

# GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENG



J.W. Bengough

### MR. MOWAT AS SANTA CLAUS.

(BY PARTICULAR DESIRE.)

THE Attorney-General could not appear in a more befitting character at this season, nor could he make the workmen a present they would more truly appreciate.

The gravest beast is the Ass.  
 The gravest bird is the Owl.  
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.  
 The gravest man is the fool.

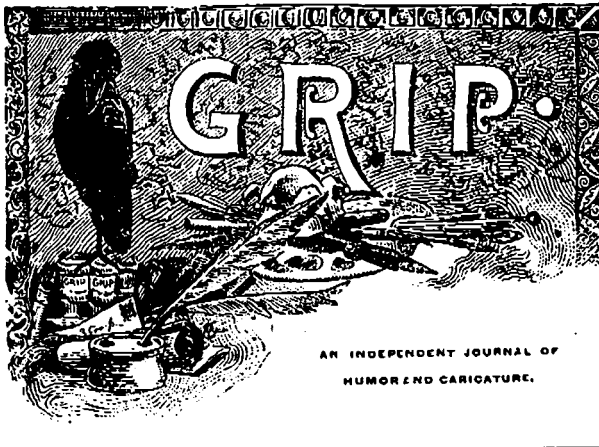
LITTERATURE  
 MUSIC  
 TEARS  
 ADVANCE

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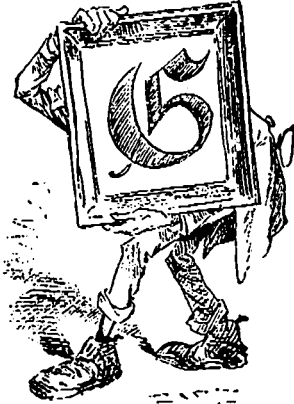


**THE CHRISTMAS TREAT.**—The genial season of Christmas is once more with us, and, as usual, it has brought that mysterious expansion of heart which leads us all to entertain "good-will toward men." The miracle of thus transforming our natures even for a brief period every year must be a standing puzzle to the agnostic; and it ought to be an equal mystery to the Christian that the spirit of Christmas does not last with all of us throughout the year. Charity, brotherhood, and the giving of gifts are the order of the moment, and it is especially the happy province of the great and good to bestow largess upon the poor and lowly just now. That is why MR. GRIP has gathered the boys of his mission school together for a jollification

—on paper. Poor little chaps, how happy they seem to be, released for the moment from the hardships and privations of political life. How intently they listen to the kind-hearted MR. GRIP, as he tells them about Santa Claus and draws funny pictures to illustrate his profound remarks. Then see the heads of the business department loading the Christmas tree with good things, and the energetic President casting aside for the nonce his aldermanic duties to make himself useful in distributing hot soup to our protégés. Is it not altogether a beautiful and touching sight? It is, indeed—but Christmas is a beautiful and touching festival.

**MR. MOWAT AS SANTA CLAUS.**—If Mr. Mowat will be so good-natured as to rig himself up in a Santa Claus costume (as old Mr. Jollyboy does every year at the Sunday school Christmas festival),

and present the people of Toronto—or Ontario, for that matter—with a nice little Act exempting houses from taxation to the extent of \$600, he will find that the present will be very much appreciated. If the Attorney-General can't bring himself to the point of donning the costume, every allowance will be made for his bashfulness, or whatever it is, and the Christmas box referred to will be accepted quite as gratefully if presented in his every-day clothes.



**HE** Whistling Prima Donna, Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, has been granted a divorce. Poor Shaw will have to do his own whistling hereafter.

**COUNT** one more knock-out for the champion legal pugilist, Nol Mowat. This time the battle ended by Ottawa Jack being sent clean over the ropes. To descend from the language of high society, their Lordships of the Privy Council have decided that

the Dominion authorities were entirely too previous in presuming to sell timber limits off Crown lands in Ontario for the benefit of the Federal Treasury. Although the title to all Crown lands is vested in the Dominion Government, as representing the Crown, all revenues derivable therefrom, whether by sales of timber, minerals or anything else, belong to the Provinces in which such lands may be situated. This is the law as read and expounded by the court of last appeal. Of course it is too bad that John A. should thus be deprived of a first-class bribery fund, but it can't be helped. We will now have to trouble the right hon. gentleman to hand back all the boodle he has received from this convenient source.

**ANYBODY** who takes Ernest Albert Macdonald for a chump is a poor judge of human nature. Senator Frank Smith is in some danger of making a mistake just here. There are some shrewd speculators who have been known to lay out great railway projects with a view simply to a profitable "sell out," and it is perhaps natural for Mr. Smith to conclude that this proposed new street car line is a case in point. Hence his "bluff." But he will find that Albert is mightily in Ernest in this matter. What he wants is a new railway for the East End, and he acts very much like a man who intended to get it.



**THE** new Street Railway Co. offers to pay two per cent. of its gross annual receipts from passenger traffic to the city, and hopes no doubt to have a good round profit for itself after that. Will somebody please tell us why the city shouldn't manage the street railway business exclusively, and take 100 per cent. of the net earnings for the public treasury? Why couldn't Mr. Frankland, or some other equally competent man, manage this department for the city as ably, efficiently, economically and honestly as he does for Senator Smith? When the new civic constitution is being discussed, the feasibility of taking over for the city's benefit all monopoly franchises now farmed out

to private companies should be provided for. It must come to that in the not distant future.

\* \* \*

ON this point the following sentences from a New York journal are pertinent:

It is instructive to compare the Brooklyn Bridge and the Elevated Railway. Both were erected by public authority for public convenience. But here all resemblance ceases. The Elevated, left to be managed by private individuals for their own benefit, exacts from the foolish citizens who gave away its franchise a yearly tribute nearly if not altogether equal to the first cost of its erection, and gives in return a wretchedly inefficient service. The Bridge, controlled by the people's representatives for the people's benefit, is managed with strict economy, gives a highly satisfactory and constantly improving service, and exacts the lowest possible toll from those who use it.

\* \* \*

A GOOD deal of interest is being taken in the question of a reorganization of our civic government. Many excellent suggestions have been offered, and no doubt when the work is taken seriously in hand a vast improvement on the present antiquated and inadequate system will be forthcoming. But why the delay? Why doesn't the Mayor, or the Attorney General, or somebody, nominate a committee of level-headed constitution-makers to sit down and draw out a scheme for submission to the people?

\* \* \*

THE eminent Congressman from Ohio, whose resolution in favor of the annexation of Canada was so promptly pigeon-holed by the Foreign Relations Committee the other day, should ask the house to permit him to change his name to Butterfingers.

### IN THE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

IN CO-EDUCATIVE CLASS.

PROF. P—E (*demonstrating the effect of an electric spark in water*)—"But in order to get a really good effect you ought to have a full hour's continuous sparking."  
 (Unscientific electrical effect produced instanter.)



THINGS WE SEE WHEN WE COME OUT WITHOUT OUR GUN.—No. 11.

### THE AITIN' OF DAN RAFFERTY'S GOOSE.

(A POLITICAL DISCUSSION.)



Yez are askin' me phy  
 There is black round me oi,  
 Phy me head is swelled like a ca-  
 boose;  
 By the Powers av Mo'kelly,  
 The truth I will tell ye,  
 'Twas aitin' Dan Rafferty's goose!

The table was set  
 When the party had met,  
 An' the goose was dished up bilin  
 hot;  
 Wid a big beefsteak poi  
 (It's the truth, now, me bho),  
 An' the praties piled round it like shot.

Three jugs av potheen,  
 Och, completed the scene,  
 Wid pipes an' tobaccy galore;  
 Then we aich wet our oi  
 Wid a dhrop on the sly,  
 From a bottle behind av the doct.

There was Dan, there was oi,  
 There was Flannigan's bhoi,  
 An' another half-dozen or so;  
 The sisters McShane,  
 Wid the widow Cosgrain,  
 Their faces wid smiles all aglow.

The goose soon was ait,  
 An' the bones picked complete,  
 Sure, a purty owld tough bird he'd been.  
 Then the glasses wint round,  
 An' all sorrow was dhrowned  
 In a mighty big dhrink of potheen.

Sez Paddy McRae,  
 "I will tell yez, John A.  
 Is the list statesman ever was born."  
 "It's a falsehood," sez Dan,  
 "Niddy Blake is the man,  
 An' I'll prove it wid my owld blackthorn.

"It's a lie that ye spake!"  
 Then sez Paddy, "I'll make  
 Yez ait up the same worrds before long."  
 Then blackthorns and fist  
 Got mixed up in a mist,  
 Ov profanity sulphurous and strong.

The crockery ware  
 Sure was fillin' the air,  
 An' smashin' on friend an' on foe.  
 The bread-ba:ket flew  
 Wid an aim that was throe,  
 An' broke Dinnis Milligan's nose.

Poor Bidy McShane  
 Got a clout on the brain,  
 That ame very near makin' her end;  
 Tim Brannan an' I  
 Were knocked down wid wan shy  
 Ov a saucepan in Brilligan's hand.

Then the pleecemen ken in  
 Och, the black thaives o'sin I  
 But they spoiled a most illigant figt.  
 They marched us all down,  
 Blood an' dirt, through the town,  
 An' gave us free lodgings all nigh'.

ARKIAN

BUT your money on der baddles at der circus ground  
 and you vas a plame fool. Just der same you vas ven  
 you but your money on der baddles at der championship  
 poat races. Fakirs urd sharpers run der poth pee:zness.

## MR. SPOLDOODLE AND JULIUS CÆSAR.



MR. SPOLDOODLE aspired in a humble way to the *role* of a humorist, though his little seeds of witticism sometimes fell exceedingly flatly on the rocky, unappreciative minds of imperturbable acquaintances, who not only often declined during the relations of his tit bits to see where "the laugh came in," but on some occasions—though they were rare, be it said to the credit of the human race—had been known to look blankly at him, with pitiful expressions on their faces, at the very crisis of his jokes, making him sorry that he had not refrained from

the proverbial folly of casting his pearls before pigs, to use a simile that I fancy I quote somewhat incorrectly. Still, whatever were the shortcomings of stolid, hard-hearted outsiders, in the family-circle, at least, Spoldoodle never lacked applause. True, charming Mrs. S. was not so quick as he might have desired in comprehending the finer points of his more delicate or elaborate sallies, but the joke only required full explanation for roars of laughter to burst from the mouth of his lovely and loving better half.

Once upon a time our hero had startled Mr. Daubrhyme, a neighbour, by rushing into that gentleman's domicile with the astounding intelligence that the Dutch had taken Holland! His neighbour being rather deficient in his knowledge of the more recondite details of continental geography, rushed out into the street, intending to seize, without ceremony, the first vendor of evening papers who hove in sight. No news lad turned up for a minute or two, however, and he employed the interval in communicating to his friends across the road, and sundry other persons that passed, the warlike rumor. Successful as Mr. Spoldoodle was, this jest would have been dearly purchased had he not for several days after kept clear of the subsequently enlightened neighbor's precincts. Some considerable time, however, had elapsed, and the wrath of Mr. Daubrhyme having been allayed by an invitation to supper, Spoldoodle was at length freed from the ever-present dread of being horse-whipped, and once more gave a loose rein to his aerial, *bizarre* humor.

One evening whilst walking home from the scene of his daily labors, an idea occurred to the subject of our narrative. He had been for some days cudgeling his brains during leisure moments for materials wherewithal to furnish a brilliant mental pyrotechnic display on some suitable evening at home, when a hazy recollection of his having once read of some old lady or other of the present day who wept bitterly, and was otherwise greatly afflicted with grief, on being informed that Queen Anne was dead, passed over his mind. Ah! he had it now. He would be historical. Death had lately been busy in the ranks of greatness, and something on this subject would possibly tickle the imagination of his friendly fireside critics.

"What do you think I heard at the office this afternoon, just as I was coming home, my dear," said Mr. S., drawing his chair from the tea table towards the fire, after having duly refreshed the inner man, and turning to his spouse, who, with her eldest hope—a pushing young man of nineteen—had already taken up her place in a com-

fortable easy chair on the opposite side of the hearth. "You will scarcely believe me," he went on, reaching his head forward, and speaking slowly and deliberately; "Julius Cæsar is dead!"

Spoldoodle had flown too high this time for his dutiful helpmeet. Never having read of the great Roman who fell beneath the ruthless daggers of Brutus and his fellow conspirators, she contented herself with merely remarking: "Ah, indeed! You don't say so? I trust his wife and family are left amply provided for, William, dear."

But the effect of the announcement upon Spoldoodle, junior, was dynamic—excuse the word!

"Great heavens!" he cried, unheeding (in fact, not hearing) his mother's words, and bringing a pair of glaring orbs to bear upon his pater's placid countenance. "Gracious goodness! this really cannot be true! Never in the world!"

Mr. Spoldoodle, as is but too frequently the case with men of his superior calibre, had never entertained any very high opinion of his son's intellectual powers. Nevertheless, he was hardly prepared for this. However, his joke above all; he would carry it out.

"Yes," he answered, in a mingled tone, as clear of contempt and merriment as he could command; "Yes. Fact, Johnny, I tell ye! I had it from undeniable, unquestionable authority. But don't mention it outside, my boy. The afternoon newspapers haven't got hold of it yet! Ha, ha!"

Johnny started to his feet.

"Ah, father," he said, in a voice that a critical observer might have imagined quavered a little, "the news is nothing to me—nothing at all! But I must be going. I have an engagement with the minister, Mr. Graveyard. I promised to assist him in some matters connected with the mission to the Horong Outangs, you know. I shan't be long away; and, by the bye, I'll just take the dollar you promised the Rev. Mr. Collywod to give to the fund along with me, if you please;" and obtaining the money after a brief delay, he moved quietly into the street.

Spoldoodle did not see Johnny any more the same evening, but next morning after breakfast that youth took occasion as the old man was leaving home, to thank him for the information imparted on the preceding night. More puzzled than ever at the persistent stupidity of one of whom he had years ago—when Johnny wore pinnafores, or even yet more infantile articles of apparel—dreamed better things, Spoldoodle could only bring himself to mutter casually, "Oh, yes, yes! You were welcome. Say no more about it!"

But it turned out that this was advice Johnny certainly could not act upon, for, in the evening—the old man never came home at mid-day—that promising youth pushed into the quiet room where a homely meal was laid, stung his low-crowned fashionable felt fiercely into a corner on the floor, and to the amazement of his father and the terror of his mother, yelled vigorously:—

"What the deuce were you thinking about, governor, last night? Who was it that made so confounded an ass of you? Julius Cæsar's no more dead than you are. He was the freshest and finest animal entered for the Queen's



plate stakes, which he won this afternoon by four lengths, and last night, owing to (we decline to print the real word used) your *blessed* information, I rushed down to town in time to stop the investment of a fiver at ten to one on him—on him, the winner! Oh what an idiot I've been! But that is not all. It and my patent lever and the dollar you gave me to hand over to the association for supplying shoddy blankets to the South Sea Islanders, all went on a wretched donkey that didn't even start. Oh, father, father! Never meddle with sporting matters again. Keep to joking. You are best at that!"

Spoldoodle, senior, was anything but sure of the truth of this latter remark. Indeed, he has been of a very serious turn of mind since this astounding outburst shattered his domestic felicity in so terribly Nihilistic a manner.

W. R.

**MR. SNIGGERTHWAITE'S EXPERIENCE.**

SNIGGERTHWAITE was a well-meaning, but somewhat unsophisticated young man, who had recently come to town from the back townships, in order to finish his education at a commercial college. He was especially desirous of acquiring a knowledge of the habits of good society in which he had already made such progress that he no longer committed the solecism of helping himself to butter with his knife, or utilizing the napkin as a pocket-handkerchief. He used to read the papers carefully for hints as to behavior in society, and unfortunately believed everything he read. One day he picked up the *Globe*, and under the heading of "Really good manners," read the following:

A young woman went to reside in a city where she was a total stranger, and in taking a morning walk always met a man who bowed and said, "Good morning." The first morning she concluded that he had mistaken her for some acquaintance, but as he continued to greet her each morning in the same respectful manner, she knew that it must be his practice to so salute the people whom he met. Upon attending one of the churches there she discovered that it was the minister of the church, a highly educated man, who had traveled much abroad and was eminent in his profession.

This was altogether a new wrinkle for Sniggerthwaite. He had always supposed that an introduction was necessary before it was allowable for a gentleman to accost a lady on the street. But the newspaper editors, he reasoned, ought to know. "Them fellows," he said to himself, "know most everythin', an' it's quite likely that the fashion has changed. If it's the tony thing, I'll try it."

Accordingly, the next afternoon, when he started to walk down Yonge-street, he began saluting every one he met. The men took it apparently as a matter of course, most of them observing "good evening" in return, evidently supposing that they had met him somewhere. So did some of the ladies, but others looked indignantly at him or walked on hastily without appearing to notice him. After he had bowed to three or four in quick succession without eliciting any response, his proceedings attracted the attention of a group of street arabs.

"Oh, Jackey! Git onto de masher!" exclaimed one of the grimest of the throng.

"Shoot de dude! My, don't he think he kin travel on his shape!" cried another, and the whole gang began to follow.

Presently, Sniggerthwaite encountered two rather flashy looking females, and with a most polite bow, remarked, "Good evening, ladies."

"Oh! cheese it, cully, you're too fresh," replied one.

"Come off, Sal," said the other, "bet you he's good for a treat. Say young feller, I like your style. Won't you come and stand the oysters, now?"

Sniggerthwaite was puzzled. Such a case hadn't been provided for by any of his authorities on good manners, and he was utterly at a loss to know whether the code of good society made it imperative upon a gentleman to stand oysters at the request of an unknown lady or not. But while he stood deliberating he was rescued from the dilemma by the first female saying:

"Pshaw, Liz, let him go! Here's Jimmie and Frank that's going to take us to the dance to-night. That galoot's N.G."

Much relieved, Sniggerthwaite continued his course, and a few steps farther on saw a lady standing at the door of a store.

"Good evening, madam," he observed.

"Good evening; glad to see you; when did you return to town? I hope you will call and see us before long."

"With the greatest pleasure, madam," replied Sniggerthwaite, "if you'll tell me where you live?"

"Why, why, you know well enough," said the lady, astonished. "Why, I declare, it isn't Mr. Pillinger after all! Who are you, sir? How dare you insult me!"

Just then the lady's husband, for whom she had been waiting, came up.

"Oh, John!" she cried, "I've had such a fright. That person has insulted me!"

"I—I really—" began Sniggerthwaite, but before he could explain, the irate husband had fetched him a blow on the ear, and in half a second the two men had clenched and were rolling over one another on the sidewalk to the intense delight of the gutter-snipes.

"I'll bet on de dude! Chaw his ear, ye chump! Give him one on de snoot! Yah! he can't fight worth a cent!" and similar ejaculations went up from the crowd until the combat was summarily stopped by the police, and both participants lodged in the cells.

Mr. Sniggerthwaite got off with a reprimand from the magistrate next morning, and he has come to the conclusion that newspaper items are not invariably reliable guides on points of etiquette.



**CHRISTMAS AT THE FIRE HALL.**

THE FIREMAN HANGING UP HIS HOSE.



### HENCE THESE STUBBLES.

FIRST CHAPPIE—"Ah! you need a shave despewately, ol' man. Your face looks like a terwier's, weally."

SECOND CHAPPIE—"Ya-as; ye know the Duke of Bricabrac's ex-barber is expected to go into business in a few weeks, and I'm waiting till the beggah gets stahced."

### THE EVOLUTION OF A 'VARSITY ARTICLE.

THEY were three grads, who, with eyes full of unshed tears, said, every time they parted, "When shall we three meet again?" They were invisible to mortal eyes, it is true, being enveloped in fragrant clouds blown from their mouths, but occasionally a breath from the opened door dispersed the haze and revealed them sitting, lounging, or sprawling on backward-tipped chairs, the feet of all three adorning the mantel shelf—which mantel, by the way, is one of the most unique specimens of wood-carving to be found in the Dominion. In this attitude they held an indignation meeting, whereat it was moved, seconded, and carried that University co-education was a complete failure, so far as they were concerned, inasmuch as the majority of the lady students slighted, ignored, and in other ways manifested their belief that they, the grads and under-grad males, were no such superior beings as they were cracked up to be. They had, therefore, resolved on a policy of retaliation, and the *'Varsity* offered a fair field and full favor wherein to announce their opinions of the sex. Said Joseph, a *'Varsity* poet of no mean order—whose cuffs, collar, and morals were equally spotless—

"Look here, Nimrod, have you got that article ready for the *'Varsity* yet? It's your turn this week—isn't it?"

NIMROD—"I believe so—in fact I've been working hard at it for ever so long. But hang it, it's the toughest job I ever tackled. I really know nothing about girls; and my girl acquaintances are so few, I don't know which to pounce on for a model."

JOSEPH—"Oh, pshaw! you don't need models. Here's a pointer for you. 'An Englishman, a Frenchman, and a German, were each asked to describe a camel. The Englishman packed up his traps and set his feet towards the desert; the Frenchman took his pencil, note book and eye-glass and went to the Zoo; but the German sat in his chair and as he smoked his meerschau, evolved a camel from his own consciousness.' D'ye catch on?"

NIMROD—"Not a bad idea. I guess I'll have to do likewise."

"By the way, Nim, I want to borrow your Mark Twain for a quotation I want," says Fritz, ye *'Varsity* critic.

NIMROD—"Certainly. Let's go hence. Take thy feet from off this mantel and thy form from off this floor."

JOSEPH—"Oh pshaw! you make me weary."

FRITZ—"When shall we three meet again?"

NIMROD—

When my article is done,  
When we feel inclined for fun.

JOSEPH—"That means after set of sun."

*Exeunt* all, singing "Litoria."

## II.

### IN THE SANCTUM.

Nimrod, Joseph, Fritz.

NIMROD—"Listen here—how dy'e think this will go?" (*reads a few paragraphs*)—"I tell you honestly I'd as soon be chloroformed and have the traditional rib extracted from my side at once, as try to evolve another girl out of my own inner consciousness. However—" (*reads again.*)

FRITZ—"It sounds as if your outer-consciousness had helped you in regard to dress, hair, eyes, voice, and all that sort of thing. That work in the lap is a magnificent hit; couldn't have beat that myself."

JOSEPH—"The ecclesiastical fake is chesnuttu—but the exclamations are not so bad. You're like Sambo, 'you has 'quired a habit o' bobversation."

NIMROD—"I wish, like Pygmalion, I could warm my Galatea into life—but it won't work."

FRITZ—"Your camel, you mean."

NIMROD—"Oh, hang it ah! Next time I'll go to the Zoo or to Egypt. I've managed to evolve the dress, the manners, the attitudes, the popular 'varsity grad idea of a girl; her aims, ambitions, etc.; everything, in short, but the girl herself."

FRITZ—"All hump and no camel, eh? The girl, oh, where is she?"

JOSEPH—"Pshaw! Makes me tired. Let's publish what you *have* evolved, anyway—they won't know the difference."

*(Exeunt all.)*

### HOW HE WORKED THE PRESS.

"SEE here," said the lecturer to his talented agent, "I've never yet had a fair show from the press. They give me little measly reports of a stick or two. I've advertised freely and taffied the editors, and stood beers to the reporters, but I've never had a decent report yet."

"Leave that to me," said the shrewd agent, "I'll fix all that. You shall have a column in each of the dailies to-morrow without it costing a cent."

When the time for the lecture approached, the agent called the chairman aside and whispered him a few words. After the chairman had briefly introduced the lecturer in a neat and appropriate speech, he said, "I am asked on behalf of the lecturer to specially request the representatives of the press not to publish a report of the lecture, as he intends it to appear in book form. I hope that any journalists who may be present will respect the lecturer's wishes."

As soon as the lecturer began speaking, three reporters, who had not previously had the remotest intention of taking notes, pulled out their note-books and began scribbling away for dear life. An independent press isn't to be muzzled by any pernicky crank of a lecturer—not to any extent!

"Didn't I tell you so," said the agent, triumphantly, next morning. "The best send-off you ever had. It's a little early yet, but I don't mind if I do."

THE REHEARSING TRAGEDIAN AND THE TELEGRAPH MESSENGER.



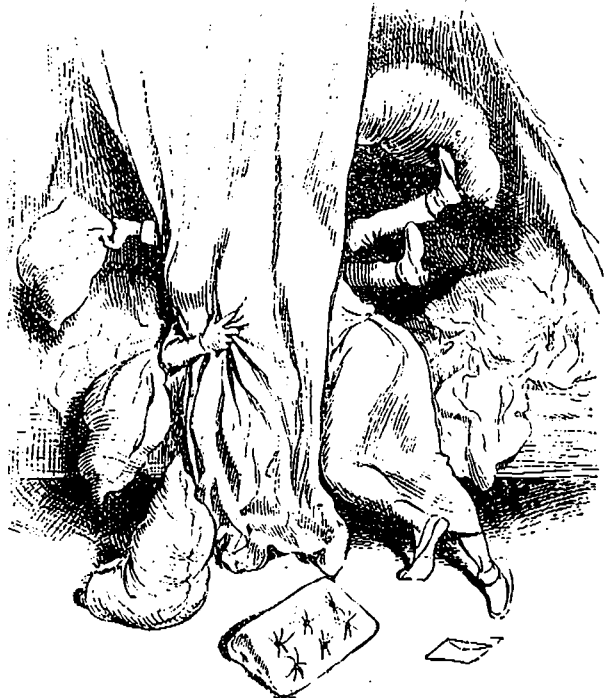
OTHELLO—  
 "O, now, for ever  
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
 Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars  
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!"  
 [Enter G. N. W. telegraph messenger.]



OTHELLO—  
 "Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell.  
 Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne  
 To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,  
 For 'tis of aspics' tongues!"



OTHELLO—  
 "Villain \* \* \*  
 Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof,  
 Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,  
 Thou had'st been better have been born a dog  
 Than answer my wak'd wrath!"



OTHELLO—  
 "What noise is this? Not dead? Not yet quite dead?  
 I that am cruel yet am merciful.  
 I would not have thee linger in thy pain—  
 So, so."



CHRISTMAS SKETCHES.

## CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

CHRISTMAS is pretty generally esteemed to be a jolly time. But it is the juveniles who get away with the simon pure enjoyment. No doubt many dignified old baldheads would give their remaining hairs to be ten years old again at Christmas time, and hang up one of their big sister's stockings just once more.

There's heaps of fun in it. I remember well when I got to that age of foppery and foolishness that warrants wearing a cuff for a collar and smoking cigarettes; I recall perfectly that my heart beat with envy as I viewed my little brothers slumbering peacefully with blissful dreams of jumping-jacks and plum pudding, and drums and *drum* sticks (turkey's), and contrasted my own dignified position, which forbade me descending to the juvenile delights and gambols of Christmas revelry. I couldn't even promise myself a good square dinner without the gloomy foreboding of a bilious attack or a doctor's bill.

So, filled with malice, I let my spleen have full play, and filled young Tommy's borrowed stocking with an awful assortment of cactus, brambles, and prickly plants, and luxuriated in the vision of the radiant Tommy plunging his innocent hand into the nest of iniquitous thorns. It so happened, however, that my governor, having his heart

filled with paternal love and generosity, and his pockets filled with donations to the youthful happiness, finally reached Tom's receptacle, and putting his flabby old palm and diamond girt fingers into the rapacious assemblage of—

Geewhillikins! what a yell! And when the old gentleman had got a needle and had pricked out all the thorns, he just yanked poor Thomas out of bed, and—I fled conscience-stricken.

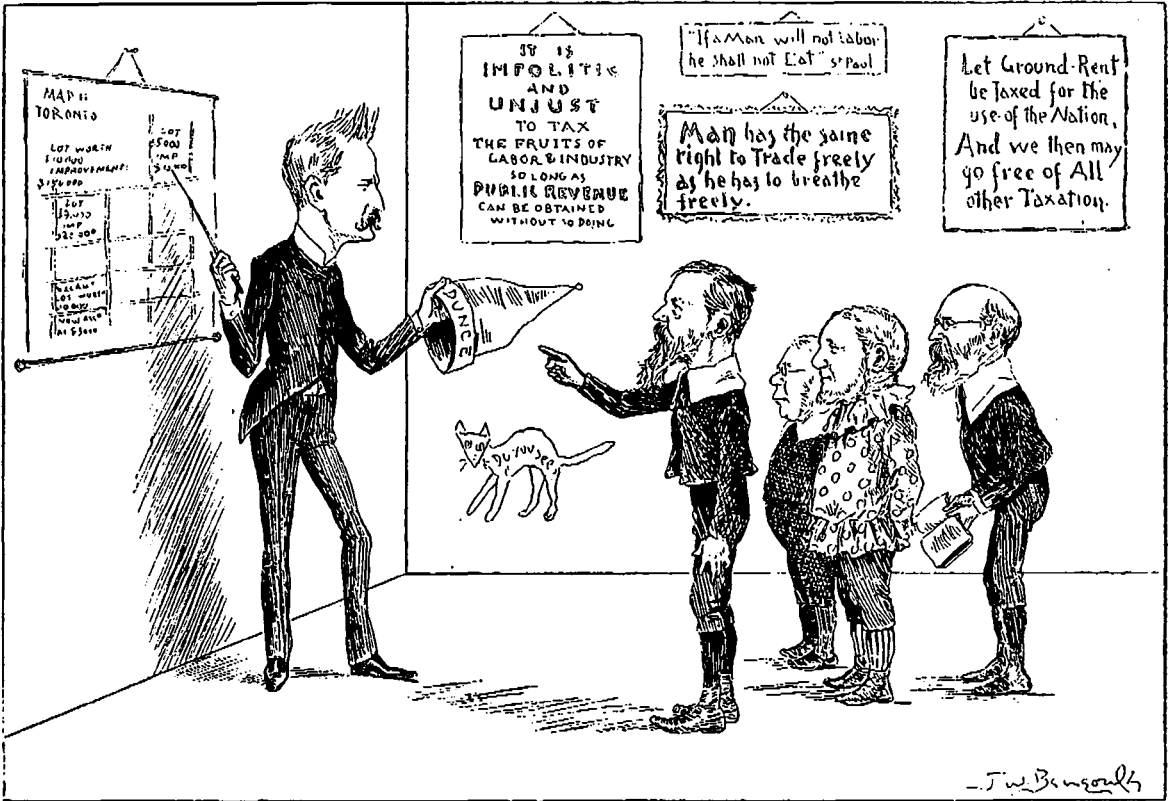
It was a year after that that Tommy got even with me by mixing up some cod liver oil with my hair pomade, and as I had a frightful cold in the head and couldn't smell anything, I innocently rubbed my locks with the atrocious mixture.

And when I called on my best girl that afternoon, and went to nestle my locks with hers, she said *she* hadn't got a cold in her head, anyway; and wanted to know if it was the custom in my family to use soap grease for hair dressing in a casual sort of way in the morning.

Christmas is guaranteed to pass off quietly and peacefully like an ordinary Sunday, if you can content yourself with one help of turkey and half the plum pudding. Besides, you want to lay low for that awfully supreme day of wholesale gorging and imbibing—New Year's.

C. G. R.





**A POSER THAT DOESN'T POSE.**

CHRISTOPHER FINLAY FRASER (*a smart Government Boy*)—"But see here, sir; here's a poser for you. At present the city of Toronto gets say \$10,000 in taxes from two lots at the corner of a street, by taxing both land and buildings. Now, if you let the buildings go free and just tax the land, you'll only get about say \$3,000. What are you going to do about the missing \$7,000 of revenue?"

THE OTHER GOVERNMENT BOYS.—"THAT'S SO! Hear, hear! That's what we want to know!"

MR. A. C. SINGLETAX.—"Then I'll tell you. I will make it up by taxing at their fair rental value all the *other* lots in the city. At present lots that are kept vacant are only taxed nominally. I would tax nothing but land, but in every case land would be taxed at its fair rental value." [*It is hoped the Boys see a light.*]

**Christmas.**

Tho' far away among the woods,  
Where quiet contemplation broods,  
The cry of hungry multitudes,  
This joyous Christmas day,  
Borne down upon a flood of tears,  
Keep ever ringing in our ears,  
Converting all our hopes to fears  
That will not keep away.

For Mammon walks in silk attire,  
With more than mortals should desire,  
Yet raiment, shelter, food and fire  
He pilfers from the poor.  
Piles up the burden on the back  
Of the o'erburdened human hack,  
Until his very heart-strings crack,  
And can no more endure.

Without the sense of sin or shame,  
Scarce conscious there is aught to blame,  
The poor are plundered in God's name,  
As all were right and just;  
While sycophants—prophets of woe,  
Whose lips with blasphemies o'erflow,  
Proclaim that God ordained it so,  
And that endure it must.

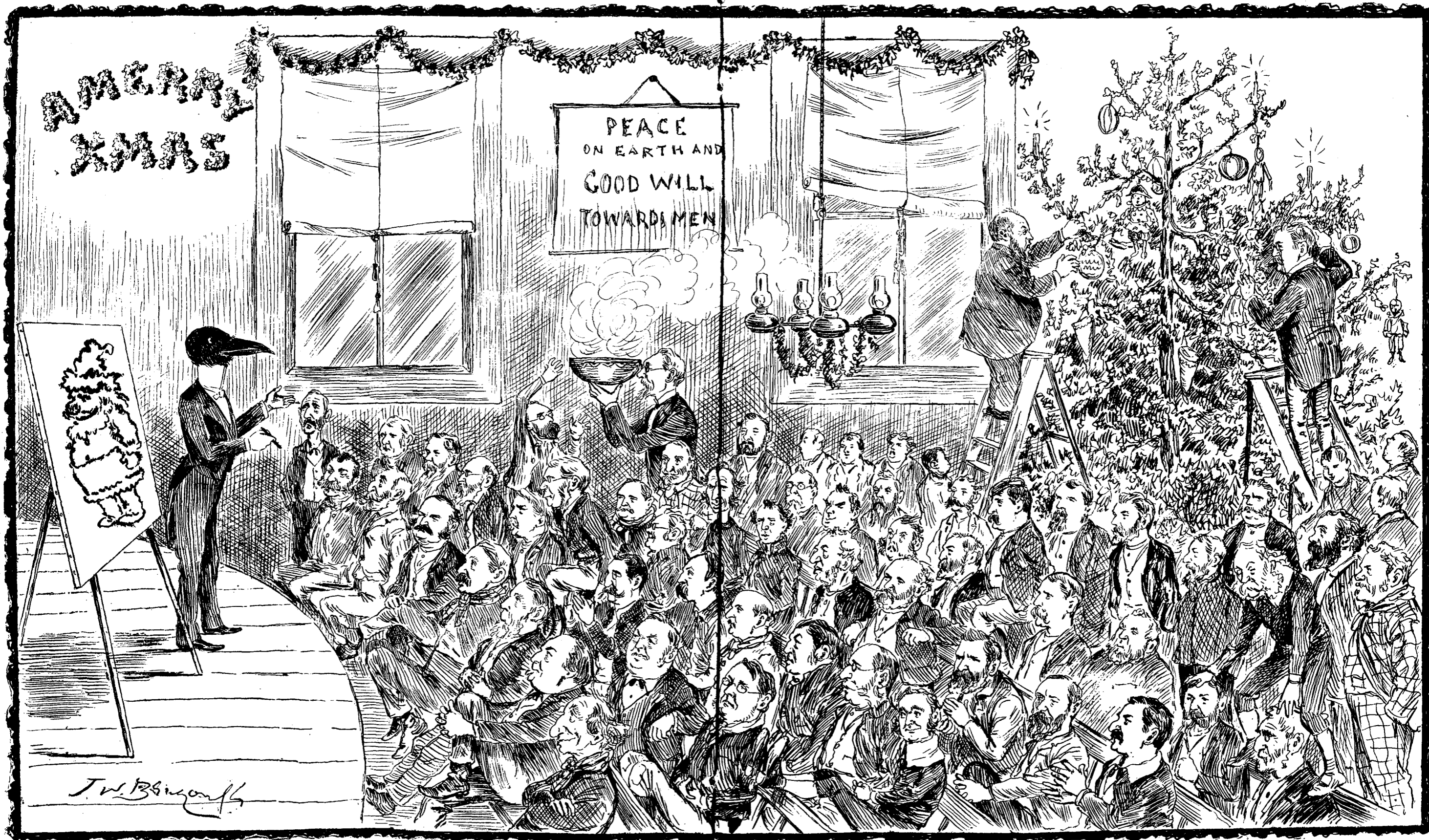
Still must the dollar and the dime  
Keep open all those sewers of crime,  
And all the horrors of our time—  
Millionaires 'mid starvation!  
And nothing must be done, alas!  
While all this living heaving mass  
Of hearts are trampled like the grass,  
Victims of civilization.

Yet in the calendar of time,  
With all its tumults, strife and crime,  
Behold one humble soul sublime  
Unwelcome truth doth speak!  
Proclaiming, yea, his whole life long  
His love of right, his hate of wrong,  
Just to prevent the great and strong  
From trampling on the poor.

Aye, it's a fact that Christ has come!  
The one great fact which strikes us dumb  
In presence of the fearful sum  
Of human degradation.  
Hearts are to break and tears to flow,  
That Mammon may keep up his show;  
Such is the way the world's to go  
To Christian exaltation.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

BEEPLE vot lif in shtone houses shouldn't draw insur-  
ance money away.



MR. GRIP GIVES HIS MISSION SCHOOL A CHRISTMAS TREAT.

### OMINOUS FOR THE BETTORS.

"HAD you much money upon the election?" asked the judge.

"Not a cent," replied the mayor. "I worked a better scheme than that this time."

"What was it?"

"I was in the stake-holding industry."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

### SATISFACTORY.

HE (*with evident agitation*)—"M—Miss Grimes, do you sing?"

She—"A little."

He—"And play?"

She—"Yes."

He (*sighing*)—"Paint, too, I suppose?"

She—"Some."

He—"Recite any?"

She—"Once in a great while."

He—"Do you cook?"

She—"No!"

He—"Thank heaven! Miss Grimes, will you be my wife?"—*Burlington Free Press.*

ORIENTAL ACTINA.—The only Catarrh remedy ever offered to the public on fifteen days' trial. Actina is not a medicine or a disgusting lotion, but a self-generating vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places. A written guarantee given with each instrument. Illustrated Book and Journal sent free. W. T. Baer & Co., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto.

SHANK—"Say, Bob, I've got a job at last—at wood-engraving."

"What do you know about wood-engraving? What wages are you getting?"

"A dollar a cord."

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting 132-page Illustrated Book on Deafness. Noises in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d. Address Dr. Nicholson, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

### A SAFE CONCLUSION.

A NEW YORK judge says that if a man was missing a hundred years he should consider him to be dead. It would be a pretty safe conclusion to arrive at, especially if the missing man was sixty years old when he disappeared.—*Norristown Herald.*

### OVERHEARD AT THE CLUB.

LITAWAITE—"In morning, Awthaw?"

Ponsorby (mournfully)—"Yaas, my Uncle Benjamin—"

Litawait—"The rich East Indian nabob? Is it possible he—"

Ponsorby (gloomily)—"You have guessed it. He has recovered."—*The Idea.*

### PROFOUND IGORANCE.

MISTRESS (to up stairs girl)—"Jane, the down stairs girl is sick. You know how to cook, don't you?"

Jane—"No, mum; I don't know anything about cooking."

"But you told me you'd been a cook for ten years."

"Yes, mum; but it was in a railroad restaurant out west."—*Philadelphia Record.*



### THE CHRISTMAS CAKE.

CUSTOMER—"I think I'd like this cake. Are these currants or raisins?"

BAKER—"These?—er—well, they're—"

*See page 14.*

### ONE OF THE MYSTERIES.

MOTHER—"And the serpent, as a punishment for tempting Eve, was made to crawl all the rest of his life.

Bobbie—"Well, mamma, how did he get along before?"—*Babyhood.*

MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT.—Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Can be worn night or day without inconvenience. Hundreds of testimonials. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation and electrical treatment free. Cures guaranteed. Illustrated Book and Journal sent free. Medicated Electric Belt Co., 155 Queen St. West, Toronto.

### A COMPROMISE.

O'ROONEY (*entering hardware store*)—"The boss sint me down afther a pane av glass, tin by fourteen."

Waggish Clerk—"Well, Pat, I don't think I can give you a ten by fourteen, but I can let you have a fourteen by ten, if you think you can make that do."

Pat (*struck with a bright idea*)—"Be hivens! jist give me wan av thim, and Oi'll jist turn th' sideways av it upside down, an' Oi don't belave the boss himself ud ever know th' difference."—*Toronto Grip.*

PROBABLY the greatest attraction booked this season by Manager Sheppard will be Stetson's Opera Company, which appears at the Grand Opera House Xmas week, in Gilbert & Sullivan's latest comic opera, "The Yeoman of the Guard."

It is sad to note that the average Christmas stocking is longer than most purses.—*Oil City Bizarro.*

To what base use may we come!

Though famed in tale, and play and fable;

For now the geese that saved old Rome

Are found upon the boarding table.

—*Cleveland Sun.*

### HARDLY PREPARED TO CRITICISE.

YOUNG WRITER (*to friend*)—"I say, Fred, have you seen my book which was published a little over a year ago?"

Fred—"Oh, yes; I bought it the first day it came out, Charley!"

Young Writer—"Thanks, Fred. Did you find it interesting?"

Fred—"Well—er—to tell the truth, Charley, I haven't finished it yet."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

### TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

THE "Wages of Sin" will be presented at the Toronto Opera House to-night by H. R. Jacobs' own company. The American papers speak very highly of the caste, which is headed by King Headley and Miss Wardell.

### HE HAD TRIED IT.

MRS. FITZ NOODLE had company to tea. Little Fitz Noodle had been told just how to behave, and a good big bribe was promised him if he acted out his part of the programme. He did very well until he saw the company beginning to eat some jam that was served in small dishes. Then fixing his round eyes on a majestic old lady opposite to him, he bawled in the sweet tones of childhood:

"Did yer taste the pill?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

### THE NAME WAS EVERYTHING.

EDITOR (writing to eminent literary man)—"If you will send us a story—say 1,500 to 2,000 words—we will pay you \$300. You understand that this is \$295 for the use of your name and \$5 for the story—our usual rates."

Literary Man—"I regret to say that I have no time nor inclination to write the story, but I enclose my name, which you may use, and in return send me check for 295."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

**NOT IN STOCK.**

RURAL DAME—"Have you any pretty wall paper?"

High Class Dealer (*indignantly*)—"Pretty wall paper? No, madam, we keep nothing but the most highly artistic designs."  
—*Philadelphia Record.*

**GOOD ADVICE.**

"I AM on my way home, doctor," said a citizen, who was after some free advice, "and I'm tired and worn out. What ought I to take?" "Take a cab," replied the intelligent physician.—*Worcester Gazette.*

A SECRET for the Ladies—try Jelly of Cucumber and Roses. It will cure your chapped hands and beautify your complexion. Druggists keep it. Wm. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

OUR Canadian press brethren have been trying to outdo the world in the matter of Xmas numbers, and they have succeeded pretty well for the first try. The *Globe* and *Saturday Night* of this city, and the *Star* of Montreal, have each sent forth special publications which are splendid from both literary and artistic points of view. GRIP congratulates them all heartily on their success in shedding glory on our country.

**A SIGN OF COLD WEATHER.**

MRS. BLIFFERS—"Here is an advertisement for a man weighing not less than 400 pounds. I wonder if he is wanted for a dime museum?"

Mr. Bliffers—"Dunno. Maybe they want him to drive a coal cart."—*Philadelphia Record.*

**LITTLE HARRY'S POSER.**

"HARRY, you ought not to throw away nice bread like that; you may want it some day."

"Well, mother, should I stand any better chance of getting it than if I ate it now?"—*New York Journal.*



**\$25 Sewing-Machine FREE**  
To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 25 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out before patents run out sold for \$25. With the attachments, and now sells for \$50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America.  
**TRUP & CO., Box 130, Augusta, Maine.**

**Asylum Lands.**

**Important Sale of Government Freehold Property in the City of Toronto.**

The Ontario Government is open to receive offer up to the

**27TH DECEMBER INSTANT,**

for blocks D, E, H, L, M, N, O, and R, forming part of the grounds of the Toronto Asylum offered for tender on the 30th October last, and which have not yet been disposed of.

For dimensions and location of blocks, designated by letters of the alphabet, see lithographed plans. Tenders are asked for the separate blocks as shown on plan at a price per foot frontage on the street on which they front. The blocks fronting on Queen street on a per foot frontage on that street, "block M," between Abell and Lisgar streets, on one frontage on either street. A marked cheque for \$100.00 must accompany the tender for each block. The cheque will be returned in the event of the tender being declined, or applied upon the purchase money if the offer is accepted.

\* The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. The Government reserve the right up to the 1st May next to remove the brick walls that may be on any of the blocks sold. The deeds will contain a stipulation providing that all buildings erected by the purchaser or his assigns fronting on any of the streets must be of stone, or brick veneered, and not less than two stories in height.

Terms of payment—One-fourth of the purchase money must be paid in cash within twenty days of notification of the acceptance of offer; the balance to be secured by a first mortgage on the property for a term of five (5) years, with interest payable half yearly at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

The mortgage to contain releasing clause and payments thereon can be made at any time in sums of not less than \$2,000.

The purchaser may pay all in cash if he so desires. Further particulars and plans of the property can be obtained at the office of the undersigned, who is prepared to receive offers from parties desiring to purchase.

A. M. ROSS,  
Provincial Treasurer.

Provincial Treasurer's Office,  
Toronto, Dec. 7th, 1888.

**Grand Trunk Railway.**

**CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS.**

Return tickets will be issued between all stations east of the Detroit River as follows:

SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE on December 24th and 25th, good for return until 26th, and on December 31st to January 1st, good until Jan. 2nd.

FARE AND ONE-THIRD from December 21st to 25th, and December 28th to January 1st, good for return until January 31st.

FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES—Fare and one-third on presentation of certificates from the principals; good going December 15th to 31st and returning until January 25th.

JOSEPH HICKSON,  
General Manager.

**John Kay, Son & Co.**

**"LIBERTY" ART FABRICS.**

Having secured the agency for Canada of the Celebrated

**LIBERTY GOODS,**

We beg to state that we have now got in stock an assortment of

**"LIBERTY CHINTZES,"**

**"LIBERTY MUSLINS,"**

**"LIBERTY SILKS AND SILK CURTAINS."**

*None Genuine without Name and Trade Mark.*

**John Kay, Son & Co.,**

34 KING STREET WEST TORONTO.

**\$1000 for a Husband!**

The above sum in cash and goods will be paid to the first 200 who send 50 cents for a sample of our goods, and tell us correctly where in the Bible is the word "HUSBAND" first found. Mention book, chapter and verse. The first person who sends the correct answer will be paid \$100 IN CASH, the second \$50, the third \$25, the fourth \$15, the fifth \$10, and to the next 135, if there are as many, a SOLID GOLD PLATE Half Round WEDDING RING. We want new agents, and for 50 cents will send a SEVEN HUNDRED PAGE DICTIONARY of the English Language, well bound, in cloth and gilt. An excellent Christmas Gift. Last year we paid \$20,000 for advertising, and we wish to try the effect of a new method. **LOSE NO TIME** if you would secure one of the Cash Payments, as all answers must be sent before Feb. 15, 1889. The Premium will be paid Feb. 10th. Sent postage stamps, postal note, or silver. Mention this paper. Address at once **WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau Street, N. Y.**

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INSTITUTE,

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**For the Treatment and Cure of Diseases not cured with Medicine or other methods of using Electricity with the ordinary Batteries and Electrical Appliances of little or no value (curatively).**

Patients treated either at the Institution, their homes, or in private apartments, for diseases—Acute, Chronic, Nervous, or others. We employ superior medical skill for special diseases—the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, etc.—who have had experience in London and other hospitals. **FEMALE WEAKNESSES**—Uterine Diseases most successfully treated with Electricity; also "Nervous Debility" (a lack of nerve force), from various causes.

MRS. CHIKENY, LATE of New York, assists in the Ladies' Department. (Competent nurses, etc.)

With the proper knowledge of compounding the best qualities of Electricity and the use of our New Improved Medical Batteries, the subtle fluid is made to obey the mandates of the will through nature's fixed laws, and thus act upon the most obstinate forms of disease, speedily changing the condition to health and vigor, and as kindly and quietly as the genial rays of the sun in spring melt the frozen earth and in use new life in the soil.

The mystery in making such marvellous cures is simply in knowing how to utilize the most potent and effective means in the world. Evidence in abundance of the highest type, confirming all and more than we claim for this mighty agent properly manipulated from our superior machines. (A complete handbook with each battery.) See the *Electric Age* for testimonials and references, such as Hon. T. B. Pender, Senator; Charles Stark, Esq., merchant, 59 Church Street, Toronto; Rev. G. M. Milligan, 384 Sherbourne Street, Toronto; Rev. Dr. Kellogg, pastor St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto; Rev. J. H. Castle, Pre ident McMaster Hall, Toronto; J. R. Barber, Esq., Georgetown, President of Barber & Ellis Company, Toronto; William Elliott, Esq., Wholesale Druggist, Front Street, Toronto; T. C. Foster, Esq., of T. G. Foster & Co., Wholesale Merchants, 16 Colborne Street, Toronto; James Watson, Esq., Manager People's Loan and Deposit Company, Adelaide Street East, Toronto; Dr. L. Closon, Toronto; F. M. Shadbolt, Manager Bank of Montreal Chicago; S. J. Moore, Grip Publishing Company, Front Street West, Toronto; R. N. Gray, Dominion Bank, Toronto; V. B. Wadsworth, Esq., Inspector Loan and Agency Co., Toronto; Rev. Dr. Poits, Toronto; James S. Anns, Esq., Hamilton, Ont.; John Hudson, Esq., Lumber Merchant, St. Mary's, Ont.; W. E. McMurrich, Esq., M. A., Barrister, Toronto.

Call or send for Circular, with testimonials all over Canada, and learn what can be done through science and art. A work on Nervous Diseases, cause and cure, 25 cents in stamps.

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Special Matinees Xmas Day and Saturday.

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LATEST COMIC OPERA.

"The Yeoman of the Guard."

John Stetson's magnificent company. Enlarged orchestra. Magnificent scenery.

SALE OF SEATS NOW OPEN.

The Company is composed of 60 first-class artists and has been spoken of in the highest by our exchanges. The costumes, scenery and properties are marvels of skill. There will be matinees Xmas and Saturday. No advance in prices.

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## ANY MAN

Who is Weak, Nervous, Debilitated who in his Folly and Ignorance has Trifled away his Vigor of Body, Mind and Manhood, causing exhausting strains upon the Fountains of Life, Headache, Backache, Dreadful Dreams, Weakness of Memory, and all the Effects leading to Early Decay, Consumption or Insanity, will find in our Specific No. 24 a Positive Cure. It imparts Youthful Vigor, restores the Vital Power in old and young, strengthens and invigorates the Brain and Nerves, builds up the muscular system and arouses into action the whole physical energy of the human frame. With our specific No. 24 the most obstinate case can be cured in three months, and recent ones in less than thirty days. Each package contains two weeks' treatment. Price \$2. Cures guaranteed. Our specific No. 24 is an infallible Cure for all Private Diseases, no matter of how long standing. Sold under our written Guarantee to effect a Cure. Price \$5. Toronto Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. Books free on application.

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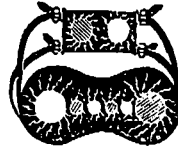
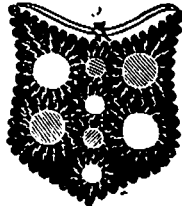
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Henry Conway, 44 Centre Street, cured of intermittent fever in ten days; one year's standing; used Actina and Belt. Mrs. S. M. Whitehead, 578 Jarvis Street, a sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our Electric Belt. Mr. J. Fuller, 44 1/2 Centre Street, coughed eighteen months, cured in two treatments by Actina. J. McQualg, grain merchant, cured of rheumatism in the shoulders after all other remedies failed. Wm. Weeds, Parkdale, sciatica, and lame back, cured in fifteen days. Wm. Nelles, Thessalon, cured of lame back, pain in breast and dyspepsia, after being laid up all winter. D. K. Mason, 11 King west, cured of catarrhal stomach by Actina. Edwin Gale, Glencoe, cured of lame back in ten days; belt ordered by his physician. Mrs. C. M. Tyler, 273 Berkeley Street, cured of nervous prostration. D. K. Bell, 135 Simcoe Street, cured of one year's sleeplessness in three days by wearing Lung Shield and using Actina. L. B. McKay, Queen Street, tobacconist, cured of headache after years of suffering. Miss Annie Wray, Manning Avenue, music teacher, finds Actina invaluable. Mr. Green, Thessalon, cured of pain in the back and kidneys, said to be Bright's disease. E. Riggs, 220 Adelaide west, cured of catarrh by Actina. G. S. Pardee, 51 Beverley Street, cured of lame back after all medicines failed. Miss Della Clayton, Toronto, cured of paralysis after being in the hospital nine months. Mrs. Andrews, Thessalon, cured of rheumatism and hip disease; could not walk without a cane. John Thompson, 109 Adelaide west, cured of a tumor in the eye in two weeks by Actina. Mrs. Darwent, 268 Clinton Street, cured of a long-standing case of pain in the knee. Mrs. Hatt, 342 St. Clarence Avenue, Toronto, cured of BLOOD POISON.



"Your Belt and Suspensory have cured me of impotency," writes G. A. "I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50," writes J. McC. "For general debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price," says S. M. C. These letters are on file. Mr. McClinchy, Thessalon, cured of rheumatism in back and legs; very bad case; laid up a long time. Many more such testimonials on file.

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BUSINESS MAN—"Hold on, don't drown, whatever you do! What about that account you owe me?"



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Biliousness,  
Kidney Complaint,  
Scrofula.

## UNION BANK

OF CANADA.

### Dividend No. 44.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of THREE per cent. upon the capital stock of this institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after

Wednesday, the 2nd day of Jan. next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive. By order of the board.

E. E. WEBB,

Quebec, November 24th, 1888. Cashier.

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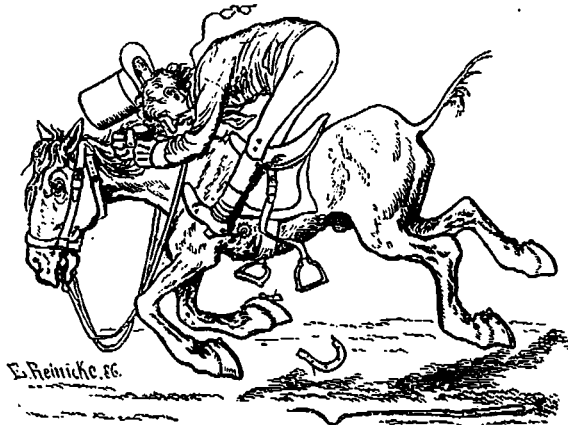
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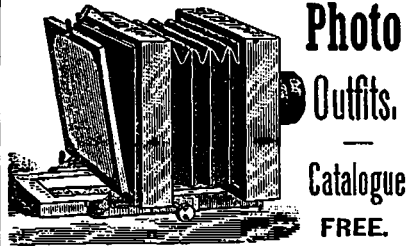
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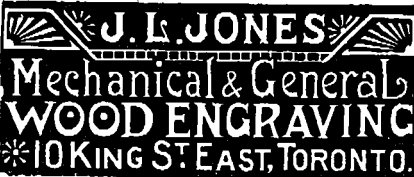
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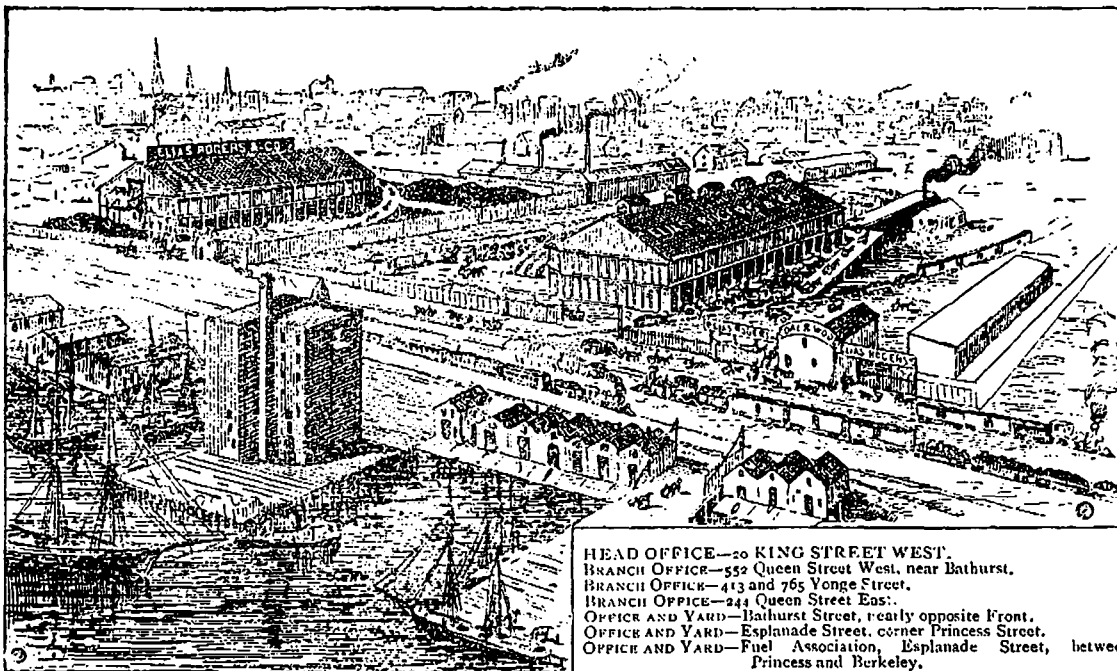
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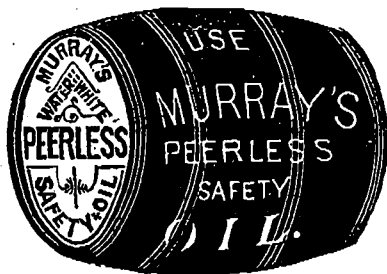
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