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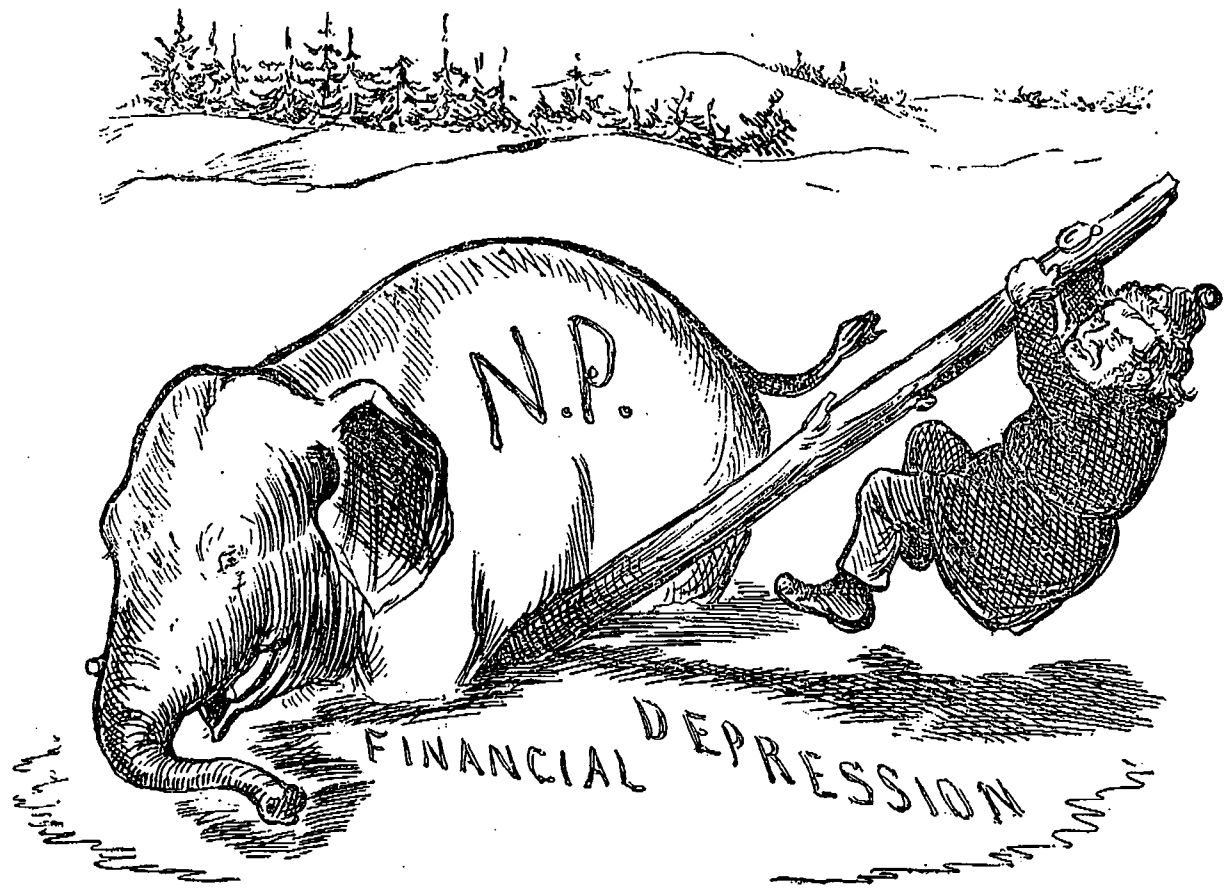
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VOLUME XXIV. No. 1. } TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 3, 1885. { \$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.



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GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BINGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest boat is the Aes; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool

VOLUME XXIV.

The thousands of estimable citizens who carefully bind the volumes of GRIP will not need to be reminded that the present number commences another elegant book for the ornamentation of the parlor table six months hence. The other thousands, who with admirable self-denial do not bind their numbers, but send them off after perusal to enlighten the darkness of foreign nations, will please take notice that on this New Year's day GRIP is just Eleven Years and Six months old. Catching the spirit of the Season he feels disposed not to boast, but to Resolve, and amongst the Good Resolutions he sets down for himself, the principal one is that he will Keep Straight Along In The Path Of Right. This he has endeavored to do from Vol. I, No. 1, according to his light, though doubtless with the occasional slips incidental to Raven—as to Human Nature. He takes pride in the reflection that his pages, up to this date, are suitable for family reading, and he purposes ever to keep them so. He is also convinced that they truthfully and fairly present the facts of Canadian political history from May, 1873. For anything apparently ill-natured (there is nothing really so, believe us) he duly humiliates himself; and he hopes at the end of his career it may be truthfully written of him:

His humor, as gay as the firefly's light,
Played round each subject and shone as it played,
And his wit in the combat as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON—The happy New Year, as he bursts in brightness on the world, finds old Sir John as gay as a lark, though this is the forty-first juvenile twelve-month he has welcomed since his entrance upon public life. And as our only G.C.B. holds him aloft what wondrous things the little fellow sees in the world of Canadian politics! He takes in the Union, from Pacific to Atlantic. In British Columbia he marks an ominous frown upon the countenance of the free citizens, and as he despoils ship-loads of Celestial slaves being dumped upon the shores, he has no need to ask

the meaning of the wry expression. Thence he glances, across the mountains, at the Territories and Manitoba, and again he sees angry faces and clenched fists. Sir John can explain these little phenomena quite readily, by telling 1885 the story of the Railway, the Colonization Companies and the Disallowance proceedings. As his eye sweeps over Ontario, he may mark a little man surrounded with bags of surplus gold, deeply engaged in Considering various things. Sir John can again enlighten him as to this person, if he wants to know. But if he doesn't enquire it is likely the old gentleman will say nothing about the little tyrant. Quebec, he will observe, is in its usual state of ferment, and amid the babel of voices he will hear shouts of "Independence." If this dreadful word doesn't cause the grand old man to drop him in dismay, it will be because there is no musket handy. Thence, to the broad Atlantic the new-comer's eye may take in our Maritime brethren, but the spectacle is not likely to be one of unalloyed happiness unless, within a very brief period, the St. John's Board of Trade has reconsidered its resolutions, and N.B. and P.E.I. have discovered that the times are not out of joint, after all.

FIRST PAGE—GRIP does not like to make fun of such an amiable gentleman as Sir Leonard Tilley, but really, it can't be avoided. Sir Leonard occupies a very ludicrous position at present, and GRIP would be plainly neglecting his duty if he failed to note that fact, and make it the subject of a picture in the absence of more startling topics. It would be outrageous under ordinary circumstances to twit a Finance Minister for being unable to control what is uncontrollable—the Hard Times, for example. But the circumstances are not ordinary. This particular Minister of Finance claimed that he could do wonders of that sort, and last week's cartoon is therefore vindicated. This week we merely chronicle a presumed fact—that the N.P. is stuck in a snow-drift, and that Sir Leonard is quite unable to get it out. We arrive at this belief by a course of plain reasoning. If the N.P. is able to overcome the depression, why doesn't it do so? And if it could do so, is it credible that the Finance Minister would allow it to appear as if it couldn't? Evidently (to borrow the pet word of the *Globe* leader-writer) Sir Leonard is helpless.

EIGHTH PAGE—The human mind will readily grasp these timely sketches without any editorial help, at least if that mind is clear, and has said Farewell, not *au revoir*, to the bottle. It will be duly shocked at the sort of "compliments of the season" the Police Chiefs of Hamilton and Toronto have been lately exchanging; it will sympathize with brother Sheppard's wonderment at finding Democracy boomed in the *Globe*; it will have its sporting department quickened at the sight of the neck-and-neck race of Manning and Withrow—and we hope not only the mind, but the heart, may be touched by the scene—only too common in this favored city—which we have entitled "Waiting for New Year's callers."



SIR JOHN'S PECULIAR TOUCH.

Many old friends have called upon Mr. Webster at the British American Hotel. During conversation the name of Sir John A. Macdonald was mentioned. "Do you know," said Mr. Webster, "that in the early days Sir John wormed himself into the hearts of every boy in the city. The boys knew him, and no matter whether Sir John was acquainted with them or not he spoke kindly to them, patted them on the head and enquired about their parents and their intentions. This was what made Sir John so popular in the olden days."

"Yes," said a citizen, "Mr. Webster was right, Sir John knew every boy in this city, and he used to pat them on the head. I wish he hadn't, however." "Why?" we asked, and the citizen removed his hat and showed as bald a cranium as any man ever had. "The hair has all come off since that date." A dozen other bald-headed men were named as the victims of Sir John's subtle patting.—*Kingston Whig.*



JUST A FEW LEFT!

GRIP's comic almanac for 1885 has made a great hit. Thousands have been sold, and all readers pronounce it the best yet published. From cover to cover it is a continuous glitter of fun, literary and artistic, and the frontispiece is of itself worth more than the price of the work, containing as it does portraits of over a hundred Canadian celebrities. Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cts. Stamps accepted.

PRIZE ESSAY ON JANUARY.

This month, the first of the year at present, though I have strong suspicions that it was not always so, or how do September, October, November and December come to be the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th months respectively, when they were evidently intended by the foreman of the month factory to be the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th? this month, I repeat, January, takes its name from an old Roman snoop, purely imaginary and mythological, to the heat of my belief, named Janus. This gentleman is said to have borne a striking likeness to General Ben. Butler, as he could look both ways at once; forward into the New Year and backward into the old. He was a thorough snide and perhaps the most double-

faced old humbug that ever lived. When Jay Gould sent that congratulatory message to Grover Cleveland on his election to the presidency of the land of clocks, bass-wood hams and whittling, after doing his utmost to keep the president, cleft out in the cold, he proved himself a worthy disciple of the old Roman (imaginary) fraud. This double-faced nature he may have acquired from his nurse for she was, there is no shadow of a doubt, a veritable Jay-nuss.

Having given the origin of the name of this month, let us now proceed to consider some of its chief characteristics. First and foremost it is remarkable as being the month in which New Year's day comes, to the front.

This is followed by January 2nd. Nothing does more to cause a man to regard himself disrespectfully, as some men do on January 2nd, than to discover that he has slept in his new plug hat and patent leather boots; to perceive unmistakable signs that he has endeavored to wind up his watch with a plug of tobacco and that he has carefully locked his clothes-closet door and left that of his apartment wide open. And yet such things occur more frequently in the month of January than in the other eleven all put together; therefore January must be regarded with the suspicious eye of a Toronto detective.

This month is, perhaps, the coldest of the year; it is, certainly, for those candidates who run for the proud position of alderman, but who, owing to misconduct in the matter of Holly engines, esplanades and so forth, are requested by the voters to remain in the chilly atmosphere—outside. Some would-be aldermen have been known to take this request so much to heart that they have attempted to blow their brains out, but, even as it is a difficult matter to shoot a rabbit when he isn't there, their success has, in most cases, been only a partial one. A large number of aldermanic candidates prove themselves true (or rather false) followers of Janus, for, during the few days immediately preceding the civic elections, which invariably take place during this month, they look both ways at once; forward to a chair in the Council Chamber and backward to their past records, and in many cases this latter is a very unpleasant view indeed. They also talk as they look, making promises they know they can never fulfil and grasping the hands of those men they would have to vote for them, with a fervor only equalled by the extreme frigidity of their recognition of these same men as soon as they themselves are declared duly elected city dunderheads.

All nature, or most of it, appears to slumber during the month of January; no song of blithely carolling bird is heard; the feathered songsters are all away to a clime that is warmer than this, with the exception of the Tom cat who continues his nocturnal melody as though no biting Borean blast—(that alliteration puts me in mind of the Brawling Brood of Bribers—*vide Globe*)—could cool the ardor of his love. He cares not for chilly breezes; he is a patriarchal cat himself; the father of many cats; a regular cat's-paw? Even if he should have his felines hurt by getting his tail frozen it merely acts medicinally on him; it is but a dose of cat-nip, after all. So all night long he sits on the roof or garden wall and sings and chants and carols away; and if Maria, his loved one, cometh not, lonely indeed is Thomas; very lonely; and he feels like emigrating to cat-alone-here: (gentle reader, this is meant for Catalonia; but I won't insult you by explaining so excellent a pun.)

Now, having said all I know about January and cats I beg to take my leave before this is published, for my life is still sweet to me and I feel that I have placed it in jeopardy.

THE CHRONOLOGIST.



MISERACORDIA!

MR. GRIP.—DEAR SIR,—That the end of all things is right at hand, no thoughtful and intelligent man will for a moment attempt to deny. Measures wrought with the very strongest principles of disintegration have been advocated and promulgated with such vigor, that they are now a part of the political and educational system, and are slowly doing their deadly and decomposing work. Of these I may mention co-education and the Scott Act—two innovations of which it would be hard to say which is the most absurd or the most dangerous. That woman, who has always been likened truthfully to a creeping plant that throws out feelers or tendrils whereby she may raise herself by clinging to that noble and time-honored symbol of man, the oak, that she, I say, should come out boldly as a maple, a poplar, a willow, or an ash,—is an absurdity on the face of it. But that she should be admitted as a co-student in our universities is tantamount to breaking up the whole social system, disorganizing the marriage relations, and introducing a state of chaotic confusion that cannot be sufficiently deplored. But, saddest of all, the authority and grandeur of man as a superior being will be gone. As no man is a hero to his valet, so no man, however learned or intellectual he may be, can possibly be a hero, or a learned phenomenon, to the woman who has beat him in honor classics or mathematics. The result is plain to the most ordinary observer. Men in despair will take to drinking, and here again another destructive principle meets him at the very outset. He cannot get even that relief; the Scott Act has passed; the law says, man will not be allowed to drown his regrets in the flowing bowl, the foaming tankard, or the assuaging schooner. Liberty itself is denied him, the glorious prerogative of a Briton, to do what-over he chooses, no matter who may suffer, no matter if he himself suffers, no matter if his family suffers, no matter if the country suffers, nay, even if he dies—what of that—it is Liberty! The glorious inheritance of every true born Briton. And this forsooth—must also be taken away at the instigation of a few wretched fanatics! *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

But, sir, if this were all, there might yet be hope for the world. But as a man, I ask you sir, can any one gaze upon these six columns of widow's and spinster's names, in the *Telegram* without feeling his joints loosening and his knees smiting against each other. I may here confess to you personally that I have not felt the same man since, and on the evening of the publication of that list of women voters I was under the necessity of taking a large dose of Gregory's mixture, a bowl of hot gruel while I sat for an hour with my feet in hot water to prevent any fatal effects. I, sir, am no admirer of that writer, Mr. Dickens. I have always been under the impression that he was a cad, one who had no proper respect for the aristocracy as his natural superiors. But, Mr. GRIP, he has written one sentence which is worthy of being immortalized as a

golden precept, and which deserves to be tacked on to the decalogue as the eleventh commandment—I mean that remarkable utterance of the elder Mr. Weller—"Beware of the widders!"

Sir, if ever there was a time in the history of mankind when such a precept should be inculcated it is now, when widows are allowed to vote. Personally this new and disastrous measure has deprived the City Council of my valuable services. I had for some time back observed that things in the city were not being managed properly, and I had resolved to run as Alderman, in order to save the city from going to utter ruin. I was prepared to sacrifice time and money for the good of the city and for its being managed on a true British basis. And I think I may say in all humility and without egotism that the city would have been the better for my advice and suggestions. Now, however, that is impossible. To run the gauntlet of six columns of widows and spinsters is a task I must really decline. Besides I consider it beneath the dignity of a Briton to owe my elevation to the post of Alderman to the votes of a sex whom I always have thought, and still do consider, inferior to my own. If people will persist in passing ridiculous measures and granting uncalled for liberties they must take the consequences, I shall certainly not now run for alderman.

I have the honor to be, dear sir,

Yours most Respectfully,

FREDERIC OLDFOGINGTON.

HAVE YOU SECURED ONE?

The portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald in the costume of the G. C. B. looks very handsome when framed, and is worthy of a place on any wall. Order at once. Price 10 cts. Address Grip Printing & Publishing Co.

GASTRONOMY.

A NEW YEAR'S SOCIETY TALE.

Tootle-tootle-tootle, toot-toot-toot! That's a flute.

Tweedle-tweedle-tweedle, twice-twice-twee! Fiddle.

Oompah-oompah, comp-oomp, boo! Trombone.

Tink-a-link-a-tink-a-link-a-tink, tink-tink! Piano.

From this introduction it is evident that something out of the way is in progress. It is The grand New Year's ball, an annual affair, is going on at the mansion of the Van Kerosenes.

On this particular occasion, however, the affair is far grander, far more resplendent than those of former years, for this is to be the wedding night of Julia Raventress Van Kerosene, the heiress, who, as the clocks toll the hour of midnight, ushering in the New Year, (for be it known this is New Year's Eve) will, so it is arranged, wed young F. Ponsonby Ashbarrel-A-shbarrel.

Julia is in high feather and looks well. She has never cared much for young F. P. A. A., but he is very wealthy, and the fortunes of the two will maintain quite a princely establishment—and style is what Julia dotes on. Moreover, she will be enabled to cut out her dear school-chum and bosom friend, Laura Higinks, who was last year married to the Polish Count Sviudlerinski and who has never lost an opportunity of throwing her title in her darling friend's face whenever occasion has offered. But the Count is poor, and when Julia becomes Mrs. Ashbarrel-Ashbarrel, then—ah! then.

By preconcerted arrangement F. Ponsonby, etc., is not to appear till the first stroke of midnight. To this he had not demurred, and had stated his intention of spending the evening at his club, the Gastronomic, famed far and wide for its choice culinary department, presided over by the most skilful and ingenious chef ever sent on earth by the Bad Old Man.

For be it known that, as style is Julia's one absorbing passion, so is gastronomy and good living, epicureanism and the delights of the table that of F.P.A.A. Good cookery is his one sole joy.

The Van Kerosenes have always rejoiced in the possession of an excellent cook, and many a pleasant hour has young Ponsonby spent with his legs under the Van Kerosene mahogany, enjoying the delicious *morceaux* sent to the table by that female. This year, more especially, has this been the case, for early in the spring they engaged a cook who is not only marvellously gifted in her profession, but is also exceeding fair to look upon, and many a fervid encomium has Ponsonby passed upon her, both as regards her professional skill and also her personal charms.

Tootle-tootle, tweedle-tweedle, oompah, tink-a-link.

Round and round whirl the giddy dancers. Pop! go the champagne corks in the refreshment room. Sweet are the nothings whispered in secluded alcoves as the evening wears on and midnight approaches.

But Julia's eyes ever wear a look of anticipated revenge, for she is thinking of her dear friend Laura, Countess Svindlerinski, and the sneers and taunts to which she, Julia, has been subjected, and how she will snub her as soon as she becomes Mrs. Ashbarrel-Ashbarrel.

11.45 chimes from the tall Cathedral tower, and old Van Kerosene, ably assisted by his amiable wife, bustles about to get the guests into position for the coming ceremony, which is to take place at the end of the spacious outer drawing-room.

The officiating clergy have arrived—the Bishop of Lawn and Leggings, with the rector and several lesser lights as assistants—and everything seems to be favorable for a happy turn-off.

The guests are all arranged, and a goodly and imposing array they make, the very *creme de la creme* of the society of the city are present. Barristers, wholesale grocers, physicians, dry-goods men and ladies, etc., etc., are gathered together in one place. All are on the *qui vive*.

The Van Kerosene servants are grouped at the further end of the room to witness the expected ceremony and to wish God-speed to their beloved young mistress.

The bishop slides up behind a temporarily constructed railing as the hands of the clock point to three minutes to twelve. The rector and other smaller clerical fry follow him. Julia is led, like a lamb to the slaughter, by her father, and placed in position in front of them and all eagerly await the chiming of the midnight hour and the appearance of F. Ponsonby Ashbarrel-Ashbarrel.

A shower of tintinabulary music suddenly falls through the air and breaks upon the ears of the assembled company. It is the Cathedral bells ringing out the old year; ringing in the new. They ought to ring in young Ponsonby—but they don't.

The minutes speed on. Consternation is depicted on every countenance as the seconds fly by; and yet the bridegroom cometh not.

Old Van Kerosene paces nervously up and down the room; he feels that he is disgraced, and he scans the faces of his domestics to ascertain whether they are snickering at him or not.

Suddenly he pauses in front of the group and enquires, as he looks over their numbers, "Where's Selina Johnson? Where's the cook?"

Julia is about to faint but is supported by young Chasuble Clerestory, one of the curates, who puts his arm about her slender waist, whilst the bishop and rector frown fearfully and darkly on him.

All eyes are turned in the direction of old Van Kerosene and the group of domestics as he enquires,

"Where's Selina Johnson? Where's the cook?"

A tall footman, gorgeous in the Van Kerosene livery of green, gold, crimson, blue, maroon and magenta, steps forward and replies,

"Which she 'avent been seen since arf past height, sir, which she left instructions with the young man at the confeshner's has to hall the nessery things hand then she become invisible."

The door opens. A youth, well-known to be an intimate friend of Ponsonby Ashbarrel-Ashbarrel, dashes into the room and thrusts a note into the trembling hand of Mr. Van Kerosene.

Falteringly the poor old gentleman opens it and reads its contents, and sinks to the floor with a hollow groan. Mrs. Van K. picks up the missive, scans its contents and follows suit, and soon the dread tidings are whispered throughout that brilliant assemblage.

Woe is me! Woe, Julia! Woe, Emma! Woe bishops, rector, curates, guests and all.

F. Ponsonby Ashbarrel-Ashbarrel has eloped with the cook! —S.

SECOND EDITION.

To meet the extraordinary demand we have been obliged to print a second edition of the colored portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald, G.C.B. Copies may now be had by addressing orders to this office. Price 10 cents.

A GIFT HORSE.

Old man Snipperson is a real good old soul, and so his friends seem to think when they made him a New Year's present of a horse. Now, old Mr. Snipperson isn't much of a judge of horse-flesh, though his son Samuel is, and he congratulated himself on this valuable acquisition to his property.

He told Sam all about it in great glee and descanted on the horse—not his horse particularly but horses generally—as a noble animal: one of the finest creatures if not *the* finest of all the animal creation.

"Sam," he went on "I adore, nay, I almost venerate the horse. He is truly a magnificent animal. From ages immemorial the horse has been of inestimable service to man. The Arab treats him as one of his family; the Venetians, I am told, hold him as being almost sacred. Caligula the Roman—but come out to the stable and see my splendid New Year's present."

They went out.

The horse wasn't much to look at; he had a wall-eye and seemed to be of a devout turn of mind as his knees were bent as if from constant praying on them; he was rather uncouth, that's a fact.

Sam surveyed him all over. He passed his hands down his legs and shrugged his shoulders; he felt his knees and whistled softly, "Sam, isn't he a beauty?" said old Snipperson: "As I was saying, Caligula, the Roman Emperor, so loved and respected his horse that he made a consul of him."

Sam was examining the horse's mouth, inside.

"Well Sam, what do you think of him?" enquired his father joyfully.

"Dad," said Sam, after scrutinizing the noble brute's teeth.

"What, Sam?" said the old gentleman.

"I think this horse must have been the same one that Caligula made a consul."

Then they returned to the house.

If there is a Conservative in Canada who has not yet secured a copy of the great portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald let him send for one immediately, or henceforth vote the other way. Price 10c. Worth at least 50c.

MR. NEEBRITCHES

WRITES GRUMBLY AND RETROSPECTIVELY OF THE FESTIVE SEASON.

dere GRIP

once moar i apear befoar an apreshitiv world threw the mejum of yure geneal colums at this scen of the yere thare shud be no hard felinks no hannimossity nothink but frenshup hand good will but i have a complaint thoa not mutch of a one i complane of the way hin witch Crissimiss and the new yere is kep in this beesly country not so mutch by the marsters as by the survints trew it hisnt the survints folt but i think they ort to kick aganst the monotonous manner in witch they are compelled to spend the festiv season they hare not granted heny rele rashnal henjment by thare hoverbaring marsters like hi was used to hin hingland now when i was himployd hin my profeshnl capassity by sir pontifix tollemach it was the invaribl custom to giv hall the survints a ball at this timb of the yere such a thing as i avent never seen sins i honnerd thes shoars with my presents.

lor it wood a dun you good dere GRIP to av bin presnt at one of our soshul gatherings sir pontifix imself wood moast ginrlly hopen the ball imself with jane ousemade for whomb hi felt a moast puttikler riggard hand harfter that we was left to hour hown devizes.

ho ow i remember that big all with the oily and the missiltow hand hother dekrashuns hof witch you kanadians carnt ave the feigntest conseshn hand then the big yewl log blazink away hup the chimibly thats why i ate this country you doant ave none of the hamenitys of civilizashn so to speke hall yure festivitys is amonkst the big bugs lord save the mark.

my heyos ow john coachman wood owl hal-onzer the brav hand the fare himojeen harfter super hand wen he cum to

"the wurms they creep in
hand the wurms thay creep out"

hand that other bewtifil line

the lites thay burnt blew

hand then hacted the part of the goast ow jain owsmaid wood shuder and nessel hup to me till i ad to revive er with a hosklatory saloot hand a glass of warm negus hand then i would favor the compny with a stavr or too in my depe ritch manly vois hof

"wen britings fr-hir-hir-hir-hirst
hat ewings co-ho-ho-ho-mand"

till that hold pawky the buttler was redy to die with henvy hand then the darnsing the gurls used to tell me hi was a puffick chesterfield hon the bawl roomb floor hand hi beleav you hi was my figgor was admitted to be as nere puffick as that of the happoller belvidear hand my carvs hisnt to be sneased at heven now.

now wy carnt hour employers do sombthink simler hout ere the factk that so meny of hour missuses has bin survints themselves hought to be in our faver but ons thay get promoated from the kitching and the broomb and dust pan thay furgets wot thay was hand despises of the clars from witch they ave bin helevated hinsted of henterink into thare feelinks witch they must hunderstand pretty thurroly yure turkys and geas is good and i ave no forit to find with them yure Crissimiss chere hi had-mit is hxlent but hi carnt happrevv of the way in witch we dummensticks is maid to keep the joole seesn footmen is mortal harfter all likewise femail survints hand thay like Crissimiss and new yeres fe-tivtyys as well as the rest but peple hout ere doant seam to hunderstand survints manely i supoas becors thay avent been mutch haccustmed to them and partly becors a good many was survints thim-selves hand wishes to forget hand hig ore the factk. now doant say as him horlways grumb-lin i ave cors but hi grins and bares my hun-happy fait wishink y u horl complements of the seesn hi am dere GRIP

yures fathefly CHARLES NEEBRITCHES.



HIS FORTY-FIRST !

A TALK WITH THE OLD YEAR.

Before you go, old Eighteen-Eighty-four, I should like to have a calm, dispassionate, chat with you.

I had intended to write an ode to you, but on second thoughts I concluded that you were not worthy of that honor, for, on the whole, you have not acted exactly well. In some things, I grant, you have behaved admirably, but in others you have shewn yourself to be a mean, contemptible sort of a twelve month.

Now, let us review your good and bad deeds. I can speak of you favorably as having finished the Queen Street sub-way, and as having left several useless, scheming men who had been aldermen during the reign of several of your predecessors, out in the cold. In these things you did well, and you deserve credit for it. You have also selected a site for the new court house, but you made such a fuss over it that much of the praise to which you are entitled is forfeited. True, you happened to be the year in which it fell to Toronto's lot to celebrate her semi-centennial, but that was only a piece of luck and none of your doing. However, you made the best of it and you filled the city with all kinds of bad characters; you crowded up her hotels and compelled estimable people from other places to sleep in chairs, on billiard tables, on the floor; anywhere in fact. But, as an off-set to this, you showed us Ald. Harry Piper on a big bay horse. If there had been no Eighteen-eighty-four we should have been denied the privilege of witnessing this unique and gorgeous spectacle.

You have had the water of the Bay analyzed by Prof. Carpenter, and a pretty state of things that analysis disclosed. Faugh! But that wasn't your fault. If the citizens of Toronto are content to have a fetid, almost stagnant, reeking cess-pool, such as the Bay was shewn to be, at their very doors, why, let 'em.

Posterity will not respect you for having been the year when that miserable Holly engine business cropped up. You say you can't help the city fathers filling their paunches at the expense of a scheming Yankee, and accepting his free lunches and goodness knows what else. Well, perhaps, you can't, but it all happened under your regime, and, if you didn't approve of such goings-on, you should have resigned.

Then that Esplanade affair. Very discreditable to certain parties,—very.

You have been Leap-Year, and yet I have not heard of a single marriage proposed by the weaker vessel. Weaker vessel, indeed!—but never mind.

You have done big things in ovations, and you processed, addressed, lunched, speechified, bored and bothered to death, nearly, and banqueted Oliver Mowat, Lord Lansdowne, Archbishop Lynch, Sir John A. Macdonald, G.C.B., &c., &c., the British Association, and others, to your heart's content. You spent a deuce of a lot of money, and that's a fact, old Eighteen-eighty-four, and nobody seems much the better for it. Whilst these high and mighty gentry were revelling in the good things of this city, you didn't lift a finger to help poor people who were starving and who would have been grateful for the scraps left over after these notables had gorged themselves.

You nearly killed the jolly, genial and efficient Police Court clerk, Mr. Nudel, with the vile stenches emanating from the cells at No. 1 station, and didn't do a thing to rectify matters: they're as bad as ever still.

You did your best to bring the cholera microbe into this country, into this very city, ably aided in your efforts by the putrescent Don and the festering Bay: but you didn't succeed, thanks to a long-suffering Providence.

You've been an awfully bad old year for earthquakes, floods, bankruptcies, defaulting

bank and other officials, dishonest confidential clerks, quarrels between chiefs of police forces, snide tugs-of-war, conflagrations, railroad disasters, underhand municipal work, and other naughtinesses too numerous to mention. As far as I can see, about the only really good thing you did, was to give us Mr. Alderman Harry Piper on that big bay horse at the semi-centennial. That covers a multitude of your sins.

You killed any number of great and good men, and, if you had known I was going to talk to you like this, you would doubtless have numbered me amongst them. You're mean enough.

Your conduct in foreign parts of the world has been simply scandalous. I can't begin to enumerate your evil-doings. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Oh! you bad old year, you. I hope you'll catch it when you get to the place where bad old years go.

You *did* have a good harvest, but the farmers are just as stingy as ever, and want just as big prices as they have always had. Why, I read that a farmer chucked a load of potatoes into the river because he was only offered 51 cents a bag for them when he wanted 52! A pretty old year you must be to allow that! I haven't time to talk to you any longer, and I haven't patience, for I am angry with you.

If your little son, '85, don't do better than you he'd better look out, for people won't put up with such conduct much longer. You bragged that you were going to bring the world to an end during your reign, and said that Mother Shipton told you it was to be so, but here it is, 11.30 p.m. on the 31st of December, and we're all alive and kicking yet.

Oh! go along. Give us 1885. Clear the way, you old humbug. Scat!



THE SPIRIT'S MESSAGE.

A CHRISTMAS CONCATENATION.

CHAPTER I.

"Christmas comes but once a year," murmured Edmond De Tompkins, as he neared the baronial pile of his ancestors, ensconced in the recesses of a one horse cab. His venerable sire, Sir Herbert Molasses De Tompkins, had not cast eyes upon his only son for many years, and feeling the need of his presence at the Christmas festivities, had sent him a quantity of one-cent postage stamps to pay his fare home. "Christmas comes but once a year," Edmond again murmured, as he came in sight of the baronial pile, "but my father's postage stamps comes but once in five years, bad cess to him! his Irish blood getting the better of his polished Canadian manners. The hall door reached, Edmond and his grip-sack were deposited on the front step, the cabman paid in postage stamps, and dismissed. "Am I welcome to the home of my youth?" welled to his lips as he rang the bell. His

answer was a crack on the head with a club wielded by a six-foot man, who answered the door. "Git out o' this, ye spalpeen, I told ye befor, the boss wants no look min around here." "Alas, has it come to this?" groaned Edmond, as he picked up his dollar. That shattered into a hundred pieces by the blow. Recovering himself, however, he cast a glance of intense pity mingled with deep contempt upon the six-foot man, and roared, "Varlet thy life shall pay for this; tell thy master that his son Edmond awaits to pay his respects." This was needless, however, as the hall and stairway had become thronged with an anxious crowd of guests attracted by the dynamic noise caused by the blow, and from amongst whom tottered the venerable Sir Herbert Molasses, to welcome his son to the ancestral pile. "Welcome my son," he cried as he cast himself upon his son's broad neck, and whispered in his ear a request for the loan of a five dollar bill. "Where is my mother?" quoth Edmond with tremulous voice, when they had reached the privacy of the library. "I felt her taking two of gin with the Dowager damper, otherwise she is well." "Thank heaven for that!" ejaculated Edmond, who bore a tender love for his mother, who for the past three years, at great personal risk, had supplied him with paper collars. "Is my room prepared?" "Now I think of it, my son, there is but one in the baronial pile at liberty, the silver spangled room, report hath it haunt ed."—our hero started but instantly curbed his surging spirit—"wilt thou use it? I know thou art brave." "My father, I will, I have long yearned for such an opportunity. If it be an honest ghost it shall be *non est* in the morning."

"Be it so then," replied the venerable sire "now dress and haste thee to make thy *devoirs* to our fair company." Edmond De Tompkins' toilet was brief yet precise, the adjustment of a clean paper collar and the insertion of a new toothpick in his vest pocket being its chief constituents. Let it not be misunderstood that our hero was a "dude" of his time and generation. He was not. He was what was then known as a "careful man," whose limited income of paper collars, toothpicks, and occasional postage stamps, made it necessary for him to practise economy in all its branches. His toilet completed, Edmond sauntered into the drawing-room, and at once became the "lion" of the evening. Enquiries showered upon him from many a fair one respecting the state of his cranium, and whether he had suffered loss by the premature action of his father's fighting footman, but our hero laughed their fears away, saying he had run the campaign for Blaine, and was, therefore, Blamely used to it. Being Christmas Eve, all within the baronial pile enjoyed themselves as was the wont of the will of the times. The narrator, however, cannot linger o'er this portion of the truthful and pathetic story, but must haste on to mightier themes. When the guests retired for the night, Edmond De Tompkins sought the seclusion of the Silver Spangled Room. Placing his revolver upon the table he glanced suspiciously around—what—but stay! this is too thrilling! it deserves a separate chapter.

CHAPTER II.

We left our hero glancing suspiciously around. The candle—be it told for the information of the reader, that none but wax candles are used in baronial piles—flickered in its socket, but burnt not blue—then all was well. Seating himself, he was quickly transferred to the floor with as much ease as was consistent with a 13th century chair. The suddenness of the change caused his paper collar to burst, and his toothpick to roll for from him. With agony depicted on every feature and fear in his heart, *vide* novelists, he gathered himself together and set out on the search of his toothpick, when a low, sad wail

meandered through the S. S. room. Bound- ing to his feet Edmond glared ferociously about him. The silence was broken by the quivering of his porcupine quills. Horror! What was it that caused his toes to curl and his leg to wamp? From a corner of the room came the sound like unto that of a bull in a china shop. "It is the cat," Pinaforically murmured our hero as his eyes went in the direction of the sound. But when there they became riveted to the spot. His face paled, the candle burned blue and—went out. "Courage, Edmond De Tompkins," said our hero, as with a mighty effort he cast his paper collar from him and grasped his revolver. A bright light began to play around the corner of the room and slowly a figure began to develop, until a weird, majestic form displayed itself. Its lips moved. It spoke. "Mortal, thy name?" "Edmond De Tompkins." "Hast thou no fear?" "None, please you, mighty spirit," replied our hero! his teeth loosening one by one and slipping silently down his throat. "Art thou Grit or Tory?" "A Tory and follower of Bunting." "A follower of Bunting. Ah! 'Tis well. Thou art the man for my purpose. I have a mission for thee to perform. Knowest thou Sir John A. Macdonald?" "By my beard, I do, right well. He is known as the Grand old To-morrow!" "He is. My mission is this, Listen. Hie thee by morning's light to Ottawa; gain access to Sir John; and warn him to abandon the title of the Grand Old To-morrow and henceforth be known as the Grand Old Dosomething. Warn him to abandon gerry-mandering and pandering to railway, syndi- cates. Bid him recant his wicked ways and join the Grits. If thou doest not all these, by thy faith in a Bunting thou shalt be knighted and die a G.C.B. Promise." "I promise," gasped Edmond De Tompkins, "but tell me, mighty spirit, by what name shall I know thee in after years?" "I am known as the Spirit of Reform!" A bright light shot through the room, a rumble as of thunder was heard, and Edmond De Tompkins sank sense- less to the floor.

* * * * *

When he came to himself daylight was breaking o'er the distant hills. Remembering his promise, he bounded through the window, alighted nimbly on his feet in a snow drift forty feet below, gave one long lingering look at the baronial pile of his ancestors and fled to Ottawa. When Sir Herbert's retainers entered the room, they found a torn paper collar, a gripsack containing a bundle of tooth- picks, a copy of the *Mail* and two bricks. These were all. The after fate of brave Edmond De Tompkins will be made known next Christmas. TRUS A. DRUM.

TOPICAL TALK.

NONE of the Canadian contingent of the Gordon Expedition has so far got it off. But, mark me, you will one day find the published admission: "My trip was an instance of see Nile folly!"

It has occurred to me to remark that I always have my suspicions of the person who pronounces the word "apparent" as if there were two "r's" in it. Such a person at table usually makes a baby's bib of his napkin and eats with his knife.

I AM glad to learn that Alderman Harry Piper is to resume his brilliant lectures on zoology this winter. As a lecturer the great and only Canadian showman stands without a peer. I only hope that the lectures will be as ably reported this year as they were last season in the now defunct *Evening Canadian*. I also hear that Ald. Harry is importing, at im- mense expense, several rare animals, a Barba- does mule, a Touquin jackass, a specimen of a new breed of Ethiopian, two intelligent alder- men, and several more being amongst the col- lection. Good for the Canadian Barnum and Forepaugh rolled into one.

"How to Prevent Prize Fighting," is being widely discussed in the press. One way would be for the press to studiously ignore the whole slugging fraternity, as well as the whole business they follow. The able sporting editor has the thing right in his own hands.

I OBSERVE in the New York *Telegram* a brief description of one of the gentlemen of the long robe of Hamilton. It is remarked, as an ex- traordinary fact, that "his forehead is high and he parts his hair in the middle." Come to think of it these two characteristics seldom go together. That N.Y. *Telegram* man is an observant cuss.

WHAT does the *Globe* mean by calling our commercial travellers "bagmen?" Has an- other old-country editor been engaged on the editorial staff? The only bag-men I know of in this country are lawyers, mail-carriers and rag- pickers. "Drummers" is bad enough, but I fancy our Knights of the Order-book will in- dignantly resent being associated with at least two of the other classes named. No doubt the *Globe* will proceed to justify its employment of the term by asserting that commercial travel- lers do bag men. But that is altogether too far fetched. This new editor, if he goes on writing of "bag-men," will have to be sacked.

MUCH is being said and written just now about the insufficiency, incapacity, and general uselessness of our city detectives. I'll wager any money—I've got eight cents—that if those people who write and talk so much against the detectives, were put in their places to try and do any better, they would make such a hash of the matter and cut up "such antics before high heaven as would make the angels weep." A great many people seem to think that they could do another man's business far better than the man himself. A great many, quotha! (*Globe*) seven-eighths of the inhabitants of this earth are just in this fix. Many people think that they could make a better fist of "Topical Talk" than I do. I believe they could, too.

MR. JOHN WOODEN is the manager of the Elmdale Skating Rink. I want to give the Barrie editors some advice about him. John Wooden't like to be told he had a great head. That kind of imagery—wooden imagery, you see—not in a cord with his feelings. You could, however, bring in an old saw to suit his case, and add that he has to buckle down to work. But you must knot say anything cut- ting about him, or what would likely make him feel chop-fallen. Try an oakcasional reference to his having embarked in this enter- prise, and state that you opine he will not root. But at all times have a fellow feeling for him. Be howmanic in your remarks. Buck cheerful also. Don't charge him with treeson. Birch chance, you all mapul together, and then he will be Wooden won.

AMONG the "situations wanted" in one of the city papers the other day, was this:

Young Man—Willing to work for his board; apply by letter. Address—

The conclusion you naturally arrive at is that the young man had good reasons for making a contract by letter. A personal interview per- haps would have satisfied the other party that if he gave him his board he would be taking big chances on making anything out of the bargain. At all events, the young man these days who would be willing to work for his board must either be able to take an awful lot of board or else to do a mighty small share of work.

WHATSOEVER suggests "the Bohemian skull" as a subject for an essay before the Canadian Institute? A Bohemian's skull is only in ex- ceptional instances strikingly different from the skull of any other professional man. Take brother Griffin's, for example. It is hard, pretty thick, rather smallish and well- developed in the region of the moral faculties. But of how many other men's skull could you

not say the same? To be sure, the average Bohemian's skull is often abnormally developed—especially in the morning following pay-day at the office. But a truce to banter. The truth must be admitted that too often the Bohemian's skull is infinitely tougher than the article he writes. For verification of this la- mentable fact just take up a copy of the *News* when the sensation market is booming across the border.

Two compositors were among the anarchists put on trial at Berlin the other day. Femi- doff and Kurchler were the names they gave, though it is not unlikely they were Smiths or Raffertys in disguise. No doubt they at one time were innocent printers' apprentices, and began their wild career by maliciously mang- ling original poetry and destroying the local editor's best jokes. Then they pursued their mad course until each became an editor. From that the descent to the town council, the Legislature and Senate, was swift and sure, until at last they blossomed out as pirates and democrats and were caught in the back room of a beer-saloon, plotting treason against the state. This ought to be a solemn warning to all intelligent compositors who fancy they know more about the picce they are setting up than the man who wrote it.

I CAME across this heading in an up-country exchange:—

COUNTY CREAM—DISTRICT DEEDS, condensed into Interesting Paragraphs for Readers Who Like the Marrow of the Meat.

Now, this is the sort of thing that is calculated to plunge a reflecting person into profound perplexity and grief. What has "County Cream—District Deeds," got to do with news items? You can, of course, comprehend its significance if applied to the practices of the guileless cheese factory patron whose milk is not submitted to the test of a lactometer. But as it stands it is nothing but a combination of artful alliteration and specious sophistry abso- lutely maddening to contemplate. And then just seize and study the expression, "marrow of the meat!" As if marrow was ever found in meat! The young man wants a hook on an- atomy, or else an able-bodied beef bone to dissect. I guess the beef-bone would appeal most strongly to his higher sensibilities. Any beef-bones sent to me will be duly forwarded to his address, which is withheld this time, to see if he will not alter his wayward life.

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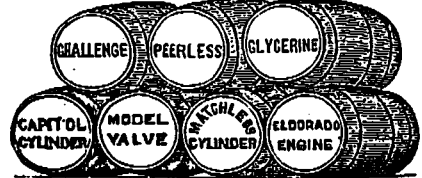
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 "Don't you know my reason?"
 "No, what is it?"
 "Well, hens eat worms and small fish, don't they?"
 "Yes."
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