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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide St. East first door west of Post Office.

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BENGOUGH BROS.

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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TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1880.

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Special Telegrams from Ottawa.

To GRIP,-- Appearances Syndicate a tremendous sale of your Almanac. (Signed.) JOHN A. MACDONALD.

To GRIP,-- Hold on, hold on! Keep the Almanac back until after January 5th. and give people time to get their nible nerves in order. (Signed.) EDWARD BLAKE.

Lost by a large majority, will be out this month. PRICE, ONLY 25 CENTS.

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EXTRACTS.

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**Actors, Orators and Musicians.**

*The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.*

The Boston Herald says that WENDELL PHILLIPS and ROBERT C. WINSTON, are now the only two Bostonians left who can really be called orators, and each of these have touched seventy. There are a good many people in Boston who make what are called speeches, but few of them have anything to say. Toronto has a few of the latter class to spare.

Rev. Dr. Wild, of Bond Street Congregational Church, whose peculiar line of thought promises to secure for him a great popularity, is to give one of his characteristic lectures in Shaftesbury Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 21. The subject announced is "The Stone Mericle and 1882." Sir W. P. Howland will preside on the occasion.

Mr. GRIP is proud to hear that his old alma mater, the Whiby High School, has just arrived at the dignity of a Collegiate Institute. The school has always borne a splendid reputation, having fortunately enjoyed a line of first rate head-masters to wit, James Hodgson, now P. C. S., South York; Wm. McCabe, L. L. B., Thos. Kirkland, M. A., S. Arthur Marling, M. A., and its present talented preceptor, G. H. Robinson, M. A. May the fame of the grand old institution never grow dim! *Per aspera ad alta.*

This has been and continues to be a brilliant week at the Royal. In Leavitt's Specialty Company, Manager Connor presented one of the best attractions in that line now before the public, and he is now giving us the Concert Company *par excellence*, in the Rive King organization. The performers in this company are all artists of the first rank, and embrace Madame Julia Rive-King, pianiste; Signora Laura Bellini, soprano; Miss Emma Mabella, contralto; Mr. Geo. H. Broderick, basso; Herr R. Richter, violin virtuoso; and Mr. F. Duleken, pianist conductor. Our music-loving public should avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing these superb musicians, who only give three concerts here, Friday evening 17th, and Saturday matinee and evening.

Mme. Careno's concert which took place in Shaftesbury Hall on last Monday evening was one of the highest musical treats offered to a Toronto public. The piano playing of Mme. Careno is correctly stated, grand, expressive and full of sentiment. Whatever style of music she is rendering the working up of her climax being especially effective, and is perfected in the highest degree. The same may be said of Mons. Fisher as a violincelist, some of his tones being really enchanting, that he is a soloist of the very highest rank must be admitted. Miss Beebe, contralto, delighted every one with the singing of her different numbers, and Herr Taedt, tenor, was equally successful, showing that he possessed an excellent voice and knew well how to use it. Those who were present will not readily forget the great enjoyment they received, and those who were not present have every reason to regret it. It is with great pleasure we are able to express ourselves so highly of the whole performance. Should they favour us with another visit we would recommend all lovers of music not to lose the opportunity of hearing them.

SHARP SIXTH.

Down south they have a doctor named Healey. He must be different from the Canadian specimen of the "Genius Homo" if he does not belie his name. The papers say he does first class work,—but is it for the undertaker or for his employer.

**St. Thomas Ward.**

On the 8th of Jan., 1881, the electors of St. Thomas Ward will have to decide between Mr. H. Symons, barrister, and Mr. Mills, tax collector, as to who shall represent the Ward as School Trustee.

Two well known citizens aspire to trim Their course towards our School Board Sanhedrim, The brighter of the twain's a rising light Who, by long training, has a legal right To be selected as the "coming man." (On "the survival of the fittest" plan.) And sir, your Scribbles, though not a *Phœnix*, (These *mountain* efforts make one *See-you see?*) Would ask your wit and pencil to afford Their help to save the "unbelieving" Ward, Whose *honest* voters trust they will not see A *tax collector* sit as a School Trustee.

1881 1881

**THE MAYORALTY**

To the Electors of the City of Toronto.

Your vote and influence at the coming Election are kindly requested for

**JAMES BRITTON,**  
FOR MAYOR.

THE ELECTION TAKES PLACE

**MONDAY, JANUARY 3rd, 1881**

**GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.**

A GENTLEMAN four years pastor French Protestant Church, New York, wishes to form classes. Address Rev. J. Bleaubien, 20 Alexander St., Toronto.

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Subscriptions received by **BENGOUGH BROS.,** Toronto.

**Authors, Artists & Journalists.**

*The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.*

Mr. Henry J. Morgan is engaged upon a new edition of his well known and popular work, "Celebrated Canadians."

Mr. W. H. Gullor, the author of the satirical play "H. M. S. Parliament," has just placed in the hands of the printers the MSS. of a new humorous work to be entitled "Flapdoodle."

Mr. W. A. Sherwood, of Lindsay, is a young portrait painter who is enthusiastic in his profession. He is at present busy upon commissions from some of the leading students of that town.

CHARLES KEENE, who is called the true successor to LEECH, is about to publish a volume of his contributions to *Punch*, containing four hundred of his favourite productions.—*Can. Ill. News.*

*Buds and Blossoms* is the title of an excellent monthly religious publication which is issued at the low rate of 75cts. per year. Specimen copies can be obtained by addressing Rev. J. F. Avery, Halifax.

The *Industrial World*, which comes to us regularly from Ottawa, is an excellent publication of its kind, and ought to command a wide popularity in the business community. The editorial quill is evidently in an able hand.

Mr. Mulvany wishes us to say that *Theism*, not *Deism*, was the philosophical position maintained by him in his late discussion at the Free Thought Club. "Timothy" was therefore astray in characterizing this gentleman as a "Deistic Agnostic" in our last issue.

"GRIP" COMIC ALMANAC.—The people of the "States," as well as Canada, are promised something rich, rare, and artistic in the forthcoming *Grip Comic Almanac*, to be issued by Bengough Bros., Toronto, not later than the 20th instant. No doubt many people will be glad to receive it about Christmas, in order to have it as an excuse for indulging in many extra smiles.—*Richmond (Va.) Baton.*

The *Illustrated Shorthand Writer* will make its appearance with gratifying promptitude this month. The editor and publishers have been putting on extra steam to overtake the work which unavoidable circumstances had interfered with. The number for January is expected to be out in the first week of the new year, and thereafter it is hoped the magazine will sustain as high a character for punctuality of appearance as it does for literary and stenographic merit.

Mr. Phillips Thompson has severed his connection with the *Mail*, where he has for some time filled a position on its editorial staff, and takes the position of descriptive writer on the *Globe*. By this change the *Mail* loses, and the *Globe* gains a first-class man; Mr. Thompson being one of the best sketch writers in the Dominion. His articles signed "Jimuel Briggs," which appeared in the *Mail* some years ago, will be remembered by everybody.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous War Correspondent of the *London Daily News*, will lecture in this city, in Shaftesbury Hall, on Dec. 27th and 28th, on "The Inner Life of a War Correspondent," and "Royal People I Have Met." The lectures will be given under the patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Ontario, supported by the staff and officers of the Active Militia of Toronto. Governor Robinson has consented to preside at the first lecture, and Prof. Goldwin Smith will render like service the second evening. Mr. Forbes may rely upon having large audiences to greet him.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

**Our Own Egotist.**

Of course the all absorbing topic is the Pacific Railway Syndicate Terms. These Terms are now known throughout the country and have been discussed by the press. Very few of the newspapers give it a hearty support; a good number damn it with faint praise, while the majority denounce it unequivocally.

To the latter class Grip belongs. His objections are, firstly, that the road is unnecessary as a through line for the present and should only be built as the country can afford. Secondly, that the price paid is exorbitant. Thirdly, that the exemption from taxation, the right to choose their own land, the sole monopoly of the Railway system of the North West for twenty years, and the choice of either keeping the road or of handing it back to the government at the end of that time, is simply ridiculous.

The Committee of Pressmen that are arranging the reception of Capt. Forbes, have concluded that the reception shall take the form of a dinner, to be given him at the Queens on Christmas day. This meets my approbation, although to some the choice of the day may not seem wise.

The petitions that are circulating throughout the city praying government to repeal the duty on coal should receive the serious attention of every one. The grounds of the petition are well taken; and are, that the Tax is not equitably distributed over the whole Dominion, but falls principally upon the Frontier towns and cities; that it is a tax on one of the prime necessities of life; that it is used as a raw material in many of our large manufactures; and that it imposes an unjust burden upon our railway and steamboat lines. The petition is being signed by all political parties.

Col. De Winton is coming back from England, and we don't know yet whether the Princess Louise is coming or not. Well, I am not going to lose much sleep over it, at least not at present, as the Pacific Railway is occupying my attention to the exclusion of such trivial matters as the going or coming of the Governor General's wife.

I am informed that no petition against the Syndicate Terms will be forwarded from Lindsay, the people there being engaged in a soul-stirring, and blood-curdling investigation as to whether it was molasses a Teacher imbibed out of a black bottle during school hours. Till this

vexed question is settled a trifle like the Pacific Railway must remain in the back-ground. Lindsay does not tackle more than one great question at a time.

The Montreal Post believes it to be "the duty of every good Canadian to pray sincerely" that the C. P. railway scheme may be a success. Grip will leave that to those who intend in future to look down from angelic heights upon the iron horse traversing this continent.

Grip thinks the members of Cook's Church would have acted more wisely if they had settled their organ question somewhere else than within the precincts of the Police Courts. He thinks the less churches have to do with Police Courts the better, and considers the action of those members who have been indicted most unwise and unjust.

I think the efforts of the good people of Lindsay to get the Local Government to relieve them from paying interest upon their municipal indebtedness, hardly deserving of success. If they are to be relieved of this debt on the ground that they have by bonusing railroads helped to develop the back country, and thereby indirectly increased the revenue; then on the same ground every other municipality that have managed to beg, borrow, or steal money to build railroads, should also be relieved of their burden of interest.

And now one word more about the Syndicate and I am done. Would you call it a common sense bargain if a man were to take a more gage upon a farm, and fix it so that he would have to pay the interest himself, to the man who received the money. Yet that is exactly what the government is doing when they give the Syndicate 25,000,000 acres of land, then accept their bonds on these acres and pay the interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

**Correspondence.**

QUEBEC, 2nd Dec., 1880.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP.—As a constant reader of your valuable paper, I now take the liberty of asking you to postpone the publication of it for a few weeks, as I have not been able to read up the back numbers, and will never be able to do so if you continue at the same rate as you are doing. I never knew that yours was such a valuable little paper, until I was kept in Church a few Sundays ago an hour after the usual time by the clergyman having a long piece in his sermon advising his hearers to subscribe for it.

H. PAYG.

QUEBEC, Dec. 5th 1880.

DEAR GRIP,—I have been a constant reader of your paper for the last two years, and now write to tell you what I think of you. I think so much of you that I am going to buy up a whole edition of your Almanac and give it away. I have a neighbor who has never smiled since his wife died about six months ago, and his relations were afraid his health would be injured. I took him over a copy of GRIP, and when he saw the cartoon of Tupper on a mule dropping into a hole, he just sat down and laughed two hours, and has been as happy as a lark ever since. Why my dog will sit on his hind legs before Grip cartoons of John A. and laugh until the tears run down his cheeks. Send along a dozen copies, that I may scatter them around and do good.

TIMOTHY DOODLESACK.

ORANGEVILLE, Dec. 14th. 1880.

MISERER GRIP:—Be the powers an its mesself that'll whack the Spalpeen that don't

Hooray fur yeec. Oim that full wid the laugh, I don't belave oim goin to ate for the matler ave a wake. Sind me the paper fur as long us ye kin fur the dollar inclosed, an be jabbers whin it's done I'll sind ye more if I've to sthule it. I was goin to sind the money to the Land League to help on Parnell, more power to him, but o've changed me moind and sind it to you.

PATRICK O'FLAHERTY.

BERLIN, Dec. 10th, 1880.

MISERER GRIP:—De ondersigned would dank you for dot bicture of de meeding of barliament. I vas very sick, mine peer uud pretzel seem no right; mine sourkraut und Limburger no go mid me down, und I diuks I vas gone dead. On'ver I sees von goby of Grip, und I laff mit mine eyes oud, und I feels so bedder dot night dot I no can spreclin. I'll selubscribe for Zwi year, und bay peforehand; und ven you here gone, I gif you so much peer vat you no can drink him all.

GOTLIEB VON SCHWARZHAUSEN.

**Opening of Parliament.**

Dec. 9.—H. E. the Gov. Gen. came down to the Senate Chamber at 3 p. m., and having cast a lofty Highland glance upon the assembled aristocracy of the Dominion struck a constitutional attitude and said:

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate and ditto of the House of Commons:

I'm glad (at least through one the Cabinet's glad) To let you know the harvest wasn't bad; And that despite the *Chiefs* and all its gloom Hard times are past, and life begins to bloom; Three members of my Cabinet Knights correct, Their usual summer spree in England spent, All that they did when thus upon the fly (Or nearly all) you'll hear of bye and by; Our railway huge to run from sea to sea, (A naughty job I fear its going to be) We must push through unheeding frowns or smiles, We've built already nigh three hundred miles; Our frugal Tupper asks me here to say He thinks this Island Railroad soon will pay; The Queen (who loves a joke as much as Grip) Has kindly sent us out a training ship; We'll put her in command of Capt. TILLEY— She's called *Charlybob's* though it's rather silly) We've got the boat, and cadets by the score, Disbandd crews, from played out *Bluejays*, Our civil service is too dear and toney; We're going to fix it up and save some money. We hope to save a pretty handsome margin, The bounds of Manitoba peed enlargin'; You'll hear with pain the Indian's food supply This year has failed, for a d they kindly cry; I'm glad, however, that *Lo's* firming knowledge Is growing—thanks to Guelph's illustrious College.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

(I speak to you, the Senate knows no party) Prepare, ye Tories, to applaud right hearty; There'll be a surplus on our till this year, The N. P.'s ruinous results—(Hear! Hear!)

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate, ditto of the House of Commons:

We'll bring down bills in re insolvent banks And companies, that will deserve your thanks, And also to amend the Railway Act; Which badly needs a mending, that's a fact; Likewise we're going to fix the Criminal law, That's all, clear out, no, Blackrod, bow *adieu*.

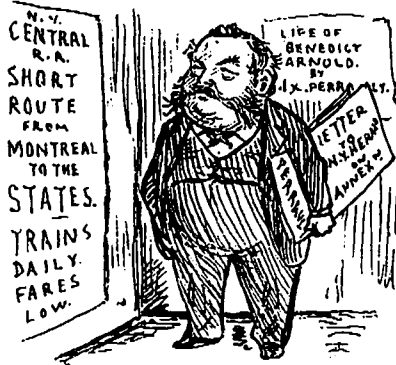
"More trouble in Ireland," read Mrs. Partington. "I wonder," said the old lady laying down her spectacles and blandly regarding Ike, who was trying to tie a hard knot in the cat's tail, "I wonder that Government doesn't incorporate that Parnell for life, and send the ring-leaders into blandishment, and then there wouldn't be any more of these Aquarium outrages."

The latest mining sensation in Nova Scotia is the discovery of the "Barrel lode," rich in gold quartz, at Montague. The chief shareholders when this information went off, declared they didn't know the barrel was loaded.

The greatest since GRIP's discovery of the Continent of Grin-land are his annexation hereof to Canada.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 251 King Street East. As a condiment for the Establis has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Full 20 cents. Quality and Purity guaranteed.

**GOLD HEADED CANES.** 50 Patterns. The Nobbiest Things in the Market. WOLTZ BROS & Co. 29 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



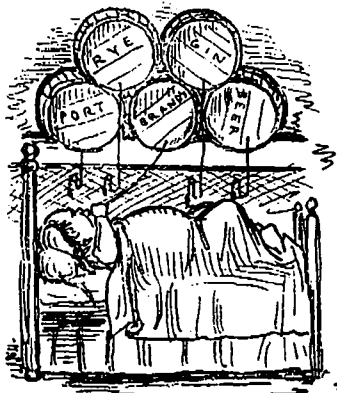
**"Grip's" Advice to Perrault.**

Read the poster on the wall and govern yourself accordingly. Thus (and thus only) may you realize your fond dream of American annexation.

**A New Comic Paper.**

Since when has the *Mail* come out as a comic paper? That article on Monday in which it stated that "the government of Sir JOHN A. McDONALD had been unfortunately compelled to resign in 1873," is about as fine a piece of sarcasm as we have ever read. And again when it says recent examinations have considerably lessened the cost of Section B," are we to understand that it is speaking literally, or is it only getting funny. If true, then we suppose certain men, who were concerned in that Section B affair, have been compelled to disgorge, although we believe it was a close bargain all around.

- AN incendiary--A base-burner.
- A BOX on the ear is a hand-out.
- BOARDING house coffee is a mocha-ry.
- KETTLEDRUMS are no longer novel-fans.
- NOR born to bluish unse-n--the measles.
- A SWELL fellow--a man with the mumps.
- THE first soldier to present arms--the baby.
- TWO streams running parallel are concurrent affairs.



**A Hint to Householdors.**

Old LUSKINS is having a new house built at Parkdale, and proposes to have his bedroom fitted up with "all the modern conveniences."

**The Syndicate.**

Reason given by the *Mail* to show that the Pacific Railway Syndicate Bargain is a good one.

Because ten years have elapsed since the promise to build the Pacific Railway was made. Therefore the granting of \$25,000,000 in cash, \$35,000,000 in completed railways, and 25,000,000 acres of land, which SIR CHARLES TUPPER stated last session of parliament, would upon the completion of the road be worth \$5 per acre, in all \$185,000,000 to build a road which at their own estimate can be constructed for \$75,000,000, is a good bargain.

**The Syndicat.**

GOLDEN.--Pat, dot Syndicat has been let de bag out.

PAT.--Troth an' ye may well say that same, an' a purty baste it is. Did ye iver see the loikes av it?

GOLDEN.--I doand. I'ds Bismark vat could vix dot peesness, py Shiminy.

PAT.--Och, murther! Bismark ye want. I tell yees its O'Connell and the Land League ye want. I'm goin' to lave the counthry.

GOLDEN.--Und I de goundry vill go oud. Zo.



**The Rough-Shod Rider.**

The manner in which that intrepid jockey JOHN A. has been riding his lumbering steed "Parliamentary Majority" since the session opened, fully attests that his cleverness in the pig-skin is as great as ever. As an admiring Ottawa stable boy remarked the other day, "the old feller can put the 'oss through jest as he likes." Nothing could be more skillful than the way in which he drove the animal over the leaders of the Opposition on Monday, though it certainly was rough on the weaker party. The lad MACKENZIE had asked the Government to bring down papers relating to any other offers to build the railway besides the one then lying on the table; and later on the boy BLAKE requested that, in view of the gigantic and stupendous importance of the occasion, the discussion of the Syndicate bargain should be delayed until the 5th of January. These impertinences were promptly punished in a manner befitting the dignity of a Government that can talk composedly about "\$25,000,000 and 25,000,000 acres of land." SIR JOHN mounted his rough-shod and well-broken charger and simply rode right over these two urchins. It was certainly a startling thing to do, but it must be remembered that JOHN A. is a startling Premier.

- Wayfarer to Irish navy as funeral passes,
- "Hullo PAT, who's dead?"
- "PAT.--"Faix I dunno sir, unless it's the gintleman in the coffin."



**A "Wild" Goose Chase.**

Mr. GRIP distinctly and emphatically repudiates all responsibility for the title affixed to this sketch. It is the work of a bold and sceptical person who recently listened to certain speculative discourses in Bond Street Church, on the Mounds of Tara. Mr. GRIP, however, acknowledges the picture as his work, but refuses to say whether he intended it for an angel or not.

**A Butting Occurrence.**

Last Saturday a goat of the William persuasion was wandering around the station-yard in St. Catharines and ultimately took it into his head to take a walk upon the platform. A finely dressed gentleman was perambulating the platform arrayed in a stylish ulster and plug hat, and was doubtless ruminating upon the affairs of the nation, when the goat struck him amidship and made him think of a Thunder storm. One of the station hands then undertook to put Billy out, and was doubled up and knocked into the middle of the ensuing week, for his pains. As the train moved away from the station a yardman was running down the yard for dear life, with William slowly gaining in the rear.

"This world is all a fleeting show," but it takes mighty lively work for some of us keep a grip on our tickets of admission, however poor the show is.--*Boston Globe.*



**A Startling Contrast**  
"Telegram or Truth!"

### GREAT FALL IN REAL ESTATE!!!!

"OUR NORTH WEST LANDS WILL SELL FOR AT LEAST \$2.50 PER ACRE." - Montreal Gazette, Oct. 1880.

"OUR NORTH WEST LANDS ARE NOT WORTH MORE THAN \$1.00 PER ACRE." - Montreal Gazette, Dec. 1880.



## "HOT HASTE!"

JOHN A. - TAKE IT DOWN WHILE IT'S HOT; IT WON'T BE PALATABLE WHEN IT COOLS!!



### THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Tanner's lectures enable him to live on air and water quite handsly, and that's about all.—*Phil. Sun.*

"Leave you, my friend," said a tipsy fellow, clinging to a lamp-post on a dark night; "leave you in a condition not to take care of yourself! He, never."

Why is a cab horse the most miserable of all created beings? Because his thoughts are ever on the rack, and his greatest joy is woe!—*Whitby Saturday Night.*

"How do you define 'black as your hat?'" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils, "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.—*Whitby Saturday Night.*

"There's good slaying out here this season," said the old frontiersman as he scalped his fifteenth Indian.—*Cleveland Sun.*

To soften hard water.—Drop a good sized chunk in a basin and set on the stove over an active fire.—*Great Eastern Railway Journal.*

Beginning a suit is one of the law suits.—*Whitby Saturday Night.* And the chances are ten to one that the suit will be conducted by an upstart.

When a man shoots a ball into a fence it becomes a good place to learn the news because it is a ball in board.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

Yes, but not so good as the old woman in the parlor along with the daughter and her young man, because she is then an extra.

A returned Black Hills miner assures us that Buffalo Bill has scoured the prairies so much that they are shiny like a glass bottle.—*Rockland Courier.*

If, in a case of temporary insanity, you should call a plasterer a "brick," and he should "plaster" you in the eye, ought you to be "mortally" offended at his "kill" conduct.—*Phil. Sun.*

The Burlington Eye wants to know if James had one cent and William had three cents, and their Aunt Margaret gave them both a belt over the head for stealing her preserves, how much sense had James and William between them?

A plasterer's fruit - the lime.—*Waterloo Observer.* The fruit of the witness who turned State's evidence—the peach.—*Phil. Item.* The fruit of the wavering and undecided voter—the "pair"—off a tree.—*Meriden Recorder.* Fruit for the 12th July.—The Orange.

A sweet young miss at Wheeling,  
Whose lover before her was kneeling,  
Frowned much surprise,  
At the tears in his eyes,  
Though she was an onion peeling.  
—*Meriden Recorder.*

And he who that moment was kneeling,  
Before that young miss at Wheeling,  
Became so disgusted  
The engagement he busted  
Because of that onion she was peeling.

One of the wonders of insect life is how a small colony of bed-bugs, in limited circumstances, can eat up all the kerosene, roach exterminator, vitrol, bug poison, and such other luxuries, and then have any appetite left to hold a barbecue up and down a poor editor's spiral column in the "wee sma' hours of the mawning."—*McGregor News.*

The *Phil. Sun* says:—It is stat:l on good authority that the Princess Louise will not return to Canada. She does not like Canadian society. Neither the people nor the place can be blamed for being cold, can they?

If we had the man here who wrote that, we would make it warm enough for him, or quit business.

An Irishman will do more execution in a shundy "wid his bit of a stick" than another man could do with a rifled cannon. The reason of this is supposed to be because Pat regards his shillalah as "a nate pounder!"—*Syracuse Times.*

"I am going with the Republican party," shouted Bob Ingersoll, "because it is going my way." He didn't mean to say so much, but everybody that believes in a hot hereafter knows where Ingersoll is going.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Two Irishmen were one day engaged in roofing a house, when one of them lost hold and fell to the ground. The other hastened to him, and inquired, when he found him prostrate and still, "Mickey, Mickey, are you dead?" "No," replied Mickey, "not dead, but spacheless!"

"Time is the excuse of feeble and puzzled spirits."—*Endymion.* What! What! This of Maud S.! This of Hanlan! This of Conkling getting ahead of the shotgun! This of the Bird ave. sewer investigating committee!—*Buffalo Telegraph.*

Behind the bars—Saloon-keepers.—*Keokuk Gate City.* Before the bar—Lawyers and criminals. Often on the bar—Gymnastics and vessels.—*Phil. Sunday Item.* Within the bar—Whiskey, and the man eaten by the "Bar" in the menagerie.

Mysterious—the passion which leads some people to persist in writing poetry, who have hardly sufficient intelligence to pack pork.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

More mysterious—why certain illustrated papers will persist in writing articles on medical questions, which lead its readers to doubt whether the author thereof is possessed of sufficient intelligence to roll the barrel in which the pork is packed.

The principles that underlie most everything in this world is that principal from which coupons are clipped.—*Whitcomb Times.* Wilkins is a man whose word is as good as his bond; and moreover, he has the happy faculty of inditing interest-in paragraphs.—*Meriden Recorder.*

Gurr wants his endorsement of the above expressed decimally, and would add that the total amount of these interesting paragraphs is not more astonishing than the large per cent of them that are first-class matter.

A Pike county editor wrote that he proposed to cook the finest turkey in the country for his Thanksgiving dinner. The printer set it up "hook," and the poor scribe was under police surveillance every time he wandered into the outskirts of the town.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

A Whitehall justice applied to a shoe dealer, asking for trust for a pair of shoes for his wife. The dealer had trusted him once and was compelled to wait a long time for his pay. So he said: "You are too slow pay." "Well," said the magistrate, pointing to his wife, "Justice may be slow, but—shoe her."—*Times.*

The *Meriden Recorder* says:—Lovers of scollops will find a supply of this dainty sea food at L. C. Browns, every Thursday during the season.

We always thought scollops were a decorative part of the feminine attire, and never knew they were used for food. We see them here on King street every day, and the season is continuous. Some of them are Brown too, but we have varieties. Bro. Riggs must have been rigged when he was induced to put that notice in.

He came home impregnated with ozone. (otherwise known as "mountain air,") and found his "darling Susie" busy, as usual, at the sewing machine. "Ozone!" he shouted enthusiastically, "you can't get enough of it!" "Oh, sewin'!" she said, with melancholy mildness, "I get more than enough of it." He said nothing more, but, mentally contrusted the stubbornness of women, with the amiability of men!—*Phil. Sun.*

A poet died of old age in Canada last week. His longevity is sufficient proof that he never called at the office in person to deliver his work.—*Modern Argo.* Our esteemed contemporary is too utterly soon and before hand in his calculations. He always delivered his work in person, but the climate here is such that kicking a poet down stairs is conducive to his longevity. This only holds good as far as poets are concerned; it hurts other people all the same.

She was a big, buxom lass, and when her small beau called one evening, she said, "Good evening, Lily."

"I'm no lily," replied he, surprised at the idea. "You're the lily; men are never lilies."

"Yes, sometimes they are; and you, e-pacially, are a lily."

"How's that?"

"Lilliputation."

He then looked as if he wished he were an elephant.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Breathes there a man with a soul so dead,  
Who to himself hath never said:  
"My year is up, and blast my eyes,  
I'll take this \$2 bill in my fist and rush around there early in the morning, hook on for another year, and give that printer man a most wonderful surprise!"—*The Modern Argo.*

Yes there are some in this locality  
Sunk so low in point of morality:  
That they unto themselves will say,  
"My year is up, but I'll not go near him, dodge him on the streets, slide around back alleys, get another year thusly, and by that time I'll be away."

The *Globe* of Tuesday contains an interesting description of "the difficulties experienced in finding a spouse for the Gackwar of Baroda" in which we are informed that "Her Highness the Maharani Jumnabai Saheb, as the head of the Gackwar family, had to desire the Dewan himself to lend 'his utmost personal assistance' in this delicate business." It is also mentioned that the Queen Mother had to press the Dewan to relinquish high politics for a time and set out for the Deccan in search of an eligible lady. "Be the mortal," said Jerry Sheehan, as he perused the above, "They can't have got a better man to attend to the business fur Dan has a mighty persuasive way wid him among the gurls. But that's the first time as I iver knowed he'd been in them furrin Aistern parts."

"A light weight,"—waiting for the gas to be turned on.

Various paragraphs have been suggesting appropriate places for Hungary people to live. One says Sandwich Islands, another Turkey, the next thinks Greece is em-fatically the best. Wouldn't Liver-pool, Ham-burg, or Hash-anten be good localities?

Old man.—Who did you bet on?

Young man.—On Ross; it was my first bet, my Alpha-bet as it were.

Old man.—(Who has bet on Trickett both times.) Just so, and that was my Omega bet.

*Paterfamilias.*—(To precarious son.) Come Bob, bestir yourself; get in some wood for this fire!

Exit *Hopeful*, singing "Satan finds some mischief still," etc.

*Madame.*—This baby has an awful temper! I wonder who he got it from?

*Sir.*—From me, I guess; I haven't observed that you have missed any.

## Our Grip Sack.

Attic philosophy—treaties composed in a garnet.

A wag speaks of the *ginal* bartender of the Rossin.

The marriage question—why don't the men propose?

"Ewe got out!" as the farmer said to the lamb in his corn.

Do "Seed Annuals" come under the head of scel-titious books?

The thing we cauliflower by any other name would smell as sweet.

Although painting is a difficult art to learn, most artists paint easel-y.

When a pedestrian reclines on a parlor lounge he is on the home stretch.

"Well, how is the *World* using you?" as the wag said to J. Ross Robertson.

Were not the cat-nombs built for the last resting place of the Pussy-ites?

When a child is dressed by its nurse in the nursery it attends a matin-knee.

Barbers should make good Arctic discoverers. They frequently get near the pole.

Mulsters are very susceptible to the tender passion—they frequently get mashed.

When a busy man is taken ill he gets mad, but if he is going to die he gets madder.

"Covers for six," as the waiter remarked who brought half a dozen gentlemen their hats.

Alderman Scarrow, of Loudon, is a *tanner*, but his apprentice has to do all the fasting.

Its not the correct thing to call a man's hair *Sandy*, before his face—call it *Alexandery*.

The proper dress for literary ladies is book-muslin.—*Waterloo Observer*. What, "nothing but leaves?"

Would you call the gate where Augustus and Angelina tear themselves asunder every night, "billingsgate?"

Query.—When landlords are tarred and feathered for trying to save their crops, can it be called fowl-play?

An article going the rounds of the press. The handsome girl when they are playing kissing games at a country party.

They have penny churches in England. We wonder do they attract peni-tents?—*Boston Sunday Budget*. You deserve to be sent to the penny-tent-jary.

When a young man attempts to court a fair damsel and she tells him that she has "a supreme contempt" for him, should she be arrested for "contempt of court?"

Unfortunate Doyle  
Had a terrible hoil,  
And treated the symptoms with "Gargling Oil."  
Uses the toil  
Of unfortunate Doyle,  
He has shuffled out all of mortality's coil.

Will our contemporary *Truth* kindly explain how Beaconsfield could—as that paper alleges he has always done—"speak with a leer in his eye and his tongue in his cheek?"

Another unconstitutional action of John A.—Running for School Trustee while he holds a tax collectorship; (Of course our reference is to John A. Mills, of St. Thomas Ward.)

The poet Swinburn's bacchanalian propensities are well known. His "Songs before Sunrise" must have been composed when he was returning home about four o'clock in the morning.

## Capt. Tom's Meditation.

Capt. Tom sat on his biscuit box for nearly an hour, conning his newspaper and staring meditatively into the fire, while the boys occupied the various sugar barrels, herring boxes &c, which were promiscuously scattered around the store of the little corner grocery. They spoke in whispers, as they knew something of great importance was occupying Capt. Tom's mind, and were perfectly well aware that he would give them the result of his deliberations in due time. Like "Capen Cattle" he was, biting his nails, but now he substituted an immense "chaw" of Tobacco, and commenced. "Boys I've bin a meditatun upon this yer Pacific Railway biz-ess, an them Syndicate terms we've bin hearing so much about, an I don't know what ter think 'bout it. Yer see I'm conservative, I've allus bin conservative, an I've allus believed in the party. When that there Pacific Scandal affair cum up, I war a leetle bit staggered, but I got over it, an it want no use in goin gin a man 'cause he'd slipped onet. But hangid if I know what ter say 'bout this biz-ess, an I'm ble-sed if can make it cum fout right. Now boys, jist look at it. In the fust place, they had no bizness ter promise ter build the road at all. Who cares if British Columbia wouldnt jine the confederation. What good has she ever bin ter us anyhow, only ter let Bunster and De Cosmos blow an swell themselves around Ottawa, an git big travellin expenses. Well the road couldnt be built in that time, an every one knew it couldnt be built so quick. Then we had the Carvamon Terms an the time was made longer, and everybody knew it couldnt be built in that time. Well they goes inwith their preliminary surveys, and Mackenzie gits up his magnificent water stretch notion, and purty soon everybody knew that wouldnt work. Then Sir John gits inter power, and throws over Mackenzie's plan an then Buke all onet to discover what every common sense man knew before, that the road couldnt be built at all without ruinin the hull country, an that the right way to build it was ter go on jist as the country could afford. But then British Columbia gits up an howls 'bout terms, an threatens ter leave the confederation an jine the States. Well that frightens everybody agin, but it seems ter me that the best thing would have been to let her go. She couldnt exist ten days alone, and the States wouldnt have her 'cause they wouldnt quarrel with England 'bout sich a wretched bit of ground as British Columbia. Well John A., an Tupper, they packs up their duds an goes over ter England an forms a Syndicate; an they come back an won't tell anything 'bout it, but talks 'bout angels lookin' on an sich like, as though angels had nothin' better ter do than ter look arter sich cattle. Now parliaments met an what are the terms. Danged if it don't make me swear when I think of 'em. In the fust place the hull road was ter cost \$75,000,000. This was ter be built with the land which they said last session was worth \$5 an acre, an it is if it is worth a cent. Now what do they give fur buildin' that road. In the fust place the Government builds all the wust parts themselves, 670 miles long which will cost about \$35,000,000. That's a positiv fact, un I've got th: figures ter prove it. Now the Syndicate's got ter build the rest which should cost \$40,000,000, an what du spose they git fur doing it. Why they git \$25,000,000 an 25,000,000 acres of land. The land as they said last year is worth \$5 an acre, an now they say its only worth \$1 an acre. I'd like ter know what caused this tremendous fall in real estate all in one year. It Syndicates there's something wrong, an I believe there's a lie floatin' round somewheres if we could only nail it down. Well that land at \$5 an acre an the other money their goin ter give comes to \$150,000,000, fur ter build a piece of road that should only cost \$40,000,000. I tell yer theres something wrong, an I know it.

But that isn't all yet. There ter be free of taxes fur twenty years, there ter choose whatever land they like, an ter pick the best of the hull lot, nobody is to build any other road for twenty years, an their to fetch in anything they want free of duty. I tell yer I worked hard for the National Policy, but I'd like ter know what's the use of the National Policy if their to have all they want free of duty. It seems ter me they have given 'em the three wust curses any country kin have; that is exemption, undue protection an a gigantic monopoly; an I'm blamid if the conservatives ever git another vote out of me. Now boys its time fur me ter go home or Marier will be uneasy, but you jist think over what I've told yer, an next time I come down I'll tell yer some more 'bout it." Capt. Tom went out and the boys said "blamid if he ain' morein half right."

THOMAS.

## Notes from Our Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP.—As the bitter frosts of winter fall with such cruel severity upon our half-clad and half-starved poor, I have been gadding around to find what provisions are being made by the rich to alleviate the sufferings of those of our brethren who have been crowded off the track in the helter-skelter race of life; and I am much pleased. It does one's sympathetic heart good to find how enthusiastic are our favored few, in the great cause of the good Samaritan. Look, for instance, at the numerous soup kitchens that are established in all our cities. Just think of the comfort they are distributing among the distressed. Then there are the morning carts with their free hot coffee and rolls, scattering hope and life to the homeless. Then again there are the societies of pious and wealthy ladies who, having agreed to attend church in the plainest attire, are expending the money thus saved, in clothing those numberless ragged little children, who, God protect their shivering frames, are generally looked upon as obnoxious intruders and solely to blame for their piteable entrance into this world. Ah, yes. It may well bring the flush of shame—no, pride, I mean, to our brow, when we find so little—no, no, I mean such great and glorious efforts being made by the wealthy, to soothe the afflictions and comfort the necessities of the poor. No doubt it is a confounded nuisance having so many of these poor people, and such a number of them so very unreasonable. My friend Augustus, he is a wealthy young fellow; money left him by his father, who was a successful tallow chandler; he told me the other day of an instance. He said: "You know it is wealthy dreadful, thidens these poor disreputable people have. I offered to engage a fella at 35 cents a day, and he actually told me to go and be blowed." There really is no satisfying these poor people, and then again they are too generous, too extravagant. It is nothing but natural that they should have stomachs, but hang it, they have no business going the length of having the sentimental addition of a heart. I met a spindly little ragamuffin, smoking an equally spindly and ragged cigar. Looking down upon him with a reproving eye, and extending one finger towards him, I observed in a deep bass voice, "What have you there, sir!" A good-natured smile beamed over the young rascal's face, and slipping another cigar from his pocket, he handed it to me, saying: "Have one? Three for five cents!" Observe the recklessness of the thing. That cigar was the only thing he had in the world, yet he was willing to share it with me. Stop the first wealthy man you meet smoking his ten cent Pataga, and see if he will offer you one. No sirree, tell your auntie. No such recklessness there. He has learned to dispense with a heart.

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Wife.—Oh, don't let them open the saloon, and tempt my poor husband!



1ST GENT.—"What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathal, and that those tents did verily bear blood."  
2ND GENT.—Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits.

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**How to Cure a Cold.**

One of our citizens who has been troubled with a severe cold, effected his recovery in the following simple manner: He boiled a little boneset and hoarhound together and drank the tea, hot, before going to bed. Next day he took five pills, put a warm plaster on his chest, flaxseed poultices under his arms, and an electric plaster on his back. Under advice from an experienced old lady he afterwards took all of them off in the afternoon and put on mustard poultices instead. His mother put some "onion drafts" to his feet, and gave him a lump of tar to swallow. Then he put hot bricks to his feet, and went to bed. Next morning another old lady came in with a bottle of goose-oil and gave him a dose of it, and an aunt arrived about the same time with a bundle of "sweet fern," which she made into tea, and gave him every half hour until noon, when he took a dose of Epsom salts. After dinner, his wife who had met a fine old lady of great doctoring experiences, gave him two pills of her own make, about the size of a "alnut, and two teaspoonfuls of home-made balsam. Then he took half a pint of hot rum, at the suggestion of an old sea-captain in the next house, and steamed his legs with an alcohol bath. At this crisis two of his neighbors dropped in, who saw at once that his blood was out of order, and gave him half a gallon of peppermint-tea and a dose of castor oil. Before going to bed he took eight of a new kind of pill, wrapped about his neck a flannel soaked in hot vinegar and salt, and had feathers burnt upon a shovel in his room, and took a large bowl of gruel with a spoonful of syrup of squills and ippeacac. He is now thoroughly cured and full of gratitude. We advise our readers to cut this out and keep it where it can be readily found in case of need.

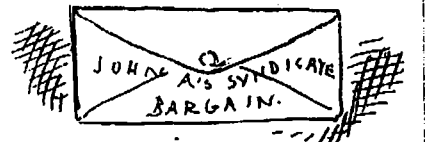
"Quay wrecked!" as the fellow said when a gentleman remarked that a certain wharf was in a dilapidated condition.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

While the inventive genius of the world is running, to waste on the electric light and other problems, everybody seems to forget the necessity for a syrup cup that won't run at the nose.—*Syracuse Times.*

There are three eclipses next month, but only one of them can be seen in this country. We give this information for the benefit of parents, whose girls may insist on their allowing them to hang over the gate four nights in the month for eclipses.—*Oil City Derrick.*

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