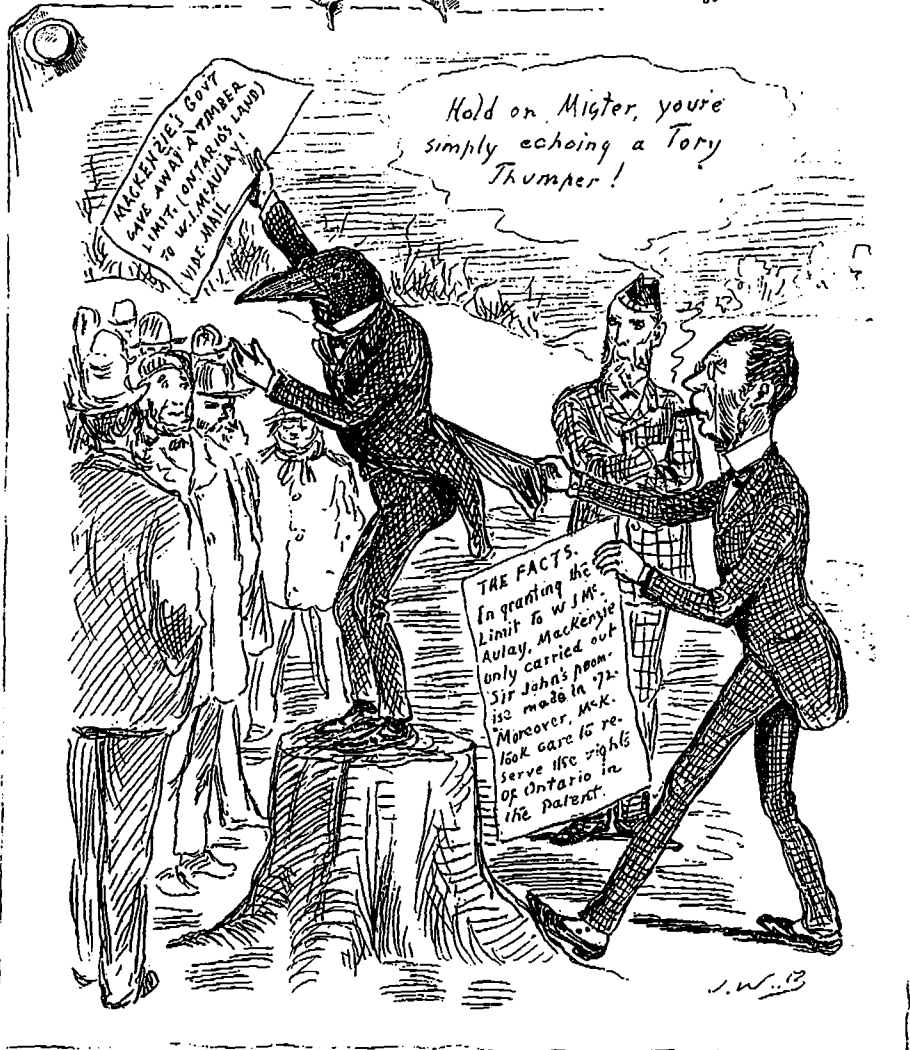


# GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BENGOUGH

GRIP. CO. EN'RS.



WE STAND CORRECTED.

GRIP is always glad to have his coat tails pulled if he goes astray on questions of fact. (See Cartoon in issue of Jan. 9th).

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

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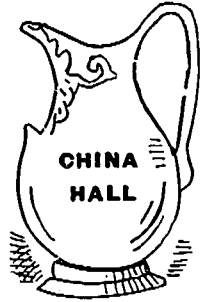
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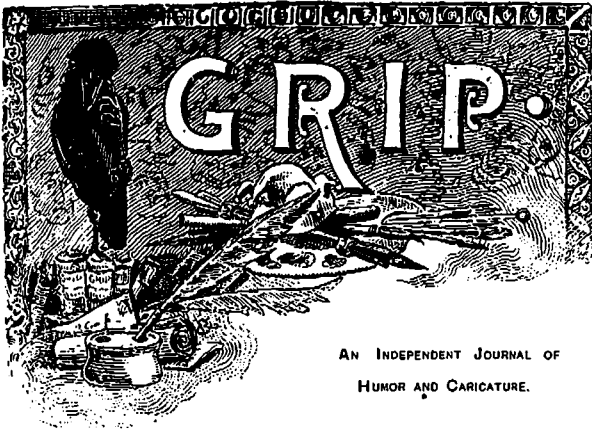
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J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

VOL. XXVI. TORONTO, JAN. 30TH, 1886. No. 4.

### Comments on the Cartoons.



**SIGNING FOR THE FIGHT.**—In his London speech, Mr. Blake accepted the challenge of the Government to a full discussion of the Rebellion, its causes and consequences, on the floor of Parliament. The house is to meet in the latter part of next month, and the event is awaited with breathless interest by the public. Our cartoon may convey the impression that the battle is likely to be a slugging match. It is. Knowing as we do the composition of the present House of Commons, we will be agreeably astonished if the fight proves fair, square and manly on both sides to the finish. Mr. Blake has given formal notice that, so far as he is concerned, the acknowledged rules of Parliamentary decorum will be observed. We would much like to have the endorsement of Sir John and his backers to the following sentiment of the Reform champion, in advance of the match :

I hope and trust that . . . when we meet in Parliament we may engage in debate in a temper and after a fashion suitable to our national dignity and respectful of our national unity. (Hear.)

**WE STAND CORRECTED.**—And now it is Mr. Cameron's turn to have his laugh at us. We hope he will magnanimously refrain, however, as it always makes us feel mean to be laughed at. Nevertheless we would rather have the whole country grinning at our expense than allow an injustice to a good man to stand in our columns uncorrected. All this has reference to a recent cartoon in which it was intimated (on the strength of evidence produced by the *Mail*) that Mr. Mackenzie was as guilty of giving away Ontario timber limits as was Sir John Macdonald. The case in point was that of W. J. McAulay to whom the Mackenzie Government issued a permit in '74. McAulay had been quoted by Mr. M. C. Cameron as one of John A.'s pets, and when the *Mail* produced the above fact, giving chapter and verse for it from the public records, we deemed it a fair shot at the Hon. Alex. We now find that the *Mail* wickedly concealed from us a prior fact of some importance, to wit, that this Mr. McAulay had made his application to Sir John in 1872, and on the strength of Sir John's word, had by 1874 erected sawmills and involved himself in other expense. Mr. Mackenzie issued the patent in '74 because he considered Sir John's promise to have bound the honor of the Crown; and furthermore, in granting the patent he carefully inserted a clause to guard any rights which the Province of Ontario might be found to have. There is nothing for us to do now but "take it all back" so far as Mr. Mackenzie is concerned, and we do so without hesitation. Let our brother of the *Mail* do likewise.

Mr. J. D. EDGAR REPUDIATES :—

That famous doggerel campaign song,  
"Ontario, Ontario!"  
To J. D. Edgar don't belong,  
"Ontario, Ontario!"  
For Mr. Edgar writes to say—  
(Vide the *Mail* the other day)—  
He never wrote that roundelay,  
"Ontario, Ontario!"

**EXTRADITION.**—Diplomacy is a high and mysterious thing that ordinary mortals who do not wear gold lace cannot hope to understand. The popular idea is that diplomacy is a roundabout way of not doing any given thing. The long continuance of the present disgraceful state of affairs between Canada and the United States in the matter of surrendering fugitive criminals is wholly owing to the red-tapeism of the circumlocution offices of the respective countries. There is no reason why an extradition treaty worthy of modern civilization, and covering every species of crime outside of purely political offences, could not be arranged in a day if a commission of two—a plain, common-sense citizen of each country—were appointed to arrange it.

### As We Pass By.

**T**HE Grits very properly objected when Sir John relegated to a Committee of the House the task of framing a temperance law, which should have been honestly introduced as a Government measure. They said the wily old fellow did this to escape ministerial responsibility. So he did; but what of Oliver Mowat and his Government shirking *their* responsibility by getting the readers of the *Globe* to formulate the necessary amendments to the Crooks Act? This is going a step further than John A., for he, at least, confined his committee to members of the House.

\* \* \*



**MR. R. J. BURDETTE** was royally received by his journalistic brethren of Toronto on the occasion of his visit last week, and his lecture on Tuesday evening was as witty and brilliant and as well attended as *GRIP* anticipated. Burdette is a prince of good fellows, and deserved all the patronage he received. The local press men are greatly indebted to their big-hearted president, Mr. J. Ross Robertson, for so gracefully doing the honors of host on their behalf. Burdette will travel a long distance before he finds him-

self in better hands than those of the genial *Telegram* man.

\* \* \*

THE American humorist was dined at the Club, driven around the city, fired down the toboggan slide, and otherwise well used. He was, of course, introduced to all the local lions, amongst the rest to our worthy Lieut.-Governor. It was a pleasant sight to see the little funny-man shaking hands with the lordly John Beverley. Looked just like the picture of "Dignity and Impudence"—only the figure of John Ross in the background dreamily pondering on previous meetings he had with Mr. Robinson, gave a tinge of tragedy to the scene.

SPEAKING of the Lieut.-Governor, we hear it rumored that Sir John Macdonald doesn't see his way to granting his Honor a second term. This will be regretted by all who have noted Mr. Robinson's demeanor during his incumbency, regardless of their political leanings. The office was never more ably filled; and few of Ontario's governors have been so popular personally. Throughout his term Mr. Robinson has displayed not only a thorough knowledge of his constitutional functions, but a special aptitude for the social duties of the position. We only hope his successor may be as good.

\* \* \*

ONE of our Lower Province exchanges comes to us each week with the motto: "Notre langue, notre religion et nos coutumes." Not knowing a word of French, we carried this to a scholar of our acquaintance who has made a special study of the *Canadiens*. He refused to translate it for us. "You write to the editor of that paper," said he, "and tell him that the sooner he does away with all three the better it will be for his people." "But what does it *mean*?" we asked. "It is," he replied, "a phrase which might be freely translated—*Why we stick in the mud.*"

\* \* \*

WE commend the following facts to the consideration of "A," the author of a rubbishy letter in the last issue of the *Week*. 1st. No sane Christian that we know of proclaims it to be a "sin" to take a glass of wine. 2nd. The object of Prohibition is not to reform men morally, but to defend society. It is not a sin to build a wooden house within the fire limits, but there is a law on our books totally prohibiting this (in itself) innocent act. Perhaps "A" can get this through his tangled wool if he tries hard.

### MUTTON.

*To the Editor of the Mail.*

SIR,—I have now been in Canada about a month, and have dined at several hotels, but have not yet seen any mutton on the table, which I, as an Englishman, think strange. Beef and mutton are English people's chief food, and a farmer without his flock of sheep is going down hill in that country. Yours, etc.,

OLD ENGLAND.

You may think it strange, "Old England," but it's not. You see, we in Canada are high-toned to a degree, and we rather turn up our colonial noses at mutton. We content ourselves in winter with turkey, goose, hashed venison, and oysters, and wait until spring for our lamb with mint sauce. An English "farmer without his flock of sheep is going down hill," is he? Why, farmers in this country often go down hill without their sheep, if the latter are not trained to follow them. But what has that to do with the question, anyhow?



At the Grand Opera House the Variety Company from the Howard Atheneum, of Boston, have furnished fun and laughter all week. This company has a high reputation to maintain, and its patrons may always be sure of the full worth of their money.

HAVERLY'S American-European Minstrels are at the Pavilion Music Hall, where, as a matter of course, they are playing to enormous houses. They remain to the end of the week, with a Saturday matinee, and all who wish to see minstrelsy at the apex of its possibilities (and who can manage to get in) ought to seize this opportunity. The Cragg family (acrobats) are simply marvellous, and every feature is first-class in its way.

### JACK'S EGG HUNT.

IN TWO STUGGLES.—II.

BUT the eggs; how have they fared during the affray? Cautiously feeling with both hands, Jack finds that the hat has been overturned and that *eleven* may with safety be taken. The balance lie direct in his path, and from the pungent odor they exhale he concludes that some of them were "old enough to vote."

On he goes again, over the broken eggs, which leave their mark on his jacket as he worms himself along. What about that? It isn't half as bad as the scratched face.

He has passed the threshing floor in safety now, though all the while on the watch for snakes and setting hens. His spirits rise as he sees the glimmering "boy-hole" in the distance, but his woe is not over yet.

Just as he carefully places the old hat and its precious burden beyond a sleeper, and is on his way after it, he thinks he hears a hiss. A thrill of horror shoots through him and up goes his head like a flash. The next moment he sees numberless fireworks, and down he goes on his face, howling in agony. And no wonder if he howls, seeing that his tongue is badly bitten and his unfortunate head almost cracked open! But the snake? Bless your soul! the chances are there wasn't a snake within half a mile.

On once more, but more cautiously, for he is firmly resolved that, hen or no hen, snake or no snake, he won't get hurt again. Presently he comes to a full stop, and, upon investigating, finds that he cannot pass this sleeper; that, in fact, the only passage-way is at the other side of the barn. This encourages him so much that he drops the hat and groans aloud.

He lies there and thinks; thinks of the bright sunlight outside, the old dog behind the kitchen, the birds whose twittering he can faintly hear, and the cattle down in the pasture. He wonders if he will ever see these again, if he will ever get out of this horrible place, and is almost persuaded that he never will.

Suddenly a hollow, far-away voice reaches and rouses him. He can barely distinguish the words, emphatic



**THE** soldier wiped away a tear,  
 That from his eye began to drip  
**THE** soldier wiped away the beer  
 That frothed upon his upper lip  
**THE** martial head was bowed with woe,  
 The martial breast with sorrow heaving,  
 The standers by desired to know  
 What meant this sad & silent grieving.  
**WHAT** deep emotion's cause distilled  
 The tear that coursed his cheek & wet it?  
 Alas! his glass he wished refilled  
 And lacked the wherewithal to get it

though they be: "Goodness, Jack! what in the world's keeping you?"

Growling out a reply, that reaches the opening in the shape of an indistinguishable murmur, he proceeds on his way, and without further mishap arrives at the hole, and crawling through it, raises himself sadly to his feet.

"Good gracious, what a sight!" is the exclamation that greets him; followed by, "Why, half these eggs are rotten!"

No word of sympathy, no kindly remark to soothe his wounded spirit, nothing. Is it to be wondered at, as he gazes upon his tattered, egg-stained jacket, and thinks of his scratched and dirty face, his bruised head, his mote-filled eyes and grimy hair, and feels the smart of his lacerated tongue and numerous wounds, that life seems a sham and a hollow mockery?

But mark that boy an hour later, as, clothed and in his right mind, he sits by the kitchen window and munches away at a huge triangle of custard pies, given him by that self-same sister. All thoughts of the barn and its horrors have faded into nothingness, and the world is roseate again.

PERKINS MIDDLEWICK.

**SUMMING 'EM UP.**

SOME men are like a looking-glass, their reflections are onesided and flat.

Some men are like needles—they go through a great deal of work, but they have to be pushed.

Some men never settle up until they settle down.

Some men are too high-toned to get down to work.

Some men have to go round to square up. The square man is always 'round at the proper time.

Some men are liberal minded, always giving their friends a piece.

**HIDDEN FEELINGS.**

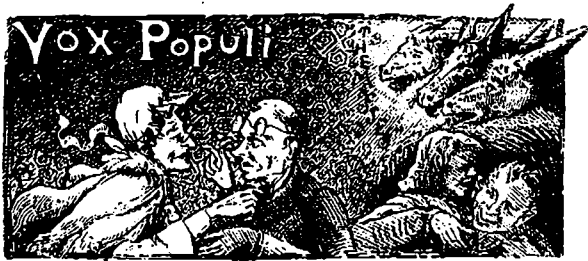
I FELT her presence everywhere,  
 Altho', perchance, I saw her not;  
 I felt it in the evening air,  
 Or waltzing in the ball-room hot;  
 I felt, indeed, she was my fate,  
 My dream, the object of my life;  
 I felt my love would not abate  
 Till I could call her my dear wife;  
 I felt her fair left hand that fumbled,  
 When it grabbed my watch of gold;  
 I felt 'twas time that I had tumbled,  
 And now I feel that I've been sold.

—Q.

**MODEL HASH-HOUSE.**

WE learn among other important news by cable from over the seas, that Captain Barton, late of the staff of Gen. Grant, has been charged by his boarding "missus" at Gordon Square, London, where he had been living on the "European" plan, for 23 quarts of milk, 4 bushels of potatoes, assumed to be consumed in one week. This the gallant captain thought rather too too, but when the "missus" brought a bill against him for \$50 for "condiments and the use of the cruets" for one month, he kicked, and disputed the claim in a court of law, but had to pay, all the same, according to the verdict of the jury, who looked, so the capting says, as if they "didn't know enough to come in when it's raining." Perhaps it is conduct like this on the part of landladies "at 'ome" that inspires so many young gentlemen from the old country with a determination to beat their grub houses here. GRIP thinks he has found out at last the reason of that peculiar idiosyncrasy on the part of the imported swell.

B.



WE are in receipt of a great many complimentary letters on our change of dress, and in an early issue will place a number of these kindly expressions before our readers.

MR. GILLAM, one of *Puck's* cartoonists, has retired from that journal—probably for a European tour, as that is customary with the *Puck* swells. His chair is ably occupied by Mr. J. A. Wales, whose pencil helped to enliven *Puck* in earlier days.

GRIP, the humorous paper of Canada, has discarded the ghastly green cover and the inadequate eight-page form of former days, and has blossomed out as a humorous paper equal to the best one on this side. It is now sixteen pages, and is modelled in shape after *Life*, of New York, and its sprightly and excellent Western rival, the *Rambler*, of Chicago. GRIP's central cartoon is good. It will be remembered that Sir John Macdonald was elected a member of the Honorable Company of Turners in London. On that occasion he defended the Lower Canadians against the charges of disloyalty made against them. GRIP represents the agile Sir John as the Master Turner turning a somersault from a rug labelled "Caustic For the Bleus," to another labelled "Faffy For the Bleus." —*Buffalo Courier*.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE NEW REFORM CLUB.  
(Drawn from designs furnished by the Editor of the *Mail*.)

QUERY.

If an artilleryman's boy were to call you a "son of a gun," could he take offence at your retorting that he was "a son of a gunner?"

CALGARY.

BY A DEMENTED LAND GRABBER.

COME my love and fly with me,  
To the orange groves and the deep lagoons—  
To the verdant vales of Calgaree,  
Where the Oriole's voice in plaintive tunes,  
Comes warbling from the tamarac branch,  
And from the tall magnolia tree.  
Oh, come my love, come to my ranch,  
That rests in the boundless per-a-ree ;  
The heaving blizzard will welcome thee,  
And likewise the thermometer,  
Down to the 45th degree  
Below, and the buffalo with his fur,  
If he's got any left, will bow his knee,  
If you come, my love, to Calgaree.

—Q.

MUSIC.

THE famous American prima donna, Mlle. Emma Nevada, will appear here in grand concert at the Pavilion on Monday evening, February 1st, when she will be assisted by the following artistes : Mons. Edmund Vergnet, tenor ; Sig. Carlo Buti, baritone ; Sig. Luigi Casati, violinist ; Sig. Gustave Lewita, pianist ; and Sig. Giorga, musical director. The plan is now open at Nordheimer's.

THE seventh concert of the Monday Popular series was well attended notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. Madam Carolina Zeiss was the vocalist. She has a remarkably powerful voice and apparently revels in *fortissimo* passages, much to the terror of the front seat occupants. Her rendering of Sullivan's "Lost Chord" was very fine, and equally so the same composer's "Let me dream again," which she gave as an *encore*. Mr. F. H. Torrington and Sig. Neopolitano assisted the Quartette in one number with good effect. The music selected for the instruments was more severe than usual, but was played in a masterly manner.

AT last we have heard the violin played. Now we know what that instrument is capable of ; we are now aware that it possesses a soul all but human, and can sway the emotions of man (and woman) at its will. In other words, we have heard Mons. Ovide Musin, an artist who stands amongst the very first in the musical world and whom it is to be Toronto's privilege to hear shortly again, as he and his company are to appear at the last Monday "Pop" of this season. Beside M. Musin, on the occasion referred to, stood M. Godowsky, an almost equally great master of the piano, though but a youth of nineteen. Those who failed to hear these marvellous artists may be congratulated that are to have one more chance.

HE came into the ladies' waiting-room and sat down, pulling away vigorously at his meerschaum. Soon an employee entered.

"Don't you see that notice, NO SMOKING ALLOWED?"

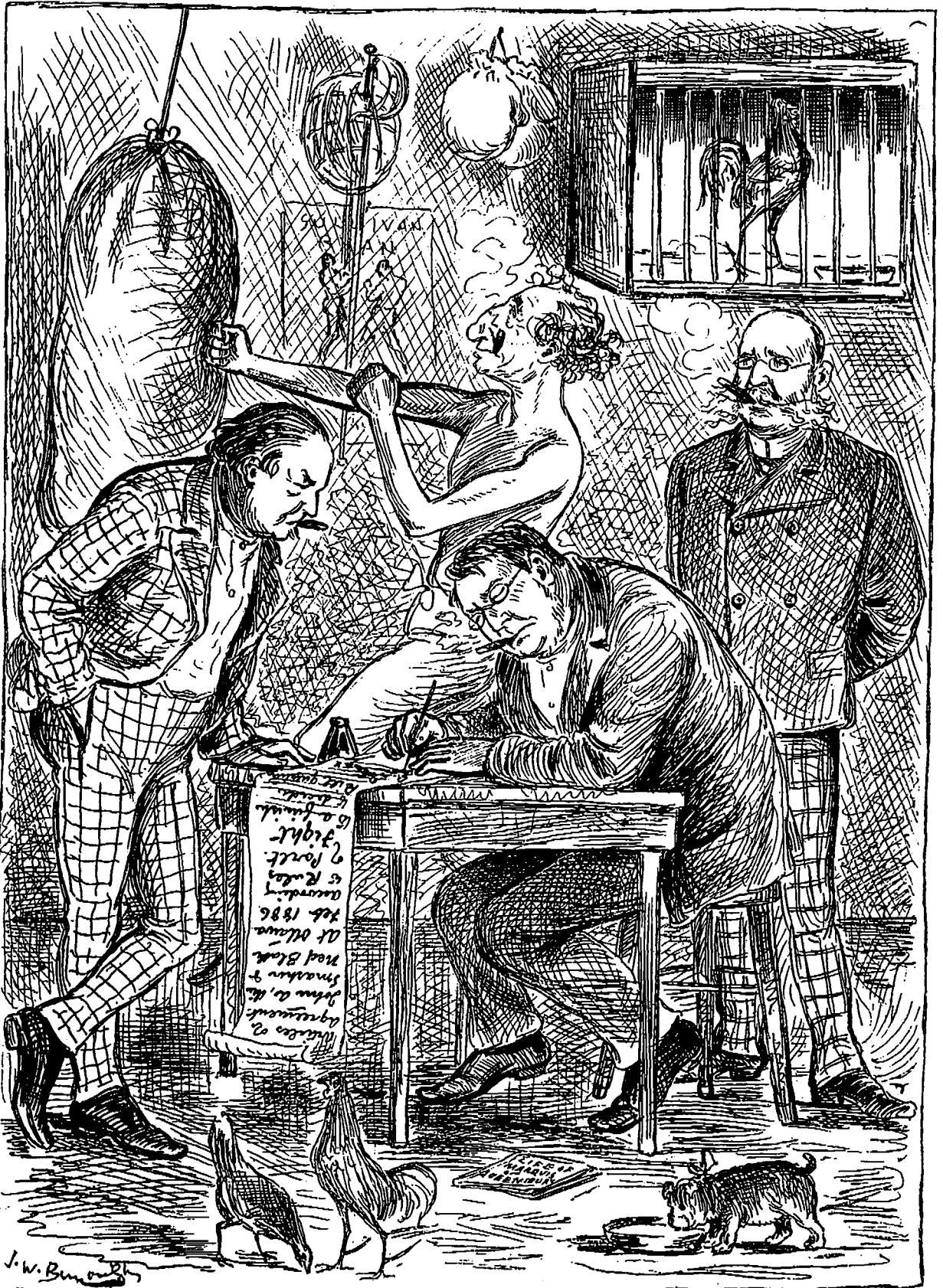
"Well, can't I smoke *still*?"

"Not when it *annoise* the ladies."

He felt quite put out when the employee fired him. Now, when he wishes to smoke in the ladies' waiting-room he goes to the smoking room.

CONSOLATION THOUGHT.—A rainy day is the best business day for the umbrella man.





J.W. Burroughs

### SIGNING FOR THE FIGHT.

"The Government says it (the Metis case)—is reserved for Parliament. Be it so."—Blake's Speech at London.

**AT THE COFFEE HOUSE.**

RUSTICUS was hungry. She handed him the bill of fare and stood waiting for his order.

"What's this, morning paper?"

"No, it's the bill of fare."

"Well, you just tell the boss I'll settle when I get through and not afore. He don't get no bill out of me till I've had my grub. Now hustle about, will ye."

She explained what the bill of fare was, and took his order for soup. He then began to spell out the rest of the *menu*. A stranger came in and sat down opposite. The soup arrived, and as he laid down the bill the stranger reached his hand across the table.

"Menu?"

"Yes, stranger, I guess me and you is in for it," said he, shaking his hand with vice-like grip, "and I guess we've got our work cut out for us too, only there's enough on that paper for a dozen hungry men, but I guess I'm good for my half—how are you?"

The stranger winced a bit, but said, "What! you are not going through the whole course, are you?"

"Isn't it on the bill?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, when I undertake a job I go through it, and I'm go'n' through the hull concern as a matter of course—or bust!"

The stranger subsided. When Rusticus was half way through the bill he stopped, heaved a little sigh, just a little, for it had not far to come or much room for preparation. He slowly got up and as he walked away he said:—

"Well, stranger, I'll just go out and walk about the town a bit. I'll be back to finish up after a while. I had a pretty good breakfast afore I left home, or I'll be durned ef I couldn't finish here now at one sitting, but I'll be back; there's nothin' mean about me."



**NATURE ABHORS, ETC.**

*Funnivag.*—Morning, old man, how are you?

*Jobbleson.*—Oh, I've got a shocking cold in the head.

*Funnivag.*—Well, that's better than *nothing*, you know!

**THE BIRDS.**

BY A TRAMP.

THEY say the birds will come again,  
With plumage bright and voices gay,  
When wild rose decks the rustic lane,  
And sweetly bloom the flowers of May;  
The blue-jay on decaying beech,  
The tomtit and the small pee-wee,  
The robin, owl, and night-hawk, each  
The poet loves, but as for me,

The birds may all go to the deuce,  
I would have turkey or roast goose.  
I say, let them go to the dickens,  
For what are they to nice spring chickens?  
Their songs may fill the ambient air,  
But I'd be filled with stronger fare,  
And being now quite short of cash,  
I'll go and get my humble hash.

—Q.

**NEMESIS!**

MR. GRIM was an elderly citizen, rather comfortable in flesh and otherwise, and had arrived at that age of life when it is easier to lie down than rise up. Mr. Grim was a born critic; he criticized the doings of the mayor and aldermen in a way that made the listener wonder why he had not long ago been elected to the civic chair. He was peculiarly set against the by-law compelling citizens to shovel off the snow from the sidewalk in front of their own doors. This he denounced in unmeasured terms as a piece a tyranny worthy of the Czar of Russia, and to show his sincerity he religiously abstained from attempting to touch, either with broom or shovel, the snow that fell for twenty-four hours steadily.

On either side of his house door, far as the eye could reach—and broken only by unshovelled crossings—the sidewalk stretched, safe and clean swept; the pedestrians stepped out briskly about their various daily business, until happening to pass in front of Grim's house, an involuntary swear voiced the annoyance of the retarded passer-by. The neighbors hinted, protested and complained. He was "hauled up" and fined; but all untouched by him the snow lay foul and down-trodden in front of his door. He had said it, and he would stick to it, it was the duty of the city to see that the streets were kept clear, and he would not encourage or submit to any such tyranny. One evening he set out to Lodge. It was drizzling slightly when Grim set out on this particular evening; the snow in front of his door was slushy as he stepped down and out. But he had scarcely got inside the lodge when Nemesis, who had been pursuing him unseen, gave the signal for his punishment. Midnight boomed out from the city spires, the city was asleep; only a foot-fall here and there broke the frosty silence. One o'clock! two o'clock! A foot-fall, interspersed with the dot and carry one of a stick, broke the echoes into life—a figure, stout, elderly, and manifestly unsteady, came stamping up the street that led to Grim's door. Nearer, and yet nearer—it was Grim returning. Safely and surely he swaggered along, till stepping on the now glassy patch in front of his own door, down he went—his heels in the air, his stick ditto, and his skull striking the ice with the crack of doom!

Morning dawned, clear and cloudless, the sun rose up out of the lake, up over the city, up over Grim's chimney—and there beheld Grim, stark and lifeless, lying on his unshovelled snow!

COUNTERFEIT jokes are those that do not pass for very good sense.





**MR. J. D. EDGAR REPUDIATES!**

(See his letter to the *Mail* disclaiming "Ontario, Ontario.")

## J. FRASER BRYCE,

Life-sized Photographs made direct from life a speciality. Nothing to equal them in the Dominion.

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This prevalent malady is the parent of most of our family ills. One of the best remedies known for dyspepsia is Burdock Blood Bitters, it having cured the worst chronic forms, after all else had failed.

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WATSON & SOX'S Ordered Clothing Department and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

"The autumn winds do blow,  
And we shall soon have snow.  
Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of Wm. West & Co.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

"Hello! Charlie. What's the matter?" "My corns and ingrowing nail are nearly killing me." "Why don't you go to Prof. Davidson, 71 Yonge St., cor. King St., he removes them at once without pain - he cured mine."

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What are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a DOMESTIC, but one that no lady will part with. Found only at 95 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

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Go to Kingsbury's 103 Church-st., Toronto, for fine Cheese and Groceries.

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**OUR "SUNLIGHT"**  
 is the best Canadian Coal Oil in the market

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**NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM,**  
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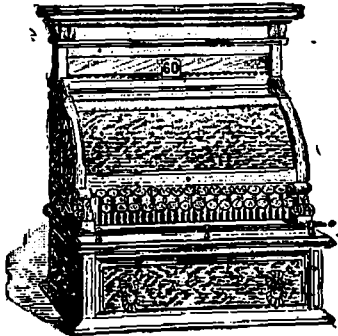
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COAL  
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**JOHNSTON'S**  
**FLUID BEEF**

**THE PRIVATE'S GLORY.**

SWEET little Major, he mounts my knee,  
And the tender blue eyes look at me.  
"Tell me, Popsie, just once more,  
What did you do when you went to war?"

And then I tell of the autumn day  
When the Forty-seventh marched away;  
How Cromwell died at Jackson town,  
And Miles on Corinth field went down.

"But how many rebels, tell me true,  
Did you kill then, and the whole war through?"  
And I tell him then, with eager zest  
How Jo Reed blew up a limber chest.

But the Major sticks to his question still,  
"How many rebels did you kill?"  
So I tell him how, near the set of sun,  
The charge was made and the battle won.

And how, the day McClure was shot,  
When Vicksburg's fight was fierce and hot  
Brave Sam Law took "C" company in  
Through flame and smoke and the batteries' din.

How over our heads the battle broke  
With screaming shell and sabre stroke,  
And he wanted to know, the little elf,  
"But how many men did you kill yourself?"

"Say, tell me, Popsie, say you will—  
How many rebels did you kill?"  
So I told him the truth as near as might be—  
As many of them as they did of me.

—R. J. Burdette.

"Say, mister, what's that picture?" en-  
quired a countryman in an art store.

"An etching."  
"Itching, hey?" and his cane came into  
close proximity to the picture.

"For heaven's sake don't scratch it,"  
shouted the attendant.—*Outlook (T. B.).*

*Tavern-keeper (to variety actress).—*Now,  
see here, Miss, what do you do on the stage?

*Variety Actress.—*I'm in the olio, sir.  
*Tavern-keeper.—*In oleo, hey? Say, come  
out into the kitchen, will you? I want to get  
your opinion on some 'margarine I've been  
making.—*Outlook (T. B.).*

*Juvenile Class:*

Master Totor, supposing your father  
gives you two slices of bread and butter, and  
your mother also gives you two more, how  
many would you have altogether?"

"I should have—I should have, enough!"  
—*French Joke.*

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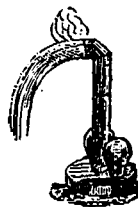
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**PILLS,** when the Directions are strictly  
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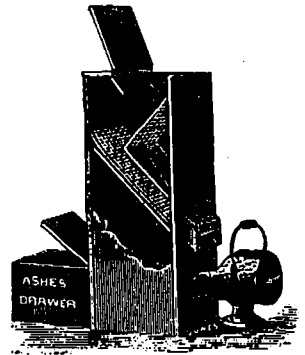
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**'DUSTLESS'**  
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**WE CALL ATTENTION TO** the improvements in GRIP. This number is better than last week's; and it is intended to make still further progress. The Midsummer and Christmas numbers will be special features; and will be presented to subscribers free of extra cost.

All who subscribe, or renew, during January, will receive GRIP for 1886 at the old price, \$2. Do not overlook this special offer for this month.



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Toronto, Sept. 3rd, 1885.

GENTLEMEN,—I believe the ingredients composing Permanganophenylene are the best in use for disinfecting purposes, and have no hesitation in recommending it.

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# 1873. GRIP! 1886.

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The publishers of Grip are making extensive improvements for 1886. The old cover is to be discarded, and the journal will hereafter comprise 24 pages, and be printed on heavy toned and colored paper,—every number being so artistically executed as to compare favorably with the best papers of the kind on the continent. The ads. will be compressed and more systematically arranged; while similar improvements will be made us to the letter-press. A new and handsome design will adorn the title-page; while the Cartoons will certainly not suffer from extensive improvements in the artistic department.

The price of Grip will hereafter be \$3 a year, which is lower than that of any paper of its kind in America,—most of them selling for \$5. Single numbers of Grip will be 10 cents.

Twice a year, at Midsummer and Christmas, a beautiful special number will be issued, the number of pages being increased, and pleasing features introduced,—particulars of which will be given in preceding issues. These numbers will be presented to subscribers without extra charge.