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

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**  
GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide-st. East, first door west of Post Office.  
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.  
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VOLUME XVI.)  
No. 12.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1881.

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Literature and Art.

**SPECIAL NOTICE:**—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or commissions for reviews, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care *Grip* Office.

Mr. Peck, of the Milwaukee *Sun*, says he is going to make his paper every bit as funny this year as it was last year—and the most exacting reader could ask no more.

*Grip's* Almanac for 1881, issued by the publishers of *Grip*, Toronto, Canada, contains 74 pages of pure humor and original cuts, besides several chunks of weather warranted to keep in any climate. Price 25 cents.—*Norristown, Pa., Herald*.

The midwinter (February) number of *Scribner* is a gem. With the snow a foot deep out of doors, a snug fire at your hearth, a cosy chair in front thereof, no syndicate excitement in your head, and a copy of this gorgeous *Scribner* in your hand, you are prepared to enjoy something as nearly approaching perfect happiness as this life affords.

*Grip's* almanac of Toronto, by the Bough Bros., is out, and is a glittering glory, and takes front rank among publications of its kind. There is much in it to instruct, and more to amuse. Its title page is very unique. A feature is a collection of articles on New Year resolutions by American paragraphers. The Boughs are successful in all they undertake.—*Stuebenville Herald*.

The Toronto *Grip* man should lay hold on Mr. Edward Jenkins, M. P., who has been saying that "he would rather go to Botany Bay than edit a Canadian newspaper."—*N. O. Picayune*. We decline to hit the hon. member. Botany Bay is a better place for an independent editor than Canada. The people there don't raise a squeal of "partyism" whenever the editor expresses an independent opinion on a mere question of business, that doesn't happen to agree with the opinions of partizans.

The first number of *Gage's School Examiner and Monthly Review* has appeared, and will commend itself to every intelligent and tasteful teacher. The literary editor, Rev. C. P. Mulvany, M.A., has done his work exceedingly well. Mr. Gage is to be congratulated on having secured the services of this admirable scholar, who is known to be enthusiastic in his devotion to educational matters. An original story of teacher's life (illustrated) is begun in this number, and the prelude to a forthcoming philosophical poem is given. Had this prelude been written by Tennyson it would have been the talk of the literary world; it is quite as good as anything the laureate has done in recent years. The writer's name is not given as yet; but whoever he is, Canadian literature may well be proud of his gifts. The poem itself will be looked forward to with eagerness by all who read the prelude.

Mr. J. Comyns Carr, in an article on Wood Engraving in America in *L'Art*, of Paris, says: "Everyone who has seen the illustrated magazines of the United States must know that wood engraving in the United States has made a progress which it would be an injustice not to recognize. The drawings, usually of small dimensions, have allowed the engraver to devote himself to giving the greatest possible perfection to refined delicacy of execution. In that country they have attempted, with remarkable success, to reproduce also oil and water-colour paintings, as well as the grain and touch of crayon drawings. The feeling of absolute fidelity inspired by these experiments gives to the reproduction of line drawings all the charm of the most exquisite delicacy and the most irreprouchable truth." Mr. Carr's article is illustrated with thirteen wood cuts from *Scribner*, and one from *St. Nicholas*.

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Literature and Art.

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

Frederick Opper, one of the cleverest caricaturists of New York, whose work is familiar to the readers of *Puck*, is said to be only 19 years of age. Mr. Wales is 27 and Mr. Keppler not quite 30. They are a rather bright trio of boys.

Sol Smith Russell, the greatest character actor America has yet produced, is to appear in his drama of "Edgewood Folks," at the Grand Opera House, on Friday and Saturday of this week. The Toronto public, whom Mr. Russell has often delighted on the concert stage, will no doubt be glad of this opportunity of witnessing his ability in the regular drama.

Mr. Dewitt G. Ray undertook lately to give the public a description of the process by which *Puck's* lithographed pictures are produced. He says, after the drawings are made, the stone is eaten away with acid, "giving virtually the engraver's plate." Everybody who knows anything of the lithographic art can see the absurdity of this. Mr. Ray ought not to write about anything he doesn't understand.

Mr. Gus Pitou has retired from the management of the Grand Opera House to become manager for Mr. Joe Murphy's combination. He will hereafter reside in New York, where he will represent the Grand. Mr. O. B. Sheppard, the popular treasurer, succeeds Mr. Pitou in the managerial chair, and the house is not likely to lose any popularity by the change. Mr. Sheppard is well known and well liked by the citizens of Toronto, and they will all wish him much success in his new and responsible position.

In reply to "Amateur" we would say that we must always express our opinion on a music composition as we find it, but we deferred our remarks as to the merits of the composition in question, until we had given the composer a chance of putting it in correct form. Your simile is not quite to the point. What pleasure would one have in looking at a picture, the perspective, perpendiculars &c., of which were strikingly defective, however grand the design? Music to be pleasing to the connoisseur (who is the one to be gratified) must be correct. To comply with your request, however, we think the 1st and 2nd waltzes rather pleasing, the 3rd not so much so. The *fiale* being made up of the 1st waltz, requires no further comment.

SHARP SIXTH.

The *Canada School Journal* announces its intention to urge upon the Education Department the duty of making "distinct and uncompromising temperance teaching, with clear information as to the physical and moral evils of strong drink," part of the programme in every public school. And now the axe is about to be laid to the root of the tree. Therefore Mr. *Canada S. Journal*, please to consider yourself patted on the head by Mr. *Grip*. Just as the twig is bent, you know. Have the youngsters copy-books headed, "Look not upon the wine when it is red," "Vote for the Scott Act," "Wine is a mocker," and so on. And have diagrams of a drunkard's interior, in all stages of decomposition, hung round the walls of the public schools as a warning to embryo civil-doers. (The etchings and illustrations to be furnished by "*Grip*.") Finally, as in the days of ancient Sparta, have a few bummers primed with fortyrod, turned loose say twice a year in the playgrounds, as a practical example of "the physical and moral evils of strong drink." But mind you introduce this new wrinkle under the title of *Secular Education*, otherwise the L. V. Ass. will not only be all ears, but he'll be after you hot foot, to have it kicked out along with certain translations of Greek and Hebrew M.S.S. to which some take objection.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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

**Words of Cheer.**

Messrs. C. Gamon, A. Alexander, George Pritchard, D. Crosbie, and Nicholas Flood Davin have Garr's best thanks for their letters of encouragement and commendation. In return we assure our friends that no protests of bigots shall ever intimidate GARR from the path of truth and right. As that saucy and intelligent Conservative journal, the *Kingston News*, says,

"An immense section of the people of this country believe the truth to be that the Syndicate contract should be treated on its own merits."

This is the line of action GARR has taken on this question, precisely. In the words of another able Conservative journal, the *Mount Forest Advocate*,

"Nailing one's colors to the mast is, no doubt, an excellent way of doing in a naval battle where the matter has to be decided by physical pluck and hard knocks, and where the issue is a simple and immediate one, but, in politics, where the issues are far-reaching and the results, probably, only in the distant future and affecting generations yet unborn, such a course is not only foolish but criminal, and an honest impartial course of policy, untrammelled by party and unshackled by prejudice is the true one to follow."

**The Canadian.**

A NOVEL, BY HENRY JAMES, JR.

CHAPTER I.

"So here I am in Boston at last," remarked Percival Penecraft, as he thoughtfully paced his apartment in the Gloucester House and gazed from the sixth story window on the unwonted scene before him. The streets were full of people, and street cars glode rapidly up and down crowded to their fullest capacity with passengers. Percival had never seen a street car before, and in the little Canadian village where he had been born and brought up three men and a boy constituted a crowd—so he was naturally surprised at the spectacle which met his gaze.

"Yes, I am here at last," he proceeded to soliloquize—"my business here, it may be necessary to explain to the intelligent reader, is to hunt up my Yankee uncle, Octavius Snogglethorpe, who lives somewhere in the suburbs, who has written asking me to pay him a visit. Furthermore, my particular purpose is to demonstrate the difference between a Canadian and an American, and to let the people of this part of the world have an idea of how uncivilized and lacking in that culture which New England can alone bestow, are the outside barbarians. Seeing that I come from Canada, the intelligent reader must be prepared for all sorts of eccentricities on my part, for naturally I cannot be expected to know any better."

CHAPTER II.

The mansion of Hon. Octavius Snogglethorpe stood in the outskirts of the thriving town of Langfree, about three miles from Boston. Its owner was a descendant of a Pilgrim Father,

and his expansive forehead, keen grey eyes, and firm, yet kindly mouth, betokened something of the ancestral spirit, yet tempered with the amenities of modern culture. His only daughter, Anastasia, a belle of some eighteen summers, was a model of feminine grace, blended with intellectuality, and displaying an introspectiveness rare in one so young.

"Your cousin, Percival Penecraft, will arrive this morning," said Hon. Octavius to Anastasia. "His presence here will afford you an unaccounted opportunity to differentiate, as it were, between those loftier planes of the mental and moral sphere in which we circumferentiate, and the crude and coarse characteristics of those who have never been subjected to such refining influences. He is a Canadian!"

"A Canadian—how horrid!" said Anastasia. "It is incomprehensible to me how human beings can continue to pursue the weary round of an uncultured existence in those far away places, when they might live in Boston."

"Here he is," said her father, as the thud of a ponderous cowhide boot against the door announced his advent. Percival had never seen a door bell in Canada, of course. They don't have them on their log houses.

CHAPTER III.

On being admitted Percival strode unceremoniously into the apartment and, for a wonder, removed his massive fur cap. The refinements of Boston were beginning to tell on him unconsciously.

"Hello, uncle!" he exclaimed. "Glad to make your acquaintance, old man—shake!"

"I am pleased to welcome you, my nephew," said Mr. Snogglethorpe in a tone of dignified hauteur. "This is Anastasia, your cousin."

"Ah—I hope I see you miss—I s'pose that, being your cousin you know—"

He approached as if to kiss her, but she drew back with an air of frigid propriety.

"Osculation," she remarked, "is essentially archaic, and a survival destined to disappear in the process of sociological evolutions."

"Oh, excuse me," said Percival, "no offence I hope. By the way, uncle," he continued, anxious to change the subject, "I had no idea you kept a crockery store. Biz good?"

"Crockery store! What do you mean?"

"Why you don't want all them plates and pitchers and things for the family, surly?" said the Canadian, pointing to the porcelain on the walls and the mantelpiece.

"Why, those are ceramics, young man," said his uncle sternfully.

"Which?"

"Ceramics—majolica and faience and other varieties of decorative art such as are necessary to all who have the slightest pretensions to culture and artistic taste. Dear me, such ignorance is awful! But you are fatigued with your journey, will you partake of refreshment?"

"Thanks, I don't mind if I do."

"What will you have, sauterne, hock, marschino, madeira, or a good glass of sherry?"

"Thank you, I don't seem to tumble to them fancy beverages, but if you have a swifter of old rye in the house—"

"No sir, we haven't. I am sorry we cannot gratify you in that respect, but our ways of living differ so essentially that I can neither offer you old rye, bread, nor the pemican and beaver's tail which I am informed are the staple food of your country."

CHAPTER IV.

"Our relative is indeed sadly deficient in the æsthetic sense," said Mr. Snogglethorpe some days afterwards, "and yet methinks our cultured surroundings have vibrated some latent chords of his better nature."

"All untutored as he is," said Anastasia, "there are up-welling germs of soulfulness which at times flit athwart the gloom. Upon my enquiring the other day how he

liked Joseph Cook as a lecturer, he replied in his native unsophisticated speech that he was "bully, and just knocked the spots off of the Canadian preachers." It was a sincere and heartfelt tribute, fraught with a depth of meaning that more polished phraseology might have lacked."

How trivial appear the conventionalities when the bosom is permeated with love's subtle thrill! On second thoughts "thrillsome subtleness" is a better expression. Canadian as he was, Anastasia saw beneath the uncouth diction and unpolished demeanor, a mind that might yet prove susceptible of those psychological emotions which require a number of long words and more space than we have at our disposal for their accurate definition.

In brief, she loved! All comprehensive and potent syllable! Old as Eden, yet fraught with eternal rejuvenescence. She—[A column describing the Boston girl's precise style of loving is struck out. It is altogether too metaphysical. Go on with your story.—Ed.]

"Percival, I fear me you are not happy here. You have lost your wonted flamboyancy and abandon. Why thus moodful?"

"Alas, Anastasia," he murmured yearningly, "if you knew the aspirations which—but no, no! 'Tis but a fevered d-a-r-ream. It cannot be. You the child of culture and the decorative arts, you never could love a crude Canadian!"

"Percival," she said, in her most permeative tones, "you know the philosophic dictum that evolution tends to bring all into harmony with their environments. The molecular attraction is potently synthetic, is it not? Oh, Percival, let us evolve!"

And the mellow autumn sun flooded the apartment with a blaze of golden light, symbolic of the aureole of hope which seemed to gild the brow of the future. Which is a fine sentence to conclude with, if not scrutinized too closely in the effort to make sense of it.

THE END.

**Letters From a Member.—No. 1.**

Ottawa, Jan. 31.

*My Respectful Constituynts.*

Wen i was on the stump askin you for your suffritches i promist that if i flected i wud keep you posted, and now i take up my pen in hand to do so. i wud have writ befour but we have been so much drove that hadn't time. As you have probly saw in the nuspapers i voted for the Syndcat long with the govermint. i was flected as a independint membir, and tharfor i claim the rite to vote with the party that best soots my interests. We have had a big time and no Mistake puttin this thing threw. The Grits fit like Fury agin it, but we have beat em every time. Won the thing fust kem out i went for to go agin it cos i had a bad prjidis agin the Yanks an didn't feel like givin em the Country, but they aint j so Bad as wot the Grits says. Lot of em is in Ottawa jes now, i met bout a dozain in the loby of the House to-day. One of em kem to my rumo in the rusil house tother day an i tell you he was a Real nice man. He was a Parfec gentleman, and ordird up the Drinks fust thing. Then he askt me which way I was agoin to voto, and I told him agin the Outrage. Then he ses, do you believe in keepin money in Canady, or wud you rather see the country suffer for Funs. I sed i went in for the Previous, an then he took out a Role of bills an sed that wud stay in the country if I wud be patryotic an voto for the Sent Paul Sindcat. Of cors, I didn't go back onto the interests of my Country. I didn't allow that munny to go abroad, it is now in my oharg, an I will see that no furriners gets the benefit of it. Bein a man of principle I voted for the Sindcat as I had give my word to this American gent. More anonymous.

Your Repsentive,

JAKOB JOBBARY, M.P.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Purity and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

**GOLD HEADED CANES.**  
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29 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



**Ashamed of His Father.**

*The Rag Baby.*—Avaunt and quit my sight, you miserable vote shirker! If you were opposed to the Contract why didn't you vote against it like a man? Be no longer father of mine—I'm ashamed of you!

**What we Would Like to See.**

The Sergeant-at-Arms tumble over his sword. The *Telegram* get off the "rail" and be really independent.

A portrait of the *Mail* editor, taken immediately after the Mayoralty election.

The Inst of the Woodside property conspiracy in the City Council.

Another ring—around the ankles, ball and chain attached—for the members of the coal ring and other rings of that metal.

The *Telegram* recognises the fact that there is such a paper in existance as the *Toronto World*.

The man who hasn't forgotten that he "swore off" on New Year's Day.

The Pacific Railway built without costing the country a cent. Ah! wouldn't we!



**A Business Boom.**

*First Ottawa Carter.*—Begorra, Frinohy, the boom has rached our business at last! There's a bonanza in store for the carters av Ottawa!

*Second Ottawa Carter.*—Vat boom! Bonanza? Je n' comprenez vous; I not know ze gentleman.

*First Ottawa Carter.*—Why, didn't yez hear that the Government is on the pint av bein' moved to St. Paul, in the Shtates? Sure we'll get all the furniture to cart to the station!

**Practical Geography.**

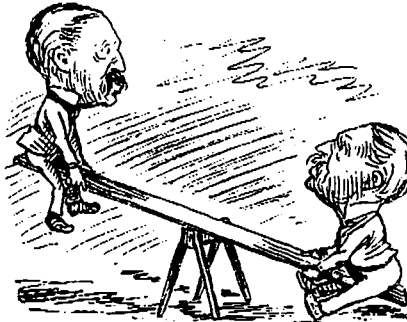
Young Son.—Papa, how far is it round the the world?

Stern Parent.—Consult your geography. It's a long way.

Young Son.—Well, papa, is it as far round the world as it is round Ald. Baxter?

Stern Parent.—I don't know anything about it. Just put your cap on and run away and ask the proprietor of the Street Railway, he will able to give you all the information you require, for he has got round him well enough.

**A Fraactical Politician's Ups and Downs.**



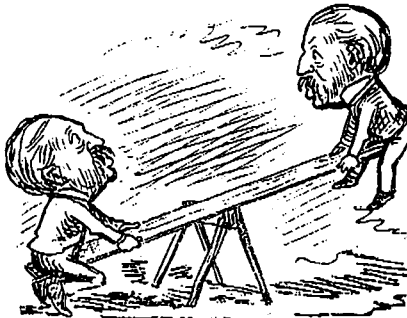
BEFORE THE VOTE

GRIT PRESS.

TORY PRESS.

Hon Wm. Macdougall is a man of ability and intelligence, and the position he has taken on the Syndicate question proves that he has a high sense of public duty. He is a perfect gentleman, and it's a pity there are so few such men.

Wandering Willie is on the tramp again. He expresses himself adverse to the Syndicate bargain, but nobody cares what he thinks. He is hungry for office; that's what's the matter with the "abandoned" man.



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A capital thing—money.

Is Syndicate Bill a contractor?

A rising place—Mount Vesuvius.

A chance acquaintance—a gambler.

Dufferin's three F's—fat, fair, and forty.

The age the French like best—vintage.

A Fopian (s)care—his wife and children generally.



**A Noise Annoys Him.**

From a Prince Edward Island exchange we clip the following extraordinary statement:—

Judge Peters, on the 28th Dec., made an order for the committal of Messrs. Albert and Edmund Ducheman to Queen's County gaol, for working at their trade as block-makers, in the old homestead of their father.

They had been previously driven from their shop, erected on the site of the old factory in which their father and themselves worked as good citizens for upwards of thirty years, and were compelled to turn their dwelling-house into a workshop.

Now they are driven from it to gaol.

This commitment was made, it appears, at the instance of one Mr. Thomas Alley, who alleged that he was disturbed by the noise of the Duchemans, who were his next door neighbors. This Mr. Alley is no doubt a Grit, who abhors the "hum of industry." By the judicious use of an ear trumpet he could no doubt secure the conviction of all the noise-making workmen within a block of his residence. We give his portrait as a natural curiosity.

**Life in Ottawa.**

Scene.—Russell House, Ottawa.

*Miss Host.*—"Why are you always abusing Mr. Blake, eh! Mr. Bunster?"

*Mr. Bunster.*—"Because he is always abusing me!"

*The Mayor of Hull meets the future Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia.*

*Mayor.*—"How did Blake speak last night?"

*Mr. Bunster.*—"Not well."

*Mayor.*—"Not well, eh? Why, how was that? Was he out of sorts?"

*Mr. Bunster.*—"Yes, he was out of sorts, and his heart wasn't in it. He knew I was coming after him!"



**The Three F's.**

FWHISKY, FUN, AND FROLIC!



THE OPPOSITION KNIFE-ACT.

PROFESSOR BLAKE—I WILL KEEP THIS KNIFE TO FINISH HIM WITH IN '83.





**THE JOKER CLUB.**

**"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."**

Many persons will accept the olive branch only from such persons as they cannot lick.—*Prudent Wilkins.*

The pedestrian who gazes at a fashionable woman's majestic sweep, is evidently struck by a passing train.—*New York News.*

There are said to be 3,000 Poles in New York city. What a magnificent place for a bean patch.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The darkey's tour is just before the dawn. Especially if there be a good robust hennery in the vicinity.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Extract from a letter from Angelina:—"Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry, I have no use for it, and return it with many thanks. By-bye."—*Ex.*

"What does 'encore' mean?" asks an exchange. It is only one phase of the universal desire among the sons of men to get something for nothing, and get it right off.—*Ex.*

When a fellow awakens to the fact that he has gone to bed on the floor, and hung his clothes upon the bed, the first natural question is, "Where did I get those pickles?"—*Ottawa Sat. Eve. Press.*

Calino, who has just returned from Italy, hastens to his friend Prudhomme, and, pulling out his watch, says to him, "I have brought something from Italy that will please you." "Ah! what is it?" "Venice time."—*French Paper.*

Embroidering "Remember me" on a pair of presentation suspenders will not bit the mark. Omitting to properly fasten the suspender buttons will ever keep your memory green in the mind of your husband.—*New Haven Register.*

First Harvard freshman—"What do you think of opening the 'Varsity to women, Charley?" "Second ditto—" "Never 'd do, Harry! What kind of a six or a nine 'd they make? And when you came to a rush or a night in town—Bah! never 'd do, Harry!"—*Ex.*

It must be rather trying to be married to an emotional actress and to have her clutching you by the throat at 3 A. M., and shouting in a horse stage whisper, "Slave, didst lock the kitchen door? The key, where is't?—quick, I'll strangle thee. Didst lay the milk-pitcher on the outer battlements?"

And now the boys and girls do glide  
Upon the glassy ice,  
And as they cut a pigeon wing  
They say, "Oh my! how nice!"

But when they strike a frozen lump  
And light upon their noses,  
They sink a pen to the stars,  
And gently murmur, "Moses!"

A boyish novice in smoking turned deadly pale and threw away his cigar. Said he, "That's something in that air cigar that's made me sick." "I know what it is," said his companion, puffing away. "What?" "Tobaccoer."—A noted sharper, wishing to ingratiate himself with a clergyman, said: "Parson, I should like to hear you preach more than I can tell you." "Well," responded the clergyman, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday you would have heard me." "Where was that?" "In the county gaol!"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The small boys have dropped the slang phrase, "That's too thin." "That's too Bernhardt!" is now the expression.—"I am turning over a new leaf," said the tobaccoist, yesterday, as he examined a new brand an agent was showing him.—The obelisk has cold feet. This is rough on the obelisk's wife.—"A put up job," said the grocer's boy, as he tied a package of sugar.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

This is snow man's country.—The land sinks shafts, and the ocean sinks ships.—Those naughty little Eddies are constantly frolicking in the water.—Bluebeard managed women so well because he always got ahead of them.—A pickpocket went through Philadelphia yesterday, on his way to New York.—Why is the present year like Hannah? Because backward or forward it is the same.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

It is said that the Texas Legislature at its next coming session will repeal the tax on "drummers." Perhaps it is just as well. "Drummers" don't cause half as much sorrow and hard feelings in a town as the young men who are learning to play on the violin and trombone. If the Legislature will impose upon the latter a tax heavy enough to smash their instruments, the members will be unanimously elected the next time they run for office.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Ah, that's what I like! that's what I like!" chirped old Mr. Whistleblossom, as he came carefully down the hill where the boys were exercising their sleds. "If there's anything I really love it's to see the boys, full of animal spirits, enjoying these wintry sports." And just at that instant a hundred and fifty pounds of animal spirits came dashing down the hill on a double runner, and caught the unsuspecting Mr. Winterblossom between the heels. There was a sound of revelry by night, and when they picked up the unfortunate gentleman, and had pinned together the ruptured back of his coat, he remarked in a tone so gentle that it made him quite black in the face, that the city government would refuse to pass a law making it a reform-school crime to slide on the streets were a set of pusillanimous yahoos.—*Rockland Courier.*

**THE CHURCH CHOIR.**

You may organize a church choir and think you have got it down fine, and that every member of it is pious and full of true goodness, and in such a moment as you think not you will find that one or more of them are full of the old Harry, and it will break out when you least expect it. There is no more beautiful sight to the student of nature than a church choir. To see the members sitting together, demure, devoted and pious looking, you think that there is never a thought enters their minds that is not connected with singing anthems, but sometimes you get left. There is one choir in Milwaukee that is about as near perfect as a choir can be. It has been organized for a long time, and never has quarreled, and the congregation swears by it. When the choir strikes a devotional attitude it is enough to make an ordinary Christian think of the angel band above, only the male singers wear whiskers, and the females wear fashionable clothes. You would not think that this choir played tricks on each other during the sermon, but sometimes they do. The choir is furnished with the numbers of the hymns that are to be sung, by the minister, and they put a book mark in the book at the proper place. One morning they all got up to sing, when the soprano turned pale as an ace of spades fell out of her hymn book, the alto nearly fainted when a queen of hearts dropped at her feet, and the rest of the pack were distributed around in other books. They laid it on to the tenor, but he swore, while the minister was preaching, that he didn't know one card from another. One morning last summer,

after the tenor had been playing tricks all the spring on the rest of the choir, the soprano brought a chunk of shoemaker's wax to church. The tenor was arrayed like Solomon, in all his glory, with white pants, low shoes, and a Seymour coat. The tenor got up to see who the girl was who came in with an old lady, and while he was up the soprano put the shoemaker's wax on the chair and the tenor sat down on it. They all saw it, and they waited the result. It was an awful long prayer, the church was hot, the tenor was no iceberg himself, and shoemaker's wax melts at ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit. The minister finally got to the amen, and read a hymn, the choir coughed and all rose up. The chair that the tenor was in stuck to him like a brother, and came right along and nearly broke his suspenders. It was the tenor to bat, and as the great organ struck up he pushed the chair off his person, looked around to see if he had saved his pants, and began to sing, and the rest of the choir came near bursting. The tenor was called out on three strikes by the umpire, and the alto had to sail in, and while she was singing the tenor began to feel of first base to see what was the matter. When he had got his hand on the shoemaker's hot wax his heart smote him, and he looked duffers at the soprano, but she put on a pious look and got her mouth ready to sing "Hold the Fort." Well, the tenor sat down on a white handkerchief, before he went home, and he got home without anybody seeing him, and he has been, as the saying is, "laying" for the soprano ever since, to get even. It is customary in all first-class choirs for the male singers to furnish candy for the lady singers, and the other day the tenor went to a candy factory and had a peppermint lozenge made with about a half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in the centre of it. On Christmas he took his lozenge to church and concluded to get even with the soprano if he died for it. Candy had been passed around, and just before the hymn was given out in which the soprano was to sing a solo, the wicked wretch gave her the loaded lozenge. She put it in her mouth and nibbled off the edges, and was rolling it around as a sweet morsel under her tongue when the organ struck up and they all arose. While the choir was skirmishing on the first part of the verse and getting score up for the solo, she chewed what was left of the candy and swallowed it. Well, if a Democratic torch-light procession had marched unbidden down her throat she couldn't have been any more astonished. She leaned over to pick up her handkerchief, and spit the candy out, but there was enough pepper left around the selvsage of her mouth to have pickled a peck of chow-chow. It was her turn to sing, and she rose and took the book, her eyes filled with tears, her voice trembled, her face was as red as a spanked lobster, and the way she sung that old hymn was a caution. With a sweet tremolo she sung, and the congregation was almost melted to tears. As she stopped, while the organist got in a little work, she turned her head, opened her mouth, and blew out her breath with a "whoosh" to cool her mouth. The audience saw her wipe a tear away, but did not hear the sound of her voice as she "whooshed." She wiped out some of the pepper with her handkerchief and sang the other verses with a great deal of fervour, and the choir sat down, all of the members looking at the soprano. She called for water. The noble tenor went and got it for her, and after she had drank a couple of quarts she whispered to him, "Young man, I will get even with you for that peppermint candy if I have to live a thousand years, and don't you forget it," and they all sat down and looked pious, while the minister preached a most beautiful sermon on "Faith." We expect that the tenor will be blown through the roof some Sunday morning, and the congregation will wonder what he is in such a hurry for.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*

## Our Grip Sack.

A woman who frequently visits her relations becomes a *near* relative.

When a tramp comes round your dwelling take a stick and give him *no quarter*.

When Courtney sawed his boats in two, he believed in doing things by halves.

When nearly all the stray dogs have been drowned let the cur-few bell ring.

The eternal fitness, &c.—that Willie Macdougall should represent the county of Haldin'.

The Hamilton *Spectator* is spoiling for a fight with GRIP, but GRIP never fights with an antagonist below his size.

What did the antediluvian animals say on first meeting Noah?—Happy to make your acquaintance.

The erection of the great James Lick telescope at San Francisco may be called "putting in a *big lick*."

Mrs. Sapsusling hearing that a friend was celebrated for repartee says that it may be very good but she prefers black and green mixed.

There's many a slip between the sheet and the pillow.—*Gripsack*. Only one, the pillow-slip.—*Smart Subscriber*.

The new insurance journal, the *Budget*, should be patronized by Sir Leonard Tilley and the Provincial Treasurer.

The fellows at the opera go out between the acts and "see a man" to take a glass, and while they're gone the ladies take a glass to see a man!

"How to raise the baby." Many little books have been written on this subject, but perhaps the simplest way would be to take the infant up in your arms.

It must—it will afford great consolation to that class of Burlingtonians who never clear their sidewalks of snow, that sooner or later—principally sooner—they will go where snow never has to be shoveled.—*Burlington Enterprise*.

"Your nothing but a Dominion, and belong to England, anyway," said Uncle Sam the other day to Young Canada, who was pulling roasted peanuts from his pockets and eating them at the corner. "Europe ought to be to get in with us." "Don't you call me a minion," replied the young hopeful, "I Canuck any man that says so."

A bachelor and a young lady lately bought several tickets in partnership in the lottery at the First Regiment N. G. Fair, agreeing to divide the proceeds equitably. They drew a double bedstead, a baby crib, and a lunch basket, and the question is how to divide them, or whether they shall use them jointly.—*Philadelphia Transcript*.

Mrs. Sapsusling recently presented a favourite nephew with a rocking-horse. The noble animal, after taking part in several nursery frays, was minus ears, tail, and fore-legs. When the donor visited the nursery and viewed the remains she exclaimed, "Well, I suppose that's what the French call a *horse de combat*."

She has evidently been studying the French language lately. During Christmas week she inspected several city churches. In one the decorations appeared rather tawdry, and she exclaimed in her most critical tones, "I certainly did not think the Rev. ——— would have allowed anything in his pasturage unless it was ecclesiastical and *re-church-e*."

## Canadian Girls.

"Archibald Forbes says the ladies of Canada are the most beautiful in the world."—*Daily Paper*.

I've seen the girls of every clime,  
And with my eye-glass quizzed 'em well,  
And all about their charms can tell,  
But *your girls* beat them every time!

I've seen the healthy Greenland lass,  
Who lives on blubber and ice cream,  
And drives a canine tandem team,  
She's fat and good—but she won't pass.

I've seen the Zulu damsel free,  
She's not expensive as to dress,  
And has a sort of loveliness—  
For Cetewayo—not for me.

I've seen the French girls—full of *chic*,  
They're very tasty in their togs,  
And fond of little poodle dogs—  
But vainly you for beauty seek.

I've seen the Russian ladies, too—  
The best wore shown me by the Czar  
When I was with him in the war—  
But, as I told him, they won't do.

The harems of the Turks I've seen,  
Old Hobart Pasha shewed me round;  
But still no beauty there I found  
Like that of your belle Canadienne.

In India, China, and Japan,  
In Egypt, Italy, and Greece,  
I've sought for the ideal face  
Offemale beauty, all in vain.

I've been to Borneo and the isles  
That dot the far Southern sea,  
But slain in battle may I be  
If I've seen ought like *your girls'* smiles.

Ah yes, I've seen most every sight,  
And look a' here, make no mistake—  
Your girls for beauty take the cake—  
(I'm going to lecture here to-night, buy a ticket!)

## The Inside Track.

(*Sir John to his faithful followers in Cancons.*)

My faithful followers around,  
I know that I can trust,  
We are bound to build this Railway  
If the Government should bust;  
But of that I've no forebodings  
With such following at my back,  
We can carry out the contract,  
For we've got the inside track.

I own I did feel squeamish,  
When I heard that fellow Blake,  
And I fear'd those long petitions  
Your confidence would shake;  
But I quail not at their carplings  
With Ontario at their back,  
Our position here is solid,  
And we've got the inside track.

This Second Syndicate just formed,  
Of course is "All my eye,  
They cannot budge our bargain  
However much they try;  
And with all the blatant yelping  
Of this miserable pack,  
We can smile at all their scheming,  
For we've got the inside track.

This saving of some millions  
That we hear so much about,  
We must fight with all our weapons—  
Or else step "down and out."  
But no matter if the prospects  
Of the country do look black  
We must look to *our* positions  
And keep the inside track.

All the Grits desire is office,  
As their tactics plainly show,  
But the country will not listen  
To the gas of Blake and Co.  
*We* have driven out depression,  
*We* have brought the good times back,  
And *we're* safe for any contract,  
For we've got the inside track.

Now we must conclude the bargain—  
That's a thing that *must* be fix'd,  
We will "run this show" to suit us,  
No matter for the next;  
I will engineer the shelving  
Of each faithful Tory hack,  
Nor forget myself—exactly  
While we have the inside track!

The *Bystander* of February is as brilliant as usual. The editor runs the risk of being branded as a Grit, however, as he has the temerity to point out the danger which lurks in the contract which hands over the interests of Canada to the tender mercies of foreign speculators.

## Notes from our Gaddy.

DEAR GRIP,—Dash my wig, but I'm awfully tired of this Syndicate business. I hate like everything to touch on those hackneyed subjects, but 'pon my word, your proposal that we should take the job ourselves is the best plan yet. We would chip in a million or two amongst us like winking. For my part, though I have not more than a few odd thousands actually in my pocket at the present moment, still I have a few wealthy uncles at home, with whom I left considerable valuable property, in trust, before coming over here. We could form a cinder-kit, or a coalition, or anything of that sort without the least trouble. Then, though I say it what shouldn't, it would be giving talent an opportunity of earning some of this world's goods, instead of still further accumulating wealth into the hands of the purely moneyocracy. We could easily build the line with the money gift, and having the alternate blocks of land for profit, could afford to try a few experiments. By the way, after promising to give those alternate blocks of land, what could they expect but a chequered course for the scheme? However, that is nothing to us. Being naturally of the people and for the people, some of our experiments could be directed in behalf of the welfare of the people. This would be a marked innovation, and be considered dangerous, and generally frowned upon; but we could stand that. On a few of the blocks we could establish communities or homes for friendless children, collected from our Provincial towns, and by prohibiting the reading of purely party political papers and supplying each one of them with GRIP, they would gradually be converted into good, happy, and moral beings. Some of the blocks could be devoted to the raising of buffalo. A good spec. How does a nice broiled buffalo chop for breakfast strike you? They would take like wild-fire if properly advertised, and furnish freight for the railway. And then there is another idea, hit upon by a friend of mine some time ago, and I'm sure a few blocks could be found just adapted for the experiment. It is to raise cherry pipe-stems. My friend had all the calculations made out, but I forget how many young wild cherry trees can be raised to the acre, or precisely the figure they would fetch when converted into pipe-stems, but I know there's millions in it. What do you think of it? And let me inform you that is the latest popular saying in London—got it by the last English mail. The alkali lands, I'm afraid, would give us trouble. Of course they are all well in their way, and those Nor-West Indians are very decent fellows in their way, but it strikes me those lands are too much like a place our politicians will know more about some day—there is too great a deficiency of water and good society. However, do you fix things at Ottawa and get the contract, and let us put an end to all this fuss. GADFLY.

GRIP.—Last week's number of Canada's comic paper is exceedingly good. The principal cartoon indicates that the Government has done bully in the matter of the Pacific Railway, and has knocked Blake higher than a kite. The various Grit amendments are represented as floating about in their natural element—wind.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

Mr. Henry J. Morgan's excellent publication, the *Dominion Annual Register*, for 1880, is announced to appear this month. In this volume a careful and exhaustive review of the progress of Canadian politics, literature, art, and education is given, together with an abundance of other information most valuable to professional and literary men. This publication was begun in 1878, and no student of Canadian history can have in his library a more thoroughly useful work. The publisher's address is Box 285, Ottawa.



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