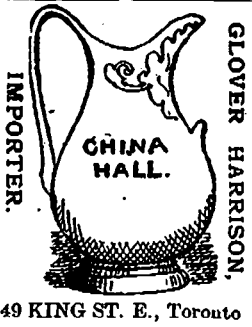


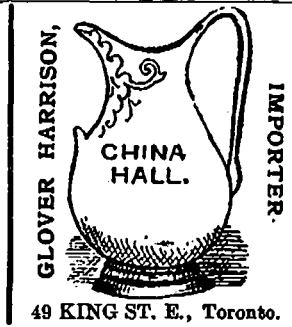
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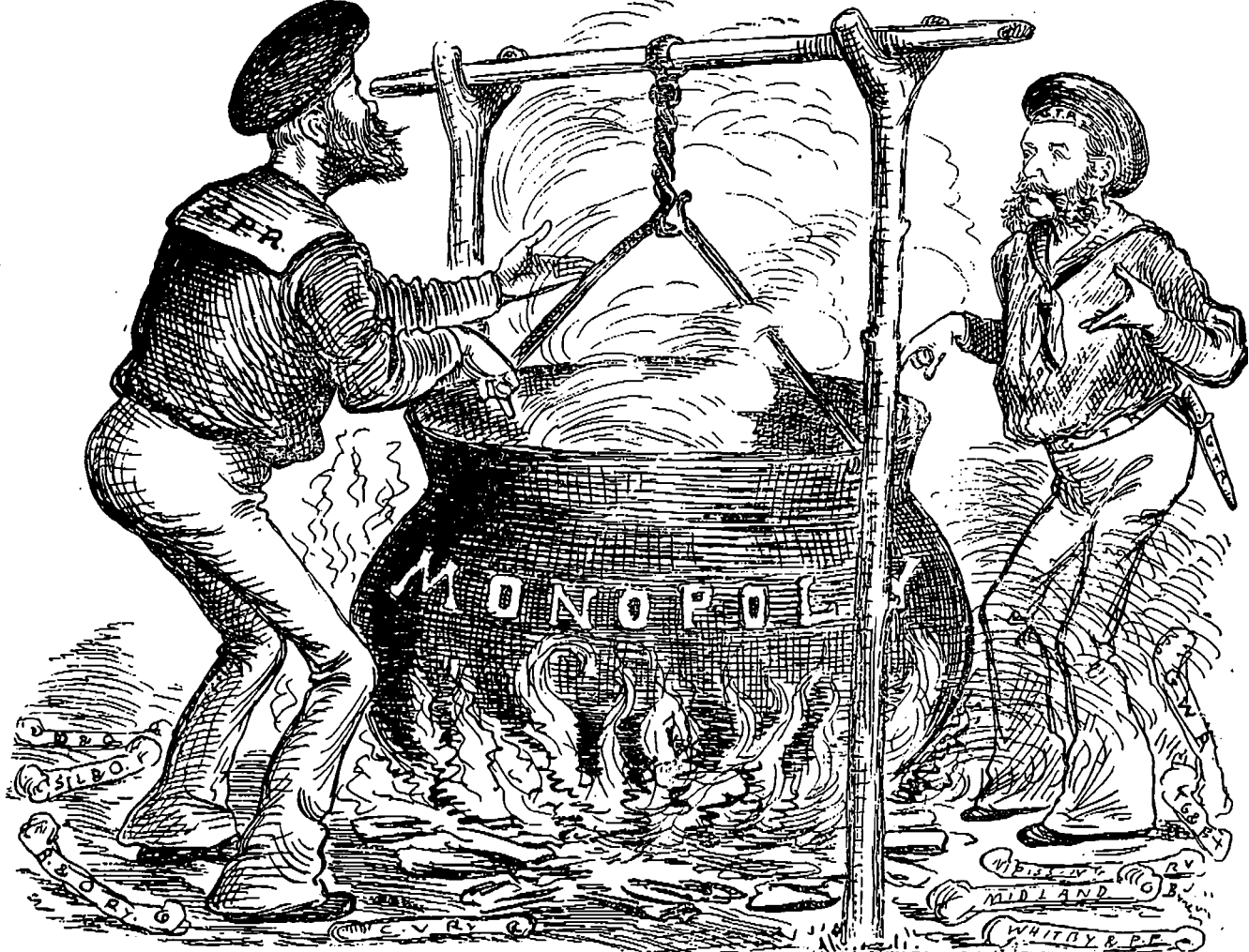


49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

VOLUME XXI.
No. 24.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1883.

\$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.



THE DELICATE QUESTION "WHICH?"

THEN ONLY ME AND THE COOK WAS LEFT,
AND THE DELICATE QUESTION, WHICH
OF US TWO GOES TO THE KETTLE, AROSE,
AND WE ARGIED IT OUT AS SICH.

FOR I LOVED THAT COOK LIKE A BROTHER I DID,
AND THE COOK HE WORSHIPPED ME,
AND WE'D BOTH BE BLOWED IF WE'D FITHER BE STOWED
IN THE OTHER FELLOW'S HOLD, YOU SEE.

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WHY IS IT THE



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THE DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE
A. W. BRAIN, Sole Agent.
Also Repairer of all kinds of Sewing Machines. Needles, Parts and Attachments for Sale.
98 Yonge St. TORONTO.



1ST GRNT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What Demi-God
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GRNT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
STUDIO—118 King Street West.

RAIL COAL--LOWEST RATES--A. & S. NAIRN--TORONTO.

OFFICE OF "GRIP."

TORONTO, Nov. 17th, 1883.

We are making special efforts to increase the already very respectable circulation of our paper and we have decided to make a special offer to our present subscribers, as we believe they can very materially assist us in this matter.

To every present subscriber who sends us the name of a new subscriber and the amount of subscription for one year, we will send, post paid, a copy of MRS. CLARKE'S COOKERY BOOK, handsomely bound in cloth, which retails at \$1.00 per copy, or we will allow a discount of 50 cents in cash, i.e., we will send GRIP for one year to any new subscriber, sent in by a present subscriber, for \$1.50.

If you will send us the names of THREE new subscribers, together with the subscriptions for one year each, we will allow you a discount of \$1.50, and will also mail, post paid, a copy of MRS. CLARKE'S COOKERY BOOK, bound in cloth.

If you will send FIVE names each for one year and the subscriptions, we will allow you \$2.50 discount, and in addition will mail, post paid, a copy of either "THE BOY'S OWN ANNUAL" or "THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL," handsomely bound in cloth, which retail at \$2.25 each.

It will be an easy matter for every subscriber to induce some friends to subscribe, and by doing this they will materially increase the circulation of CANADA'S ONLY CARTOON PAPER, and at the same time obtain, with scarcely any effort, a valuable addition to the home library.

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—THE—

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BRNGOUGH Editor.
FRED. SWIRE, B.A. Associate Editor.

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

We have received several responses to our appeals to subscribers for their subscriptions, which, while they enclose the very necessary lucre, omit to give the equally necessary information as to where the money comes from, several parties having signed their names only and given no address. If any subscriber who has remitted during the two weeks previous to the 27th inst., fails to perceive the alteration on the address label of this week's paper, the mistake will probably be in consequence of his being one of the above-mentioned parties.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—GRIP has always felt and expressed a warm interest in the affairs of the North-West. His sympathies are wholly with our hardy countrymen who have gone into the great lone land to lay the foundation of future greatness, and wholly against any government policy which retards them in their endeavors. It has been GRIP's duty to denounce the policy of the present Government in this respect, and senseless shouts of "Grit" from the mouths of partizans who were personally interested in having the injustice perpetuated, cannot prevent us from discharging this duty. We say deliberately—what we have put in picture form in this issue—that it would tax the ingenuity of any Cabinet to devise more cunning means of retarding the settlement of the North-West than the policy now in force—and this we say notwithstanding the modifications just announced as a concession to the overwhelming demand of the oppressed settlers.

FIRST PAGE.—Recent amalgamations and fusions amongst the railway companies have reduced the competing lines to two—the G.T.R. and the C.P.R.—for the early absorption of the Northern seems to be a foregone conclusion. And now the delicate question, which of these two giants is to swallow up the other comes up for settlement. We are informed that at the present moment the relations between them are very friendly—but we remember that Mr. Gilbert's "elderly naval man" and the "cook of the Nancy Bell" loved each other very dearly, although the latter found a final resting place in the stomach of his shipmate. Canada seems destined to be owned by a single Railway Company, though nominally a British Possession.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The energy, spirit and enthusiasm with which Mr. Blake is leading his party is a phenomenon which must be seen to be appreciated. Those who would gain a faint idea of the *push* displayed must turn to our little sketch on the eighth page.

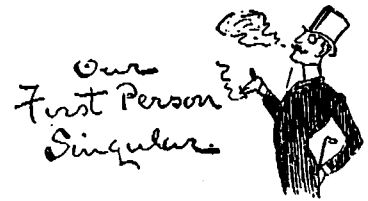
It is our intention to present to all our subscribers who are paid up on the 15th Dec. next, for six months or more in advance, a copy of Grip Almanac for 1884 FREE.

This is the fifth year that our Almanac has appeared, and it has improved every year. The issue now in preparation will be superior to any of its predecessors. It will contain 96 pages of choice humor profusely illustrated, and will have a handsome cover lithographed in 5 colors. It will sell at the same price as heretofore, viz., 25c. We are anxious to show our appreciation of the continued patronage of our subscribers, and shall be pleased to have the opportunity of mailing you on or about the 15th Dec. a copy of the Almanac.

By consulting the label on your paper you will see if you will be entitled on the 15th Dec. to receive this premium.

SPECIAL TO OUR FRIENDS.

We will be very glad to hear from any of our friends who have back numbers of GRIP to dispose of—especially of the earlier years. Address the Manager, this office.



The elevator man will not always "give us a rise." In fact, he only "lets up" on the thing.

"Angry Annie."—It was a wicked compositor, dear, who printed it "Mrs. Candle" for "Mrs. Candle." [Will she grasp the occult meaning?]

It was a Grand Trunk conductor who solemnly remarked, after kicking a ticketless tramp off the train, that that was a joke "hard toe beat."

If a man should be held accountable only according to his lights, that, of course, does away with his accountability when he acts according to his liver.

The *Globe* needn't feel so very proud over its libel suit. Of course, there's enterprise in this sort of thing, but hold on a little and give the rest of us a chance.

A Hamilton barber advertises that he "combs and curls the hair with grace." But his Irish customers maintain that it's a first-class brand of hair oil.

A Galt editor persists in speaking of "a phenomna." He has made up his mind to revolutionize this base language if the new Minister of Education has to be discharged.

The new comet has no tail. This comes of allowing altogether too many persons to go poking into the sky with telescopes. People using their spy-glasses in a reckless manner really ought to pause and reflect.

The new proprietor of an Ingersoll store, and who hails from Chicago, has decided to style his establishment "The Boston House." Even this, you'll find, will not serve to warn Chicago.

An up-country paper makes the startling announcement that "Mr. A. Stuart and Mrs. McKay have been re-engaged for 1874." But a continuation of the item settles one's nerves. This lady and gentleman have been re-engaged—to teach school.

Although it's fully two weeks since a lively young widow, in Seneca, Kansas, publicly horsewhipped the traducer of her deceased husband, on no gifted paragrapher has it yet dawned to refer to the incident as "the widow's smite."

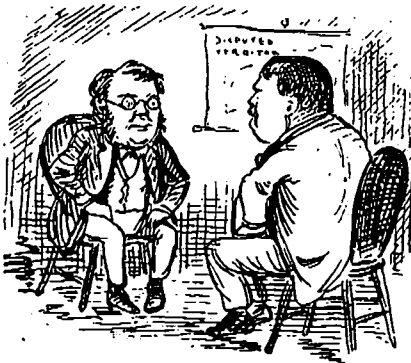
"We have not so far this season seen a really prime Turkey," remarks an Embro paper. It is just such inconsiderate statements as this that keeps many an ambitious young man with an able appetite from launching boldly on the sea of journalism.

Though I stand not within the crowded senate walls,
Where echo to echo in eloquence calls;
Though I join not a throng that surrounds a throne—
I am never alone.

Duns, eh? Or maybe you live in the city and all your wife's relatives in the back townships?

"That was a narrow squeak you had yesterday," observed Joe to Jim. "Narrow squeak? Bless my soul, how?" exclaimed Jim. "Why, didn't I see you coming out of Mine Uncle's with your ulster on? Wasn't that a narrow squeak—or, if you will have it in other words, a clothes call?" Happily a drug store was near by.

"Now," said the old granger as the train neared his station, "I'm agoin' to do for you city chaps, who's been ahavin' the laugh on me for a while back, suthin' what the devil 'll never do for you." "What's that, uncle?" one of his tormentors asked. "Leave you!" drily responded the old man. That was getting even and some to spare.



THE CONFAB OF THE ATTORNEYS-GENERAL.

AUTHENTIC REPORT OF WHAT TOOK PLACE.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MOWAT. — Att.-Gen. Miller, I believe.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MILLER.—The same. Good morning, sir.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—Good morning. It's a fine day.

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Yes, but pretty cold.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—For Manitoba, yes. You come from there, don't you?

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—I do, *via* St. Catharines. I called in to see you officially.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—Ah?

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Yes, I want to talk to you about Kat Portage.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—Rat Portage. Let's see, that's in Ontario, isn't it?

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Yes, according to the arbitrators' award it is, but—

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—Well?

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Well, I was going to say it would oblige us very much if you would let Manitoba have that section of country.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—I see. Well?

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Well, you see, it will be doing us a favor.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—I scarcely think so. Your Province wouldn't gain anything, and would be put to the expense of governing the territory.

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Excuse me, you misapprehend my meaning. I am not here officially representing the province, but—

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—Indeed?

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—The Ministry—the local Cabinet; quite a different concern, I assure you.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—Ah, I see. Proceed.

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Well, we're in a peck of trouble, and we want to get out of it. You can help us.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—I shall take the matter into my serious—

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Pardon me, I haven't yet explained. You see, we've got to get money or get out of office. Now, John A. will help us if we get that territory from you. If

we can't get it, and nobody else gets it, you will probably keep it.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—Probably. I will take the matter into my—

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Excuse me, I was going to add—if you keep it, John A. will get into trouble with the Bleus, and you see there'll be the deuce to pay all round. Now, will you give it up and make everything smooth for us?

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—I will give the matter my most serious consideration. Good morning, sir.

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Good morning. It's as cold as ever, isn't it?

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—It is—for Manitoba.

P. C.'s WICKED PARTNER;

OR, THE MAN WHO DIDN'T KNOW BEANS.

Kind friend, if you've an extra tear
A-trickling down your nose,
Come, drop it as you listen to
The story of our woes.
You never heard so sad a tale
In all life's mournful scenes,
As that concerning Dodds and me,
And the Racket of the Beans.

'Twas in my little shop one day—
(My Christmas stock is large)—
I stood behind my counter,
(Terms cash—I never "charge").
My eye was roving wildly round,
A-lookin' out for biz.,
When in there walked a nobby gent,
With a sporting sort of phiz.

I thought he came to buy a *Grip*,
Or a pack of euchre, perhaps,
(I keep all sorts of literature,
Toys, games, and all such traps)—
But no; he slanted back his hat,
And, with polite regard,
Removed the fragrant weed he smoked,
And handed me his card.

I put my eyeglass on my nose,
And read it, "E. King Dodds."
Says I, "I never heard the name,"
Says he, "It makes no odds."
Says I, "Here's Christmas *Graphics* fresh,
They're selling very cheap."
Says he, "Oh, yes, they're very nice—
You've rather got a heap."

'Twas plain he wasn't on the buy—
I wondered what he meant;
But ere I put the question he
Surmised my mere intent.
Says he, "As I was passing by,
I saw your honest face,
And so came in to shake your hand;
Please let that act take place."

With that he offered me his hand,
I took it with a bow.
We shook; says he, "We're friends for life,
You know me better now."
But in my palm when he let go—
(Whatever did it mean?)
I found a little roundish thing,
Which proved to be a bean.

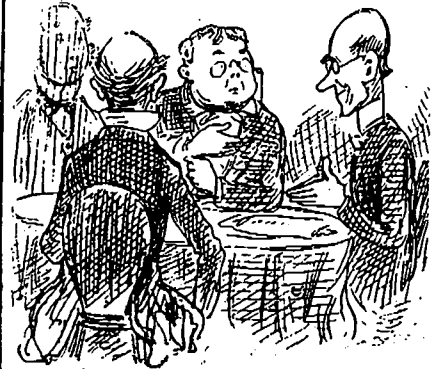
"Ah, yes!" says he, "I quite forgot—
A sample from my case;
I travel in the garden line—
See—here's its proper place."
With that he drew a small box forth
(Not *dice* by any means.)
And putting back the missing one,
Quoth he—"Do you know beans?"

"Suppose you try to guess for fun
How many beans are here,—
If you're correct I wouldn't mind
A setting up the beer!"
I took a good and steady look
And calculated deep—
Says I, "I couldn't say for sure
But maybe there's a heap!"

Just then by chance some folks came in,
Some regular business callers—
Says I, "If you can guess those beans,
I'll give you twenty dollars."
"But first," says Mr. Dodds, says he,
"To guard against mistake—
Suppose our friends put up some squid,
Or what you'd call a stake."

Well, then a party in the crowd
Guessed fourteen-million-ten,
And we were counting up the beans
When Fenton he came in!
With fiendish shriek he bounded in
And collared Dodds and me,
And yells, "Ha! ha! I've caught you both
A-running a Lotteree!"

Now, did you ever in your life
Know such a beastly shame—
To scandalize two harmless men
For playing a little game!



THE SPECULATORS' SYMPOSIUM.

THE LAWYER.—Gentlemen, we must make an effort. I might say the case is going against us, and we shall be in for costs. The fact is we've got hold of a good deal of land in the North-west, and—

THE DOCTOR.—I agree with my learned friend, although our professions are different, yet, in this case, his profession is mine. The symptoms are most menacing, and a fatal termination is momentarily to be expected. In fact, my firm have also secured lands in the North-west.

THE CHURCH MEMBER.—My brethren, I fear that our lives have been cast in evil places; I—that is to say, we—that is, certain members have obtained certain lands in the North-west. I trust it may not prove a Babylonish garment nor a wedge of silver. Yet, alas!—

THE MERCHANT.—The outlook is extremely shabby. The stock on hand must be sold at any price, and will not realize cost price. To put it in commercial language, our house have invested in North-west lands, and—

THE STOCK-JOBBER.—And we are in,—and the margin's gone, and we shall be short. North-west lands—

THE LAWYER.—But the North-west people are disputing the title, and there will be a motion in confiscation.

THE DOCTOR.—The patient denies the cure and is disputing the Bill.

THE CHURCH MEMBER.—Truly the sons of Zorniah are too many for us, and they will seize our possessions for a spoil.

THE MERCHANT.—We shall be sold out at a frightful sacrifice.

THE STOCK-JOBBER.—Fact is, we sailed in on the boom and the boom is bust—the North-west is going to rebel. seize our lands and dish our speculations. Now, there's only one way out—you have got to be bulls—shout everywhere that all's right—puff up John A. to the skies, declare that the Government, by a few slight concessions, will immediately tranquilize the country; and that the prospects of the North-west are glorious, the bargain with the Syndicate moderate, the colonization companies patriotic, the railway people not extortionate, and that the completion of the C. P. R. will ensure prosperity to the whole country—in fact, that everything will be lovely and the goose will hang very high.

ALL THE SPECULATORS.—And will it?

THE STOCK-JOBBER.—Yes, too high for the settlers to get any. Take advice and take a pointer. John A. and his friends have turned the North-west beehive into a nest of hornets. While they hatch, you puff, and—realize!

ALL.—We will.

[Scene closes.]



—“ AND STILL THE WONDER GREW,
THAT ONE SMALL HEAD COULD CARRY ALL HE KNEW!”

ED. “MAIL.”—Ross has had no share of the culture of his time.
WEST MIDDLESEX GRIT. — And what about Johnston?

ED. “MAIL.”—You semi-civilized Booby—Have you never heard of Johnston’s Dictionary?

HUMBLING HAUGHTY HOPSTON.

A THRILLING STORY OF FILIAL SOLICITUDE AND A THIRSTY TRAMP’S DAISY RACKET.

CHAPTER I.

He was a man to all the bibbers dear,
And passing rich by making ale and beer.
—The Described Brewery.

“Silence, young man! What in—”

John Hopston, Sr., wheeled about in his luxurious adjustable office-chair, a blaze in his eyes. His lips also were about to add—that is to say he might have continued with more fiery emphasis had not the overturning of a costly spittoon withdrawn his attention at the instant. The young man to whom he had addressed himself thus significantly heaved a sigh of most pronounced regret and, with a troubled look on his noble face, passed outside and walked absently into a billiard-room.

“The gall of that boy lecturin’ his father about writin’ an’ spellin’!” muttered the angry man to himself as he deftly rescued the blot-pad from the amber flood on the floor. “Let school-masters an’ college fellers show off their writin’ and spellin’, but gimme brains! Brains is what’s seen me through so far, an’ I guess my business kin git along still with the sort of learnin’ I’ve got. I never lose by it anyhow, and I mean to chance it right ahead.”

The haughty brewer, as he resumed the letter he was writing, and which stated by means of an undisguised snake-fence that “trad was sunnwhat dul,” indulged in a self-satisfied smile.

In the subdued light of the sample-room other self-satisfied smiles were being indulged in—the dram-atis personæ being seven brewery hands and a fresh-tapped keg.

CHAPTER II.

Oh! let us pity the tramp man—
He has no mother-in-law to jaw
No wife to buy him booze.

—James Avid Dodgar.

“I’m travelling for Smith & Co., of Chicago, who are getting up a work on the extent of the brewing interests of this continent. With your permission I shall take a few notes of your business, or if too busy yourself your manager or head brewer will answer.”

The visitor was perhaps a gentleman travelling incog. His clothes were fully ripe. He looked tired. And had a sort of desert air about him. His nose, too—but Mr. Hopston had an extensive and peculiar acquaintance with reporters, and dismissed every suspicion. Pencilling some weird characters on a business card he handed it to the distinguished journalist saying, impressively but kindly, “Mr. Williamson in the despatch room back there will give you all the points.” The eminent *littérateur* passed to the rear with a frank, anticipatory beam on his face. The proud brewer took another chair and forgot the stranger in anxious thoughts about a new kind of barrel bung. Ah! little did he reckon that this visit was to be a veritable turning-point in his eventful life.

But this is emphatically a short-chapter novel.

CHAPTER III.

The night-school crushed to earth
Will rise again.

—Hon. Geo. Washington R. Oss.

“Shall I book this order to yourself, father?” was the question abruptly put to John Hopston, Sr., by John Hopston, Jr., in a cold tone. It was the day succeeding the stirring incidents faithfully recorded in the previous chapters. John Hopston, Jr., spoke in a cold tone, for it was a cold day for him. He had felt so sure the night previous that he could give the real estate agent five in a fifty game. It proved a ten-dollar error of judgment.

“Order?” The Lager Prince took the outstretched card and glancing at it, contemp-

tuously observed, “Near sight specs is what you want, young man, if you ain’t a half eijut. That’s just a line to Williamson to post a reporter about the brewery. Williamson!” he called; and that valued servant appeared as if by steam. “Give bearer all points,—ain’t that what you made of this here card?”

“No, sir, promptly answered Mr. Williamson. “When this card was handed to me yesterday I took it for ‘give bearer doz. pints,’ the party was beginning to say something about representing someone or something, but I was busy and hurried to fill the order after reading it out and asking if it was all he wanted. He said yes, and wouldn’t have it delivered, but promised to bring back the basket in half-an-hour. And he ain’t done so yct. And—”

Here something dawned on Mr. Williamson and he silently withdrew. The spittoon was a complete wreck.

“Whom shall I book this order to, father?” The impress of the cut-glass inkstand remains to this day on the junior partner’s office door.

Ten minutes later.

“Father, can I do anything for you?” His sire was plunged in deep but silent grief and it touched young Hopston. Further there was a little matter of a small cheque.

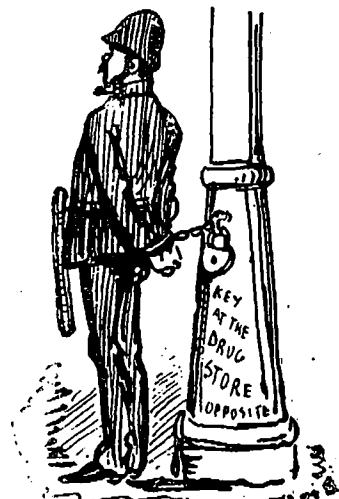
“Yes, John,” replied the elder Hopston in hollow tones. “But come right in, don’t be afraid. What you can do for me is buy me a copy-book and a speller, and never give this thing away. You’ve downed me on the learnin’ business for sure.”

It was a scene for a painter or a night-school teacher.

The question of the Hour—What time is it?

The Ragan illustrated lectures at Shaftesbury Hall are proving as popular here as they have been in other cities. The pictures are wonderful, while Mr. Ragan’s powers as a speaker are correspondingly high. As the advertisement states, the auditor enjoys all the pleasures of travel without its discomfort.

“Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion.”—Day’s Business College, 96 King St. W. Toronto.



PATENT POLICE REFORM.

Suggested by the N. Y. *Life* as a settlement of the question, “Where are the police?”

Can you suggest anything else that will help to "SETTLE" the great Nor-West?

Government Policy:

1. Large tracts of the Best Lands Reserved for Speculators.
2. Vexatious Regulations for Actual Settlers.
3. ~~Wide~~ ~~Belts~~ ~~Reserve~~
4. No Second Homesteading.
5. Disallowance of Local Railway Charters.
6. High Taxes on Agricultural Implements.
7. Federal Control of Provincial Lands.
8. No Squatters' Rights.
9. Railway and elevator monopoly.
10. Coal lands reserved for Ottawa politicians.
11. High taxes on the necessities of life.
- 12.

HOMES FOR ALL IN THE GREAT NOR-WEST

ASSISTED PASSAGES.

&c &c.

Apply to the Dem^o Gov^t

J.W. Russell

THEIR INGENUITY EXHAUSTED.



"So the world wags."

Mr. Geo. Peck of the Milwaukee *Sun* is the latest victim of newspaper mendacity. He feels called upon to repudiate the following paragraph from the *Washington Republican*:

It is not altogether true that George Peck has made the bulk of his fortune out of his newspaper property, the Milwaukee *Sun*. Outside of his journalistic venture Peck has engaged in two or three highly remunerative schemes, notably in his Aspen mine in Colorado and his immense sheep ranch in New Mexico. The *Leadville Herald* estimates that his share of the yield of the silver mine for ten months of the current year was \$85,000, and a paragraph in a recent number of the *American Herder* says Mr. Peck's profits from the year's shearing in New Mexico will exceed \$20,000. Most of the money he makes, over and above what he reserves for current expenses, he puts into Milwaukee real estate, and the amount of real estate he owns may be guessed at when it is said he pays yearly taxes of over \$6,000 in Milwaukee alone. Alexander Mitchell, the Milwaukee millionaire, recently remarked that he believed George Peck would, in less than ten years, be the richest man in the Northwest.

And this is how he nails it:

"Excuse us while we laugh. There! In the first place we have no 'highly remunerative schemes,' except *The Sun*. Never owned a dollar in a mine in Colorado, and never shall. Never owned a single sheep or a lamb. Never drew eighty-five thousand dollars, nor eighty cents from mines or sheep. Never paid a dollar's taxes on real estate in Milwaukee. Within the past year we have bought a little real estate, but if the taxes on it are six thousand dollars when it comes to be assessed, we will give it away. Mr. Mitchell never made any such remark, and probably never gave a thought to *The Sun*, any more than to be glad the editor was making a good living, by hard work. Very likely our friend Davis, of the *Leadville Herald*, started the silver mine story, and Snowdon, the old dude of the *Washington Republican*, has finished the story as a joke on a friend who will whip him on sight. Furthermore, we don't want to be rich, and if newspapers will quit publishing such stories we will give every editor a chromo."

**

People who seldom travel should be thankful for every hint they can get from old roadsters, and such a clipping as the following deserves a place in the hat of every greenhorn.

PAID IN ADVANCE.

A man who took care to tell the clerk that he was from New Hampshire and on his way to visit his sister in Wisconsin, whom he had not seen in twenty-two years, registered at a Detroit hotel the other night. When shown to his room by one of the bell boys he suddenly asked:

"Oh, say, have you fire escapes on this building?"

"Deed we has, sah."

"Show me the one I am to use in case of fire."

The boy took him down the hall to where an iron ladder ran to the ground, but after surveying it the man remarked:

"Mercy on me! but I wouldn't dare climb down that ladder in broad daylight!"

"Dey's all alike, sah."

"Well, they wouldn't do me any good. Say, I'll make a bargain with you."

"Yes, sah."

"I don't want to be roasted, and I can't use that ladder. If you'll come up and give me ten or fifteen minutes' warning before the fire breaks out, I'll give you fifty cents, and here it is."

"I'll do it, sah."

"It's a mean trick on the rest of them, I know," continued the man, "but mebbe they are used to ladders and don't ask any favors. When you come to rouse me just knock three times and quickly say: 'Mr. Slabs, this tavern is on fire.' I'll tumble to it without any fuss, and after I get out I'll yell fire and do my best to save the rest. Good-night, bub, and remember that I paid cash down."—*Det. Free Press*.

**

BURDETTE'S LATEST.

Mr. Burdette maintains his place as the brightest of the paragraphers. He is not only the wittiest, but his humor is always pleasant and wholesome. We cull a few of his latest mottos:

Matthew Arnold is prepared to like this country, if the reporters who are introduced to him will only quit calling him "Matt." That is not right. They should say Matthew when they speak to him.

There are 120,000 regular soldiers in the Chinese army. As it requires about all their time to learn their native language, they don't know anything about military drill.

It is said that the Mexican police wear the dirtiest linen, and the least of it, ever seen on mortal man. Still, you can't expect a man with only one suit to look very much like a dude.

The estimate for the pension roll this year is one hundred and fifty-seven millions of dollars. The old soldiers were very frugal twenty years ago, and saved their country, but they're making her fly now.

There are fish, scientific authorities tell us, that live in great numbers in the ocean, at a depth of 2,000 feet below the surface. There, we always knew there was some reason why we never caught any fish. We told the last skipper we fished with that 800 feet of line wasn't enough.

The Indians on the frontier seem to be very quiet and no trouble is reported on any of the reservations, but on Sunday another New York policeman got drunk and killed an inoffensive laborer. The Indian foreign missionary board needs to send a few more good savages to New York.

Out in a Colorado town the manager of the opera house was elected mayor, and he announced in his inaugural address that he would spare no pains or expense to make his administration popular, instructive and pleasing, and that there would be in it nothing to offend the most refined taste.

"What are you after now?" asked the policeman of a well-known burglar. "I'm lookin' for a detective," replied the robber. And the officer shook his head. "I don't believe you can find one," he replied sadly, for the burglar's lonesome appearance touched him, "because they're all looking for you."

Shapira, the Deuteronomy forger, is held in great detestation by the Hebrews, because he is a "converted Jew." Some time ago he became an Episcopalian, and his former brethren of Israel think the prayer-book will have to be amended a whole chapter to get in something to cover Shapira's case.

"Pa," said Rollo, looking up from "Roughing It," "what is gold-bearing quartz?"

"Well, my son," replied Rollo's father, who was glancing in a troubled manner at the milkman's bill for October, "when a man sells diluted wai'er for nine cents a quart, I think he has struck better gold-bearing quarts than ever Mr. Mark Twain dreamed of."

"Oh, the road is smooth enough," said the placid conductor to the complaining passenger. "There isn't a smoother road bed in the United States. It's the cars that jolt. Company took the springs out last week, to oil them, and didn't get them back in time for this trip." And the complaining passenger grumbled no more, for he felt that he was in the presence of the Star Liar.

The coat-of-arms of Dakota, shows, among other things, a white man and an Indian, looking up at this motto shining in the sky—"Fear God and take your own part." Ho! ho! In the division of labor, enjoined by that motto, the Indian is supposed to be fearing God for the two, while the white man holds unto his own part with one hand and take's the Indian's with the other.

We never speak as we pass by,
And I will tell you simply why—
We both are busy coming o'er
GRIP'S ALMANAC for '84.



The Response:

Dear Crow:

I am sorry for you in your singed distress. Enclosed find two dollars to assist in oiling the pin feathers. Yours in sympathy,
J. H. B., Welland.

To you for eighteen eighty-four,
Two dolls. again I now fork o'er,
And public folly I hope you'll nip.
That I may know it please send me *Grip*.
S. G., Lanark.

Please find enclosed \$2.00 for "Grip." As I expect dull times, I want your paper to divert my attention a little and to keep my face from getting too long. Wishing you prosperity, respectfully,
R. McG., Oshawa.

Your piteous lamentation,
And forlorn situation
Would really move a nation,
To send in their subscription,
And enclosed is for acceptance.

B. C., London.

P. S. You needn't blush for the poetry since you get the dimes.

Inclosed find \$2, my subscription to *Grip* until Oct. 2, 1884.
The delay in remitting has been due to hurry, worry and botheration.

Accept apologies—and very best wishes for *Grip's* continued success. Its weekly advent is hailed with joy—as an electric and restorative tonic to poor flagging human nature, and as a holiday break in the monotonous wear and tear of everyday life, long may it so continue.

Yours etc.,
J. O'S., Peterborough.

For your penna-less condition, old bird, please take My sympathy, and what is better, shillings eight. Such sympathy for your *casus* you prefer—well, rather! And soon again no doubt will put you in fine feather.
A. W., M.D., Hamilton.

GRANITE HEART;
OR, PENELOPE PERKINS ON SKATES
A TALE OF TORONTO CITY.

CHAP. I.

Miss Penelope Portia Perking was the very *belle ideal* of a healthy and handsome Toronto girl. Her glowing cheeks vied with the roses that bloomed in the parterre fronting her father's villa, and her brow was as white as the untrodden snow on the boulevard fringing Tamrad Crescent, in which fashionable "quarter" her home was situated.

It was indeed a pleasant and refreshing sight to see her on a clear, cold afternoon "gaily tripping" up Church-street to the Granite Rink, swinging her skates in the exuberance of her girlish spirits, careless of the cold conventionalities appertaining to the ordinary plodding world, which she looked upon with all the indifference of a buoyant and happy nature.

Penelope Portia was a young lady more than ordinarily accomplished. On the grand piano she could delight you with one of Beethoven's Sonatas or a Fantasia of Carambion; entrance you with a Fandango on the Spanish guitar; bring tears of sympathy to your eyes by her manipulations of the noble and hard-suggesting harp, and she could wail out her young soul on the violin like unto the great Remenyi, or a Noble Ward Italian.

Let it by no means be supposed, however, that music was her only accomplishment. She was a graduate of the Royal Canadian Art Academy, could paint trees like Perre, mountains and rocks like Matthews, old saw mills and distant fortifications like O'Brien, and "mugs" equal to Mrs. Schreiber; oil or water colors, crayon or sketch, she was there every time. When we state that she had gone through a course of classics, Greek, Latin, French, German and English; had read and studied all the poets from Chaucer to Walt Whitman and Avde, all doubts as to her condition must be at once removed. In athletics she likewise excelled, she was a "speedy" runner and walkist, an expert with the Indian clubs and dumb bells, and it was only her feminine attire and the absence of a "ladies' gymnasium" in this city that prevented her from being a successful acrobat and "tumbler" and an accomplished *artiste* on the flying trapeze. The only and beloved daughter of the wealthy and Honorable Plato Peniles Perkins, she had but to name her wish, when, if within the bounds of possibility it was granted her, horses, carriages, sleighs and cutters were ever at her call, but all the ostentation, luxury, pleasure, dignity and enjoyment associated with, and inseparable from, a "swell turn out" were abandoned in the winter for one sole and absorbing amusement, that of skating.

Yes. Such was the fact, so wedded—if we may be permitted to use that expression in connection with an unmarried lady—was she to that most healthful and fashionable pastime, that every day when the ice was "good" Miss Penelope Portia Perking sought the glassy surface of the granite rink and thereon enjoyed herself to her heart's content. Such fantastic figures she would cut! She could cut out the lines and curves of the most intricate theorem in Euclid; and she could describe as many angles, segments of circles, paraboles and semi-diameters as were used by the scientists during the transit of Venus.

So great was her fame indeed that all the young swells of the city, foreign and domestic, thronged to the rink every day the young lady would be likely to appear, and the evenings on which she attended were actually called "Perkins' Nights."

"Doosid fine gal that; wendeh who she is," said Young Vavasour Tentacle, late of the Foreign Office, one evening to the Hon. Hardy Kanute, of the Mucilage Bureau, who had both come all the way from London (Eng.) to Toronto with a view to slaughtering the

bears and wolves in its immediate vicinity "Cawn't say I'm, shaw," replied the latter gentleman. "Awf'ly pwothy, however; wesembles the Lily somewhat."

"I'd wager a guinea a nater fut and ancl could not be found on me fawther's esteet," was the remark made by Lord Castletoddy, eldest son of the Earl of Ballykillagent, of the Kingdom of Ireland, who had come to Canada to invest in agricultural lands and was yet laboring under the somewhat erroneous impression that Toronto was in close proximity to Regina. "Ay. She's nae sae baud, gin she be a lassie born in the kinty, a fack I have muckle dootsaboot, ablin though, she talks plenty o' parritch at brackfaust tac gie her sic a bonny complaction," observed Mr. Murdock McMurdo, M.D., M.A., of Aberdeen.

"Oh hang your porridge, Mac!" said the Hon. Kanute. "I cawn't conceive that it is necessary to devowah oatmeal like a highland gillie to insuah a wespectable complexion; but who the doose is the lady? I'd weally give a pound to know," and the hon. gent continued gazing in admiration on the beautiful vision as it cut a magnificent figure eight, until the thread of his admiring was broken by the words "Telegram and News only one cent!" shouted by a boy in ancient and mangy fur cap and roomy pantaloons, showing a solution of continuity in the same, and displaying a flag of truce through an embrasure thereof after the manner of Arabi Bey at the bombardment of the Alexandrian ports.

"Find out the name and address of that young lady for me," said Kanute, pointing to the fair Penelope Portia, "and I'll guarantee to buy all the newspapers in your bag." "Who? her," said the newsboy. "Sure that's ould Perkins' daughter that lives at 904, Tamrad Crescent, and they calls her The GRANITE HEART."

"The gwanite haut!" exclaimed the astonished gentleman, "what an extwaordinawy appellation; but I must endeavor to obtain an introduction." The newsboy was given a dollar, and "Telegram and News only one cent" was shouted by him that evening no more.

(To be continued in our next)

HE LAUGHED.

He was a tall, lanky, cadaverous, dyspeptic who had used almost every decoction and preparation that was ever made. His friend, said his case was hopeless, but he laughed, for he had just procured a Notman's Stomach and Liver Pad which had already commenced to cure him. He is now cured as everyone else is that wears a Notman Pad.



PICKINGS FROM THE POETS.

"Learn to labor and to wait."—*Longfellow.*



O TEMPORA! O MORES!

Dis am a most deceiving age
For eider a white or speckled sage,
An' de cullud pandit has no show
De way dat things begins to go.
My fadder was a barber bold,
But de barber bis, has got too old,
An' now his youngest offspring Jim,
(Law bless yo, honey, dat boy's a lim!)
Hab rigged a sign which certifies
To a pack ob de spryest kind ob lies;
He's a caterpillary artist now,
(I spos'e becase he shaves so slow,
An' whar he scrape de public chop
He calls some sort, ton-sore heel shop.
Dough all de soreness eber I saw,
Am dar confined to de public jaw;
(It really am a solemn sin,
Dey way dey skarif de clin.)
I 'den Algernon, bless yo' heart
I 'low de chile an sorter smart,
Especially for a bowl of mush
(Much more dan wid a whitewash brush.)
But how dat nigga' hab de sars,
To turn on so much colored gas,
To call a common whitewash make
A landscape painter, makes me choke;
But dat am't all, it am a fac
De nig. am a "Fresco-maniac."
An' calls his bucket ob pump an' lime
Original Roman Kalsomine.—
Galileo runs on a dining car,
I'm tole he washes dishes dar,
But now, he tells me (dear! oh dear!)
He am a Paris *custoier*!
Why, all de French de jackass knows
Would not suffice to skar de crows,
But foreign trash am all de rage,
In dis yar supercilious age.
Josephus am a carpenter—
(Six shillin' a cord an radder dear)
But woodpile buckin' cannot be
No specimen ob carpentry.
But argyffin' am't no use,
It only rile de nigga's dander
For what am sausage fo' de goose
Am also sausage fo' de gander,
As Spokeshare says, dough I don't see 't
A rose (or a nig) will smell as sweet
By any oulder appellation,
(If I am correct in de quotation)
Now Spokeshare am a splendid cuss,
Dough slightly dictionary—us,
But I spec' de risin' generation
Finks mostly ob de appellation.
When I was young dey used to *dance*,
To hoe it down, an' tar an prance
Balance to pardners, warm de hoofs.
And shake de raftumes in de roofs.
But de ole gymnastics had to go
Befo' de light fantastic toe.
Good-bye, ye good ole times, good-bye!
De modern chickens roost too high.
I long to spire, I want to fly,
But it's got too expensive now to die.

SPECIAL FROM THE SOUDAN.

London, Dec. 6.—A special despatch to the Government says: "Yesterday morning El-Medhi sent for Muckabosh Pasha and had a private conference with him. Muckabosh thereupon sent the following despatch to Cairo: 'Medhi confesses that he is the *False* Prophet; the *True* one is the author of the Predictions in Grip's COMIC ALMANAC for '84. Use every effort to prevent the circulation of that work in the Soudan.'

"Now, children," she continued, "what is the meal you eat in the morning called?" "Oatmeal," promptly replied a member of the class.



MR. BLAKE LEADING THE REFORM PARTY.

THE PASSING SHOW.

The Montrealers are booming their Winter Carnival, which commences on Feb. 4th. They promise to excel the great affair of last season, and, incredible as it may seem, we venture to say they will do it. Why cannot Toronto have something of the kind? There's millions in it.

Those who have any taste for the modern melodrama should pay a visit to the Grand and witness "The Romany Rye," a piece which is perhaps the very best specimen of its class now on the stage. The thorough excellence of the drama may be guessed when it is stated that the author is George Sims, the great London journalist; but to get any idea of the scenery and mechanical effects you must go and see it.

Those who have made up their minds to hear Theodore Thomas' celebrated Orchestra (and who hasn't?) had better hie themselves without further delay to Messrs. Suckling & Sons and secure their seats, unless they prefer to take their music standing. The plan is rapidly filling up, as was anticipated.

LOST.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Notice is hereby given that there has strayed on the premises of Mr. GRIP the subjoined correspondence. The owner will please call, prove property, pay expenses, and take it away. Otherwise it will be dealt with according to the law. Herein fail not.

BARRIE, Nov. 27.

RESPECTED SIR,—Oh! that I were in Toronto to grasp your honest hand in a great grip of fervent fellowship! Your sentiments are heaven-born! Your enunciation of them unparalleled for vigor and terseness—and good, clear type! Your courage is immense and lion-like! With you I say, "Down with the despot! Perdition seize the purse-proud aristocracy! Away with the pampered office-holders! Raise aloft the banner of Liberty! Give the toiling masses the worth of their money! Let us have government by the people, for the people, among the people! Why are we crushed under the iron heel of the despot and provisions so dear! The great, beating, bleeding heart of Canada must be doctored up, even though a mighty wave of revolution sweep o'er the land! Hail to every champion

of popular rights! Agitate! Agitate!! Agitate!!!

Whack away at the bloated holders of sinecure jobs! As the embodiment of the Spirit of Freedom, you will, of course, want to join our association here—The United Unterrified Legion of Light and Liberty. Terms, \$1 a year, strictly in advance.

Yours, with heart and soul,
JOHN DUMPHY.

YORK-STREET, TORONTO, Nov. 28.

mister its rele gud of yu to giv us Gurls a kinder lite settin out that potry was fly put in moar plees Give it to them Sneekin Kops Wun of em is gon to git slugged prity sun—giv him a Bad Bar wen it koms Of. ther ol n. G. Yu stand in with us Gurls an well maik it ol rite. Us Gurls taks yur papur ill sen yu mor "Parsonils" timorow. so Long
BIRDIE JACKSON.

HALL OF DE KALSIMINING KLUB, Nov. 28.

DEAH NED,—De Klub has leekted you a honable membah. Go on wid de good fite. Make it as libely as de —well, as you jest ken, foh de bawnacles, de big-pay snobs, an de fatted Kine gin'lly. You say you don't peispiah foh office! But how would Ald'man fr' de noble wawd ketch you?

In brudderly feekshun,
LILAC BROWN.

LOMBARD-ST., Nov. 28.

ME BYE,—Shure it's a brick y're—divil a bit av a lie in it. Illigent work ye do, an' no mistake. Baste the lan' lords, bad scan till thim! No rint, no taxes, no polis, no ginthr! Prache ahid, alan! An' more power till yer elbow. Faugh-a-hallaugh!

In respict,
PHINEAS O'DOUGHERTY.

P.S.—D'ye happen to know e'er a place a chap cud buy a thrifs av dynamite? I'm right in wid ye, darlint, d'ye see?

AGNES-STREET, Nov. 28.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In your nice notice about Mr. Dusenberry's party, you never put my name in. Please do so, and also say Isang "Grandfather's Clock." You know best how to fix it.

Yours Truly,
CHRISSE McFOODLE,

A FRAGMENT.

That shop-moving was a great scheme. You and Chris ought to have a street-fight, and make the "severed connection" complete—as an Irishman might say. Don't fancy the fund over here won't hold out. *We want Canada!* This mail brings you more old-time editorial clippings. Don't be scared to use 'em.

Say—I like me to read dot paber putty seldom von yours. It was yust immense all about sackin dose peebles vot got more like sefen tollars and a baff a veek, und der hired man done all der rest von der vork. Shtuff der knockin ouid von dem all. You und me wants a chop like dot myself, ain'd it? Wride a pit aboud der shkaloons don't given a bint lager for funf cents, already.

Your vrient,
JAKE SCHLEIFENHEIMER.

CATARRH.—A new treatment. Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.



GENTLEMEN.

If you really want Fine Ordered Clothing, try
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