

VOL. XXXVII,-No. 25.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 19, 1891.



CIRCULARS SENT IF REQUESTED

Agents Wanted in all Unrepresented Districts

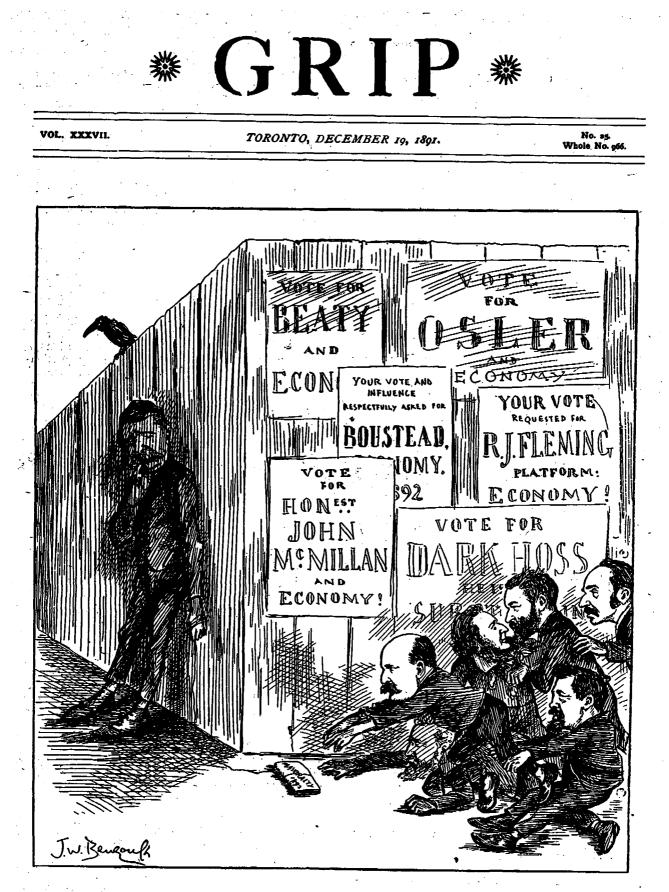
W. J. McMURTRY, Manager for Ontario MAIL BUILDING - TORONTO

Grip's Almanac for '92-Very few Remaining.









THE MAYORALTY, 1892.

EDWARD THE POSSESSOR HAS A STRING TO IT.



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Artist and Editor Associate Editor		 •	•	•	-	J. W. BENGOUGH. PHILLIPS THOMPSON.
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COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



THE OVERDUE CABINET. - Premier Abbott is still working away at the formation of his ministry, and sorely trying the patience even of his warmest friends. Just Just where the great difficulty is is not known to the outside public, but there is evidently a serious snag somewhere. Perhaps Chapleau is doing some where. Fernaps Chap-leau is doing some more kicking; or per-haps the matter of giving Lt.-Gov. Angers a portfolio cannot be decided until after that gentleman has disposed in some way of the Mercier Government. Our cartoon possibly does an injustice to the Governor-General, inasmuch as it represents him exhibiting concern in connection with the business. As a matter of fact we have no grounds for believing that His Excellency

takes the slightest interest in the crisis, notwithstanding that the salmon-fishing season is over and the Christmas festivities have not yet begun.

THE MAYORALTY .- Far more than the usual amount of interest is being taken in the mayoralty contest this year for two reasons. In the first place, the affairs of the city are in a far from satisfactory condition, and it is the general conviction that our civic salvation depends on the character of the incoming mayor and council; and secondly, because of the unusual number of aspirants to the chair. The list, broadly speaking, contains the names of Messrs. Osler, Fleming, McMillan, McDougall, Beaty and Boustead. Mr. Boustead, however, is "not in it" this time, and it is understood boustead, however, is not in the time, and it is understood in some quarters that Mr. McDougall intends to drop out before polling day. The remaining able bodied candidates will go to the polls, and as each member of the quartette is a strong man, the result is something which the wisest of our municipal prophets will

have difficulty in foretelling. An element of uncertainty-and of apprehension to many—surrounds the personality of Mayor Clarke in this connection. Although he has in a sort of a way indicated that he does not want a fifth term, it is significant that he has not said so as yet very positively. The belief is beginning to prevail that the sly Edward has a string to the office, and that Mr. McDougall may at a late moment resign in his favor. With four other Richmonds in the field, Mr. Clarke could in all prohability carry the election.



 $\equiv GRIP$

E take off our hat to Mr.] D. Edgar, M.P., the noble Canadian patriot who gave that bombastic puffball, Carnegie, one between the eyes for his flippant description of Canadians as "poor, puny colonists." This puffed-up millionaire frog was not aware that J. D. was around when he made his ill-advised speech, or he might have known what to expect. The only question is, whether the utterances of such people as Carnegie

And, when you come to are worth bothering about. think of it, his fling at Canadians is really a harder hit at the original colonists of New England-his own ancestors-who were not so "puny" as certain of the "triumphant Democracy" of the present day, who are fed on tariff pap.

THE Toronto Junction Tribune is castigating certain local croakers whose dismal talk, it affirms, has driven capitalists away who might otherwise have settled there. "It is a little strange, however," adds the editor, "that even a stranger-if he is at all shrewd-should be misled by idle talk, for a very brief examination of the conditions here would satisfy any intelligent man that this town forms the nucleus of a great city." This strikes us as being peculiarly worded. The great city is strikes us as being peculiarly worded. already in glorious existence; what our journalistic-friend meant to say, no doubt, was that the Junction is the makings of a magnificent north-west addition to Toronto's corporation. The most intelligent writers are liable to get things mixed in the hurry of composition.

WITH her protection is a murderous weapon in the hands of a fratricide, a matricide or a sororicide. And at this moment she is making it an implement of suicide, for in shutting out Canadian flour in favor of the American article she is deliberately starving her own people .- The World, on Newfoundland.

Protection, don't you understand, is meant to hurt the foreigner, And to slay the measly stranger who dwells beyond the tide,

And to render him a fit and proper subject for the coroner, But not for fratri-matri-sui nor sororicide !

Yet here's this awful colony-this island they call New-fun-land

A using of this weapon on her very kith and kin, A-slogging of her mother and her sister, and with hoof and hand A-killin' of her silly self—now isn't it a sin !

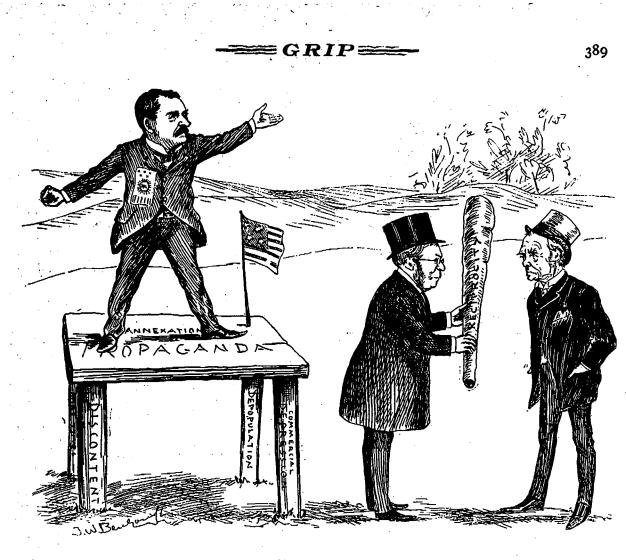
Just look at what she's doin' with her tariff tax on flour now ; Discriminates 'gainst Canada-I call it pretty tough ! Committing simple suicide and nothing less nor more now,

Deliberately starving on imported Yankee stuff !

Are we supposed to tolerate such conduct silly, selfish, hard, In a colony that rests beneath Great Britain's royal benison?

Not so ! If she don't mind her eye, we'll send our fearless Body Guard.

To devastate her codifish banks in charge of Colonel Denison !



HOW TO DO IT.

ABBOTT (distressed)—"This annexation talk of White's pains my loyal heart. I wish I could devise some means of shutting him up." MOWAT—"Here you are, then. Take this club and knock the props from under his prop-aganda !"

THE tournament among the politicians goes briskly on. Up to this writing the Tory knights of the protest trials have carried off most of the honors, having unhorsed their opponents more than two to one. It is an aggravating whimsicality of fate or fortune that the Party whose proudest boast is purity, and whose entire time is given to the righteous work of elevating the standard of public morality, should generally be the one to suffer most at the hands of the election trial judges. But of course it is "all along of them pesky agents," who will go doing illegal things without the knowledge or consent of the upright Grit candidates !

GRIP has a suggestion to make as to the mayoralty. Seeing that it would be hardly possible to elect one of the five candidates now in the field without hurting the feelings of the other four, our proposal is to put Messrs. Osler, McMillan, Beaty, Fleming and McDougall in the Council, and elect John Ross Robertson mayor by acclamation. John Ross is one of our finest citizens, a level-headed business man, an able financier, and an earnest, not to say vehement, opponent of the methods that have been in vogue at the City Hall for a few years past. UNDER a black-letter heading "What is Sedition?" the *Dominion Illustrated* utters the following bosh:

Thanks to one of our petty Provincial Governments, things have become rather mixed. In the West a new Solomon has arisen, who, by the good nature or *laisses faire* disposition of the people, has been permitted to openly preach sedition and wave a foreign flag in the face of the good yeomen of Western Ontario, without his being tied neck and crop and dumped into the nearest horse-pond.

If the writer of this wants to know what genuine sedition is he has only to read the last phrase of this paragraph over again. The most dangerous, and at the same time despicable, species of disloyalty is the spirit of mob-law, which would incite people to offer personal violence to a man who, in a supposedly free country, gave utterance to unpopular opinions. We are no more favorable to Mr. Sol. White's ideas of annexation than the *Illustrated*, but, like the *laissez faire* farmers of the West, we are disposed to meet them with argument instead of making brutes and rowdies of ourselves. The horse pond as an antidote for "sedition" is played out in civilized countries, though we are inclined to think it might still have its uses as a corrective in the case of editors who write such balderdash as that quoted above.

EGRIPE



IMAGINARY CONVERSATION

BETWEEN SARA BERNHARDT AND JOHN L. SULLIVAN----WHEN THEY MEET AGAIN.

JOHN L.—" Look here, Sairey, I hear you got away from Australiar with 60,000 quid; while I got away from there a blooming frost with only my unblemished character to my back."

SARA B.—" Ah ! Monsieur Soolivong, eef I had gone to zee Antipodee in zee role of one sloggaire, it shall be zat I too have been zee bloomang fr-r-roszt. Eef you had gone in your true role, you have acquire zee big money, too ! "—Sydney Bulletin.

MR. BLOOMINGNOSE PUFFER NOT YET TAKEN INTO THE CABINET;

GREAT DISAPINTMENT IN PUFFERSVILLE. PRESHUR TO BE BROT ON THE GUVERMENT.

PUFFERSVILLE, Dec. 10, 1891.

DEAR GRIP,—You will remember that mi last epistel gave an akount of mi visit to Mr. Abbott and my affeckting intervu with him—told of mi deshishen to enter the Kabinet and how the good news caused the Preemyer to faint away with joy, so to speek. I wuz virtooely appinted—tho owing to Mr. Abbott's severe spell we did not deside which off the offisses wuz to enjoy mi servisses.

I kan skarsely piktur to you the grief and sorrow of Puffersville when the Gazette kame out and no notiss of my appintment in it. Mi salune wuz krowded that evenin' with an expektant kumpeny of mi loyell friendsmost of whom I hed alredy elekted to sum offiss in my department provishenally, so to speak, and the grief and sorro of these and thare friends over the loss the country sustaned by this unseemly delay was universel and deep and also spontaneyus. Snuffles, my trusty leftenant, whom I had appinted Secretary at \$1,800 per yr-hed alredy bot a new soot of klothes and promised the cash at onct. There wuz meny others whose legitimit expektashins wus sadly disappinted. I hed promised Puffersville a new Post Offis and elekted Bowzer a Supervizer of Wurks at \$2,000 sallery. He wuz natchally very indignent and sumwhat inklined to kick. Bowzer is a loyel Tory and votes early and as often as konveneyent each elekshin, and besides hez ben a regiar kustomer at mi salune for more'n 20 yeerz. He is, tharefure, naturelly in need of sum finanshel bonus and haz strong klaims on the Guverment. I sympathize with Bowzer and shall sekure him a good offis. He will then be able to pay up

all hiz salune bills and start a new akount. Then thare wuz Deekin Whimper, who is not exakly a kustomer—in fakt he'z'a grate temperans advokate and fire-catin Prohibishenist and hoops her up lowd at all the loges and konvenshins, but we allus look upon him as a frend. When the elekshin siklone strikes Puffersville and we shout, "Ole Flag and the Ole Pollissy," he allus forms in party line and hoops up our side, votes strait every time, and, being a church offisser, his inflocense helps in rakin in the church votes. I hed elekted the Deekin Assistent Secretary at \$1,500 per year.

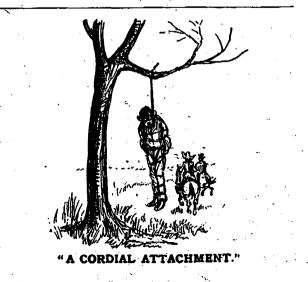
Not noing just how menny sekretaries I kood legally appint as Kabinet Minister I had only elekted 4 —but promised to make room for 6 more if I kood. Then thare wuz Fitzdoodle, the young English Gent, who akted as Sensus Enumerater and got us a lot of valliabel informashin which helped us skare the Grits in the Revishen. We had loud klaims that could not be ignored. So I appinted him Speshel Inspekter of Wates and Measures at \$1,600 per year.

And besides I hed joodishuslly distributed a skore or more of other offisses and emolliments among the fatheful, such as Kanal Inspekters, kontrakts for bridges, &c., et settery. These appintments I found had a soothin' effekt on these loyel supporters and besides they had a stimoolatin effek on the salune bizness. (My reseats that nite wuz \$168 dollers.) Men natchally are a little freer in supportin' publik institushins when thare's a good offis in sight. The meetin wuz organized duly by disposin of about 10 gallens of good Conservitive whisky, after which the follerin' rezylushins wuz yunanimusly adopted by the free and independent elekters of Puffersville:

1. "Whareas our esteemed feller sitizen, Mr. Bloomingnose Puffer, was promised a Sennetership by the late Sir John and haz rendered grate serviss to the party in the bak townships and haz a large family to support and haz offered, in a most self-sakrificin' way, to resign his salune bizness and go into the Kabbynet and haz virtooely bin elekted a member of the Kabbinet by an affektin intervu with the Preemyer.

2. "Whareas the grate likker Industry of the Country is not properly represented in the Kabbinet since Carling's defect, and whareas no Guverment can klaim to be trooly Conservitive in which this importent Trade is not fully represented, and

3. "Whareas, and Espechilly several loyell and empty citizens of Puffersville and Vicinity who have never enjoyed





ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION.

GREAT BRITAIN .--- UNITED STATES .--- CANADA .-- SOUTH AFRICA .--- AUSTRALASIA.

Imperial Federation, even if practicable, is too parrow a thing. Let us have an Alliance, including all the English-speaking peoples of the world while we are about it !

a publik offis are filled with a laudabul ambishin to serve thare country at a fare sallery in varius kapassities, and

4. "Whareas all true Conservitive Guverment is based on a proper distribushin of publik works and offises to loyell sitizens, tharefore

"Resolved : 1. That we adhear to the Ole Flag and the Ole Polissy if the offirses are farely distributed, and 2. We appint a Deppytashin of 14 to wate on the Guver-ment in behalf of Puffersville and, if need be, with full power to bring Presshur to bare on the Preemyer. 3. That we meet agin in this Salune after their return to deside what steps to take fur our country's welfare."

I see we shall have to use some Presshur with the uverment. (Signed) BLOOMINGNOSE PUFFER, Guverment.

Kabbinet Minister in prospektu.

CON EXPRESSIONE.

ON'T you think our organist plays with great feeling?"

"Yes-feeling of agony, to judge by the contortions of his body."

MANNERS 1

OHN, I wish you wouldn't put that knife in your mouth in such a vulgar manner !"

"Goodness woman ! You surely wouldn't have me jab it in my eyes ?

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

THESE CELEBRATED TWIN OPERATISTS HAVE "KISSED AND MADE FRIENDS" AGAIN, IT SEEMS.

WE hardly need more than a glance at the score, Which very soon lets us all know That the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan type All stand in a neat little row.

Although all must own that they stand quite alone, And never a rival will brook

Still the verdict remains that they're all much alike In the "music" and also the "book."

- There's the duett and trio-the madrigal free-O,
- The chorus, the solos, the dance, The pretty "spoon" talk and the "patter" refrain, We know them all just at a glance.

Oh, the "Bucks" and the "Blades" and the "Japanese maids," And the fairies with twinkling feet, "Mikado" and "Grosvenor," "Patience," "Yum-Yum,"

We must say you're always a treat.

And these operas are pure, and so should endure, To keep out much translated stuff,

So hurrah for our Gilbert, and Sullivan too !

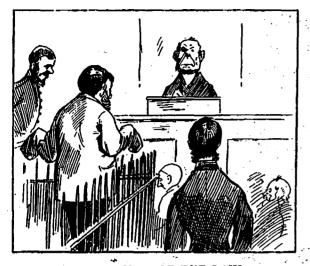
And the public don't cry "Hold, enough !"

F. J. M.

SYSTEM.

BOBBY (whose mother has a system)—" When I've been naughty through the day my mother always punishes me at bed time. What time does your ma punish you?"

DICK (whose mother's threats exceed her thrashings) "Well, mostly the next time."



IN THE EYES OF THE LAW.

HIS WORSHIP-" Pris'ner, ye're charged wid pickin' pockets. Phwat have yez got to say fur yerself?"

PRISONBR-" That is simply impossible, for your worship can see for yourself that I have no hands !"

HIS WORSHIP-"'Impossible, is it? Bedad then Oi'll taich ye that in the eyes of the law there's nothing impossible. Six months."

SONG OF THE SERIOUSLY SMITTEN ONE.

(COMPOSED BETWEEN THE ACTS, AND ARRANGED TO THE MUSIC THEY PLAYED, AS NO FRESH AIR WAS TO BE HAD).

- "A H! I have sighed to rest me Deep in the quiet grave!" The orchestra is playing soft, (I wish I'd had a shave). And in the seat in front of me The loveliest girl in town
- Is claiming all my eyes and heart, Be the curtain up or down.
- "When other lips and other hearts Their tales of love shall tell." Never did blue or silver gauze Become a girl so well ! That kind of boa thing she wears I never liked before, But on *her* neck it looks so sweet, I'm broke up more and more.
- - I wonder does she know I'm here? If I might dare to speak !--
- "I dreamt I dwelt in marble balls"— Who's that she's bowing to? Jack Smith ! the most egregious ass You'll find the city through ! I like his nerve ! Perhaps he thinks She's struck on his moustache. He would be rich if his conceit Were equalled by his cash !
- "By the blue Alsatian mountains Dwelt a maiden young and fair "---I wonder if her dad's well fixed, Or if of funds he's bare? If the old man's poor as poverty Or if his money heaps, "Tis all the same--my heart is hers Forevermore for keeps!

A NEW OCCUPATION FOR LADIES.

RECENT advertisement reads thusly : "A lady A wishes a family washing or young gentlemen-address, etc. "-Now if this isn't a sinister "ad" I'd like to know what is ? Does this "lady" (!) want the family washing separately or collectively? Are they to be washing in basins, tubs, long baths or what ? Does it make any difference whether the water be cold or hot-and is that water to be of the pellucid stream which flows from our beautiful Bay (pure and simple) or is it to be filtered? These are pertinent (perhaps the "lady" may think impertinent) questions-but they pale before the lurid villainy contained in the latter clause of this "ad"-"or young gentlemen !" Now what on earth can these tender youths be wanted for ? It reads that they are only wanted if the washing family fail the advertiser-and speculation loses itself in a bewildering labyrinth of conjecture, and the brain grows dizzy and incapable when contemplating the possible fate awaiting these "young gentlemen" should any be found insane enough to answer the request. Are they to be washed, too, and perhaps mangled ? Horrid thought !

MUSICAL VERSELETS.

HE looked at himself in the glass And thought he resembled an ass, So he played the plano With the tip of his toe, And said, "Those who laugh, go to grass !"

There was a young man with a hoddle Who put on his "mute" in the middle Of a set of Scotch airs Fit to give one the scares, And cried, "Oh, what a big taradiddle !"

There was a stout man with a drum, Who banged it until he got dumb, But I very much fear That his musical ear Had a chance to get totally numb.—THE FLY.

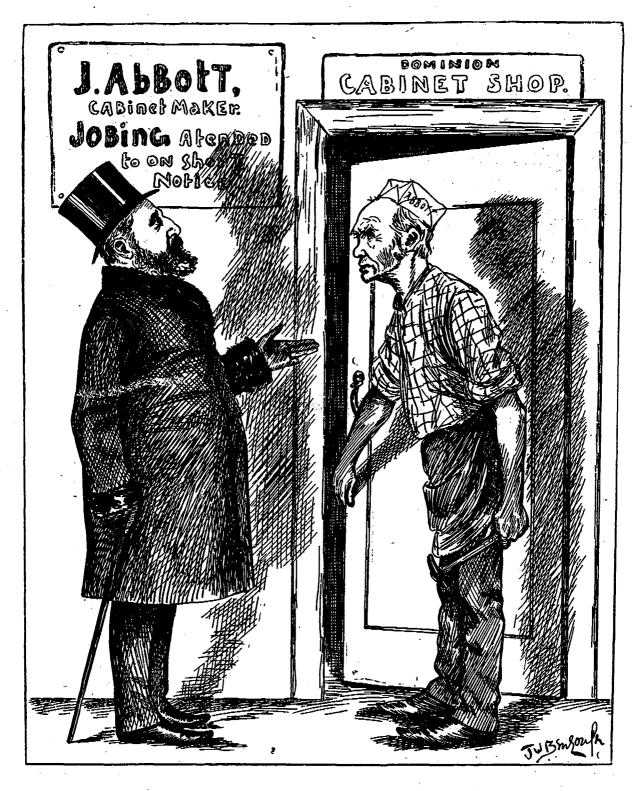


A STRONG CASE.

DOMAIN PERSON-"Look-a-here; you lawyers sometimes take up cases on spec., don't yer?"

SOLICITOR (cautionsly)—"Well—er—yes, sometimes; that is if the cause of action is a very strong one. What might be the——"

DOMAIN PERSON—"Well, my case is this here. The census returns says that the wealth of Noo South Wales is \pounds_{363} per head, and what I want you to do is to bring an action agin the Gov'ment or somebody to recover my share an' I'll give you half on it !"— Sydney Bulletin. = GRIP



THE OVERDUE CABINET.

LORD STANLEY—" WELL, JOHN, HAVEN'T YOU GOT THAT CABINET DONE FOR ME YET?" ABBOTT—" NO, SIR; NOT QUITE COMPLETED. YOU SEE, SIR, IT'S A MUCH TOUGHER JOB THAN I ANTICIPATED ?"



TWAS GREEK TO HIM.

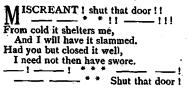
PATRICK (reading)—"" 'The Age av Homer'? Who the divil cares how ould he is !"

NATURALLY ACCOUNTED FOR.

MRS. HOTONG—"Oh, you should just see Mrs. Dewsbury since she got rejuvenated by Madame Friponniere's process—all her wrinkles gone and her skin as smooth as a child's."

MISS SNAPPY—"I don't wonder. She must be getting into her second childhood by this time."

SHUT THAT DOOR



HIS IDEA OF MILKING.

A SMALL city boy who was undergoing his first experience of a farm last summer, amused his mother considerably the second evening of their visit. "Oh Mamma!" he cried running to her, "do you know that foolish girl Mary has taken her pail and gone to milk the brown cow—and I saw a man empty every drop of milk out of it this morning. Won't she get left!"

NEWS FROM HOME.

BY A CANADIAN ABROAD.

GRIPE

FAIR morning breaks ; the newsman's boy Comes whistling down our empty street ; I leap the bed in trembling joy, Fling to the floor the quilt and sheet, Slide down the stair, spring to the door And grab the panic-stricken youth ; Shriek : "Here, yer paper ! Hand it o'er ! What news from Canada ? The truth ! What news dost bring, thou whistling fiend, O'er wide Atlantic's roar and foam ? Thou Mercury, snail-paced and jeaned ; Ha ! here's a paragraph from home :

"CORRUPT CANADA.

Extensive Steals by Honorable Canadians.—Corruption— Thievery—Treachery, and Bribery.—Startling Revelations."

> I realize, where'er I roam, In truth there is no place like home.

Ten years ago—how fly the days— I dropp'd a country Press's crank, With little cash and fewer bays, And headed for the land of Yank. Fate since has played me off its bat— Smote farther from my native land— And now the gods they find me at (In London, Eng., West Cent.) the Strand. But fortune yet shall me befall, And sure I feel the time will come In life, or else—well—in my pali I'll reach—hullo, here's news from home : "O LORD! (STEPHEN).

Canada's Old Nobility.—Founding of a Noble Line (not the C.P.R.)—Motto—' God and Government Gold.'"

> Yea, so it is, where'er I roam, I find there is no place like home.

How strange it is that thoughts will set All to the West-land, dimmed and hazed, To that wild spot of brush and wet, That rough bush farm where we were raised, Where, poor of purse and weak of frame, Each morrow found us more bereft, Until at length the harsh end came— We'd nothing but protection left. Now scattered o'er the world's broad face,

We search each paper, mag., and tome; Skim through the leaves at lightning pace, For ever seeking news from home :

"ENORMOUS PUBLIC DEBT.

Bankrupt but Buoyant.—Canada Rich in Owings.— Borrow—To-Morrow—Sorrow.

I say to all, where'er I roam, Bar none, there is no place like home.

And here I keep a cheery heart, The penny press my guide and friend; Grant poverty its half mile start, I'll beat it bravely in the end. The while I trudge life's rugged road, Or scramble up the stubborn hill, Glad news will lift my grinding load, Set sure my feet, and steel my will,-As reading by my humble hearth, Or stretched beneath the azure dome, *This* from the glad land of my birth; These noble tidings from my home:

"SETTLERS SCOOT.

Stagnation in Population. -Depressing Census Returns. Esquimaux to take the Place of Canadians.--A Magnificent Future for the Country."

> Yea, I'll maintain, where'er I roam, Ye gods, there is no place like home !

TENNYSON.

'HE "Votaries of Literary High Culture" met last night for the discussion of Tennyson's works. Their proceedings were as follows:

MR. GUSH (President of the "Votaries," in absence of Chairman)—" Eh—ladies and gentlemen, we are meteh-to add-eh-our small brooklet of praise-eh-to the boundless ocean-eh-which already flows to the feet-eh-of that incomparably sweet and thrilling poet -eh-Tennyson. Eh-we were each-eh-expected to tell-eh-which is in our opinion-eh-his best workeh-but I found-eh-that upon reading each successive poem-eh-that each one seemed to me-eh-more grandly sublime—eh—than the others.

Eh-I shall not spend more of your time-eh-as I know that we are all-eh-going to the Hon. Startup's -eh—later in the evening.

Eh-I hope each will-eh-give in a few words-eh his or her-eh-tribute to the greatest poet who has ever lived—eh—to the pure—eh—the mind-uplifting—eh the soul-satisfying, and the-eh-never-to-be-forgotten Tennyson. (great applause). Chorus of ladies-Divine ! Too sweet ! Lovely !

MR. BLUNT-" Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen. In my opinion Tennyson has never written anything equal to his late 'Locksley Hall.' His early poems are too sentimental to suit me. What was he driving at in that "Princess" for instance? All stuff and nonsense !" (prolonged silence).

MISS TRY POETRY-"O, Mr. President, it is with a feeling of the deepest awe that Lapproach the sacred presence of Tennyson, who is, it may be, a greater poet than even I. Poetry is such an ecstatic theme, that it should only be touched by the reverent hands of those who are poets themselves. The rude touch of an alien sends a clash of unmusical sounds along the delicate strings of the beautiful instrument of song :

Poetry is a blissful dream of such an heavenly art

That it can only be responded to by a poet's heart."

(Applause, deep but not, loud.)

MR. SLIGHTLY MIXED-" I found great pleasure in reading "In Memoriam." How much must Tennyson have loved the lady of whom he wrote ! To love her must indeed have been to him as he so poetically put it-"To have broken the golden bowl and cracked the pitcher." (Awkward pause and an ironical Hear | Hear !)

MISS FLIPPY (after much laughing and whispering to her neighbor)-" Tennyson is just too sweet for anything, and I think his photos don't half do him justice ! If I were his daughter I should just sit by him and make him write poetry about me all the time."

MR. HALTY—" Tennyson's poetry—good ! "Fallen Leaves," "Idylls'-King !" "Maud !" "Enoch Arden !"

MRS. MYSTERY-"Mr. President, I am passionately fond of all Tennyson's poems, but I love best those which have a vein of deep mystery running through them, among which are my favorites, 'The Lady of Shalott, 'The Lotus Eaters,' and 'The Two Voices.'

MR. NEARSIGHT-" B' jove, now, I like Tennyson's poetry, you know. There is something lively about it, b' jove ! That little piece where the wrens sing to each other, don't you know. Light and airy, b' jove !"

MISS GISDEY—"I am awfully fond of lots of things he has written. The 'Gardener's Daughter' is so sad, I think. I quite like her (although, of course, I have never associated with any of that class).

MR. GUSH-"Eh! We have had an entertaining -eh-and instructive-eh-evening. Eh-I think we



GRIP=

DIVISION OF LABOR.

HOUSEWIFE (to elderly person)-""What do you want, sir? I have engaged this boy to shovel off the snow."

MCGUFFY-" That's all right, ma'am. Sure, we're pardners." Boy-"Yes; I does the work an' he takes the money."

could remain here-eh-until the dewy break of another morn-eh-were it not-eh-for the Hon. Startup's-eh -'Evening." As it is-eh-we must tear ourselves asunder from-eh-this most engaging theme. Next week-eh-we shall study together the works of-eh-Pope-eh-a most sarcastic but-eh-popular-ehpoet." ROLY ROWAN.

A BUSINESS BOY.

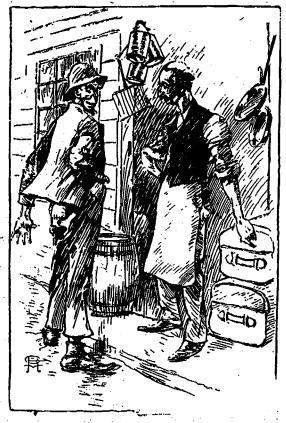
JOHN HASTINGS, a school boy, saw the advertisement of GRIP ALMANAC in the *Telegraph*. He ordered fifty copies of the book, and in three days he sold forty-two of them. And yet some people say it does not pay to advertise.—*Palmerston Telegraph*.

It does pay to advertise, providing you are advertising an article that has real merit, because then the confiding public, represented in this case by wide-awake Johnny Hastings, is not deceived. We have about 200 copies of the ALMANAC still on hand, if any other business boy would like to try his hand at beating Johnny's record. This is all that remains of a large edition, and no more can be printed this year. Verb sap. sat., not only to enterprising lads, but to those of their fathers who have up to date, failed to secure a copy of this unique Christmas publication.

THE "BOY."

SEE the celebrated boy-actor, N. S. Wood, is at one of the theatres this week," said Mr. Middleage, glancing up from his paper. "Do you know him?" asked Mrs. M.

"No," replied Middleage, "not personally, but I've been familiar with his name as the boy-actor ever since I was a little chap in short clothes."



"NAKED, IS IT?"

STOREKEEPER---- "Buy a trunk cheap, Mickey?" MICKEY COME HITHER--- "Phwat for?" STOREKEEPER--- "Why, to put your clothes in, of course." MICKEY-- "And go naicked, is it?"

MR. BINKS' QUANDARY.

"DON'T talk to me, Maria !" shouted Mr. Binks during a somewhat stormy discussion lately. "You don't know anything about this matter ! I have no confidence in your judgment !—A woman has no judgment !" "Perhaps you're right," responded Mrs. B. with sudden meekness—"why, when I married you I was quite sure I was making a good choice; that you were one of the wisest and most amiable of men, and " with an air of frank admission—"see how mistaken I was ! I don't wonder you have no belief in my judgment—I've lost confidence in it myself !" And she went on with her sewing with a "got even" expression on her face, while Mr. Binks strove to think out whether he had been apologized to or insulted.

THE INFANT OF THE PERIOD.

NEW NURSE—"Now, Master Tommy, you must mind me."

MASTER TOMMY—"You great big thing ! Aren't you old enough to look after yourself?"

CHANGE OF AIR.

"YES, undoubtedly the Smead-Dowd system of ventilation is the best. It entirely changes the air a number of times during an hour."

"My! As good as a hand-organ, ain't it?"

OUR COMING AUTHORS.

THE following composition on "Winter," written by a small-sized Toronto school-girl, shows some deep thought on the subject :

WINTER.

Winter is that time of the year when it's cold. I like summer better than winter only winter mostly has thanksgiving Day and christmus in it and you dont have turkey and things given you queens birthday and ith July. The only time I dont wish awful bad I was a boy is in winter. Tommy Dod says its awful cold shulveling the snow mornings. I'd love to throw snow balls ony I'm a girl and girls dont have any fun or nothing, and any way tommy says the pleece are onto you and there aint no fun for a boy any more. One nice thing about winter is you can sit up ever so much longer after dark than you can in summer and there are no flies in the butter.

From the pen of the same gifted young writer there also emanated these remarks upon "Work":

WORK.

Work is anything you have to do. Sometimes if you didn't *have* to do it some work would be nice. If I wasn't made to practise my musick I believe I'd be fond of playing the piano. Some people don't mind working when my father and mother were little they did an awful lot and their mother never had to tell them mor'n once. They always tell us about it. All mothers and fathers do. tommy dod says he's just sick of hearing how much his father had to do when he was a boy and how erly he had to get up. All work is nasty. Only very good people and parents like work. I know lots more to say, but I'm tired.

LA SILHOUETTE.

THE shades of night had fallen fast, For our tea-time had not yet past, As I sat in a musing fit— Dreaming—before the lamps were lit.

Looking across the lighted street A comic scene my eyes did meet. A silhouette clear and defined Pictured upon a window-blind.

My twilight dreams now quite upset, I, mirthful, watched the silhouette, Changing in form kaleidoscopic, Our country's favorite game the topic.

Two objects glowering vis-a-vis, Flitting and dancing cap-a-pie, Posing, opposing, twisting, fisting, Bouncing, denouncing, pouncing, trouncing.

No London Punch and Judy show Could emulate the changeful flow Of spirits on the window screen. The play grows serious, I ween.

Fast and more furious danced the sprites, When—suddenly out went the lights, And nought was seen and none can tell What on that night the sprites befel.

But some with bated breath do say That, hobbling from across the way, MacLoyal then was heard to holler, "You stole five hundred every dollar."

And some aver that in the rear A muffled answer reached their ear, "Richard's himself again, I wis,"

CHATTER.

≡GRIP≡

JACK-" The modern girl has nothing clinging in her disposition."

Том—" That is strange, seeing that she has to stand up so much in street cars.

WAITER-"You needn't get huffy, sir. I know my place. I have served more than one meal in my time." GUEST--- " More than one, eh? Then you have evidently been in the business a long time."

JASPER—" Is his brain active?"

JUMPUPPE—" I should say it is. His ideas frequently run away with him and he often loses his head."

* * 3

"Go, little fly," my Uncle Toby said, "I would not hurt a hair upon thy head "-

And this kind saying makes us well aware

That Uncle Toby's caput lacked not hair.

SANSO-"What was the spirit of charity that romancers used to write so much about ?"

RODD-"I guess it must have been champagne, for it gave rise to many jolly knights."

	* WHEN And My col	* E'ER I'm precious lar buttor	in a mon 1 alw	* hurry ents lack, ays
		Slips down my back.		
2.11	*	*		*

SMITH-" That is a handsome couple walking down street. It is seldom you see a good-looking man married to a beautiful woman."

BROWN-" They are not married."

SMITH-" How do you know ?"

BROWN-"Don't you see that he stops to let her look into every milliner's window they pass.

> For heirs he'll never leave a hoard Who lives as well as he can afford.

TINKS—" Why did you cut that man ?"

BINKS-" Because he cut my clothes. My tailor, doncherknow,"

* : •.'..* SPACER-"He has been promoted lately."

LINER-" Is that so ?"

SPACER-"Yes. He used to be a special correspondent. Now he is at the head of the circulation department, and gets out the affidavits."

> ONCE a costly and elegant yacht For a nice little fortune I bacht, And for many a day I've been happy and gay, For I won the sweet maiden I sacht.

GENIUS is not an affliction as some assert. It is the •mistaken idea that one is a genius that causes all the trouble.

* 0.00 IT often happens that a hard customer wears soft clothes.

CHAPERONES are the brokers of the matrimonial market.



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TU QUOQUE!

OFFICER OF HIGHLAND REGIMENT (surveying his wife's toilet on night of annual ball) - "Really, Jeannie, I -er-don't like to find fault, but do you think it's quite nice to show so much neck and arm as you do?"

WIFE-" You'd better look at your own costume, I think ! I know if I showed as much leg as you do, I'd be glad to stay at home."

THESPIS-" Miss Futelite intoxicates the public with her beauty and her acting."

RANTO-"Then I presume she always has full houses."

A LETTER of introduction —a capital.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

BOYS CAN MAKE MONEY FAST.

ANY active boy can make plenty of money in his neighborhood by re-plating tableware and jowelry with one of the Magic Electric Plating Outfits. Those who have already secured one of these machines 'are making' from \$20 to \$25 a week. The price of the plating outfit is \$10, but we have arranged to supply it to one boy only in each neighborhood free for a few hours' work, which can be done after school or on Saturday. No capital required, Any boy sending his address and referring to some merchant in his town as to his honesty will receive full particulars by return mail. This is a permanent money making business for the right kind of a boy. Apply at once. Address Ladies' Pictorial Co., Toronto, Ont.

HOW MANY CATS?

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"IF 300 cats can kill 300 rats in 300 days, how many rats will it take to kill 100 rats in 100 days?" A fine toned upright piano will be given by *The Queen* to the first person answering the above problem correctly; an elegant gold watch will be given for the second lem correctly; an elegant gold watch will be given for the second correct answer; a china dinner set will be given for the third correct answer; an elegant silk dress pattern will be given for the fourth correct answer, and many other valuable prizes, all of which will be announced in the next issue of *The Queen*. As the object of offering these prizes is to attract attention to our popular family magazine, each person answering must enclose four three cent stamps for sample number containing full particulars. Send to-day. You may secure a valuable prize. \$to in gold will be paid for the best original problem, to be published in a future number. Address *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Can.



If with your friends you've been dining, And get home so late in the night, "DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE" in the morning Will make you forget you were _____

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoma. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

ANYONE furnishing their homes and requiring anything in the way of gas or electric fixtures and globes should call on R. H. Lear & Co., 19 and 21 Richmond Street West. This firm is headquarters for goods in these lines. We would advise you to go direct to them and get their quotations.



DUNN'S FAUTT Satury makes a Dolicious Cooling Bevarige, especially Cleaness the Throat, proventing disease. It imparts Froshness and Vigour, and is a quick milit for Billoumens, Son Rickness, etc. BY ALL, CHERIETS DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have a Cough. Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents a bottle.

EGRIP≡

A MAN when drowning sorrows will clutch at straws—in the mint julep.

OH, WHAT A DELICIOUS CIGAR ! YES, it is an Invincible, one of the best made. Try it. L. O. GROTHE & Co., Montreal.

SHE—" Is your family old?" HE—" Rather ; my father's seventy, and mother's sixty-five."

WHAT IS SAID IN FAVOR OF DYERS IMPROVED FOOD FOR INFANTS.

A RELIABLE firm in Halifax says: "Several of our customers speak very highly of it (Dyer's Improved Food for Infants), and you have evidently got a splendid food."











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USE IT FOR Difficulty of Breathing Tightness of the Chest Wasting away of Flesh Throat Troubles Consumption Bronchitis, Weak Lungs Asthma, Coughs Catarrh, Colds	ized Emulsion of Pure	ALL DRUGGISTS Laboratory, Toronto, Ontarlo
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