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POSSIBLE RESULT

OF AN ATTEMPT TO LOOK AFTER THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A BANK CLERK.—(Vile Mr. BURNS' LETTER TO THE *Globe*, NOVEMBER 16TH.)

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• GRIP •

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. BENGOUGH 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.

GRIP'S CANAL GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.
 - No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
 - No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
 - No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
 - No. 5. Hon. H. MERCIER:
- Will be issued with the number for..... Dec. 20.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Notwithstanding all his wickedness, Sir John is apparently the white-haired boy of old Mr. Bull. His new decoration—the G.C.B.—involving as it does an extra eruption of gold lace and red breeches, has profoundly stirred the feelings of the Reform Party of Canada. From the constant references to the subject in the columns of the *Globe*, we are impressed with the belief that the little Grit boys are suffering from an acute attack of jealousy.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Burns' letter to the *Globe* on the duty of banks to look after the morals of their employees, has set Mr. GRIP a-thinking. He believes there is a great deal of force in Mr. Burns' observation that irregular private lives lead to irregular public practices in the case of bank clerks and others in like positions. It has been suggested that an elderly director should be detailed to accompany each clerk out of office hours, to regulate his walk and conversation. This is good, if practicable. But the scheme is fraught with danger—to the elderly person. Our artist has shown the possible result of a week's companionship with an extra bad clerk.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Goldwin Smith's ideas on the prohibition question are just what might be expected from a cultured person of wealth who enjoys his glass of wine and takes no stock in the Pauline doctrine of self-denial for one's neighbors' sakes. No doubt Prof. Smith considers St. Paul's idea one of those "survivals of tribalism." Consequently we find his pen enlisted on the side of the Liquor interest in the present crusade. He is very angry with Hon. J. B. Finch for using plain English; it distresses him sorely to see anybody in earnest about anything. Mr. Finch simply says that the liquor traffic has never done any good to society; that it has done evil only, and ought therefore to be abolished. If Prof. Smith can disprove this, or even dispute it, let him do so, and the plainer his language is, the better we will like it.

GEORGE BROWN'S STATUE.

(UNVEILED NOV. 25TH.)

He's with us once again in all but life—
His virtues never were less stern than bronze;
Nor less immovable the man from Right
Than is this sculptured figure from its base.
As now the veil is reverently moved,
And men of diverse Parties cheer alike,
I hear a voice from out the chiselled lips:
Good neighbors fight your fights as men with men,
But seize the chance, before life steals away,
To honor virtue and applaud high aims
When found among your foemen.
Believe me this, although so like to life,
A statue yet is not a living man.

REFINEMENTS OF OUR LANGUAGE.

SCENE.—A pleasant home.—Judge Rose in the bosom of his family.—Enter young Hopeful with a bag of marbles.
Young Hopeful.—Pa, can you guess how many marbles I've got in this bag?
The Judge.—My son, never use that nasty American word *guess*. No, I cannot *guess*, but I can make an *approximate estimate*.
Young Hopeful.—All right, that will do just as well.

QUIZZING A NEWSBOY.

Almost everybody in the city knows the tall young man with the powerful mind who writes the editorials for the *Telegram*—that is to say, the editorials which John Ross Robertson doesn't care about writing himself.

Alick Pirie is as fond of a joke outside the sanctum as he is when wielding the paragrapher's pen within; and there is an air of genial honesty and sincerity about him when perpetrating one that invariably secures a most pronounced success for his facetious' villainy.

Going along King-street the other evening a newsboy accosted him with: "*Telegram*, sir?"
"Who sent it?" gravely queried the journalist, stopping and looking down from his serene elevation of six feet one on the diminutive vendor of evening dailies.

"It's the *Evenin' Telegram* newspaper, sir," explained the lad.

"Oh, I see. Where is this newspaper printed, my son?"

"Right in the city."

"Is it a—a—a—weekly periodical?"

"It's the *Evenin' Telegram*, I told you."

"So you did—that's a fact. But I had forgotten, really I had. How much is it a year?"

"I ain't no yearly agent, I sell 'em by the piece. Want a *Telegram*, mister?"

"Well," (looking supernaturally thoughtful), "I really do not know. Any advertisements in it?"

"I should say so, I should! Look at 'em!" and he passed one up.

"Pretty fair collection of advertisements, I see," continued Alick, slowly examining each page. "But there isn't half enough for me. The only thing I can ever read in the newspapers is the advertisements, so you can understand I want lots of them to make me feel happy."

The gamin's face was a study. He could detect no trace whatever of "kidding" in Alick's sober, dignified mien. But a look at the face of the editor's companion filled him up with a baunting suspicion that he was being "run on."

"How much did you say was the price of this paper?" inquired Alick in a kindly voice, as he lowered the sheet and gazed benignly down upon the little fellow.

"*Evenin' Telegram*, on'y one cent," responded the wee chap, instinctively falling back upon the street cry.

"Isn't that rather dear, my son? Now, I would like to patronize your paper just to see what sort of a paper it is. But, upon my word your price is frightfully high! I tell you what I'll do with you, little man. You give me a paper on trust, and if I like it and

am staying over in town, I'll meet you down at the the 'Queen's' to-morrow after dinner and make it all right with you. Or—, stay one moment child! Here is five cents. Give me three papers for two cents—I am prepared to risk it—I'll take this one now, and you can send the other two and the three cents balance to the Reverend John—"

But the newsboy concluded he had stood a good four cents worth 'of quizzing, and was across the street before the finish of the address.

THE RED RAG.

SCENE—College Avenue. Policeman cooling his heels under the trees.

Citizen [in great excitement]—"Look here! this is the fourth night, now. I wish you would step around and disperse that crowd of young rowdies, around the corner of McCaul and Caer-Howell-street. One can get no peace for their infer—"

Policeman [drawing his baton eagerly and striding in that direction]—"Stoodints?"

Citizen—"Students, no! It's a crowd of boys that curse the neighborhood with their slang, their profane language, ringing door bells, and raising Cain generally."

Policeman [sheathing his baton and returning in evident disappointment to his beat]—"Oh, let 'em flicker."

NEW LETTERS FROM EASTERN LATITUDES.

I have been living on the eastern side of the Don for the last sixty days, and have to express my regrets at not being able to carry out certain promises I made to your readers months ago. As I have forgotten what these promises were, I don't suppose your readers have better memories, and so nothing more need be said on the omission. We should be lenient to each other, and indeed sixty days—but no matter as to that.

The country round about the Don may be imposing, but my opportunities for observation were limited and my going took place at ill-timed hours. At a more opportune time I think I could have said something as we—I mean myself and a few jolly companions—travelled by the old stage coach. There is more poetry, I give you my word, in a real old-fashioned coach—and ours was that—than in your best first-class carriage with drawing-room car and colored porter. There is the rattle, the boot, the crack of the postillon's whip, the imperiousness—so to speak—of the guard, the methodical ways of the start and finish; all these remind one of the old days. It was a short drive and no stoppages allowed; and I do believe if one of us was fainting for a glass of water the rules of the road would not have been relaxed in our favor. That is all right with short relays such as the one in question, but I don't approve of it on general principles. The business-like uniform of the guard rather impressed me. He was a man of few words, but he attended closely to our wants, and I take it that no passenger is left behind when the "fares" are all in their places.

The Don is not a pleasant river unless you are about twenty miles to the windward of it, and I can't say that the houses compare with those you see on the east side of the Hudson. The yachts, too, are not so fine, but I will do justice to the residence in which I tarried when I say that I know of no private mansion on any side of the Hudson that has as secure and imposing an appearance as the one to which I refer. In these days of burglary I know of no place in which a man's silver would be safer than on the outside of that building. If I were as wealthy as I was once I would have my villa next door to my friend down there on the eastern slope of the Don.

Speaking of my friend as I say it, you must know that he was the soul of hospitality. He was like a baron of old, and made us go down to meals every day, no matter if we dined or supped out, though that didn't often happen—at least with me. It is a great house of entertainment and we all called my friend the "guv'nor" just as familiar as if he was our own father, and we boys at Eton or Rugby.

Well, I didn't intend this letter to be more than a line to say that I am all right and that I regret my silence and the cause of it as much and perhaps more than any of your readers. I needed some rest and besides I wanted to make a study of some odd characters for a novel I have in train (you should take your characters from the life, just as Dickens did—poor Charley; I know him well). I am waiting every day to hear of the decision in chancery which is to make me a rich man again, and even if I don't win, the success of my "patent shoe-lace" is all but assured. I think I hear a ring at the door, which may be some of those disgusting trades people, and I will take a turn in the Park till dinner time. Good morning.

HENRY JUVENAL.

P.S.—It's really too bad to mention it, but might I enquire your rates for any little thing thrown off in the spur of the moment—sort of mental *exuvie*, you know—very good that, isn't it?
H. J.

A FELINE TRIUMPH.

Wearily, oh! so wearily his pen crawled over the paper, and an expression of agony rested on his jaded features.

Sheet after sheet he covered and still he stayed not his pen, but every now and again a sigh, deep as a Pennsylvanian coal mine, burst from his manly breast.

Presently the door opened; his mother entered, wound a wet towel around the brow of her noble son and departed noiselessly. Half an hour passed, and still he wrote. His two sisters came to the window, glanced at his pale and haggard features, and went mournfully away. And still he wrote!

The neighbor's tom cat mounted the back yard fence and held an impromptu concert. No sign of anger could be seen on that young man's face. Another cat chimed in, and a close observer might have noticed a look of gratitude pass o'er the features of the toiling scribe.

But his pen stayed not!

Only when a third feline joined in to the chorus, and an unearthly trio went shrieking up to Heaven's gates, did the weary youth lay down his goose quill and in a voice full of rapture exclaim, "That's it! They've got it! Oh! bliss! joy! ecstasy! My labors are about to be rewarded; now I can write, yes, and write true to the metre, the only difficulty that I have been unable to overcome.

Ah! sweet beasts sing on till I dash down the words which are to make me immortal,—the words which will be added to the tune which is now immortal. Ah! go on. Stay not for a moment. See how easily it comes—'Sweet Buttercups! swe-e-e-t-e-e-c-r than all that gr-o-o-o-ws; Swe-e-e-t Butter-u-u-ps, as everybody kn-o-o-ws!'

As he howled the last words he fell senseless to the floor. The strain was too much. For weeks he had been trying to bring forth a new version of "Sweet Violets," but his efforts were unavailing, and probably would always have been so but for the inspiring, celestial rendering of the air by those three feline musicians.

Within a week the public will be paralyzed by the appearance of a new song to the old tune, and within ten days the poet will be safely in another land, where the tomcats cease from singing and a "sweet" anything is not known.

G. H. C.



THE PRAISE OF THE VINE,

By D.D.

*Nunc est bibendum.—HORACE.
Vino et rumque cano.—VAROIL.*

A



HILE landlords are busy colloquing
Wid thim who are wake in the knees,
And the orators likewise convoking
Mass meetings and sich things as
these.—
Troth, I wid the pen av Apollo
Will sing in poetical strains—
Discind ye nine Muses upon me,
And grant me yere versatile brains.

B

Ould Horace (that broth of a poet),
He spoke of Falernian wine,
The rasal was right, and we know it,
There's motney and mirth in the vine.
But in place of Blandusian fountains
They ax us to—oh! what a jump—
Replace the sweet *Vina Messina*
By—tunder an' turf!—by a pump.

C

They talk of the wonders of speech,
Whin princes and people are thrilled,
But what of the stimulus, which
The modest potato distilled.
They tell us of Chatham and Pitt,
Whose illoquence poets have sung;
But the simible says it was gin
Unloosened the string of the tongue.

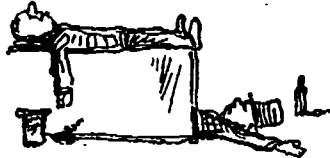


D

Shall they turn all our corn into hogs?
All our grapes, into raisins? and worse,—
Make your sarvint and Dodds and John Carling,
Dhrink water beaded like a horse!
Forbid it yo regions benign,
Dan Doody will die in his boots,
Wid his cursa on the min who combine,
To foster acquatic persoots.

E

We're not towld what made Mercury clever,
Nor Hercules strong, but I think
It wouldn't be hard to discover
They wor' slightly addicted to drink.
And we know from the pages of Ovid,
And Homer, and sich, 'twould appare
That the rulers of mighty Olympus
Were accustomed to go on a tare.



F

If the rulers of haythin Mythology
(Who died long before they were born),
Should indolge—thin why make an apology
If our rulers should favor a horn,
Shall our Parlymints all dissolute,
An' never convene any more,
If a pathriot lays on the table,
And another one falls on the flure.

G

'Tis Honnessey's choice preparation
(A nectar unknown to the gods),
Which fashions—O! great transformation—
Demosthienes out of a Dodds.
Kind Fortune distil to yere Doody
The gay Hippocretian wine,
Till he fights like a new bully ruffin
On behalf of the juice of the vine.

H

My conscience is white as a lily,
My principles stiffer nor starch,
But be crcky! I'm not quite so silly
As to call it a pleasure to parch.
This worship of water is comio,
Mysel' don't fancy it plain,
It lies very ill on the stomach—
Wan dies if it gets on the brain.

I

Away! wid yere tempest of water,
Away! wid yere deluge of wind;
I, Doody, *pro aris et focis*,
Wid the foes of the vine will contind,
Wid the vulpinous liquor assasius,
Whose gullets are crackin' wid drouth,
Whose palates are dry, and as warr'm
As the pepper pod ups of their mouth.

K

Begone! ye disciples av Stiggins,
Begone! ye impurtunate pack—
Begone! to conjainyal diggins—
Skeddadle and never come back.
Away! to the wathery wastes
Which for ever encircle the powt,
Whero the bilious incessantly breaks
And the rollers sonsasingly rowl.

L

I am done, I sit down for the present,
I wipe off the ink from my pen,
But me courage is always incessant—
Yere Doody will go it again!
Beware thin ye waterbutt cranks,
Hydraulical frauds that ye are;
Wid Doody and Dodds in the ranks,
There 'll be fury and blood in the war.



THE GOAT.

A PROTEST IN THE INTEREST OF HIGHER AND TRUER EDUCATION.

Picking up my little boy's "Gage's Elementary Reader," I came across a lesson in Natural History. It was on "The Goat." Now, I am prepared to argue that the goat is no sort of a subject from which to draw beautiful moral lessons for the young. He doesn't even have the look of it. Photograph him in his mildest mien and most picturesque attitude, and yet you cannot bring yourself to conscientiously say that he inspires you with a yearning for what is good and true and lovely, or conveys any of those precepts in the ethics of that sphere of Lotlier Life in which poets and civil service employees and missionaries and circus advance agents and class-readers and medical students calmly move. You are satisfied to look at the picture now and then as a kind of relaxation. You do not feel wildly anxious to have it framed and hung up as a companion picture to the nice motto "What is home without a Father." But I am content to waive the discussion as to the goat *per se* being an unexampled moral instructor of youth. What really pains me, however, is to notice the incompleteness of the lesson on the animal. The engraving might pass, but I must enter a grand protest against the letter-press:—

"This is a goat.
The goat feeds on rocks."
etc., etc., etc.

Fancy bringing up a bright, healthy-minded boy with such a smattering of knowledge as to the dietary characteristics of the goat! Imagine the consequences in after years should your darling son reach maturity with such a vague and partial acquaintance with the goat's means of sustenance! I ask any father whose grand

ambition is to live to see his beautiful boy an auctioneer or army surgeon, what he thinks of placing such mental pabulum as this before the rising generation? Can a lad who goes through life under the impression that it is only rocks a goat can feed on, ever expect to lead a political party or be on speaking terms with the policemen at his corner? Cast the horoscope of the miserable boy who never knows anything more about the gastronomic capacity and preferences of the goat than that it eats rocks, and you would never dare reveal the result to his girl or to the groceryman who trusts him for his tobacco! Since this questionable theme has been introduced into our School Primers, let it be treated fully and freely. Let us do our children justice, to say nothing about the goat. Give us a new Reader with full returns from every polling place on the goat question, or else substitute a sheep or a cow or a mule duly labelled, and the essay left out. Have our innocent lambs understand at the very outset of their checkered career that instead of simply feeding on rocks, the goat will eat anything, animate or inanimate, it can get. Let them be gently but firmly assured that the goat dearly loves custard pie and milk toast, but will take a horse blanket, a length of stove-pipe, a wash-board or an old straw hat, if the other dishes are not on the menu. Impress on the susceptible minds the cold fact that a goat, if tethered by a 40 feet rope, will first lurch pensively on the rope and when it has regained freedom will proceed to make a full meal off the door mats, washing down the repast with the contents of the lye-pot. If tethered to a post by a chain, he will climb to the top of the post and eat downwards till he comes to the staple and get loose. Fix indelibly on the young intellect that a goat, after a short fast, will dine sumptuously off a baby carriage and afterwards be seen with genuine tears of regret in his poor eyes at the reflection that the baby wasn't inside at the time. In the name of the parents of this young land I demand that a new Primer issue with a goat lesson duly authenticated and approved by the thousands of indignant fathers and mothers whose finer feelings are ruthlessly lacerated by the careless work of an elementary school book author, who fondly fancies his duty to youth and the animal done when he dismisses an important branch of natural history with the brief and unsatisfying observation: "The Goat Feeds on Rocks."

THE TWO PROFESSORS.

GRIP has never set up for a censor. He is a simple follower of Democritus mirth, and laughter producing is his peculiar province withal.

It grates harshly on his sensitive organization when he is obliged to assume a severer role. But he is conscientious and will not flinch from a duty. He had rather it had been the reporter of any other "esteemed contemporary" who had witnessed the occurrence here chronicled. But hard fate willed it otherwise, and GRIP has nothing but to submit.

How sad when those of tender years are led away by ignoble instincts to imitate insensate brutes that "bark and bite." But what shall we say when we find this belligerent spirit manifesting itself in those who are appointed to be the directors and instructors of youth? GRIP, in common with the rest of our community, honors the two learned professors whose researches have resulted in reflecting a common glory on our city and Province. But when these grave and reverend signiors fall to loggerheads and abuse one another—shocking! gentlemen, shocking! GRIP does not think the general public would fully comprehend the details of the discoveries made by these learned gentleman if he explained them—so he won't—but will simply state that on of the discoveries amounts practically to th

solution of the problem of thick lenses. In fact, by an ingenious adjustment of these lenses, accompanied by a careful observance of the laws of transcendental imagination, the learned Professor Powdon has succeeded in perfecting a machine which enables the operator to see round corners. This, it will be obvious, cannot fall of being of incalculable practical benefit to our race.

GRIP understands the constabulary force of this city has already offered to patent the invention at their own expense, foreseeing in it a very valuable means of avoiding dangers at present incident to their profession.

GRIP desires to state, in justice to the learned gentlemen and in palliation of the offence, that his reporter admits that the colloquy was carried on in well-chosen and in fact highly classical language, and this the reporter has endeavored, to the best of his ability, to transcribe.

In conclusion, GRIP thinks it only right to add that the reporter thinks, but of this he is not certain, but he understood the learned Professor Laxton to mutter—by way of a Parthian shaft—as he turned on his heel, that Professor Powden had been operating so long on *thick skulls* that it was small wonder he had found out something at last about *thick lenses*.

Says Saxton to Powdon
 "Your feat you're too proud on;
 You think you deserve an ovation,
 While here am old I,
 Who didn't half try,
 Yet solved a tough quintic equation."
 "You solved it! The fashion,
 You stole it from Glashan
 My innermost innards quite frenzies.
 No—'Twas air't Meus;
 So—'Creol'at Jul'aus—
 My cranium not quite so dense is.

A FLOWERY COURTSHIP NIPPED IN THE BUD.

"Oh! love," sighed young Strephon, "thou art cruel to me,
 Thou hast brought me to nothing but woe and disaster;
 I loved fair Miss Rose; I proposed; alas! she
 Refused me with scorn when so fondly I aster."
 She said I was poor; 'twas the story of old,
 'Twas so in the past; in *fu-chia* 'twill be
 The same, for she said that she *must* *marigold*,
 And that I should not do without *anemone*.

Oh! seared is my heart and no *balsam* can heal it,
 I prayed for one kiss but she scornfully laughed—
 "What! kiss you!" she cried with such scorn, I still
 feel it;
 So the dew from her *tulips* I never have quaffed.

Ah! how she did sneer when I urged my devotion,
 And pressed her my heart and affection to share;
 She gave me a look that deprived me of motion
 When I said, "Ah! When, *pet-u-n-ia* a pair"—
 "That never can be," she replied, "I have sworn it,
 I must marry a man who has riches; my oath
 is in *violet*—take off your love for I scorn it,
 Your *celery's* far far too small for us both.

You *dahlia* boring me; pray, now, sir, leave me—"
 "But think of my poor *bleating-heart*, miss," I said.
 "How could you so lure me, so falsely deceive me?"
 "Begone or my poppy will come!" and I fled."

A SAFE CONFIDANT.

When a West End merchant's store was burglarized the other night, he refused to tell anybody the particulars, and received all expressions of sympathy with a stolid indifference that indicated he didn't want any commiseration.

"A reporter told me about the little affair last night," said a big man who dropped into the store after the excitement had subsided. "I came to hear particulars. You might be able to track the thieves, you know."
 "I won't give any particulars, and I don't want to track the thieves," exclaimed the victim. "It was my own fault in not guarding my premises properly. The burglars simply took advantage of a good chance, and they are welcome to what booty they secured. Not one

word of mine shall be uttered with the object of tracing them up. But may I ask the reason of your interest in the case?"

"I am a Toronto detective."
 "Oh! Is that so? Well, come into the office and sit down. I guess I can safely tell you all about the business."

SONG OF THE ESKIMO.

BY THE MAIL CORRESPONDENT.

Softly falls the flaky snow,
 Soon we'll have the charming ice;
 See, the glass is falling low,—
 Bless me! won't it then be nice—
 List'ning to the joyous gale;
 List'ning to the loud waves' war;
 List'ning to the tuneful hail
 Beating on the frozen shore.
 See the fine snow sifting through
 E'en the smallest crack or chink,
 Where the gale so gaily blew
 It upon us. Don't you think
 That just now you'd like to go
 And be a jolly Eskimo;
 Wear a pair of bear-skin socks,
 And be a blooming Esquimaux?

OTTAWA GAILL.

At half past three o'clock this afternoon a deputation from the City Council waited on a committee of the Privy Council. The committee was composed of Sir Hector Langevin, Hon. Messrs. Bowell and McLellan. Mr. McCuaig, chairman of the deputation, represented to the committee that owing to the fact of this being the seat of Government, the Corporation has gone to extra expense in the city embellishment, and that the large quantity of expropriated lands upon which there was no taxation had depreciated the revenue of the city, therefore it was thought for these and other reasons that the Government should make an annual grant to the city. The Ministers promised to take the matter into their earnest consideration, and that an early answer might be looked for.—*Montreal Gazette*.

A PETITION.

To the Right Honorable Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Hector Langevin, Members of the Privy Council of Canada.

HONORABLE SIRS.—Your petitioner, a citizen of the City of Montreal, commercial metropolis of the Dominion of Canada, humbly submitteth that owing to the fact of the corporation of the City of Ottawa having laid claim for remuneration for extra expenses incurred in the embellishment of their city, and for other reasons, said to have been necessary through the City of Bytown having been selected for the seat of Government, wherefore your petitioner demandeth that the City of Montreal be also remunerated out of the public purse, by an annual grant from Government, not in excess, however, of what may be supplicated for by the said City of Ottawa. This request is based on the ground that the feat of Government was not put where nature intended it should be, that is, at the foot of Mount Royal, and that through this injudicious act our fair city is deprived of all the benefits of the enhanced value of property and the eminence derivable through the City of Ottawa having a monopoly of the illustrious presence of the Federal Government and its grandfather, the fossiliferous Senate, in their midst *tout le jour*.

Your petitioner, therefore, prayeth that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and dependeth upon you for justice in the premises, and particularly to this injured community.

I have the distinguished honor to remain, Honorable Sirs,

Your obedient servant,
 DAVY JONES,
 And 200,000 other citizens of Montreal.

GRAND BANQUET
 TO
 SIR J. A. MACDONALD, M.P., D.C.L., K.C.B., G.C.B. &c.
 BLAZE OF TRIUMPH!

NO LONG SPEECHES
 SHORT GRACE



JEALOUSY;

OR, JOHN BULL'S WHITE-HAIRED BOY.



THE BURGLARY IN UPSIDE-DOWN.

STREET IN FRONT OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL BANK.

Enter three burglars—

We are the burgling burglars which burgle in this town, Which was the town of Right-side-up, but now is Upside-Down;

And by the cracking of this crib, we'll now proceed to show The way we burglars burgle when a-burgling we do go.

Three policemen in shadow of bank portion.

Here come the burglars who exist by priggling people's cash,

Who that there safe in this here bank intend to blow to smash,



But if we stays in sight, the sight will not their stay protract, Men! stand behind the balustrade and nab them in the fact.

Burglars advancing to bank door.

No vulgar crowslar we apply, no crooked jimmy we, For locks of this construction we construct a golden key; Oh! exultation flusheth bright from every burglar's eye, When, as you see, we use this key, and portals open fly.



They open the bank door; the policemen appear and seize them.

Police—

When the wicked burglar burgles at a house, Comes the good policeman, quiet as a mouse. Burglars! we will fracture each bone in your skin If you make resistance while we run you in.

First Burglar—

Base minions of exploded laws! you are not, it is clear, Acquainted with the Statutes when you dare to interfere

With our pursuits professional. Wait till our lawyers speak. We do appeal to Cæsar. Ho! Take us before the Bank.

Chorus of Burglars—

You might be right if Right-Side-Up were once more resurrected; But by the laws of Upside-Down all burglars are protected; You took us by an underhand nefarious machination, And punishment you shall receive; Quick! take us to your station.

Police—

By these audacious statements we a little are perplexed; If sich don't catch it when they're caught, what is a coming next?

We nab them cracking of a crib for grabbing of the tin, Wot do they mean? Well, anyways, we has to run them in. [Exeunt police with burglars in charge.]



SCENE II.—COURT OF THE STAR CHAMBER, MAIL OFFICE—BEFORE HIS HONOR THE EDITOR, CHIEF IN-JUSTICE OF ONTARIO.

Prosecuting Attorney—

My Lud, a very clear case I now shall state to you: The prisoners we here place Before your ludship's view, Were caught a bank a-breaking— Ectonious entrance making— Breaking in, smashing in— Woodwork a-crashing in—

Getting in, moving in, running in, walking in— Going in, stepping in, rushing in, stalking in— At doors and windows, and other places; With pincers, hammers, crowbars, braces; Wedges, hatchets, handspikes, saws; Glycerine, powder, jimmies with claws; By the devil's instigation, And against the quiet of the nation, And the peace of our Lady the Queen. By the evidence it is seen, Or, in fewer words it may stated be Broke into a bank with a skeleton key.

Attorney for the Defence—

We admit we were skeletonizing The lock, which perhaps it was rash; And once in, it would be most surprising If we didn't sequester the cash, Indiscretion, perhaps, but most trifling Compared with the act of these here Policemen, who got us to rifting The bank, as it's perfectly clear Had they kept themselves full in our vision, As they should, on their banks on the planks, There's no mortal can nourish suspicion That we would have gone cracking those banks. With directness we should have postponed that Until they wore out of the way; So by all it at once will be owned that They have caused all this trouble to-day, And I ask in the name of the nation, That my clients at once be set free; And these vile spreaders-out of temptation Be imprisoned for this burglary.

The Judge's decision—

In this chief town of Upside-Down I in authority stand, And my decision, with full precision, Shall state the law of the land.

And first I say, no peelers may Oppress each genius bright, Who learns and labors to relieve his neighbors In the dark hours of the night.

Prosecuting Attorney.

Perhaps I did not rightly catch your ludship's observation, Your ludship means to give the thieves the law's co-operation?

His Lordship—

Vile twister of rules undefined, That's not the way to say it; Five thousand dollars you are fined, Confine him till he pay it!

Attorney is taken off. His Lordship continues—

When a peeler, in the future, in this land wherein we live, Meaning any worthy burglar, any trouble more to give, Doth propose to seize and take him from his business far away, He shall send by post a statement, naming place and hour and day. Unaware he shall not take him by these undermining ways, In the laws of Upside-Down here, that is what the Statute says. Now these peelers here before me, didn't do the upright thing. When they cowered in the darkness underneath the building's wing, Had they stood in ostentation, with eyes right and batons square, Nothing awkward would have happened while the burglars saw them there, Till a more convenient season, when no scandal there could be; Therefore I adjudge these peelers guilty of this burglary.



And to check officious peelers, and protect the other class, Twenty years in gaol I give them, in hard labor all to pass. Worthy burglars, I discharge you, and you leave without a stain; And in compensation for this interruption to your gain, Each of you is now presented with new burgling tools complete, And this Court I now adjourn it—Monday next again we meet.

AN OPENING FOR HIM.

"I am getting rather tired of this do-nothing existence of mine," he was saying to a friend. "Now, what would you advise me to take up? You know I have enough to live on, but I have no business status in the community. What I want to go into is something light, but yet having an air of respectability and responsibility about it. Something, you understand, of ostensible importance but—but—well, I don't want to be worked to death at it you know."

"You want to have an office down town that would run if you happened to be away for a week or two at a time?"

"Just so."

"And you'd like to make a little splurge in the advertising columns of the papers?"

"Precisely."

"You wouldn't want all the business in your line."

"Oh, dear, no! I prefer something in which I wouldn't have any kind of a monopoly."

"Sooner have a trifle of competition, eh?"

"That's it."

"Well, a light, respectable, commercial concern that I guess you could manage without fear of any lack of competition would be a new real estate agency in Toronto."

LINES

BY A FEDERAL BANK STOCKHOLDER.

The Federal's sky was overcast, And things were growing darker; But now the lowering cloud is past, We've got a lucky Yarker! Reduce the capital, all right, As long's the Yarker's good and bright!



Miss Florence Marryat's unique entertainment at the Gardens Pavilion is to be repeated this evening. Those who have not yet seen the clever and distinguished lady should seize this opportunity. Tickets may be secured at Suckling's.

Our readers are reminded of the Brandram entertainments at the Convocation Hall, University, on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon of this week. No one who admires the art of elocution can afford to miss hearing this gentleman, who is one of its greatest living masters.

"Storm Beaton" at the Grand this week has several points to recommend it. In the first place, it is a play of high purpose and absorbing interest. Then the star is the promising son of the great Salvini, who is well worth seeing for his own as well as his father's sake. Lastly, an opportunity is given of seeing the veritable rescuers of the Greeley party, who appear in the thrilling Arctic scene.

Mr. Torrington's concert at the Metropolitan on Thursday of last week, was a great success in point of attendance. The organ solos by Dr. Davies were superb. The choir also did extremely well. The soloists were under the disadvantage of having come from New York. Not being quite equal to Patti, Campanini and Del Puente, the audience felt disappointed. It's a bad thing to announce a singer from N. Y., friend Torrington. Hereafter bill your stars as the "vocal wonders from Parkdale, Ont.," and you will find them a phenomenal success.

The public have to thank the Ladies' Aid Society of the Metropolitan Church for the great literary treat forthcoming on Monday and Tuesday evenings, Dec. 8th and 9th, at the Pavilion. We refer to the entertainment to be given by "Mark Twain" and Geo. W. Cable—a truly great team of the humorous and pathetic. "Mark Twain" will find himself amongst people who know him well, and who have perhaps a keener appreciation of his peculiar style of fun than his own countrymen. If he calls at the Grip office we will show him our wonderful Kidder press, and otherwise treat him with becoming solemnity. Mr. Cable is less known as yet to the general public, but in the world of magazine readers he is esteemed as one of the choice spirits of the age.

TOPICAL TALK.

THE cashier of the Banc de Falca at Lima has skeddaddled with \$50,000. I am not a bit surprised. A bank with such a name as that ought to be prepared for de-Falca-tions.

I OBSERVE that it is stated that the Dutch banks are embarrassed owing to sugar trade difficulties. Canadian and American banks are embarrassed from a similar cause, which is the absence of the cashier with most of the sugar.

AN exchange from Prince Edward's Island comes regularly to the office of GRIP, I am told, addressed "Toronto, Quebec." From this I should fancy that the P. E. Islanders made a mistake when they decided that they didn't want the Scott Act there.

WITH all due regard to his feelings, I wish to hint to that Yonge-street grocer who places above a case of sugar a placard bearing the words, "Superior Desert Sugar," either to remove it or to add an "s" to that desert; or is he honest? Can it be? Does he really call it "desert" sugar because of the sand—no, it cannot be.

THE Hamilton Times refers editorially to Toronto as "our weak sister." Poor old Hamilton! Poor old woman! There she squats on Burlington Bay and grows old and decrepid, and gnashes her toothless old gums with envy and jealousy at her younger and fairer sister, Toronto, with truly feminine spite. Ah! jealousy is a terrible thing, and causes old women to say things they don't mean.

QUEEN VICTORIA preserves, as an almost sacred relic, the musket ball that ended the career of Horatio, Lord Nelson. Let me see; was Nelson so eminently pious, moral and religious in his time as to be thus entitled to the veneration and worship of a queen, who gives Colonel Valentine Baker—a man as brave as ever the notoriously immoral hero of the Nile—the cold shoulder? If Baker Pasha is not to be forgiven by Her Majesty, then for goodness' sake don't let us hear of her maudlin sentimentalities over the bullet that ended a career that was, looked at from a moral point of view, fifty times worse than Valentine Baker's.

I'M death on these pettifogging tradespeople. I have already demanded, for people who can't afford to be euchred out of a half cent on every York shilling deal, a reform in the currency of the country, but so far the new half cent pieces have not made their appearance. Now, I want something done to those grocers who measure you out a quart of syrup or molasses with a half-pint cup. So much of the stuff adheres to the measure that a purhaser only gets about four-fifths of the quart he pays for. The same grocers kick like mules if you tender them a twenty cent piece instead of a quarter for four alleged quarts of syrup, yet at the same time they are coming precisely the same game over you in another shape.

AN American paper publishes a list of "Stealings for 1883," and in it is demonstrated that "merchants and agents run a pretty even race with bankers for the honor of being the greatest speculators; for the number of good bankers who went wrong during the year mentioned was 25, and these got away with \$3,581,000, whilst the merchants and agents to the number of 28 annexed \$2,366,000. Only four lawyers are set down in the list, but it is so difficult to tell when the gentlemen of the long robe are pilfering or merely doing a legitimate business that they might have been left out altogether. Not a solitary editor is included in the list! Probably because the poor beggars never get a chance to rob a man quietly, but have to use violence (which is always risky), and knock down some stalwart granger and go through his pockets,—and some grangers are muscular men with appetites like—well, like grangers. Editors have been known to eat at long intervals—barring free lunches, of course—therefore they cannot be considered good matches for grangers. So much for the article I saw in the American paper.

NEMESIS;

OR, THE FRESHWOMAN'S REVENGE—A TALE OF NORTH YORK.

The tourist, commercial or otherwise, who has ever journeyed on that old historic highway which leads from the mighty Ontario to the mitey Simcoe, known to the common multitude, and in fact to everybody else, as Yonge-street, has doubtless been struck, as with a lovely maiden, by the grandeur of the scenery of that most romantic region, the Oak Ridges. Many travellers who have traversed its charming bosky dells, and sailed on the pellucid waters of its smiling lakes, which rival in beauty, in the eyes of the inhabitants of the surroundings especially, the famous Lago Maggiore, have wondered why the place is called Oak Ridges, when the oaks are very

few and far between. It has long been a puzzle, even to the oldest York pioneer, so we may pine in vain for information as to whence the oak, but it won't do to pine here, so we will branch off at once with our story.

It was August, August the—, but never mind—it was August; and the western bound sun was just dipping his "lower limbs" below the horizon; like the truant urchin dabbling his unshod foot in the babbling brook. His (the sun's, not the urchin's) rays were, after the manner of western cow-boys, painting the township red. The whole scenery, the hills, the dales, the farm house, the barn, though in all different shades, from the brick-dust color of the regular light infantry private, to the dazzling scarlet of the senior major, all was red. The only thing on that lovely evening that did not seem to be read was a book, a beautifully bound volume of Harper's Weekly, in the hands of a young lady whose lovely auburn hair of that glowing tint that some hypercritical people might call—well it was—red also, as becoming such a well-read young lady as Caroline Chloe Callaghan, the heroine of our tale.

Leaning against the W. N. W. angle of the ancient and celebrated ruins of the old family homestead, long given over to the cats and the badgers, stood the maiden, looking towards the new and magnificent mansion erected by her father at a vast expense. It was built in the pure Græco Roman style of architecture, with alternate Elizabethan and bay windows on its façade, with a superb silver gilt lightning rod, and a second mortgage rested upon its towering roof.

"Corpo de baccy," murmured the young girl in the beautiful French language, "Will he never come? Oh, Percival, something tells me—"

"Here I am at last," said a manly voice, as its owner alighted from the hoary summit of the adjacent moss-covered rail fence, and clasped her to the silken-faced fall overcoat—the overcoat of Percival Vane McTaggart.

"Percival!"

"Carry!"

Tableau!

"Percival, where have you been?"

"Carry dearest, forgive my long and agonizing absence. But dearest I have been west to Winnipeg, to Montana; I have a barrel of stamps. A barrel, yea, that even thy haughty father who fired me from his portals, when I bust my—"

"Go on," said Caroline huskily.

"Now Carry, all is prepared. I prepared it myself. Fly with me to-night, e'er it be too late, for the old man is likewise fly, and has heard of my arrival at Richmond Hill. I will bear you away darling on the wings of love and the express train north, to a happy home near Barrie in the far off County Simcoe, to the McTaggart House, 'G. V. McTaggart, proprietor—Best of wines, ales and liquors,—Good stabling, charges moderate,' as per advt. Here dearest is my card. It is all my own—all—I have invested every dime in it. And you, you my darling Carry, will be its beautiful landlady."

Caroline drew back from him, pale but determined, tossing the volume she carried away in her agitation, leaving its plates of fall fashions to be gazed upon by an Indian file of geese taking ground to the west, towards St. George's Lake.

"Sir," she said in a voice quivering with emotion, "I infer from your remarks that you have opened a country tavern for the accommodation and delectation of the bushwhackers and iced whiskey swilling shantymen of your surroundings, and from Muskoka. Do you for one moment IMAGINE that I, Caroline Chloe Callaghan, only surviving child and heir-at-law of Col. Cornelius Callaghan, will stoop so low as to be a servitor for drunken hawbucks. I, a Freshwoman of Toronto University! No!

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G.S.—PRAY, MR. FINCH, DON'T BE SO MUCH IN EARNEST! IT'S VERY BAD FORM, YOU KNOW?

a thousand times no. Retract your cruel words or—we part!"

Percival was dazed at the unexpected reply to his impassioned appeal to bolt with him. Curbing his temper he turned from her, walked a few paces and bowed his head, which afforded him an opportunity of taking a small awaker from a "pocket pistol" in his overcoat pocket, at the same time giving him a chance to recover his bewildered mind. Approaching her, he said:

"Carry, I am sorry for this. I am sorry to see you puttin' on such airs. You used to take a glass of wine easy enough at Dick Well's when we druv out there. Perhaps the Varsity has raised you above your shoulders. You say you are a Freshwoman. I believe it—you are altogether too fresh for me, good-bye!" and leaping lightly over the fence he was gone.

"He will live to rue this," was all that Carry said, as wiping her eyes on a bunch of crewl-work, she sadly walked homeward. "He will live to rue this." Well did she keep her word.

The McTaggart House boomed. It's "custom" was great. Daily and nightly Percival raked in quarter after quarter, and the name of the drunks he and the osler had fired out into the icy air of night from the bar-room was legion. He began to feel the necessity of getting a "bar-keep;" but know-

ing the peculiar propensity that these gentlemen have of "knocking down" about one half the gross receipts of the bar, he reflected that perhaps he had better take unto himself a wife. By this time he had almost forgotten Carry. Had she forgotten him? we shall see.

Percival proposed for the hand, and was accepted by Miss Morgiana Merkin, a lady of the neighborhood. The wedding was settled to take place in three months' time. In the meantime a dread rumor came whispering around that the temperance fanatics were trying to get the Scott Act in force in the county. Percival laughed. He now laughs on the other side of his mouth. What was Caroline Chloc doing all this time? She was up in Simcoe. She "spoke," she exhorted, she sung; she appealed to the multitude, she invaded the Dodd meetings; she was denied admittance, still she kept on, and was rewarded for her almost martyrdom by seeing the Act carried by an overwhelming majority. When the last return came in from Carboe Creek she sighed deeply, and took the next train for the south. As she boarded the train she only murmured, "He will live to rue this," and so he did. By the exertion of the ladies, among whom Caroline was regarded as a sort of North York Joan of Arc, the Act was carried and his prospects sent up the spout. Miss Merkin rejected Percival, thinking him now "no good," and eloped with

a "Picturesque Canada" agent. Percival got scared and tried to sell out, but couldn't find a customer. He then began to patronize his own bar to such an extent that his house got a bad name. The osler, who occasionally went behind the bar, also went through him for his cash, and one morning a stoutish gentleman presented Percival with a piece of paper commencing "County of York, to wit: Victoria," etc., and Percival was sold up. When Caroline heard the news of the seizure she was also seized with a fit of satirical laughter, and hysterically screamed in Toronto University Latin and Upper Canada French, *A chi le morte carambra, toujours toojoor, come saw. Le me meme chose, paw de too—veni vult vici.* The blood of the Callaghans has been avenged!

T. BIGBEE.

CATARRE.—A new treatment, whereby a 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.

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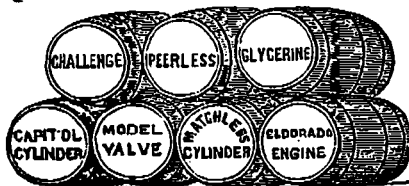
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