE BY A PIRATE STORY.

EDITOR OF GRIP,—

I HAVE been thinking for some time of writing stors for your paper. I hear their is lots of folks makes plenty money that way. As you see I write a pretty good hand and can spell middling well, and if I should make any bad missteaks the printers can fix them can't they

I will write this story cheep if you will take it—about ¼ the regular price for I want to get a little money, as Jimmy Bulger says which is into my class at Wellesley School talk is cheep, but it takes money to buy cigarets and git into skating rinks. At first I thought of writing a Injun story but I dunno as I could, for I mightn't be able to git hold of the long names which Injuns have. Pirats mostly have short easy names, so I guess I'll comence on Pirats. Mind if you print the story don't give me away 'cause the boys might laugh. You can say by the Fly Kid; that's what Tom calls me. Tom is my brother.

This here is the story—

**RED-HANDED RUDOLPH;
OR THE TERROR OF THE SEAS.**

BY THE FLY KID.

CHAPTER I.

ONCE their was a Pirat and his name was Red-Handed Rudolph. He was indeed a noble looking Hero. Sum said he was the son of a duke but nobody knowed for if they axed him a dark scowl came onto his hawty brow and he would fire his pistils at the man which wanted to know. His vessel which had scoured the seas was laying in the harbor of New York.

Rudolph might have been seen walking along Broadway with his long black hair falling about his shoalders and his pistils in his belt. He went into a dry goods store and says to the Boss.

My name it is Red-Handed Rudolph. Ime a pirat and I want to see sum Pirat P'lags with a skull and cross bones on 'em. Our flag says he was shot all full of holes and is n.g.

Step this way if you please sir, says the boss. We have a first-class assortment of Pirat flags just in. There now says he that's a elegant arteicl which I'll sell for 25\$ which is tew per cent less than cost.

I'll take it says Rudolph—which he done and thew the store keeper says aint you goin to pay me the money.

Har! Har! says Rudolph with a Laugh of Scorn as he drawed his trusty Revolver and fired at the store keeper.

CHAPTER 2.

As Rudolph went down Broadway with the Flag under his arm he met a ragged newspaper boy which was selling papers.

Will you buy a paper says the newsboy. Yes says the Pirat I'll take all you got and with that he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a Whole Handful of shining Gold picces which he give to the newsboy. And he didnt want the papers neither.

Thus we see that even a Pirat may have a kind and feeling hart.

CHAPTER 3.

After a while Rudolph met a girl drest in fine clothes with diamond rings onto her fingers. She was a good-looking girl and her name was Arabella De Johnson. Her father was a millionaire.

Arabella says Rudolph Ime in love with you. I have lots of money and can buy you good clothes and jewelry. Come with me and be a Pirats Bride.

No says Arabella I think not Ime going home.

Not so fast my prond bewty says Rudolph and he ceazed hold of her. She screamed for the Police and

fainted when Rudolph called a hack and put her into it. Drive me down to the wharf says he to the cabman but he wouldnt so Rudolph shot him and drove the cab down there himself.

Then he got Arabella on board of this vessel, and says to Wall-eyed Will the Mate

Is the anker weighed?

Ay ay sir! said the Mate.

Then hist the sails. Thus dost Red-Handed Rudolph win his Bride!

CHAPTER 4.

There was a Earl lived in Belgrave Square, London. His name was Joseph P. Walker and he was to have been married to Arabella De Johnson. When he heard that the Pirat had carried her away he was Mad.

He says Ile follow him like a slooth-hound. And so he went to Queen Victoria and says--Queen lend me a first class man of war to pursue younder Pirat.

You bet I will says the Queen and if you catch him Ile give you one hundred thousand pounds in gold.

So Earl Joseph P. Walker he bought a lot of cannons and guns and swords and put aboard and then he goes down to the wharf where he seen some sailers and he says to the sailers Ile give you 5\$ a week if you'll help me to catch Rudolph and so they come aboard and Earl Walker started out.

CHAPTER 5.

After the man-of-war had sailed about 4 months they come to a uninhabited Island in the middle of the Ocean where they was a cave. It was the Pirat's Den. The pirats was playing yewker and drinking wine in the cave, and their was big Piles of gold and Jewils which they had took from the vessels.

Earl Walker and his men landed and they seen the pirat flag flying at the mouth of the cave. Now weve got em says the Earl, and he drawd his flashing blade and rushed in.

Carambo says Rudolph and began firing his Pistils wildly when the Earl plunged his sword into his hart! Yure artist might praps make a pictur of this thrilling seen.

"Tis He" shreacked Arabella rushing 4th from a recess in the Rear of the Gloomy cavern as she throwed herself into the Earl's arms. The rest of the pirats was killed or Hung at the yard-arm

The reader will see from this story that a Pirat genrally comes to a Bad end.

P.S.—I forgot to mention that the heaps of gold was divided among Earl Walkers sailers.



THE EFFECTS OF TOO MUCH XMAS GOOSE.



MOWAT PURSUED BY SATAN.

THE *Waterford Star*, understanding that the late decision of the Privy Council has placed the Indians on Crown lands under the control of the Provincial Governments, instead of the Federal, strongly urges the Premier of Ontario to take advantage of that fact to turn the tables on the enemy. "Wouldn't Sir John work a decision of this kind for all it is worth?" says the Tempter. "You just bet he would! If, therefore, Mr. Mowat neglects to pull the string in this instance from any motives of delicacy, he is not worth his seat as a practical politician." The "fact" thus discovered by the *Star* does not happen to exist, but even if it did, can we doubt that the truly good Attorney-General would fly in horror from such a corrupt suggestion?

THE WORLD DO MOVE.

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE BY GRIP'S OWN CLAIRVOYANT.
PREVALENCE OF DARING CRIME.

[From the *News*, Jan. 2, 1894.]

FIVE short years ago and the whole country had stood aghast at the simple snatch work of bold bank thieves. We can all recall instances of the fish-pole fake, the deposit-book dive, the climb-on-the-box-and-grab game.

Examining the daily record of thievery in these times, we may well ask, whither are we drifting?

Take, for instance, the case reported in yesterday's edition, in which a whole bank vault was bodily lifted through the roof, in view of the surprised and terrified staff of clerks, and spirited away, leaving not a trace behind, except you count the vacancy in the building and the hole in the iron roof. If such a thing had occurred a few years ago, banks would have closed up business by the dozen. Now they seem to be getting used to it, if not actually to like the novelty and excitement of the proceedings.

It seems almost incredible that the daring bank theft, fully recorded in the news columns of this edition, could have been perpetrated. How a scheme involving the abduction of a paying teller in broad day-light, the personation of the clerk by one of the gang of robbers, the performance of his duties by the substitute for an hour, until a favorable chance presented to pass all of the currency funds on hand over to confederates—how a scheme such as this could have been successfully carried out in this city in its business centre, with crowds passing constantly, and detectives and policemen detailed especially to guard the bank premises, fairly beats one's comprehension.

But what is either of these two startling episodes in comparison with that of which our neighbor city Hamilton was the scene one day last week? A gentlemanly-appearing stranger, seemingly an elderly clergyman, gains

audience with a bank manager, mesmerizes him, and by this occult influence gets the banker to hand over the contents of the vault, value \$500,000, to his keeping, and actually goes with him outside and helps to stow away the big money in the carriage in waiting for the thief.

But why go on enumerating instances? Our purpose is not to pander to the morbid taste for relash of such arch-villainous occurrences, but to seek some remedy for the appalling condition of affairs into which the whole country, by reason of inefficient police protection and the scientific operations of crooks, has been plunged.

This incompetency of our so-called detectives to deal with the thieving fraternity of this order has long ago been amply proven. We are positively powerless to check the flow of daring robberies on all sides of us. It would seem to *The News* that the best thing to do under the circumstances would be for us who have any money to be robbed of to hand it to the banks, let it go for good, pack up a few eatables in a bag, take to the swamp, and be thankful we were lucky to escape with even the clothes on our backs.

SCHLEIFENHEIMER'S SAYINGS.

It's a wise man vot knows his own mudder-in-law.

A KIDDEN-CAT has nine lives. But a shlander lie beats der kidden-cat py about two dousand auf a majority.

A MAN'S a man for all ov dot. Yaw, meppe; but auf it vasn't for so much "all ov dot," wouldn't dot man peen somevat more of a man, I kess?

To say "let us haf peaces!" is an easy way to got outen ov a leedle vightin' now und again, ven you dink you vas goin' to got licked.

VEN I find me a voman-shpoker on Demberance mid a husband who shrivels up about efery day ov his life, I vould liken to seen dot voman-shpoker do most of her shpoken at home und back it up mid a club vonce in a while. Dot's so, py gracious!

VERE do all der pins und needles go, eh? Vell, look here, mine friend, you chust told me vot pegomes ov der change py a two tollar pill ven a man puy's a five-cent cigar, und I vill explain dot oder leedle matter before I got drough mid you already!

You ox me seriously, "Is life vort lifing?" I say, "No, misther! Dake dis und puy a dose ov Rough on Rats at der corner grocery round der plock!"

ALWAYS ven I meet an honest man I valk me backwards. Dot is, so I can see him der most und longest dime.

I SAY, misther breacher, don't der lofe ov money vas der root ov all efil? Yaw! Oxcuse me den ven I subbose dot auf you oxcpt a call mit a pigger salary, you chust make a crab at der money und leaf der lofe to shlide. Ish dot so, ov ish it?

You vant to leaf der farm und shtart peezness in town, eh? Vell, dot's all ride enough. I ain't goin' to dhry und shof you in der Ticulune Asylum, anyway! But auf you vant my blain-shpoken advise, my leedle poy, you chust try virst to shtart der varm und leaf peezness in town, vere it pelongs, und you don't.

DON'T vote agen der Schot Act because it was no good. Vote for der Act because der viskey peezness ish pad!

THE HUMORIST AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

"THE situation," said the Political Heeler, "is one of extreme gravity. There are serious dangers to the constitution ahead of us. The Ship of State, so to speak, is laboring in the trough of the sea with the prospect of being dashed upon the reef, with no chance to cast anchor."

"Seems to me," said I, "that it would be somewhat hoggish to be anchoring for the trough of the sea (*groans*). If, as you say, there are reefs ahead, it is all the fault of the pestilential Grits."

"Of course it is," said the Heeler.

"Because," I continued, "they themselves admit that they are the Reef-formers."

A period of mournful silence ensued, during which naught but muffled imprecations of the boarders struggling with an extra tough steak could be heard.

"Speaking of hogs," I resumed, following the train of thought suggested by the joke about the trough, "it is a wonder that our Scotch friend when contending the other day that his countrymen sometimes possess the humorous faculty, did not refer to Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd. He was celebrated for his flow of *parvly* (porky) humor."

"Verra true, so he was," said the Scotchman seriously, while the rest grinned and bore it.

The Political Heeler, who had started in on one of his campaign speeches when I interrupted him, presently harked back to his favorite topic.

"The Irish agitation is fraught with menace to the best interest of the Empire."

"Which, I think, is 3 per cent.," I remarked. "Or didn't Goschen cut it down to 2¾. By the way, England considered financially, might now be called the Land of Goshen, eh?"

"Will you kindly cease your ill-timed levity and allow me to continue my remarks. Fraught with menace, as I said, to England's best interests. The times are out of joint."

"The London *Times*?" I quickly suggested.

"The agitation," continued the Heeler, eyeing me wrathfully, "is on an entirely different footing from previous movements. It is agrarian, sir, agrarian."

I tried hard to think of some pun on this word, but couldn't.

"Those who formerly agitated for Irish independence were a different class of men altogether. They would not have countenanced Parnell. They would have scorned—"

"Very true—so they would," I put in. "Take the poet Moore, for instance. Had he lived in our day he would have been a staunch upholder of the government."

"You are right there," said the Heeler, somewhat appeased.

"Because," I went on to say, "he *am a Tory* poet."

Laughter, groans, cuss-words, and general confusion. Political Heeler madder than ever. He made a vain attempt to resume the thread of his discourse, but was met with the request from smart Alick to "hire a hall," and "cheese it." Whereat he scowled on the assembly and departed down town.

"I know the poet Moore," said the saleslady, who considers herself literary. "He writes nice pieces, don't he, about the Lake of Cashmere, where they make such elegant shawls. He wrote about it in 'Paradise Lost.'"

"Not 'Paradise Lost,' I think," said the law-student; "Milton wrote that."

"Well, it was something about Paradisc, anyway," said the saleslady.

"Yes, 'Paradise and the Peri.'"

"Perhaps it was about some of the relations of Alex. Pirie that used to write for the *Telegram*," said the saleslady. "I never read the piece through, but Mary J. Holmes and The Duchess give nice little pieces out of Moore's poems in their stories. I like The Duchess better than Mary J. Holmes, don't you?"

"Really, I never read either of them," said the law-student.

"Oh, my! I thought you was a great reader." And it was evident that the young man had sunk about fifty degrees in her estimation.

Meanwhile the Scotchman was perusing GRIP with a broad smile on his features.

"GRIP is a trifle late this week," I remarked.

"Late! Na, na, mon. It's *Airie*, ye ken. Losh, mon, is it possible that I've make a joke mysel!"

"PRACTICE."

"JOHN," said Deacon Pumpkin to his hired man, as they were rummaging the bin for big potatoes to put on the tops of the bags, "you should go to hear Brother Freetank, our new minister. How he pitched into dishonest professors last Sunday! Jest good, hard thumps; none of your namby-pamby refinery about him, I can tell you. There, now, I guess that'll sell that bag."

EXTRAVAGANCE.

IT was at the Grand Opera House, Hamilton, and the audience was very slim indeed. The hour having arrived, the stage bell tinkled, and, as the curtain rolled up, the footlights were turned on full force. "Why this extravagance?" said Josh Buchanan, of the *Times*, rushing into the manager's office. "What do you mean?" queried Reche, with an astonished expression. "Mean!" shouted Josh, "why, what do you want to swell the expense by turning on the gas for? Isn't the house light enough?"



SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE CITIZEN (*whose principles are more profound than his education*), accosting eminent Doctor.—"Doctor, I was at a lectur' of yourn, an' I believe you said oxygen and hydrogin was necessary for everybody an' we couldn't live 'thout 'em."

EMINENT DOCTOR.—"Yes, sir, I said so."

T. C.—"Well, sir, 'taint true. Look at me! I'm healthy as they make 'em, an' I never tasted gin of any kind!"



THE PHRENOLOGY OF THE DUDE.

MRS. MALONEY'S AT HOME.

MALONEYVILLE, *January 3rd, 1889.*

ME DEAR GRIP,—

IT'S a flhat toime I've been after havin wid this sistim ave callin on the first day av the year.

It was Bridget Flannigan was in and towld me the whole bizness. She said she waz goin to have sum cake and woine on a table, wid a basket in the enthry to putt the cards in. She sid it wuz all the stoile, so siz I to meself, the Maloneys won't be behind the Flannigans this time, if Mary knows herself.

So afther dinner Mick goes out, an Tim and Eileen wint out too, and I got out that owld pink gown av moine with the crame lace on it that I wore whin I marid Mick. It was toighter'n a dood's pants about the whaste, but I got into it, and fixed on a little white cap I had in the owld thrunk, and thin I got out me plumcake and the bottle of ghinger woine, an got the coffee goin on the kitchen stove. Fur Bridget Flannigan towld me it wuz the right thing tu have coffee for them as didn't dhrink woine out av a bottle wid an "owld Tom" label on to it.

So I sot down wid me hands in me lap and waited for the cahllers. I had to sort av phozforize that baste of a dog, Brian Boru, wid me eye, to kape the crayter from aitin' up the cake.

But divil the knock did I hear. I had the little marketin basket, too, on a stule in the enthry, wid a label on it, "Cards—Dropum in," on it. And afther a while I found meself takin a little nipper now an thin av the ginger woine, to sort of keep me *sperrits* up, d'ye see?

Av coorse I expected Mike Flannigan, Bridget's man, to call, and Tim Doolan, maybe, that superintinds the foundation av the new church, and Martin Casey, who sez he is explorin for *shvata*, whatever that is, in the dhrair on Main street. Tho phwat a pick an shovil has to do wid that I can't imagine.

So along about five o'clock I looses what fashens I have lift on, and goes out for a smell av the fresh air.

And wud y' b'lave it, there, sir, on me own front dhoor wuz a sign, readin: "Not recavin' to-day. Mrs. Maloney indisposed, an' dosn't b'lave in recavin in bed. Call again next year."

An' that wuz my Tim's wurruk! Mike Flannigan and Casey and Doolan an' a duzzin more had cum round wid their cards an prepared to sample the ginger; but av coorse whin they read that sign, off they goes. An while I was outside radin this infamous sign Tim goes in at the back and sneeks all me cake!

Yours broken hearted,

MARY MALONEY.

"XMAS PUDDING."

SAID Billy to William, "The Gospel's too free."
Said William to Billy, "That's clear
Why, a preacher would bark out his heart, tee! hee!
For eighteen thousand a year!"

"Who'll blame us, dear William, for leaving the crumbs
That Religion throws to its mice?
When they gave us a pudding bursting with plums—
No matter who made it, 'twas nice!"

DREAMS AND DREAMERS.

SOME dream all the time because their heads are hardly right, and some don't dream at all because they haven't brains enough to get up a dream.

But to dream a really remarkable dream, as it should be dreamed, a man must dream it at night, lying in bed with his head to the north pole and his feet to the south. The philosophy of that is this: To dream truly and remarkably the head wants to be cool and the feet warm.

Some believe in dreams because their fathers did, and in what they call remarkable dreams they have a faith that might remove mountains if applied with skill and care. An Irishman told me once that he was sure some day or other to be a great scholar and great musician, for, before he was born, his father dreamed that he heard him read three languages and play two tunes on a Jew's-harp simultaneously. Was that dream verified or falsified? Falsified. While he lived he was never able to tell one letter of the alphabet from the other, and was nearly as deaf to music all his lifetime as he was the day he went to his grave.

But some have the most ingenious knack of dreaming even remarkable dreams at all hours and in any position the body is capable of assuming. I have seen a farmer who could without any trouble at all sit in an arm-chair and smoke a pipe, and dream that to get all he wanted here below he needn't work, that all he had to do was trust in Providence. I have seen a preacher of the Gospel who used to dream that to preach good sermons he need not study, that all he had to do was open his mouth and that He who loosened the tongue of Balaam's ass would loosen his. I have seen a would-be politician who used to dream that the "splurge" he now and then made was grand because it contained words enough for an ordinary sized harangue, although to find an idea here and there amongst them required a microscopic investigation. Yes, and I have heard of an old cracked cow-bell that dreamed it was a musical instrument, and dreamed too that the old cow that wore it, and the trees of the forest, and the birds of the air, and everything that heard it, were charmed with the music it made as it went tink clank, tink clank, tink clank, rattle-ta-bang, from daylight till dark.

But all I have to say about dreams is that in my opinion they don't pay; that in them there is no more sense or meaning than there is in the wink of a bedpost, and that when you hear of their being turned to any practical use you may expect to hear of Jacob's ladder being tangible, and among the curiosities of the world, where it may be seen for the small sum of twenty-five cents.

CHRISTOPHER.

ROUGH ON JENKINS.

MR. JENKINS.—"Miss Topnott, will you do me the honor of being my partner in this round game, or would you put me to the torture of being compelled to play with that horrible Miss DeVere?"

MISS TOPNOTT.—"With pleasure, Mr. Jenkins."
And now Jenkins wonders what she meant.



AFTER THE SUPREME COURT FIGHT.



THE LIQUID-HATERS.

"Dear madam, we feel for you deeply. We have finished the cleaning up of the defunct institution, and there is really nothing left for you and the other unfortunate shareholders."

THE WICKED EARL AND THE VILLAGE MAID— A METRICAL ROMANCE.

(Concluded from last week.)

CHAP. V.

THE PARTING.

WHENE'ER a hero finds himself
Quite destitute of worldly pelf,
The proper caper, you'll agree,
Is that he ought to go to sea.

A sailor's work is mostly play;
He dances hornpipes all the day,
Except when pulling to and fro
At ropes, exclaiming, "Yo-heave-yo!"

And every time they heave the log,
The bos'n serves out lots of grog,
In short, the sailor's life is one
Of little work and glorious fun.

If fortunate enough to gain,
A passage to the Spanish Main,
Quite frequently, as I've been told,
He'll come home laden down with gold.

Well, Roderick sailed away to sea,
And as for gentle Flora, she
Bewailed her melancholy fate,
And fell into a moping state.

The Wicked Earl, to win her bent,
Now seized her father's cow for rent,
And swore he'd either have her hand,
Or turn her parents off his land.

The months passed by and still no word
From wandering Gilderoy she heard:
But then a post office in vain
You'd look for on the Spanish Main.

At length a wandering trobadour
Paused for a while at Flora's door,
And from the lining of his coat
Drew this extraordinary note.

"'Twas dated from the Spanish Main,
The writing wasn't very plain—
"Farewell to all our dreams of joy
Flora, I'm dead.—R. GILDEROY."

She gave a start and then a yell,
Upon the floor she swooning fell;
The Earl, with a triumphant sneer
Was watching from a covert near,

He had put up this little job,
The rover of his bride to rob.
"Ha, slave, thou'st worked the racket fine.
At length she must, she shall be mine!"

CHAP. VI.

THE DENOUEMENT.

The bishop in the chancel stood,
He was a pious man and good;
'Twas fully sixteen months or more,
Since he had shed a drop of gore.

'Twas very rarely that he took
Another's watch or pocket-book,
Nor would he swear unless he had
Something to make him very mad.

He rose by virtues such as these
To bishop of that diocese,
And now was come to wed the Earl
To Flora Dobbs, that charming girl.

Said he, "I've always understood
That earl-y marriages are good,"
He softly chuckled as he spoke,
To let them know it was a joke,

The bridal party now draw nigh,
When suddenly is heard a cry,
"Hold on there! I forbid the bans,
She's mine and not that other man's!"

'Tis Roderick Gilderoy returned—
The haughty Earl aside he spurned.
"Dr-r-aw, tr-r-aitor! caitiff, wilt thou not
Then I shall slay thee on the spot."

But Flora threw herself between,
"Roddy" said she "I hate a scene;
If you two fellows can't agree
Respecting which shall marry me,

"Flip up a copper—heads or tails—
I'll wed the man whose luck prevails;
And so we'll fix it straight and square."
So 'twas decided then and there.

But whether Roderick won the girl,
Or Fate decided for the Earl,
Or if the Rightful Heir became
At length successful in his claim.

I do not know—I cannot say,
So you can have it either way;
The newest style of novel out
Most always leaves the end in doubt.

MORAL:

But none the less you'll hardly fail
To grasp the moral of my tale,
Which is that rectitude inspires
No less than emulous desires.

And that in spite of adverse Fate,
The final law is inchoate
In microcosms that subtly blend
To grandly sublimate the end.

TOO MUCH EARNESTNESS.

"**T**HINK not that you can evade the punishment that shall be meted out to you, ye disobedient and sin-loving people," exclaimed the pastor, growing excited and gesticulating wildly; "and mark my words, disaster—I say, disaster, shall surely overtake the hasty and careless"—but the sentence was not finished. For with a more savage sweep of the hand than usual he emphasized his words and smashed the lamp above into atoms.

MRS. WORTHWAITE, of Murray Hill, has just moved into a new house. The parlor is beautifully fitted with the most expensive specimens of the upholsterer's art, and has a polished oak floor, only partly concealed by a few choice eastern rugs. She is entertaining a mercantile guest of her husband's.

"We think we are looking very fine in our new house, Mr. Wabash," she remarked, casually.

"Yes, indeed," responds Mr. Wabash, politely; "but it'll look a good deal finer when you come to get your carpets down."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

THEATRE GOER (*indignantly*)—"The idea of a baby yelling like that at a theatre. Why don't you have the youngster put out?"

MANAGER (*helplessly*)—"I don't dare. It's the pet grandchild of the little actress you threw that bouquet to."—*Philadelphia Record*.

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UNCLE PETE—"Manda, is yo' got dem chickens shut up in de smoke house, like I tole yer?"

AUNT MANDA—"No, an' I'd like ter know what's de matter wid yo', dat you so tickler 'bout dem chickens all 'tonce."

UNCLE PETE—"Neber yo mind. I know what's de matter, and dat's nuff till dem chickens is housed. When I hear dem niggas ober dar in de next yard is gwine to hab a party to-morra night, I wants to be surc my chickens doesn't tend it."—*Town Topics*.

"BAH Jove, old chappy, you don't mean to tell me you ah going to travel in this country?"

"Yes. The gov'nah give me the money to go akwoss, don't you knowah, so I am going to take a run up to London, Ontario, for a day or two. Savvy?"—*New York World*.

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"How did the party come off at Underman's last night?"

"Splendid: a model party."

"Did good order prevail?"

"The best of order. Only three men were maimed during the entire evening. I never saw a more pleasant affair."—*Lincoln State Journal*.

This week at the Toronto Opera House, that popular play, the "White Slave," is being revived. A recent issue of the *New York Democrat* says of the production by this company:—"The scenery is very beautiful. The tropical picture of "Red Devil's Island" is a faithful rendition of the spot, and awakens much enthusiasm. The cast is first-class in every respect. All the parts were well sustained.

A JUNIOR STATESMAN.

"No, Tommy," said his sister, "I'll not give you 50 cents to see the football match; you have seen a number of baseball games during the summer, and I think that is enough."

Tommy was dejected for a while and kept quiet, and his 23-year old sister began to congratulate herself that she had silenced him for a time at least, and she would not be bothered by his teasing. Suddenly Tommy's face brightened and he turned toward his sister, but she was busy with some needle-work, and was all unconscious of the thoughts that were running through his mind. After a while he went over and stood beside her and watched her fingers as they dexterously knitted the bright colored yarn into fancy mats and things without names for a church fair to be held in a short time.

There was silence for awhile, only broken by the far away notes of a harsh hand organ as it ground out, in spasmodic time, the "Boulangier March," in the next block. At last Tommy broke the silence and said softly: "Do you remember Mr. Niccellow who used to talk to you so much at the hotel in Saratoga?"

"Yes, Tommy. Why?"

"I guess you haven't seen him recently, have you?"

"No Tommy. When we moved last spring I believe he was in Europe, and I did not know his address, so did not send him a card. What makes you ask the question?"

"Oh, nothin' much: only the last time I went to the Polo Grounds to see the New Yorks beat the Chicagos, he was there in the grand stand and talked to me. He said he attended nearly every game. He had a lady with him."

"A lady, Tommy?"

"Yes; I guess it was his mother."

"Oh! (relieved). You say he talked to you, Tommy?"

"Yes; he said he thought I had grown a great deal since he saw me in Saratoga, and wanted to know how that good looking sister of mine was."

"Go on, Tommy."

"And then he said: 'Let me see, your sister is about 10 now, isn't she?' And I said I guessed that was about your age."

"Well," (softly).

"Then he turned to the lady who was with him and asked her if she didn't remember the lady who looked so pretty that night at the hop; the one, he said, who had brown hair and wore a lovely pale blue silk dress, that became her so well and made the Rogers' girls so jealous—I guess he said the Misses Rogers. And she said she remembered her quite well; and then she turned to me and said: 'Are you the young lady's brother?' An' I said I was; and she said: 'You ought to be proud of having such a nice sister.' An' I said I was, an' it made me feel good when I see how all the young ladies in the block were jealous of her."

"Tommy!" (*severely*).

"Well, I couldn't help it, 'cause I know it's so."

"Tommy" (*mildly*).

"An' then Mr. Niccellow told the waiter to bring me a glass of soda-water, an' asked me if I didn't want some peanuts, and I said I didn't mind, an' he brought me some, an' just then Buck Ewing made a home run, an' Mr. Niccellow said he guessed the Chicagos couldn't play ball, and he'd rather see a game of football any

day, especially between the college elevens, and he said he hoped I would be at the football games this fall, an' wanted to know if you liked athletic sports, an' I said I guessed you did, but you had so many other things to attend to, visiting sick people an' making things for the poor heathens in Africa, an'—"

"When did you say the football game was to be played, Tommy?"

"On Saturday, an'—"

"Tommy (*hesitatingly*), would you like to take me to see the game if I buy the tickets?"

"Why, cert."

"Then she kissed him and told him he needn't say anything about their going, and Tommy moved toward the door. When he got outside he drew a long breath and exclaimed to himself: "Gee! What a whopper! But it worked."—*New York Tribune*.

"GEORGE, my dear." "Well, what is it?" "Bring me home a tube of Jelly of Cucumber and Roses for my chapped hands,—it is the only thing that will cure them." "All right—any druggist keeps it I suppose." Wm. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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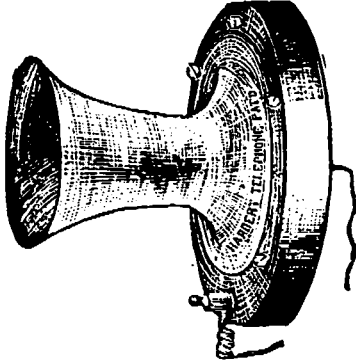
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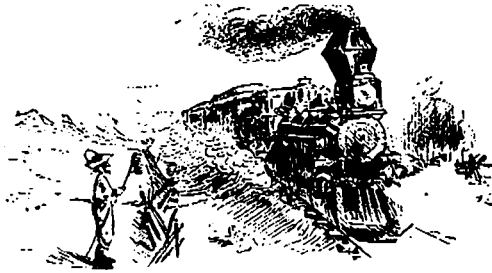
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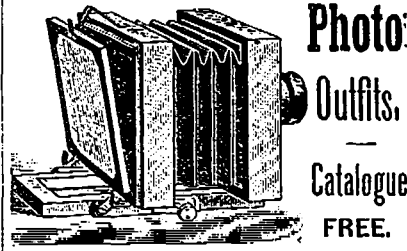


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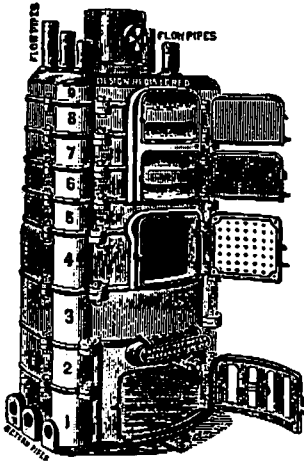
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