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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.

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

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

- ALREADY PUBLISHED:
- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
  - No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
  - No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
  - No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
  - No. 5. Hon. H. MERCIER:
- Will be issued with the number for..... Dec. 20.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The Government of Canada, and the Government of the C.P.R. have become so much alike that it is hard to tell 'tother from which. Sir John has "mixed those children up" until he himself appears quite unable to distinguish between them. Theoretically, the C.P.R. is a private corporation, engaged in the performance of a private work. This work, being of public utility, has been aided by grants of land and money out of the Government Treasury. That is all the Government is supposed to know or care about it. But, in fact, the C.P.R. is treated as if it were a public work being executed for the Government. Members of the Syndicate are forever hovering about Ottawa; Cabinet Ministers and their courtiers are continually being carried about in "official" cars; Sir Charles Tupper, our representative abroad, is doing a little "booming" as opportunity offers, and Sir John is at the present moment engaged, with the President of the Company, in business which, so far as the Canadian public know, concerns chiefly this private corporation. No wonder the question is being asked, "Which is the Government and which is the Syndicate?"

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Ned Farrar has rejoined the staff of the Mail, but the coat of editor-in-chief is still worn by Mr. M. J. Griffin.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The demand for the abolition of tax exemptions continues, and at the approaching session of the Local House Dr. Mowat will be expected to propose a cure for this sore spot on the body politic. He has had it in his serious consideration long enough. What is needed now is the political lancet.

It is perhaps superfluous to call attention to the advertisement of the Barnum Wire and Iron Works on our cover. The matter is so profusely illustrated that no reader of GRIP this week will fail to read it through. The goods supplied by this firm are well known throughout Canada for their elegance and utility, and we are glad to note that adequate encouragement is given to the enterprise on this side of the line, as the introduction of these goods marks an advance in the popular taste.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

No. 4.—MR. W. R. MEREDITH, M.P.P.

Mr. William Ralph Meredith is one of the best liked men in his home, City of London (Ont.) and, wherever he is known personally outside of that lovely little corporation, he is highly thought of. This is because William is a very nice fellow—notwithstanding his gunpowdery temper, for the freaks of which he is more to be pitied than blamed. No man—especially a politician—is faultless, and nobody thinks less of the leader of the local Opposition because he occasionally explodes without just cause or provocation.

Our artist has painted him in a tranquil frame of mind—after the memory of a defeat at whist has faded away. Mr. Meredith is a handsome man, also—one of the best looking in the House. If the ladies had the suffrage, there is no manner of doubt Mr. Mowat would have to "go." The subject of our present portrait was born at Westminster, Middlesex, Ont., in the year 1840. He is a son of the late J. C. Meredith, for many years clerk of the peace at London. Willie Ralph was remarkable in his youth—and is still—for a wonderfully good memory, and at the old grammar school of London, then under the rod of Rev. Robert Bayley, he absorbed Latin roots and propositions of Euclid with a facility that made the other boys green with envy. From the grammar school the future statesman passed on to Toronto University, where, after a highly creditable career, he was duly graduated. He chose the law as a profession, and in the natural course of human events, was called to the bar, and hung out his shingle in the faces of his townsmen. Subsequently he became a partner of the late Mr. Scatcherd, M.P., and at present is the head of the legal firm of Scatcherd & Meredith. In the year 1872 or thereabouts, it occurred to this thriving lawyer that he never could be truly happy outside of Parliament. The people of London shared this opinion to such an extent that they placed Mr. Meredith in the seat vacated by Hon. John Carling on the passage of the bill abolishing Dual Representation. The new M.P.P. at once took a prominent position on the Conservative side of the House, under the wing of Hon. M. C. Cameron. Here his talent for debate made itself manifest, and on the retirement of Mr. Cameron, the party caucus appointed Mr. Meredith to the leadership. Nature intended Mr. M. for a success in this capacity, having granted him more than an average of the necessary gift and graces. If he has in any measure failed to realize the high hopes of his friends, it is certainly not for want of ability. To be sure, he has had an uphill row to hoe, sitting opposite to a Government always strong in the country and commanding a good majority in the House,—a Government, too, that affords very little help to an Opposition leader in search of "points;" but unquestionably Mr. Meredith has weakened himself by a too loyal obedience to the dictation of his "superior officer," the Federal Premier. He has not had a fair show as yet. The blunders he has made are not, properly speaking, his own. If it were possible to annihilate the influence of Ottawa, GRIP believes that Mr. W. R. Meredith would prove himself one of the best and ablest men that Ontario has yet had in her service.

A CRYING SHAME.

To the Editor of Grip:

SIR,—I, as one of a numerous class, must rise up and protest against this nefarious Scott Act of which we hear so much. You will imagine, from what I have said, that I am one of those individuals who cannot do without alcoholic beverages. If you think this you were never more mistaken in your life. On the contrary, I am and always have been

an ardent temperance man, and never drank a drop of liquor in my life. Why, then, you ask, do I protest against the passage of the Act? Simply, sir, because if it comes into force I shall lose my employment.

I am one of those men in no way clever or brilliant. I am no scholar, in the proper sense of the word, and I have nothing to recommend me but my unimpeachable steadiness and sobriety. I can see that, if the Scott Act comes into force, those men who are really mentally gifted but who are regular tipplers, and who, on the latter account, can never keep a position for more than a few weeks, will be compelled to become sober, and they will, therefore, be my equal in that respect, and infinitely my superior in every other way.

You will often hear an employer say, "I would rather have a thoroughly sober man in my employment; one on whom I can depend at all times, than the most brilliant and gifted man who drinks." That's all right enough, but when those fellows we see going about, out at elbows, down at heels, and bleary-eyed, become compulsorily sober and with no chance of procuring liquor, they will be snapped up at once, for I must confess they are, as a rule, the cleverest fellows after all, that is, the majority of them.

No, sir; by all means let us do our utmost to defeat this tyrannical Act.

You will see that these fellows to whom I allude will, when they see the difficulty, nay almost impossibility of obtaining liquor if the Scott Act is universally carried throughout Canada, brace up and think no more about it. Those who can't get along without stimulants will leave the country, and I most devoutly trust that all of them will be such slaves to their appetites that they will emigrate to Jamaica and guzzle rum with the Niggers till they kill themselves. I am religious, sir, and I do not believe in men habitually steady and sober, though not endowed with brilliant mental parts, being ousted from their positions by these clever rumpstealers, and thrown on the cold charity of the world.

I know of scores of men in this city who are nothing but beggars at present, but who might have very good positions (which, I am forced to own, they can fill admirably) were it not for their habit of filling themselves instead of those positions. I say let us do our best to keep these men drunkards, so that we may not be thrust out of our comfortable berths which we hold in virtue of our immaculate sobriety.

I am religious, sir, and do not believe in forcing drunkards to become sober and step into our positions.

No, sir; charity begins at home and I mean to keep my berth if I have to spend half my salary in treating these clever toppers and keeping them drunk.

Trusting that, when the time comes, the Scott Act will be defeated by an overwhelming majority, I am, sir,

Yours in F. H. & C.  
SIMON COLDSTREAM.

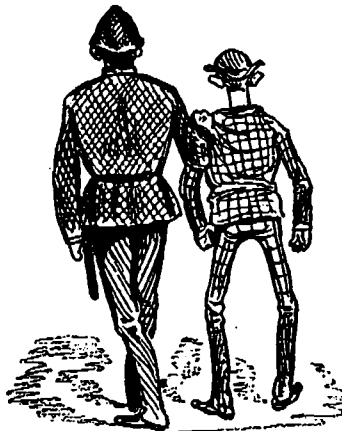
A BASE PLOT.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—I must tell you bout our fif of November. I rite this lying in bed my sister mary rits it an i tell her how to spel the words wen she gets stuck girls hasn't much education en is only the weaker sect after all. I know you was a jolly old cock when you was a young feller so i mus tell you what us boys done that Wendsdy. I was guy fox an we resolved to blow up the house of comons saue as he tried to do. the house of comons was the hen house an i was guy fox. an we burrered a big hole from the allerway til we calkulated we was about under the hen house. it was a nimens hole big enuf for me to stand up rite in it and nearly a mile long i shud think an wed bin bying gunpowder in small packidgts

for the last too weaks and crackers and all sorts of cunbustibles, and we put all these rite under the hen house we conver-ed in spannish bucos guy fox was a spanish or a nitalian an i was guy fox and billy roldes he was a bold conspiritor an so was jimmy jonson and charlie tomson. rolloero el powdero under hen house, i ses an the three boald conspiriters ses "see, scnyor." just like rele spannish an done just as i tole em i think there must have been woren a thowsend pounds of powder in the hole. well we could here the hens an the geeso cacklin just like members of parlyment an i rores out in tones of thunder ware is the -i meaw waro esto el torcho for wed lade a trane an all was reidy. ecco lar ses charlie strikin a match on his nickerbokers an i ses then death to tyrants for i forgot the spannish for this an then i aplied the torch an the 3 boald conspiriters run to the end of the allerway but i was in such a hurry that i triped an my eyes soon as i a plied the torch the hoal thing went orf you never see the beat of it an i was flinged out hed formist outon the hoal an i see the air full of members of parlyment in all staiges of decomposition sum without heads and sum with thare wings and tales burnt orf and all squawling like as if they was hurt but that wasnt all for the hoal was longer than we anticipated an run under the back kitchen ware ma and miss malone the hired gurl was washin an you should a seen miss malone come flyin threw the winder an the tubs after her an all the weaks washin black as sut an ma with her hare all singed orf my, you never seen the beat the boald consperiters had run orf fritened near to deth at the result of the plot an i declair i was the moast astonished consperitur you ever seen. my cloes was all burnt an lung in ribins an my eyebrows an hare was gone an i had a norful pane all over miss malone is a nirish gurl an my how she did go on an ses she its that devil's pup av a by of yours done this the blagyerdly murtherin little villin ses she an she was orful a stonished. well i was carried to bed an the doctor come an he ses itl be a weak befor i get wel there was twenty three members of the house of commons killed out rite and several hert so bad they had to be slane not countin the nirish gurl malone who says she woan't live with such a divils imp as me an she's gone haom an i shud think shed like a gunpowder plot becoss shes a papish an shes suing for her wadges for pa has been speklatin on the merican lections an cudnt pay her an he ses i am the cors of all his truble but i was only doing what history tells bout what do they teech us history for if it isn't to sew the goud seed in our mines i shoud like to kno. all the dishes was broak in the back kitching and the insurants company had pa a rested for a tempted incendriasm, but i got him orf telin a bout the consperisy an ma has stained a shok to her nerfs that the doctor says may prove mortly fatel. i am sorry now an wen i get wel i shal be doctor carver and iassoo the dogs and the other fellers cos i think gunpowders too explosif. pa is going to giv me a norful lickin wen i get well an i doant kno whether to recuver or die both's bad enuff. if you will interseed for me praps i shant be belted so please do an ill rite you some moar for GRIP. i cant see out of one i and the other is bunged up good by.

Your fathful friend, JO POKER.

Benedict, have you not often heard your beloved better-half complain of the discomfort she feels after she has adjusted that mysterious fixture—her corset? You have; and with the instinct of your sex, you have advised her to discard corsets altogether. There's where you made the mistake. The trouble was not the corset, but the seams in the "vest" beneath it. You can remedy the difficulty and secure peace in your household by getting Mrs. Benedict one of the seamless vests to which reference is made in the advertisement of the Paris Manufacturing Co. on our cover this week.



THE STUDENT AND THE COP.

Said the student to the cop,  
I will sing a little song;  
Said the cop unto the student,  
You had better move along.

Said the student to the cop,  
Just wait till I begin;  
Said the cop to the student,  
I think I'll run you in.

Said the student to the cop,  
I rather think you wont;  
Said the cop to the student,  
I'm jiggered if I don't.

Said the student to the cop,  
I never will be sat on;  
Said the cop to the student,  
Cast your eye upon my baton.

Said the student to the cop,  
Cast your eye upon my femur;  
But the cop didn't mind it,  
And he never showed a tremor;

But he caught hold of the collar  
Of the young and studious lad,  
And he placed a mild contusion  
On the summit of his head;

And a comminuted fracture  
On his nice new Derby hat,  
Observing "You must come wid me,  
And give me no more chat."

And the coppie marched the student off  
Amid a row infernal;  
And the next day he'd to interview  
The unrelenting kurnal.

DOODY'S GREAT SPEECH ON HOME RULE.

How long, me misguided country will yez be a menagerie to the Saxon circus? How long will the lions and toygers av Irish eloquence be stirted up be the ten-fut pole or Saxon arrogance an' the sawdust arena or a Saxon Parlymint? And the great Ostriches, Zebras and grizzly bears or Milesian Golden Grandeur be a laughing-stock for the greedy grins av a goggle-eyed generation av guggle-pated Englishmin. (Cheers.)

Let us calmlly condemn in intertwisted flashes of consuming electricity and resonant remarks of thunder-pealing silence, the hoggish propensities of Saxon statesmanship. In the name of Cromwell and the combined cranks of christendom, how long stweet vale av Avoca art thou to be sneezed at be the Bully-ruffians av the nineteenth century? (Wild cheering.)

Though all the crowned heads, corned feet, an' royal white elephants av Europo arise indisherminately an' at vance to crish the green goddess av freedom, I purtest wid the light av ages converging on the e-crcumferenco av moy cranium—and in the name of all the kings of Ireland that monarchical inshtitutions ejected into the baseless vacuity of nothing at all in the irresistible splendoriferousness of the concentrated blue blazes of justice flowing forth as impartially as melted butter from a saucapan. (Thunders of applause.)

Faix, long enough me onhappy country had thou been ground down an' blowed up be the insufferable presence ov absentee landlords.

Long enough has the shroine ov justice been striving to cleanse the shstains from the shpot-less ermine in the hearts blud ov the purest peasantry that ever set fut to the flure. (Cries of "Hear till him.")

Phantom ov O'Connell! Immortyal Dan! I flourish the shillelah av defoince at those crawling caricatures av common sense which contaminate the roshthrum av knowledge wid the nobsthrum av ignorance. Shweet gim ov the say. Yer political fucher wouldnt pay for the salt to a red herrin', barrin yez have recoorse to dynamite an' a power av it. (Long and continued cheering.)

THE C.C.A.'S RAVING.

In my chamber I was sitting, through my fancy came there fitting many a curious thought befitting some quaint tome of legal lore,  
When my ears were set a-tingling by the sound of money jingling, which with laughter loud was mingling just outside th' apartment door.  
Ah! it was the sound of money, sweet to me as is the honey to the bees; I thought it funny, coin was jingling on the floor  
Of the hall outside, or lobby; "Now I can indnlge my hobby," then I thought, "I'll call a lobby; here's a gambling case in store,  
These are newstoys pitching coppers; 'tis a gambling case in store."

Down I cast my parchment musty; set aside my volume dusty; whispered, "Now, my lads, I'll bust'e, gambling at my chamber door."  
Then across the room I ambled to detect the boys who gambled; with a little speech preambled, crept I silent o'er the floor.  
Close my eye I put the key hole; 'twas a very, very wee hole, but thro' it I well could see whole crowds of buys, eye, ten or more,  
Each one pitching up a copper; "Ha!" me thought, "it will be proper on this fun to put a stopper; yea, I'll quash it everuore;  
These bad boys I'll teach a lesson; they shall gamble nevermore.

Then I stood and peeped and listened, whilst my eyes with gladness glistened; one I heard who "Spuds" was christened, call out "heads! 'twas tails before,  
That's ten cents you owes me, Billy." Oh! those words near knocked me silly. So this "Spuds" will gamble, will he? thus I spake but patient bore  
Till more evidence I had, sir, tho' suspense nigh drove me mad, sir, I could scarce hold in, by gad! sir, but I wished to ope the door.  
And conclude the gambling coppers of those boys who sell newspapers; "oh!" I sighed, "for one of Draper's men to catch them," then I tore  
Open wide the door and dashed out. Darkness there, and nothing more!

Then a sense of dread came o'er me as I saw all black before me; loud the night wind blew, and stormy 'cross the lake from shore to shore,  
And it whistled weird, and eerie, like the wail of spirits weary of the realms of Hades dreary, till I writhed in terror sore.

"Do I wake or am I dreaming?" then I cried in anguish, screaming, "this affair has all the scumming of a dream I've dreamt before,  
When I thought I'd nabbed those sinners, who no toilers are, nor spinners, but who chanced to come out winners and prize lottery tickets bore;  
Shall I catch them?" and a voice spake from the darkness—"Nevermore."

Then I woke, with chills all creeping down my back; I had been sleeping, legal lore my senses steeping; I was lying on the floor;  
There it was my clerk had found me, where the nightmare foul had bound me, with my briefs all scattered round me; aching every bone and sore,  
And I said, as I'm a sinner and a foe to lottery winner, that, directly after dinner, winks I ne'er will take two score,  
And I am prepared to swear, sir, that to go to sleep I dare, sir, sitting in my office chair, sir, never, never, nevermore,  
No; directly after dinner I will fall asleep—no more. —S.

RAFFERTY'S RESOLVE.

THE TOUCHING TALE OF A NOBLE, SPARTANIC YOUTH.

"Father, I must put in another term at College!"

From a boy Peter Rafferty was known for his manly courage, and high ambition.

Even now, when a grown man, and second year medical student, he cannot enjoy the trip from Toronto out to the old farmstead unless the stage driver gives him a seat on the box, and lets him take the reins as they drive through the villages.

It was, therefore, with no great surprise that the young man's father heard the impassioned declaration with which this exciting narrative opens.

Peter had taken a run out home to break the dull, hard routine of the College course, and give the old man a hand with the turnips.

"You see, Pete," the aged yeoman had been saying, "I'm gittin' up in years, an' would be plazed to have you take hould av the farrum widout delay."

Peter's determination to oppose his father's wish was but too plainly evident in the set of his firm lips, and the impetuous way in which he hunted around the kitchen for the bootjack.

"'Tis no mane houldin', Pete, two hundred an' odd acres, and nivr a fardin o' mortgage upon it."

"A goodly heritage, Sir, I grant. A sure competency, and far to be preferred before the uncertain yield of a country medical practice more than half made up of gratis attendance on your own and your wife's folk. But—I shall go back for, at least, another term."

"Your wife that is to be can sluther you, Pete, maybe!"

"Love's blandishments are powerful, but with me and my resolve they can prove of no avail. I return to Toronto."

"Your mother will plead wid you to shstay."

"I hope not, for I don't wish to give her pain by a refusal—a refusal utterly unalterable."

"You'll not make your salt at dootherin', Pete, an' it's your own father that sez it."

"My Spartan fortitude would enable me to greet the poor-house cheerfully. Mouday's stage for the city sees me on board, come what may!"

"Pete, in the matther av you an' the farrum, it's *nou or niver!* D'ye understand me, boy?"

"Then, Father, let it be never! For go back I *shall*—I *will*—I *must!*"

"In the name av all the powers av Moll Kelly, will you be decent enough to tell us the reason *why?*" The old man yelled as if he were talking to the hired man.

Not a muscle of the youth's face changed, not an alteration of his tone betrayed his emotion as he quietly answered:

"The reason, Sir? Yes! I, with my fellow students, have registered a solemn vow, which we hope to be able to fulfil next term. I go, sir,—I return to the mad Metropolis—to help work up a scheme that will get us even with the city cops!"

[N.B.—The conclusion of this interesting story will be found in Police Court reports later on.]

NEEBRITCHES AGAIN.

HE FINDS FAULT WITH CANADIAN FOX-HUNTING.



ERE Mister Grip, I'll've halways rote in proas at hother times, But now I feel constrained to try my and at lirk rimes, You're aweer Hive orft had-dressed you hin the paiges of your GRIP, I rote to you of servants and how marsters gave the tip.

Now Hive hanother greevance; hin fact I ave a lot, For reely hin this country people do not know *rots* too.

I despises thare aping manners as they tries to do the grand! They avent got the *stifle* and ow to haet don't understand.

You see, a man, to be a nob, must ave it hin is *blud*; You can't maik silk from ears of piggs, nor shampain hout of mud. Hand to see your traidsmen hapin lords do give me grato distress; The contempt I feels for mokrery i reely can't igspres.

The thing Him down on now is called the Unt Club; you're aweer That such a thing igsists, no dout, rito in Toronto ere. It haet the club Him down hon, for unting i adoar, When conducted hin a country wich is suteable thare-for.

Wich this ere country *hinst*—with hits townships, lotts and blocks— They avent got no edges, no ditches *hand*—no fox. The hanimals they uses is caught befor the chase, The fox is *taim*, just think of that; *It* calls it a dis-grais.

Hand then that's not the *vust* of it, sometimes they avent got No fox at hall; the bear *fidcar* with hanger makes no ot. Now wot dy'o think they uses when a fox to unt they need

And avent got one? Evins ahiv? *a bay orf hanis-seed!* Sometimes a ering! taly-o! they ollers; orf they goes, And calls it *unting*. Hail they wants to waro is thare unting close.

Ow folks would larf in Hingland; ow sports wood chaw the rag To see them fellers at the meet with the fox tide in a bagg!

I ate this beesly country; i can't abear its ways; Ho, satly i reflex at times on the lito hof hother days Hin Hingland wen we ad some swells; wou Lord Fitz-Follymaich Was marster of the oands; he was a proper *Hem*. Hef Hainth;

Hand hall the field was pussons of the good hold *blod* *blud* grade— Not fellers as ave made their tin along of beesley traid. Hin Hingland Ii-kep eumpry with marsters as was nohs.

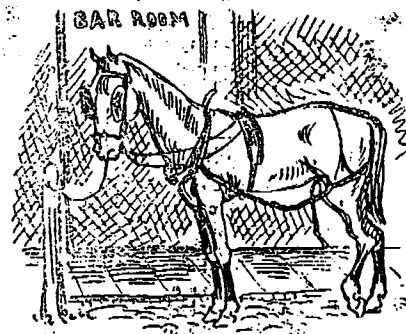
Hin consokwents, of which Hi feels a grato contemp for *shobbs*.

Him goaing back to Hingland; to the country ware, by *gad!*

A gentileman's a gentileman, hand a traidsmen is a cadd. Hand now Hill cloas my letter with my hapolation, *wich is* A namie as you ave hofsten seen,

HORSTUS CHAWLES NEEBRITCHES.

[We publish Mr. Neebritches' letter, not because we agree with him in anything he says, but merely to let the public see what an ass he is. That public will doubtless agree with us when we say the sooner Mr. N. goes back to England the better. — Ed. GRIP.]



AN EQUINE SOLILOQUY.

Wonder how long the boss is going to keep me standing outside this saloon? Thero they go again! just listen, "Rah for Meredith." What fools these men are, after all! Ugh! it's cold, standing here. Wish I could see what they're doing in there, but I can't, for these beastly blinkers. S'pose a man thinks he kilows more about how a horse ought to see than Nature. Fools! ain't my eyes placed in my head so's I can see every way? And man goes and claps these blinkers on so's I can only see straight before me. *That's* why I shy. Don't get a fair chance to see anything properly.

There! just hear that; "Rah for John A." Pah! if I was a man I wouldn't be such a fool. Guzzling and drinking in there; it's enough to make a decent horse sick.

Lor! what's this coming along the sidewalk? Gosh, it's a woman. Did you ever? Just look at those bangs and that waist. What an ugly thing a made-up woman is, to be sure. Now, look at that little bay filly over there. *There's* shape for you. *That's* what I like to

see. Snakes! wouldn't she look funny with stays on and her mane banged over her eyes? and her face painted chestnut, if that happened to be the fashionable color? and her hoofs squeezed into shoes three sizes too small for her?

My! I wish the boss would come out. There; d'ye hear that? Those two fellows just left him in there. D'ye hear what they said? "That old Guzzleby's drunk as an owl." Well, he is an old fool, spending his money on a lot of chaps that blackguard him as soon as they leave him.

Wonder what's for supper. Had oats last night. Boss is too stingy to have oats two days running. Guess it'll be hay to-night. There they go again. That's his voice; just listen, "Yesh; I'll do my best to (hic) have the shplnade quesh'n settled. I'll ushe my influensh; wha'll y'have boysh?" Bah! the old fool! Might know better at his age. Whew! it is cold out here, and I've got no blanket. Oh! don't I wish I was a man for a short time. Wouldn't catch me drinking any of their beastly rot gut and leaving decent horses to freeze whilst they're "whooping her up," as they call it. Fools!

Wonder what the gov'nor wants to be an alderman for. 'Caus he's a fool, I guess. Lor! if I was a man I'll be jiggered if I'd want to belong to such a gang of old nincompoops. I know 'em. Don't I hear 'em talking to old Guzzleby every time they stop him? My eyes! what talk! what grammar! 'Spose they think a horse don't know anything. Well, I know 'tain't right to say "Them there subway fellers didn't ought for to be allowed to bamboozle the people, did 'em?" I know what good human talk is as well as any of 'em. There they go again. What a laugh! That's "the loud laugh that proclaims the vacant mind," sure 'nough. And they have the impudence to call it a horse laugh, indeed! Gosh! if a horse is such a fool as to laugh like that he'd be an ass. Then they insult us by calling the chief of those old civic blockheads the Mare. Some of 'em are decent enough to be mares or even horses, but, dash my fetlocks! most of 'em don't know enough to—well, never mind.

Ah! here he comes at last. Wonder why he can't blow his beastly tobacco smoke the other way instead of into my nostrils. Gosh! Well, he is tight and no mistake. Faugh! how his breath smelt. 'Nough to sicken a horse and put him off his feed. Can't think what these lords of creation can see to like in that vile whiskey. Well, I suppose I'll have to take him safe home. Needn't pay any attention to *his* driving this evening, drunken old beast! Deuced good mind to upset him. Well, here goes.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

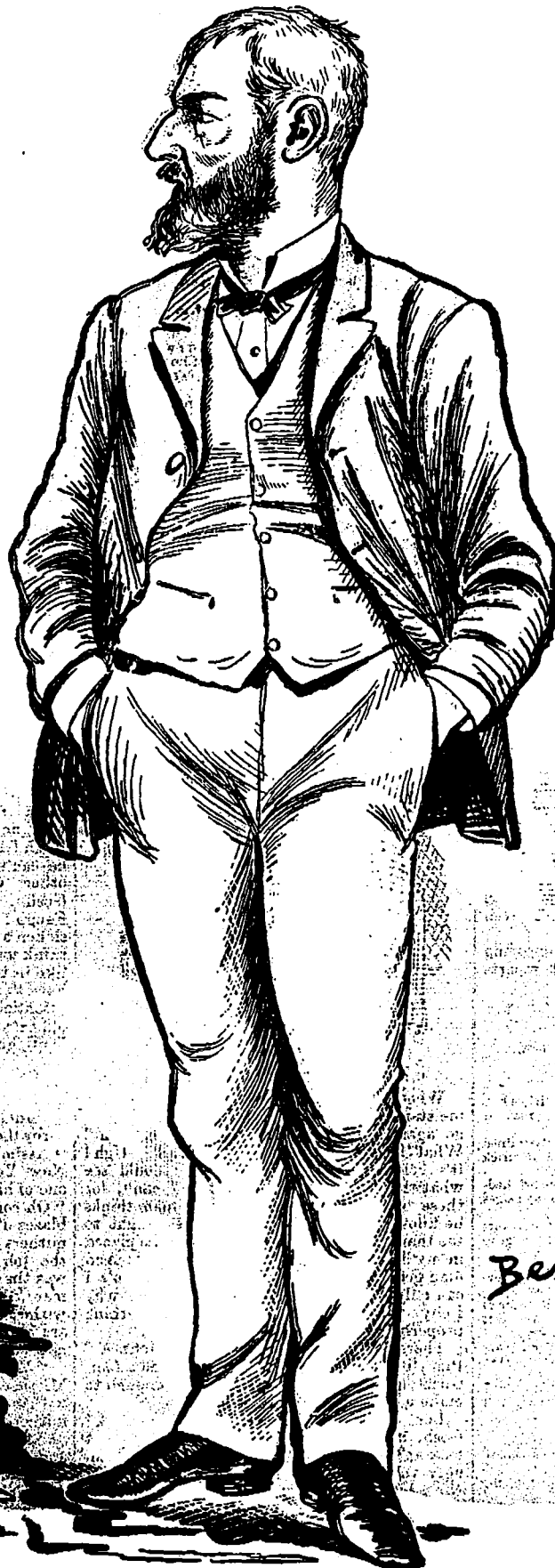
"If they had the right sort of miters in the Canadian canal locks, it wud be as aisy to des- troy the canals as the Parliament Houses," said "Assimbyman" Septimus P. Shiel of the New York Legislature, to Dominic McCue, one of his constituents, last Monday in Buffalo. "Oh come aff wid yo; come aff! Phat the blazes d'ye know about it anyhow, shure the miters are all right, fur wussent I there on the job, whin they wot puttin' thim down," was the somewhat heated reply of the gentle- man addressed. "I will still maintain sir, without any disrespect to you sir, that they are not the right sort of miters," repeated the now smiling legislator.

"Whid ye be behind enough to explain, Mister Assimbyman Shiel," said Mr. McCue with some touch of sarcasm, "what sort uv miters wud you have in the locks?"

"Dinny miters, ye divil ye; come Dominic and we'll have a lager." And the merry twain departed for Joe Schmidt's where the Assimbyman ordered *zin bier*.

T. BIGBEE.

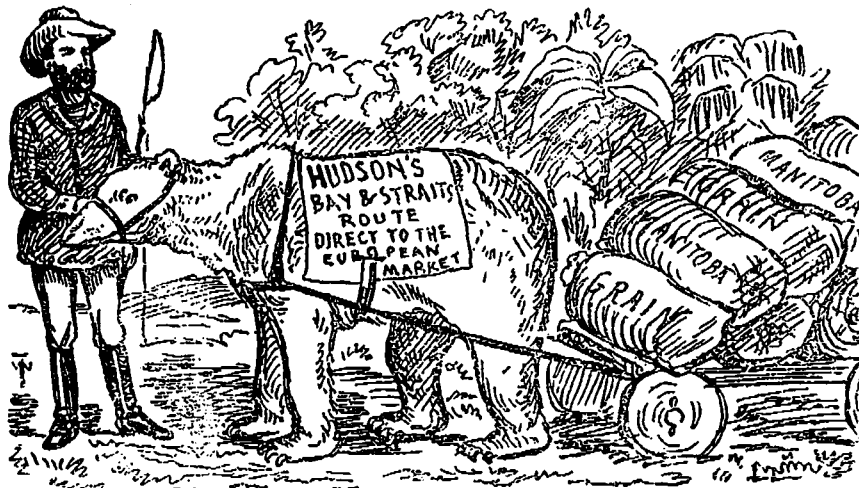
# GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.



Berry



LAWKS! I'VE MIXED THE TWINS! DON'T KNOW WHICH IS  
(SINDY)-KATE AND WHICH IS (CABI)-NETT!



THE NEW BEAST OF BURDEN ;  
OR, MANITOBA'S DEFIANCE TO RAILWAY MONOPOLY.



Great interest is felt in the forthcoming performances by Miss Florence Marryat, the well-known novelist. For particulars see daily papers.

Joseph Murphy is the star at the Grand this week, and if anybody doubts our statement on the occasion of his last visit, that he is as great a comedian as Boucicault, let that sceptical person go and see him just once. Our own private opinion is that Joe is away ahead of Dion.

Mr. J. L. Morrison amused and instructed a large audience in the Lecture Room of Jarvis-street Church on Tuesday evening, with his unique lecture on Ireland, the subject being illustrated with lime-light views. Mr. Morrison is now voted a success on the lecture platform; his popularity as a reader has been long established.

The Concert of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society at the Pavilion on Monday evening was a great success. This Society can always be depended upon for a first-class programme, and on this occasion such was furnished by the representative singers of Toronto.

At Convocation Hall, University, a series of first-class entertainments is to be given under the auspices of the University Society. The first Lectures, by Professor Proctor, the famous astronomer, will be given on Monday, the 24th, and Tuesday, 25th. On Friday evening, November 28th, Mr. Samuel Brandram, M. A., the English Elocutionist, will give his first recital in Canada, and on Saturday afternoon will give the play of "Macbeth." Mr. Brandram is spoken of very highly by the London Times, and other competent critics.

**A DEAD CUT.**

Wilkins has just returned from a duck-shooting expedition up the North Shore. Yesterday Jackson met him hurrying along with a fine brace in his hand, and asked him where he was off to.

"I'm taking these over to Jones. Between ourselves, I'm just paying the fellow off for the cut he gave me the other day—a dead cut, too!"

"Good for evil, eh? Coals of fire, and all that sort of thing?"

"No; you're wrong. Another motive altogether actuates Me."

"Well, you are a queer fellow, Wilkins, anyway. But if a man would give me the dead cut, I'd pay him off in a different way. What is your motive, might I ask?"

"To appreciate it, Jackson, you will first have to understand that the cut was a cut of venison, and—"

But Jackson wouldn't wait for any more of the explanation.

**JACK STANDAWAY'S COURTSHIP.**

(With due respects to Longfellow's little poem.)

JACK STANDAWAY.

Down by the banks of the Thames, exactly where doesn't matter, Jack Standaway lived all alone, in a rough-looking, rustic log cabin.

Painted it was well with lime, and white as the face of the city girl. Clad in a blue jean smock, with top boots of brown-looking cowhide,

Jack Standaway stood in the door, his hands deeply sunk in his pockets; Swarthy and gaugled his face, and slightly confused wore his thick locks.

"A young sailor bold" had he been on board an American schooner, And knew how to strike a bee line from Kalamazoo down to Kingston.

Long did he stand in the door, and oft went his hand to his forehead, As if, like the quid in his mouth, some thought through his brain was revolving.

At length he struck out for the road, for there was old Isaac McKetcher, Reclining against the rail fence and snioking a black-looking clay pipe.

A sly-looking cuss was this Ike, and darned hard to beat on a horse trade; Soft flowed the speech from his tongue as the smoke that went up from his clay pipe.

Well was he known in the place, with the widows a general favorite, Three had he laid beneath the grass, and 'twas said he'd soon have another.

To him then did have Jack resort in this hour of his deep tribulation. Saying "Isaac McKetcher, old boy! won't you stand by a friend in his trouble?"

Long have I thought to myself of shipping another new messmate, For weary and lonely I've been since the last one slipp'd her cable;

But useless indeed is my tongue when it comes to hailin' a woman, For she that lies over the way somehow put me out of the habit.

Now there's the widdler McVee, a sort of a trim-looking critter, Pretty well fixed as for ballast, at least so the common report is;

Now, you can so well use the tongue, sling some sentiment into the matter, Just as you'd do for yourself." Then answered cute Isaac McKetcher,

Removing his little black pipe and taking a chew of Virginia, "Whereas, inasmuch as you say your own tongue is not very supple, I'll do all the little I can and report here by this time to-morrow."

THE MISSION.

Jack Standaway stood all alone in the door of his rustic log cabin, Sprinkling the grass all around with the juice of the genuine Navy, Anxiously waiting he was to hear the success of the mission;

Along came old Isaac at length and began to narrate the encounter; Fine was he spinning it out, as fine as a platinum wire,

How he addressed her at first with a word on the state of the weather, Now and then throwing in an odd hint, how uncommonly well she was looking.

Till weary with waiting was Jack, and thus he impatiently broke in— "Stand by there! friend Isaac McKetcher, and never you mind overhaulin',

Take in yer wind a few points and let me know how you succeeded; Is she agreed for the splico, that is the point that I m hearin' for?"

Then answered cuto Isaac McKetcher, "Agreeable truly she is, sir, Go you over there on the morrow and settle the bargain between ye.

Then answered the fortunate Jack, the fearless lake navigator, "I never was no use to talk when it come to hailin' a woman,

For she that lies over the way some how put me out of the habit. You have succeeded so well you might as well do the remainder, And as for mainin' the day toll her the sooner the quicker."

THE MARRIAGE.

Jack Standaway stood by the gate in front of his rustic log cabin, Nervously rubbing his nose, for exceedingly troubled his brain was.

Beside him upon the rail fence sat the smooth-tongued but faithful McKetcher. Well had his mission succeeded, to-morrow the day was appointed,

When for better or worse brave Jack would no longer be single. And thus as he stood by the gate his brain was exceedingly troubled.

"Isaac McKetcher, old boy!" at length spoke the put-about sailor, "Well have you taken your part, and strict have you been in reportin'?"

But now heave ahead is the word and some how or other I'm shiver'd; I never was novice to talk when it come to hailin' a woman.

"Ay, ay, sir," did first rate on board to answer the call of the bo'sun, But smooth flows the words from your tongue as the waters that go through the Welland.

Attend to the preacher, old boy, there are't no use in me goin'; Tell him you'll take her for me and that'll save me any trouble."

Bright smiled the sun the next morn and bright was the face of the widow; Sweet was the voice of the bird and sweet was the voice of McKetcher,

As up the long lane to the church they hurried to bind up the bargain. Boldly the widow stood up, and firm'y Isaac he answered,

But not for old Jack—O dear no. You can't do this business by proxy.

NICHOLAS DUPLEX.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY PROF. CODFISH (COLORED).

Q. JOHNNY PERKINS—Is base-ball plane a professin'?

A. Deah John. Yass—it am one ob de olarned professhins.

Q. MICHAEL MACCOON—Will you oblige me by stating the distance from Jupiter to Venus?

A. Friend Mike—You doan' say wedder you wishes to go by de Chicago and Norfwesten or de Albert Lea route. Howebber de astronomy editor am sellin' peanuts fo' a vocation at present, but we tink we may safely say it is no furder dan it uster bo. (See Codfish on Comets, vol. 16.)

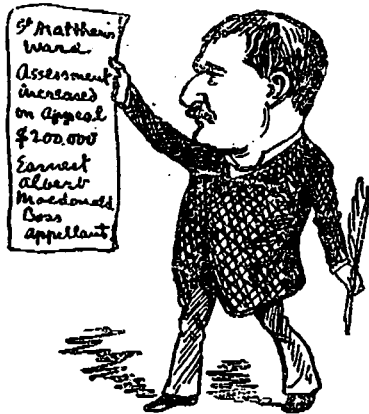
ULYSSES PENIVIPER—What is a bicycle?

A. De Biceckle am a velocopedular perpendicular \$75, nickle-plated revolutionary perilous problem, wherr of de periffery by de compac' ob de contortionary cyclone describes a conterminous concentrated corkscrew—in

fact it am a rotatin' nuffin' controlled by nuffin' particular. Ta, Ta, B.C.

Q. FITZWASHINGTON SMALLER C. B.—By the way, Codfish, what is the derivation of the word Etiquette?

A. Honerabil Fitzwashington, Sah: Etiquette am derived from Pettiquette, an obsolete fo'm ob petticoat—It am a despoteric fo'm ob Gubernment—De present rainin' monarch is a female ob de House of Grundy—De Prime Minister and Illustrious Tip Tip Potentate am Sir Pompus Toady ob de anshint line ob de Scrvile Toadys. Fashion how grate is d'y sway!!—De African is onfashionable—You kin be a hog on gluttony an' a swill bar'l on intemperance and still be fashionable, but don't kerry hum yo washin'. Don't war patches on yo' trouisiahs, etsettery. B.C.



THE MAN THEY WANT TO KILL.

There is a general disposition amongst the large property owners of St. Matthew's Ward to kill and slay one Ernest Albert Macdonald. The feeling is perfectly natural, but it is a question whether the act would be justifiable in the eyes of the law. There are two sides to be looked at. On the one hand, from the stand-point of the property owner, it doesn't seem a very wrong thing to do away with a man who is the means of having your assessment raised, thereby putting you in for an additional load of taxes. On the other hand, from the stand-point of justice and fair play to all, the man who succeeds in having a fair value put upon property, which hitherto (for municipal purposes) has been estimated at a ridiculously low figure by the assessor, naturally appears in the character of a public benefactor. Whether this notorious man ought to go to the gallows or to the city council, is for the tax-payers to decide.

THE SCALPEL.

LATEST INDIAN OUTBREAK.

The London *Free Press* states that Senator Plumb has taken to making speeches in the Indian language.

This won't make any difference to white people, but it is frightfully rough on the poor redskins. Either the Indians' missions or Senator Plumb will have to quit.

TAKE TORONTO, NOW.

Electric lighting does not appear to be a success in London.

That's where cities in the old and new worlds differ. But it is not every contractor that knows how to work the aldermen.

QUITE IN ORDER.

A free trade contemporary says that "with soup kitchens in full force, the Tories have been compelled to change their tune."

And why not, oh, *Mail*? People who pass from solid food to soup must necessarily change their chewin'

A LITTLE MISCONCEPTION.

Let us admit at once that Mr. McCarthy has many qualifications for his task.

At first blush the hasty reader of the *Mail's* editorial page would fancy the editor was discussing the Coming Retirement and the Coming Man. But it turns out to be only *litterateur* Justin and his new book, and not Sincoe's Gifted Son and his succession to the Premiership. The editor of the *Mail* could scarcely be so reckless.

ANOTHER QUESTION.

Our volunteers are, first of all, citizens, and do not cease to be such when they put on their uniforms.

Granted, Mr. *Globe*. But how about our policemen?

IF YOU PLEASE, PROFESSOR.

Prof. Nordenskjold is preparing to undertake an expedition to the South Pole.

The professor will please excuse us if we ask as a particular favor that he will not bestow his patronymic on any new Post Office started down there. The P. O. Department in this country has enough burdens to bear as it is.

IRREDEEMABLY MALCONTENT.

The Cuban refugee, General Gomez, who is now in Philadelphia, states that the time has not yet arrived for a fresh movement for the emancipation of the island, and that none is contemplated.

And yet you will find that even this good news will not satisfy the Cubans.

DISPUTED JURISDICTION, AS IT WERE.

The *Journal des Debats* contends France is not legally at war with China.

This might be an interesting question for the courts; but it really doesn't matter a rap to the slaughtered or the slaughterers.

MODERATION WILL BE TRIED.

LONDON, Oct. 31.—The agitation among the Skye Crofters is increasing. A circular has been distributed urging them to cut telegraphs, burn shooting lodges, poison deer and adopt desperate means of defence.

Yes, there can be no help for it. If these little remonstrances will not avail, the Crofters will be obliged to adopt "desperate" means.

TO WHAT BASE USES.

The prop. Sir L. Tilley, is here loading barley for a Lake Erie port.

It will be pretty hard for the Temperance Finance Minister to keep still about this. There is nothing in a name, may be, but the idea of Sir Leonard Tilley going around loaded with barley, is about as congruous as would be the naming of a Temperance Hotel the "King Dodds House."

ONE-MAN POWER.

For a time yesterday it looked as if there would be a big fight on P. Burns coal docks at the foot of Yonge-street. The longshoremen employed on the dock had asked for higher wages, and their demand being refused, they went on strike. Two gangs of men were immediately brought from the Queen's wharf to take the place of the strikers, and the strikers threatened to lay hands on them. *Constable Hendry was called in and work went on.*

"Is Corporal Michael Casey in the ranks?" anxiously inquired Wellington just before the Battle of Waterloo. "He is, General!" exclaimed that brave officer, stepping boldly to the front. "Then," said Wellington unhesitatingly, "let the fight begin."

THE IRON HEEL OF THE DESPOT.

Deposits in the postal and Government savings bank have now reached the highest sum ever known in the Dominion, aggregating the magnificent total of thirty million dollars.

How long, oh people! how long shall we grovel in poverty, hunger and dirt, under the grinding despotism of Tory rule, and drift poor-houseward under the blood-sapping influences of the N. P.?

UP A TREE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—Acting Secretary of the Treasury Chou, has ordered the dismissal of all clerks who persistently refuse to pay their grocers' or butchers' bills.

Instead of the Coon saying it to the hunters, the hunters say to the coon, "Don't shoot—us out—and we will come down—handsomely on pay day."

FOR DUDES AND STRIKERS.

A graceful correction—"The proper study of mankind is woman."

But not at the church door or from the hotel steps.

A FALSE CONCLUSION.

It has been discovered that accordions were invented before the Christian era. This fact makes it all the more remarkable that a Christian era should have ever arrived.

Wrong. The fact powerfully emphasizes the urgent necessity there was for the dawn of a Christian era.

THE PARALYZING PUNSTER.

The American papers will have it that Sir John Macdonald began life as a boothblack.

Starting from this, the funny papers across the border will begin to pass such remarks as: "This is what gives Sir John his peculiar polish;" "Sir John's shine among Canadian politicians is thus accounted for;" "We can now understand how the Canadian Premier comes off so well in a brush with his opponents;" "No use to essay the job of blackening such a man's character;" "What boots it to the people how this brilliant statesman began life?" Once going, every one of these paragaphers must get off his kit.



IN MEMORIAM.—SUSAN ANN.

Oh! Susan Ann was fair to see;  
She were  
As nice a girl as e'er could be,  
So fair.  
She was a housemaid; with a broom  
She would  
Go round and sweep out every room;  
She could  
Do many things; conceived a plan—  
(My eye!)  
Of lighting the fire from the coal-oil can,  
Good-bye!  
So Susan Ann has gone aloft,  
Too bad!  
Her heart was true, but her head was soft,  
How sad! —S.

Mr. George Crammond, representative of our Canadian *Grip*, was in town during the week in the interest of that journal. Quite an amusing incident occurred on the street yesterday as Mr. Crammond was passing our office. A certain professional gentleman took him for Lord Dufferin, and wished us to accost him and ask the news from Constantino-ple, which we did, thereby gaining the above knowledge. Crammond does, however, resemble Lord Dufferin.—*Petrolca Advertiser*.



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A SORE SPOT ON THE BODY POLITIC.

Mrs. Ontario.—DOCTOR, I WANT THIS CURED AT ONCE! NO MORE TAKING IT INTO YOUR SERIOUS CONSIDERATION!

THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

Old Blowhard was a naval man  
Who sailed the salt sea water,  
But now, retired, he dwelt on land,  
And had a charming daughter.  
An Artist loved the gentle Fan,  
And love for him had caught her.

As spooning sate the loving pair  
One evening in the gloaming,  
A voice across the balmy air  
In accents hoarse came roaring—  
It seemed as if the speaker were  
With angry cholera foaming.

"Cast off that painter!" roared the tones,  
As if with anger teeming.  
The artist quaked in all his bones—  
"It's only father dreamin'!"  
Said Fan: "He dreams he's on the sea  
And orderin' of the scamen."

AN EXALTED MISSION.

Undeterred by the beautifully painted sign bearing the legend: "Book Agents will please call to-morrow," he passed through the business department of the *News* office and boldly advanced to the editor's sanctum.

"I am a book agent," he said gently, but firmly. "And yet my errand is no common one this morning. In fact my mission here is an exalted one."

Passing over a note-book on one leaf of which were pasted two newspaper scraps, he enquired in cold, measured tones:—"You are the author of these extracts taken from the editorial of yesterday's *News*?"

The Eagle Eye of the Father of Canadian Democracy swept a down the page and encountered in succession:—

The Irish question, the Franchise bill, the House of Lords, will all be considered as secondary considerations. And no better opportunity than the present for the presentation of the question is likely to present itself for years to come.

"Well, and what have these to do with your mission, my friend?"

"My mission," replied the visitor, without the faintest quaver in his voice, "is to sell you a cheap but substantial Dictionary of Synonyms."

THE THREE GRACES.

Scene.—Montreal. An old Scotch telegraph messenger delivering a telegram to a gentleman.

G. "Don't you live off Dorchester-street, Mr.?"

P.M. I leave in a gran' place among the three virtues, Faith and Charity, what is't you ca' the ither one?"

G. "Hope."

P.M. "That's it, Faith, Hope and Charity. Weel, I h've the St. Andrews Home on one side, I ca' that *Charity*; and ye ken Mr. Woods auld church, it is noo a Catholic one. I h've that on the ither, I ca' it *Faith*; and in front o' me I hae an auld graveyard, it is noo Dufferin Square, well, I ca' that *Hope*, Hope ayont the grave—Man but it's a gran' place, Faith Hope and Charity."

THE AULD GUDWIFE TAE JOHN.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,  
When first we were acquint  
Auld rye was nae yere foe, John,  
Nae siller then ye spent  
In nutchkins o' the barley bree;  
I didna see ye fow,  
As noo I ken ye like da; y  
John Anderson, my Jo.

The sairpent's in the drunkard's cup,  
There is nae joy ava';  
Sae gi' the lathsome habit up  
And cast the thing awa'  
It's bringin' ye tae grief, John,  
Yere back 'twill boo wi' woe,  
'Twill gie ye nae relief, John,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

Aye; gie' it up an' gang yere gait  
An' drink not ony mair;  
For whuskey's but auld Klostie's bait,  
An' rum is but a snare,  
I'd stiner see ye deld, John,  
Than sinkin' doon sae low,  
Ye gar my hairt to bleed, John,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

I'd see ye in yere grave, John,  
Before I'd see ye sink  
Beneath the whuskey wave, John,  
A victim o' the drink.  
Aye; gi' it up an' be a man,  
Yere strength and courage show,  
And live upon anither plan,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

—S.

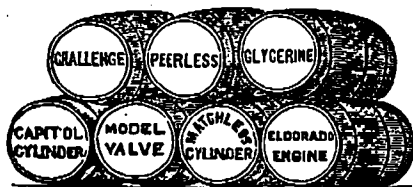
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