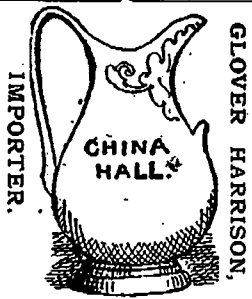


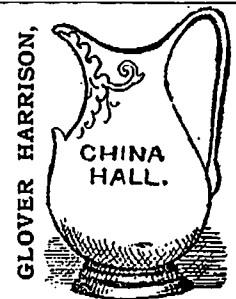
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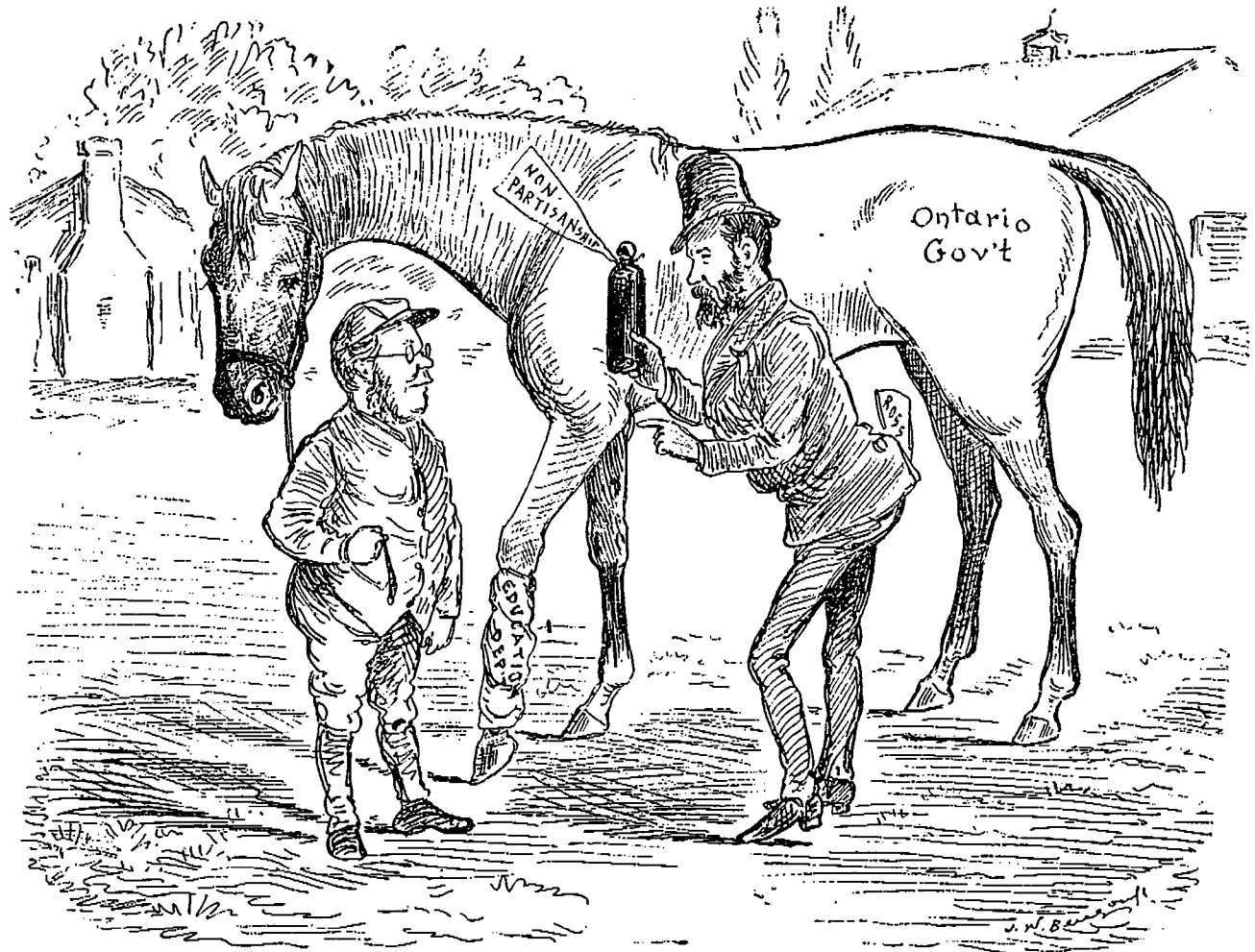


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J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.
 FRED. SWIRE, B.A. Associate Editor.

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

OFFICE OF GRIP.

TORONTO, Nov. 15th 1883.

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

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

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

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

"The idea of my being jealous of Miss Smith!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, indignantly; "the idea of my being jealous of her, when I think so much of her!" "Yes; but what do you think?" asked Brown.

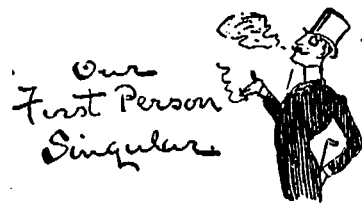
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Blake has secured the opening of South Huron for Sir Richard Cartwright, and that gallant knight (generally known as the Jonah of the Grit party) will soon be taken aboard the Opposition ship again. The result of this courageous action on the part of the Reform leader will be earnestly watched by the members of the crew, many of whom openly express the opinion that Cartwright's presence means disaster. This need not be if Sir Richard will undertake to reform himself a little before he turns his attention to Sir Leonard Tilley. It is proverbially hard for the leopard to change his spots, but perhaps by a herculean effort this admittedly clever man might manage to do the following things: (1) Discard his present unfortunate manner, and copy John A.'s sweet and unflinching affability; (2) Restrain his angry passions when addressing the House—even when dealing with the unspeakable Tories; (3) Trim off the ends of his moustache. The future of the Reform party depends to an alarming extent on this latter act of personal sacrifice, though Sir Richard may not know it.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. G. W. Ross, a prominent member of the junior wing of the Reform Party, a man who has risen from a humble position to one of distinction by his own honest efforts, and is therefore a typical Canadian, has been called to the Ontario Ministry as head of the Education Department. Mr. Ross, in accepting the honor, declares he will "know no politics" in connection with his portfolio—a statement which is received very heartily by all parties. We trust that the judicious application of this lotion will cure the weak leg of the local horse, and put an end to the agitation now going on for a radical change in the management of provincial educational interests.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mrs. Britannia, who "rules the waves," is a very fine woman in her way, but her way of dealing with pauper emigrants doesn't suit us at all. Her patent short method is to dump these unfortunate wretches into Canada, give them enough money to carry them to the vicinity of Toronto, and then leave them to be supported by charitable organizations which have already as many claims upon them as they can attend to. Our own Government aid and encourage Mrs. Britannia in this objectionable policy, and deserve an equal share of condemnation. Archbishop Lynch has taken pains to state that he does not hold himself responsible for the well-being of these helpless people who happen to be Irish and Catholic; and Miss Toronto feels bound to emphatically echo the disclaimer. The New York policy of shipping paupers back to the Imperial authorities ought to be adopted.

"Is you gwine to get an overcoat this winter?" asked a ducky of a companion. "Well, I dunno how that's gwine to be," was the reply. "I've done got my eye on a coat, but de fellah what owns it keeps his eye on it, too."



A statement is made in a paper I was looking over that a Servian bride has to hold a piece of sugar between her lips during the marriage ceremony as a sign that she will speak little and sweetly during her married life. The Burlington Free Press remarks that it might be well to introduce some such custom over here. This would never do, for unless the implied vow was recklessly broken, none of the married ladies could ever hold office in the Women Suffrage Club.

My friend Sheppard is out with his Morning News, and a breezy little sheet it is. The editor writes with his boots on, and says lots of things in plain English that the other newspaper fellows believe in their hearts but dare not whisper. It is good fun to read the News articles whether you agree with them or not; with their short, snappy sentences, they seem to suggest the figure of a Texan ranger riding through the political main street and blazing right and left with a silver-mounted revolver.



As I sat in the Grand Opera House on Saturday evening, one of the many hundreds who witnessed the Jersey Lily as Julia in the Hunchback, I was very much struck with the idea of "theatrical emotion." Some of the papers say Mrs. Langtry ranted more than was nice, while the gentleman who played Master Walter displayed "a splendid piece of acting." My opinion is just the reverse. I think the lady played her part capitably; but I think I never saw a greater rantic than the Hunchback on that occasion. Fancy that actor striking such an attitude as that in the sketch above and roaring to the Rossin House waiter—"Bring me a beef steak rar-r-re!"

I see the Globe people are anxious to be set free from the iron grasp of Mr. John Shields, who has a writ for libel filed against them. They have asked at Chancery Chambers to have the same dismissed. Foolish fellows! Why, Mr. Shields had forgotten all about the matter, and here they have gone and brought it all back to his memory. There is no accounting for the crassness of some politicians.

Newspaper readers in this city and beyond it are familiar with the work of Mr. Kernikan, whose humorous and pathetic writing under the *nomme de plume* of The Khan secured him a high reputation a few years ago. Mr. K. has just returned to the ranks of Toronto journalists, and brings with him the manuscript of a Canadian novel, which he has placed in the hands of a publisher here to be issued shortly. The book is to be entitled "Plug McQuillan," and is said to be highly original in plot, and full of characteristic fun and sentiment.

Defamers of our great North-west are in the habit of insinuating that the climate up there at this season of the year is not very balmy. I have even seen it stated in telegrams that they have had it down below zero already this winter. What heartless mendacity! The weather at the present time in the district of Regina is just such weather as we have here in August. I have the authority of the *Regina Leader* for this;—not its editorial authority, mark you, which some might consider shaky—but that of its advertising columns. In the last number I find a striking announcement of a sure and certain specific for mosquito bites!



JOHN BAXTER'S RIDE.

WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO THE AUTHOR OF
"JOHN GILPIN."

John Baxter was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A man of weighty influence,
Well known throughout the town.

An aldermanic seat he filled
As full as it could hold,
And wrought full many a goodly act
Of which he never told.

But here to sing his ample worth
'Tis not my present plan,
For everybody knows about
This corporation man.

I merely wish to tell how he
Upon a fateful day,
Essayed to take a little drive
With Coatsworth's one-hoss shay.

A steady-going nag was this,
A phaeton neat and trim,
Which for John's importunity,
Good Coatsworth lent to him.

He took his seat—the springs did groan—
Then took the reins and whip—
But I forbear for want of space
To chronicle the trip,

Lest this narration prove as long
As Cowper's "Gilpin" rhyme,
I'll cut details and simply give
The denouement sublime.

I've pictured it above, for words
Are powerless to convey
The scene with which that drive did end
On that eventful day.

The horse lights out—the phaeton trim
Is smashed to smithereens;
And Baxter sits like pudding vast,
And wonders what it means!

A moral here I'd now affix,
Don't lend J. B. your hoss—
He's sure to ruin it—besides
He's got a street-car pass!

And one more word into your ear
I beg to gently shout—
GRIP'S Almanac for '84
Will very soon be out.

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



"The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," a comic opera which recently had a long run in New York, is being performed at the Grand, by Patterson's Opera Company. The members of this troupe are much superior to the average of travelling companies, and the piece is decidedly worth seeing.

The celebrated Fisk Jubilee Singers announce a farewell concert on Friday evening of next week, prior to their departure on a European tour.

Mrs. Langtry's performance of *Julia* in "The Hunchback" on Saturday evening, was, in our opinion, a triumph. This would have been admitted by the critics of our dailies, only that it is fashionable to say that Mrs. Langtry is not an actress but a beauty.

Messrs. Suckling & Sons have secured the celebrated Theodore Thomas Orchestra for a concert at the Pavilion, on January 7th. The subscription sheet is now open. The great expense involved has necessitated a rise in the price of seats, but no lover of high class music will willingly be absent.

LITERARY NOTE.

Wm. Warwick & Son, Canadian Publishers of the *Boy's Own* and *Girl's Own Annuals*, have just issued those popular volumes for the New Year. The books as usual are magnificent specimens of the printer's and engraver's arts, while the binding is done in Warwick's best manner. They are sure to command an immense popularity with the rising generation. Although specially adapted to the tastes of young people, these *Annuals* have great attractions for all, and so favorably do they strike Mr. GRIP that he has arranged to place them upon his special list of premiums for new subscribers.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS.

We hear that some zealous members of the Church of England Temperance Society propose, at the next meeting, to move for a few trifling amendments to the constitution and by-laws of that noble organization with the view of increasing the funds. The following, amongst other changes, will be suggested:

I. That the office of President (like that of Vice-President) be made a purchasable commodity; that the price thereof be \$50.75, cash or thirty days.

II. That any member who desires to take a snifter may, on payment of \$50 to the Treasurer, receive an Indulgence permitting him to do so.

III. That members in good standing shall, on payment of \$50, be permitted to wear full bishop's costume (including Eastward position) at the regular meetings of the Society.

IV. That the office of Outside Philanthropist, carrying with it the privilege of visiting the slums of the city and rescuing the perishing, be not a purchasable office, but be conferred, as a mark of honor, on all members who do not contribute \$50 to the funds of the Society.

"Will you have cafe noir or cafe au lait?" "I guess," answered Mrs. Parvenu, wearily, "I won't take neither—they French puddin' is so awful fillin', you know, and I've eat now more than I'd oughter."

THE FATE OF NUMBER FOUR.

We brushed our coats and blacked our boots as black as they could be;
We buckled our waists so "awful" tight that we could scarcely see.
We whitened our belts as white as snow
With lots of moist pipeclay,
And marched to Delaware to shoot upon Thanksgiving Day.
And some would make a centre, and some an inner,—sure,
And some would hit the bull's-eye, if the day were not obscure.
And we all would rattle the target up, and knock the rings around,
Till the marker died for want of breath, a-getting across the ground.
And when unto the village our warriors drew nigh,
And saw the shabby Delameres, we felt as good as pie.
We felt as good as cocoonut, and lemon pie likewise,
And the dusty boots of the D. Galoots
We viewed with much surprise.
For their boots were free from blacking,
And their pants were not the thing,
And probably in the ill-dressed crowd
There wasn't a diamond ring.
Their paws were hard and horny paws,
They spoke a sorter slow,
And they didn't seem to look like us
A little bit, you know.
We got the target boosted up, and patronised the lot,
And we felt a trifle guilty like at knocking them all to pot.
But we tried to chirk them up, we did,
And brace their bended backs,
Which were out of perpendicular
With swinging the rural axe.

We cannot tell how it happened—we really can't at all,
Alas! they licked us out of shape, our pipeclay, boots and all.
They licked us up, they licked us down, they licked us round about,
They wrapped our heels around our necks
And turned us inside out.
We did not rattle the target up nor knock the rings around,
The marker went to sleep and slept—his snooze was quite profound.
We couldn't shoot the bull's eye, the centre was no go,
And we missed the inner and outer, too,
Twice out of thrice, you know.
Our brows were met, our teeth were set,
Our lips were thin and hard;
Our faces lengthened gradually to nearly half a yard.
We beat them on appearance, but oh! I do deplore
To state, they beat us ten times worse when we came to count the score.
The birds upon the branches set up a jeering shout
To see them slaughter No. 4, and put the boys to rout.
And all the honest farmers rejoiced the sight to see,
And grinned like old hyenas, and danced a jubilee.
Alas! those wicked Delameres, that green and verdant pack,
Oh! how they hammered the target up,
They smote it every crack.
The speckled up the inner, the centre much the same,
And the way they banged the bull's eye, oh! it really was a shame.

Our future address is London.
We roam the world no more,
So if you come for shooting, don't come to Number Four.
For we've had enough of fighting, we've had enough of fame,
And as for rifle shooting, we never liked the game.
—CORPORAL RAMROD.



A WORD FROM TIM O'DAY.

DUBLIN, Nov. 7th, 1883.

ME DARLINT GRIP,—Me purty Burd! "Tis grieved intirely I was (Me Hart was 'mos, broke) at the dhreadful news av yer feather"

bein' singed. I had to take a long walk in the Phaynix Park to cool down the Burnin' News. An' there, lookin' at the Butiful Phaynix, wid her wings spread out an' risin' from her own ashes, ready to fly up into Glory, I was comforted. I was, indeed! Bekase I axed meself these questions—Isn't GRIP grander nor the Phaynix? Isn't GRIP capable of higher flights? Isn't GRIP a wiser Burd? Hasn't GRIP a grater misshun than eny Phaynix that was iver invinted—barrin' 'twas King O'Toole's goose? Shurely, shurely, sez I, as I returned to Sackville-sthreet, thinkin' av yerself an' av the story av King O'Toole an' Saint Kavin, GRIP is born to a higher destiny, an'—(but here me cogitashuns wur cut short be Mistress O'Day runnin' to the doore an' callin out in aiger gladness, "Here's GRIP! here's GRIP!") How I longed to get a site av your picthur! Yes, av all yer picthers as well as the wan wid yer own saggayshus Bake! Not a feather—not a pin-father missin'! Not wan? Praise the Saluts! May yer bowld pinnions grow sthronger an' sthronger to navigate the air; an' freedom, an' morality, an' public honesty find shelther undher yer wing. Thrushes, an' blackbirds, an' skylarks, an' green linnets, an' goldfinches, an' yellowhammers, an' Irish aigles, an' burds o' prey widhout number (not be any manner av manes spakin' metaforically, nor av the latter in a political sinse), have cum acrost me vishun since me return to this land av Green Erin; but there isn't wan av 'em all can sing an' soar wid our own Canadian Burd o' Freedom. Not wan! Don't take this as puttin' a grain av salt upon yer tail. Go on an' prosper an'

Believe me,
Yer throe frind,
TIM O'DAY.

LETTER FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

CONTENTMENT, PROSPERITY, PROGRESS!

To the Editor of GRIP:

SIR,—I observe that some of your contemporaries have been printing letters from correspondents up in this great land, which letters partake more or less of a complaining nature. Now, sir, I have been residing here in the capacity of an actual settler for about a year, and I tell you, sir, I have seen nothing as yet which has been able to banish the smile from my countenance. Hardships, sir? Bosh! But let me set about writing you calmly, dispassionately and like a sensible man. Before proceeding I may say that I did not dare to

send this letter to either *Globe* or *Mail*. The *Globe* would in all likelihood reject it because it contradicts their other correspondents; the *Mail* would refuse it insertion because it is written in a gentlemanly strain and contains no atrocious vituperation. Now, sir, for a few facts and reflections.

So much ignorance still prevails in the East as to this country that I may be pardoned for addressing your readers as persons without any knowledge on the subject, for the purposes of this letter. An opinion is abroad in the older Provinces that this is a great Lone Land. It is not. It is fully occupied, by a Railway Company. There are also a number of settlers.

Very naturally we (settlers) are proud of our railway. It is the only one in the country, and we are determined that it shall continue to be so. There is an abundance of room here, but for all that we are by no means willing to see the landscape defaced by a network of railways. One reason why I left the East was that I could take no pleasure in gazing upon farms surrounded on all side by railways. Here we have *one*. It reigns in its solitary grandeur, and as I have stated we are determined to keep it so. In order to do this, we have unanimously agreed to contribute all we can towards its maintenance. We pay these contributions in the shape of freight charges, the R. R. Co. being unwilling to receive gratuitous gifts. At present we are paying 50 cents per bushel for the wheat we ship, and the only reason that we do not pay more is that the Company has not asked us to. We would be only too happy to pay \$1 per bushel to maintain our grand railway line. I do not mean to say that our community is entirely free from disagreeable persons. We have a few cranks here who call these free gift offerings to the railway, extortion! Think of that, sir! Some of these mad fellows even declare in favor of building other lines,—not, mind you, as branches of this main line, but as rival lines! These wild visionaries would actually sit by calmly and witness in this virgin country, those disgraceful scenes once common in the East—when rival railway men engaged in rate-cutting wars, accompanied as they were with bad temper, and very vile language! But, sir those of us who are contented and happy, fear nothing from these fanatics. We know that our good railway managers possess the confidence of the Federal Government, and that if necessary, the whole resources of the military power of the Dominion will be turned against the malcontents.

There is another thing which this great Railway Corporation has insisted on doing for us—without a single request on our part. They have built elevators for our grain, and not only so, but they allow us to store our grain in them before it is shipped to market. Some of the aforesaid cranks raised objections even to this, but the company very properly refused to carry their grain at all unless shipped through the elevators. We contribute a little more to the success of this great enterprise under the nominal form of storage fees. I think it is two cents per bushel we contribute in this way.

I must not make this letter too long, but I wish to touch upon a few more points before I close. It is true that we sell our wheat at 50 cents per bushel, while in Ontario, farmers are getting \$1.20. This would be a serious thing if *money* was our chief aim in life, which it is not. We are working for something higher than mere wealth; we are laboring to build up a great country, and every bushel of grain we raise brings the grand consummation one bushel nearer. I pity the sordid wretch who does not consider *this* honor worth at least the odd 70 cents! Living in this free atmosphere broadens one's views, and so it comes that we are willing to work not only for the North-west, but for the East as well. We are willing to pay more for our agricultural implements by thirty per cent. than they *might* cost, to help the struggling manufacturers of Minnesota and Dakota, for, after all, are we not brothers? The fact that we are actually doing this is the best proof that we are willing. Decds, not words, are what tell here in the West.

Thanking you in advance for publishing this in behalf of the loyal and patriotic residents of the great North-west.

I am, sir, etc.,
MARK TAPLEY,
Actual Settler.

Rapid City, Nov. 22.

HE WASN'T A SHOEMAKER.

An amusing scene occurred in a Spadina-avenue car the other day. One of its occupants was a very lah-de-dah fellow indeed, a howling swell, and evidently only recently arrived from the old country. The car stopped, and a barrister with his blue bag over his shoulder got in. Our "howler" scrutinized him for some moments through his eye-glass, and finally addressed him thus, the rest of the people in the car tittering and smiling very audibly the while. "Haw! I say—ah—you—*I* say, I—aw—want a pair of boots made—aw."

The legal gentleman regarded the other with a look on his face that said as plainly as looks can speak, "This fellow's a lunatic," and then he spoke aloud.

"Well, my dear sir, what have I got to do with your boots?"

"Well, b' gad, y' know—aw—cawn't you wecommend your firm—aw? I want a good pair—aw; I'm doosid p'ticulah about my boots—aw?"

"You're laboring under a mistake, sir; I know nothing about boots," replied the "limb."

"Well, b' gad—I say—aw—ain't you a shoemaker—aw?"

"Shoemaker! What do you mean, sir?" enquired the other, fiercely.

"Aw—my good fellah—keep cool, y' know—but—that bag, y' know." And then it dawned on the man of law that in England shoemakers call on their customers to try ordered boots on; said boots being invariably carried in a blue bag very similar to those in which our barristers carry—what? And the smile became general, but the Englishman wot not why those who laughed did so. And he was eero perplexed.



STARTLING!

What is this? I scarcely comprehend it. It is a couple of bad boys scaring the life out of a poor old lady.

It is wrong of the boys to do so, isn't it?
It is; and very dangerous, too.

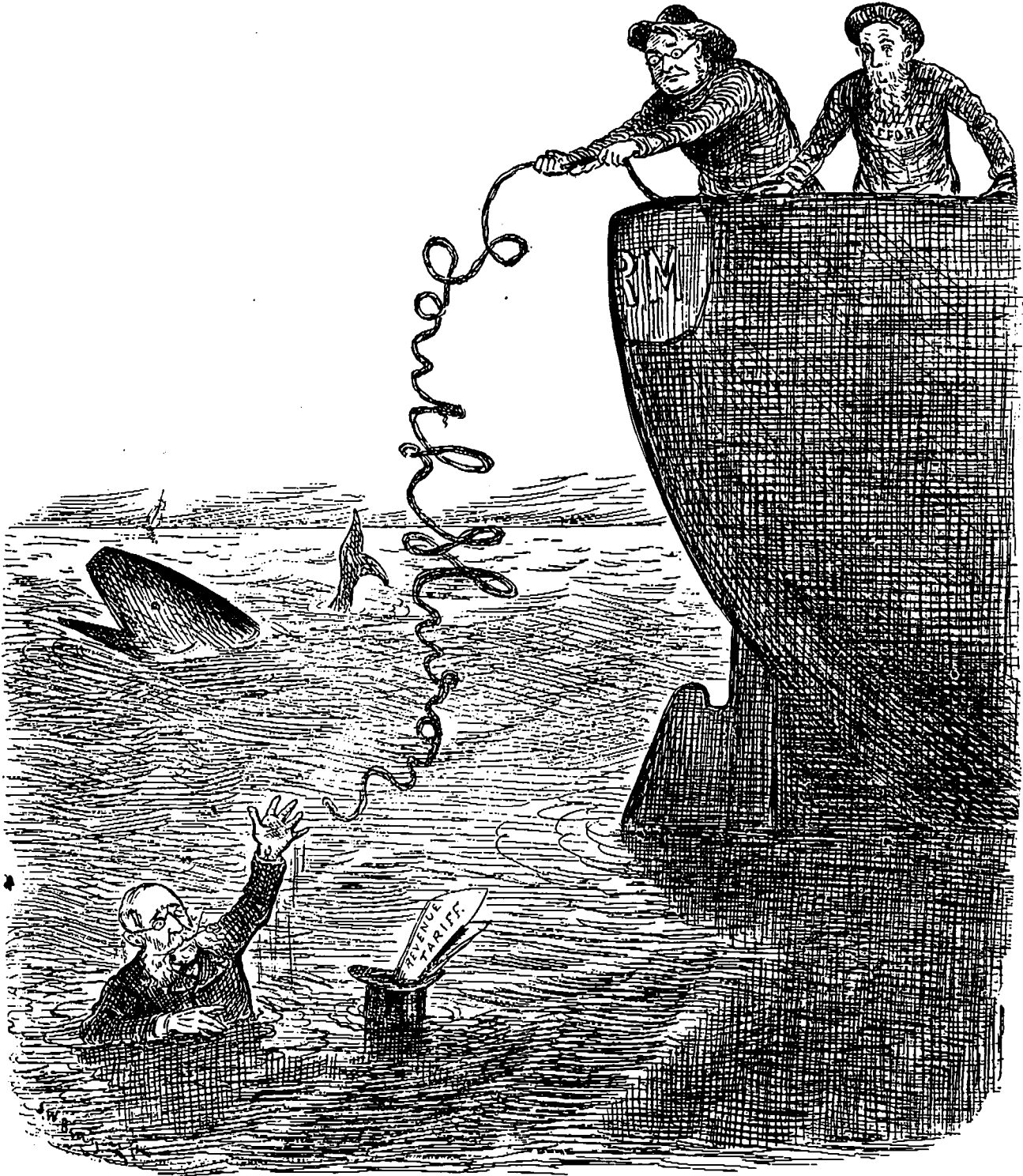
Dangerous! Why so?

Because it is always rough on the nerves to

startle a person suddenly. Even good news should not be broken abruptly.

Indeed! I never thought of that. I wish somebody would try to startle me with good news, just to see how it feels.

Would you? Then prepare yourself: GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC will be out about the first of December!



JONAH TAKEN ABOARD AGAIN!



"So the world ways."

A striking characteristic of the modern American is cleverly hit off in the following little catechism which I clip from the New York Mercury:

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

"Why does that gentleman rise from his seat?"

"Because he gets out at the next station."

"But we have not got near the next station yet."

"I beg your pardon. From an American point of view we are quite near it. It is less than a mile away."

"See, he rushes wildly toward the door; and now he is on the platform. Is he not in danger?"

"The only danger he dreads is the danger of losing one-quarter of a second."

"Ah, we are almost at the station now. Will he not wait until the cars stop?"

"No, indeed; that would be a waste of precious time."

"There he goes. Good heavens! he has fallen! The cars have run over him."

"Yes, such things frequently happen in America; but, you know, where one man is killed, half a dozen jump off successfully. The chances of death are only one in six or thereabouts."

"They have picked him up. His lips move. He is speaking."

"Yes, he says: 'I die a true American.'"

* *

Mr. Billy Birch, the New York Minstrel, offers a big salary to any man who will contract to furnish him with a good joke every day. Here is a fine opening for some of our out-at-elbow humorists, though the individual who takes the job will undoubtedly have a tough contract to fulfil. In the meantime I would advise the comedian in question to scan the funny columns of the papers carefully. Has he ever got off anything better than this, from the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser?

Mr. Mathew Arnold, the great English thinker, is in America. He must not criticize too severely the persons he sees leaning against lamp-posts. He must remember that the free-born American citizen claims the same right to think as the proudest English professional.

* *

Candor is a very good thing in its way, but perhaps the world would not be any happier if this sort of thing was the general rule:

BIRDIE McHENNEPIN CRUSHED.

"How stupid I am," said Birdie McHennepin languidly, executing at the same time quite a respectable yawn act.

"That's true," remarked Gus DeSmith, rather impulsively.

"Sir," exclaimed Birdie, "you are impertinent."

"But you yourself just now asserted that you were stupid."

"I only said so without thinking," said Birdie, petulantly.

"Yes, and up to the time that you spoke I had only thought so without saying it."

Hang crape on the door of Miss Birdie. Another lover scratched off the list of one of the Austin belles.—Texas Siftings.

* *

The Candidate is pretty much the same sort of a creature all the world over. Just at present, when several specimens of this *genus* are before the public of this province, the following philosophic dissertation from the pen of "Carl Pretzel" will be appreciated—by those who are up in modern languages:

Der thousand candidats for office, vich some-dimes arise, yoost breviously to some elections, vas now in actiffidy, brebaring to make var ubon dhose who vas been in dimes past done, dheir subborters. Dhey vas rising, und der dust vich vas ackombany efery flap of dheir immaculat wings, vas being pushed der troats down of dhose vich cirkumstances alone vas combel em to lif in dheir dishtriets. No one mans could perform some physickle impossibilites, dhen not one vas unable to oxcape der sudden regard, und feltin heart feel, for vich der candidat for office enderdains to dhose vas outitled to a free use mit his election franchises.

A candidat's countenance vas instrumendal in bresenting for insphecktion dirdeen tiffernt und dishtinct shanges in about yoost so many sekonds, but der most gomblete dransformation of der facial oxpression vas exhibited immediately afder der election—of der odder feller.



Shtandin candidat bossesses vunderful bow-ers of outsgit der human frame in. Nature vas evidently in cahooters mit him, und endowed him mit dese vunderful brobensties for a burpose; for mit dis singular attributions he vas capable of lookin avay down der most segret places of your heart into, und got inflammation, vwhile bressing your hant, vat vas your exact atididue about him. Effen alldough you vas always demonstrade in efery shapes und forms dot you don'd like pooty vell him, neider socially nor polidickally, he vill been sukerecessful in andedatin your feelius be seferal sekonds.

Der candidat who vas always found in his frent's hants, vas usually a football in der same hants, before der kambaine vas no more. Dot feller nefer gits der binaole of aspiration ub, but yoost stobs vhere der force of der krand bouncer vas sent him; here he vas quiedly saddle himself down, hobefully avaiting der obbordunidy of again finding a soft seat in der balm of frent's hants.

It vas a circular singleumshtance dat vwhile Nadure vas poodin some good qualidies der candidat in, dot she coodn't have combleted der job.

* *

To see Mr. Jack Ariston Fraser tripping along King-st. one would naturally infer that the Photographer's lot, unlike the Policeman's, is a happy one. Nothing in the world to do but pose pretty girls and delicate dudes, and count up the proceeds. But appearances are

deceptive. Here is a glimpse behind the screen of the operating room:

SHE WANTED TO LOOK JUST LIKE MARY ANDERSON.

They climbed down out of a lumber wagon in front of a photographer's, and after he had hitched the horses and she had brushed the dust off his overcoat they walked upstairs.

"She wants her fotograf took," observed the old man to the attendant.

"How many?"

"Well, I reckon we kin use up five or six."

"What style and price?"

The woman pulled a parcel from her pocket and carefully unwrapped it and revealed a cabinet photo of Mary Anderson.

"I want jist sich a pictur' as that," she explained.

"You mean the same size?"

"No, sir; I want it finished off to look just as good as she docs. Copy that just as closely as you can."

The attendant had some explanations to make in regard to photography, and these explanations disturbed the couple very much.

"Will you guarantee to make her look as good as that pictur'?" asked the husband.

He couldn't.

"Then we don't trade! We want what we want, or we don't pay. Come mother."

"But it seems as if you could, if we paid for it," she pleaded with the attendant.

He was firm.

"All right, then," she announced, as she pulled on her gloves. "I told him in the first place it was better to pay two shillings apiece for these photographs and write my name on 'em, but it was a rainy day and he just as lief hang around the city for half a day. Sorry we can't trade, but that photograph is me just the same."—Detroit Free Press.

* *

A POINTER FOR SCHOOL GIRLS.

Alice has recently begun to go to school, and has for several days come home proudly with a "gold mark," which in the particular temple of learning that she patronizes, signifies that the recipient has been very good during the session. The other day, however, she came home with a black mark, and inquiry was raised in the family as to its significance, the general impression not unnaturally prevailing that the bearer thereof had been "cutting up" in some manner in the halls of primary science. "Oh," said Alice, quite nonchalantly, "that is a bad mark and the gold mark is a good mark." "And what did you do at school that was bad?" inquired the mother. "Why, I didn't do anything." "But you must have, to get a bad mark." "Oh, no I didn't. It's the mark that was bad, don't you see? I was good enough."

* *

A STUDY OF CLEOPATRA.

Now, there was nothing slow, not much,
'Bout Cleopatra—she'd a touch

Of that wild species of audacity
That men of moderate capacity

Had no more business cooling 'round her
Than an old-fashioned brass six pounder

Has butting 'gainst a steel-clad vessel,
Within which Krupp's big war dogs nestle.

There's Bags, M. C., has ladies follow him—
That smart Nile girl would simply swallow him!

Just fancy a drygoods clerk falling
In love with her and on her calling!

That faint moustache—twelve hairs disclosing
Beneath the well dyed lip reposing!

Face full of that expressive (?) beauty
That old-time women folks call "pooty;"

Built like a (plaster cast) Apollo—
Both made of clay and rather hollow.

An eye-glass to his left eye clinging,
A small stick from his right hand swinging;

Fast—oh, ye gods, let's drop the curtain,
This theme is growing heavy, certain.

Just think of such a fellow nosing
'Round Cleo. on her throne reposing!

I think I see her rise and mutter,
"I s'pose the child wants bread and butter!"

I see her quit the room—returning,
All royalty and stiffness spurning.

She pins a bib upon her collar
As on an ordinary squaller,

And handing him some cake, she hums,
"There, darling; don't make any crumbs!"



ORDER! ATTENTION!!

Sir John is just going to explain all about
the Pacific Railway Guarantee. Order! Sit
down in front! Now, Sir John—proceed.

IN HONOR O' ST. ANDRA.

MR. GRIP, I'm a puir man, and hae nae dol-
lars to spend on dinners or the like in honor o'
Saint Andra, but I can dae what some o' thae
rich anes wad gie their lugs tae be able for—I
can compose a sang. I wish I could jist get
myself tae a kind o' a newtral stan'pint on
this matter. For of coorse its verra hard for
a writer no tae hae a likin' for his ain produc-
tions. But wi the maist cauldly creetikie
frame o' min' that I can bring tae bear on this
sang, it appears tae me tae be jist aboot per-
fect, as a leeriele composition. I'm no sure
that even Burns has left us anything that, as it
were, gangs ower mair groun' than this simple
ditty o' mine. For jist tak a look at it again,
Mr. Grip, and see the scope o't. First there's
the apostrophy to my countrymen represented
by the "Heelan Laddie." Then there's the
kindly asking after a' his freens. For altho'
only his daddie is named, he (the daddie) stans
as the representative o' the hale femly. Then,
look at the allusion to pawtriotism as evinced
by partiality to Scotch dishes. True, there's
nothing named but the finnan haddie, but that
stans for every thing, and the reader o' sense
will easily see that sheep's head, haggis, par-
ritch, kail, sawbier and herrin', and curran bun,
are a' teepifeed, as it were, by the illustrious
haddie.

Then follow allusions to the beautiful scenery
o' Auld Scotia, that'll go hame tae the heart o'
every ane o' her leal sons. The line "High
over the glen the laverock whistles," speaks
for itsel. I may be wrang, but I think
mony a reputation hings on a weaker peg than
that. But maybe I shouldna say that much.
Glasga hearts'll tingle tae the famillar sound o'
the "bawbee bap." If they dinna, theyre
cauldier than I tak them tae be, and I can only
greet ower them, for I was under nae necessity
to say a ward aboot the bap. Plenty o' ither
words wad hae rhymed jist as weel. But, as
I kent I was comin' near a compliment tae
Paisley, I thoct I had better no mak my
Glasga freens feel bad, and sae the bap was
luggit in ontirely for their sakes. If they din-
na appreciate the compliment it's their loss.

But I approach noo a pairt o' my composi-
tion that I wad rayther no speak o'. But if

I dinna, then the best o' the hale sang may be
passed over without any particular notice,
except frae a few Sons of "Seester," wha's
hearts, I ken, will burn at seein' the "Curt"
and the "Snedden,"—words, that, sae far as
I can mind, I have never seen in print except
in dercession—embodied—like flees in amber—
in sentimental verse. Aye and verse tae
that'll maybee leave for generations. For I'm
no without a feelin' that somebody will set
this sang o' mine tae a tune; and if they dae,
by Jingo! I dinna care whether I dee or no,
for my name will go doon tae generations yet
unborn. Bit I maun stop. There are only
two verses that I hadna alluded tae, an' it wad
scarcely be fair for me tae exhaust the subject.
Nae doot somebody will creeticise the hale
peice. Maybe some folk may wunner that I
should hae said any thing about the sang at
a'. Bit it seems tae me, that if some o' the
great writers o' by gane days had followed my
example, and gien their ain explanations o'
what they were writin', lots o' time an' money
wad hae been saved. Jist look at Shakespeere.
Hoo many commentaries hae been written on
his books, an' hoo faur off we are yet frae
gitting the exact meaning o' mony o' his ex-
pressions. There's a guid deal o' talk in
the papers sometimes aboot the benefit o' folk
that are rich being their ain executors—I dinna
see why men o' genius (tho' they be puir,
shouldna be their ain creeticks sometimes.

A SANG.

DEDICATED TO "BRITHER SCOTS THE WARD O'ER," IN
HONOR O' ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

Hech! ho! my heeland laddie!
How lang is't since ye saw your daddie?
O weel he lo'ed the Finnan Haddie!
Hech! ho! my heeland laddie!

Saw ye e'er the chucky stanes
Lyin' in the Gala Water?
Heard ye e'er John Tamson's banes
Wi' the rheumatism clatter?

Saftlies the snaw on Tintock tap,
High o'er the glen the laverock whistles.
Gae bring tae me a bawbee bap
Tae eat wi' butter, whulks and mussels.

Whulks and mussels by the sea,
Cockles, dulse, and crawlin' parsons.
But ever till the day I dee
I'll lo'e the lass that wears the tartans!

Hair—saft and toozy as the row,
E'en—black as Cart is at the Snedden,
Lips, that set my heart abow—
My winsome, lively Lizzie Shedden!

Oh Lizzie! faur across the sea
I've wannert since the nicht I kissed ye,
But quately ower my barley bree
I often wunner hoo ye mis-ed me.

I'll say guid bye, Mr. GRIP. If ye get this
an' the sang weel printed, ye'll hear again frae
yere freen

ALEXANDER MACSKARTAN.

Montreal, 24th November, 1883.

A BLESSED COUNTRY.

In the far-away country of Nobuddinoze—
(A rather strange place from its name, ye'll suppose)—
If all that is said of that country be true,
I should think that the very best thing I could do
Would be to go hence to that glorious climate,
And to give you my reasons for thinking so I'm at.
In the first place, politeness is studied by all,
And the strong never let the weak go to the wall.
If a street car is crowded, no lady stands up,
She is sure of a seat for herself and her pup.
If you travel by rail, though you go on a pass,
Your baggage is handled as though it were glass;
The hackmen will never take more than their dues,
And, if pressed to accept it, like heroes, refuse;
And if in your wallet your stock should be small,
They'll carry you gladly for nothing at all.
Each man has a heart that can feel for the woes
And sufferings of others in Nobuddinoze.
The neighbors ne'er gossip; a milkman dishonest
Is not to be found; *inveniri non est*
(That's meant to be Latin; I'm sure I don't know
Whether such it may be or may not; let it go.
If one makes a mistake each man sympathy shows
For the one who's caught tripping in Nobuddinoze.
A tailor ne'er thinks of presenting his bill
Unasked; a physician ne'er makes up a pill
Out of bread and bestows a long, jawbreaking name

On the article, charging a dol. for the same.
A lawyer will make his most eloquent pleas
In your case, without ever onst thinking of fees,
In fact, in the law very little is done,
And that little is looked upon merely as fun.
To the clergy there *ours* could not hold a candle,
Altogether unknown is a clerical scandal.
All this I'm relating undoubtedly shows
That a very best country is Nobuddinoze.
The milliners there make the costliest raiment,
And consider a "thank you" the very best payment.
In the theatre Gainsborough hats are forbidden,
Not a bit of the stage from the whole house is hidden.
The penalty's death for a gossip or meddler,
A hook agent, tramp, or a lightning-rod peddler.
A joke on a mule or a goat never goes
Into print in the country of Nobuddinoze.
If goods placed for sale are not just what they seem,
If butter's *not* butter, and if cream is *not* cream,
There's a person appointed whose function or "biz,"
'Tis to make dealers label it just what it is.
Hotel clerks are modest, reporters don't call
Them "genial," "urbane," and so on; not at all.
No, everything there by its proper name goes
In this thrice-blessed country of Nobuddinoze.
If you go to a friend for a loan, ye'll be met
With a smile, and the money ye'll instantly get;
The excuse is not known, "If you'd come yesterday
I'd have lent it with pleasure; a bill I'd to pay."
Or, "I wish you had come just ten minutes ago
For I've put every cent in the bank, don't you know."
No; down in his pocket your friend's hand will dive,
You asked for two dollars, he offers you five.
And now I've but mentioned a few of the things
In this country where people are angels *sans wings*—
Where 'tis more of a pleasure to give than receive,
Where all are so joyful and no one may grieve.
But where is this country, so *couleur de rose*?
Ah! that, my dear friend, is what Nobuddinoze!



A CORRECTION.

In a recent issue one of our funny
writers got up a little comic opera founded
on an alleged insult to the American flag,
said to have been committed by a number
of extra loyal citizens of St. Thomas. The
sqib was published in these columns, so of
course you saw it. Well, we find that it was
built upon newspaper facts, and we hasten to
take it all back, and to state that no insult was
offered the stars and stripes at St. Thomas.
Our funny, funny man, who believes all he
reads in the Western exchanges, founded his
operatta on a paragraph he clipped from the
—, but no, it is past and gone, so let us say
nothing more about it. We are pleased to
learn that the mayor and citizens of St. Tom
have always had a proper respect for the ban-
ner of our neighbors, and by way of compensa-
tion for the injustice we have done them, we
give above a correct picture of the whole popu-
lation of St. Tom, headed by the mayor and
council, singing "the star spangled banner."

HE LAUGHED.

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



HEARTLESS DESERTION.

"HERE, YOU, MRS. BRITANNIA! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR OWN PAUPERS!"

THE DUDE AND THE RASHER.

A thing on two legs called a Dude
Did his senses so greatly delude—
That he took a wood masher
To cut up his rasher—
Saying, "This is the way to eat fude."

But things couldn't continue like that,
All his friends said "You'll grow very fat,
And without any question
You'll have indigestion
And die of your theory—that's flat."

So this thing on two legs called a Dude
While thinking his friends very rude,
Soft sighed 'er his bacon—
"Well, perhaps I'm mistaken.
This masher *does* seem rather crude."

Then he took him a knife and a fork
To stop all this scandalous tork,
But he opened his eyes
In a genuine surprise,
For he found he grew thin as a Stork.

—F. J. M.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

IT WAS LARGE.

A correspondent in St. Thomas sends us the following "incident."

We always had an idea that the ladies of that city were rather lavishly gifted by nature as regards the size of their mouths, but we had no idea that the immensity of those caverns was as vast as this anecdote makes it appear they are.

Lady (one of the upper half-dozen of St. Thomas), rings bell, and to her appears Michael, the newly-imported flunkey from the "nourth av the Emerald Oisle."

LADY.—Michael, beso kind as to bring me some tea: don't make much—just a mouthful or so.

Exit Michael, and presently reappears bearing a three gallon pail of the desired beverage.

LADY.—(horrified) Gracious! Michael what are you doing? Are you crazy? I asked for a mouthful of tea.

MICHAEL.—A maouthful is it, me leddy; shure if phwat I've brought is'nt enough I can fetch ye some more; there's plinty av tay below but this is the biggest bucket I cud feind.

Lady faints and Michael with an ejaculation of "Haowly Maoses!" dashes the "tay" over her to bring back the "sinses av her" as he afterwards related to his admiring associates in the realms below stairs.

TAKING THE WIND OUT OF HIS SAILS.

A St. Louis man went around with Chief Justice Coleridge and talked of nothing but the bigness of everything in the town. "Finally," says Coleridge, who tells the story, "while passing one of those tremendous grain elevators, which are a feature of western cities, my friend broke out: 'Did you ever see anything like that? How many of these elevators do you suppose we have in St. Louis?' With perfect gravity I replied: 'Well, don't know exactly, but I should suppose about 10,000.'" And the gentleman chucked over the memory of the incident, and of the crushed and humiliated aspect of the western boaster, who had to admit that there were less than a dozen.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A placard at the entrance of the Reno (Nev.) jail reads: "Standing room only."
Soon snow and ice will meet upon the plain,
Cheek by jowl,
White winter wild will shake his frosty mane,
And then howl.

"Dar is many a rule," says Uncle Sam, "wat won't work bofe ways. Whiskey will produce a headache, but a headache wont produce whiskey."

A little girl at Newport, seeing the willow phaeton for the first time, exclaimed: "Why, mamma, everybody rides out in their clothes baskets here."

A man's awkward shape ain't no argument agin his 'preciation ob de finer pints ob life. A ole black bear ain't putty, but he's powerful fon' ob honey.

At fashionable dinners the game now comes to the table with the feathers on. By a strange coincidence this is the way the fashionable bonnet goes to church.

"No more of the fruit, but a little more of the juice, if you please," said the temperance advocate when the hostess asked him to have another dish of preserves—branded peaches.

"Why do you not invite Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Smith to your reception? They are very nice ladies." "Yes, but you see my husband don't want to associate with them." "Indeed, what have they done?" "Why, they got divorces from him, and such actions, you know, are very insulting to a sensitive man."

"I was chatting," writes a lady, "with a bright young girl, the other evening, at a small friendly gathering, when our attention was directed to a tall and handsome woman who had just entered the room. 'Who is she?' asked my companion; and I, wishing to be poetical, answered: 'A daughter of the gods.' 'I don't know her,' my companion replied, critically examining the new comer through her glasses; 'the gods are not in our set.'"

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



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