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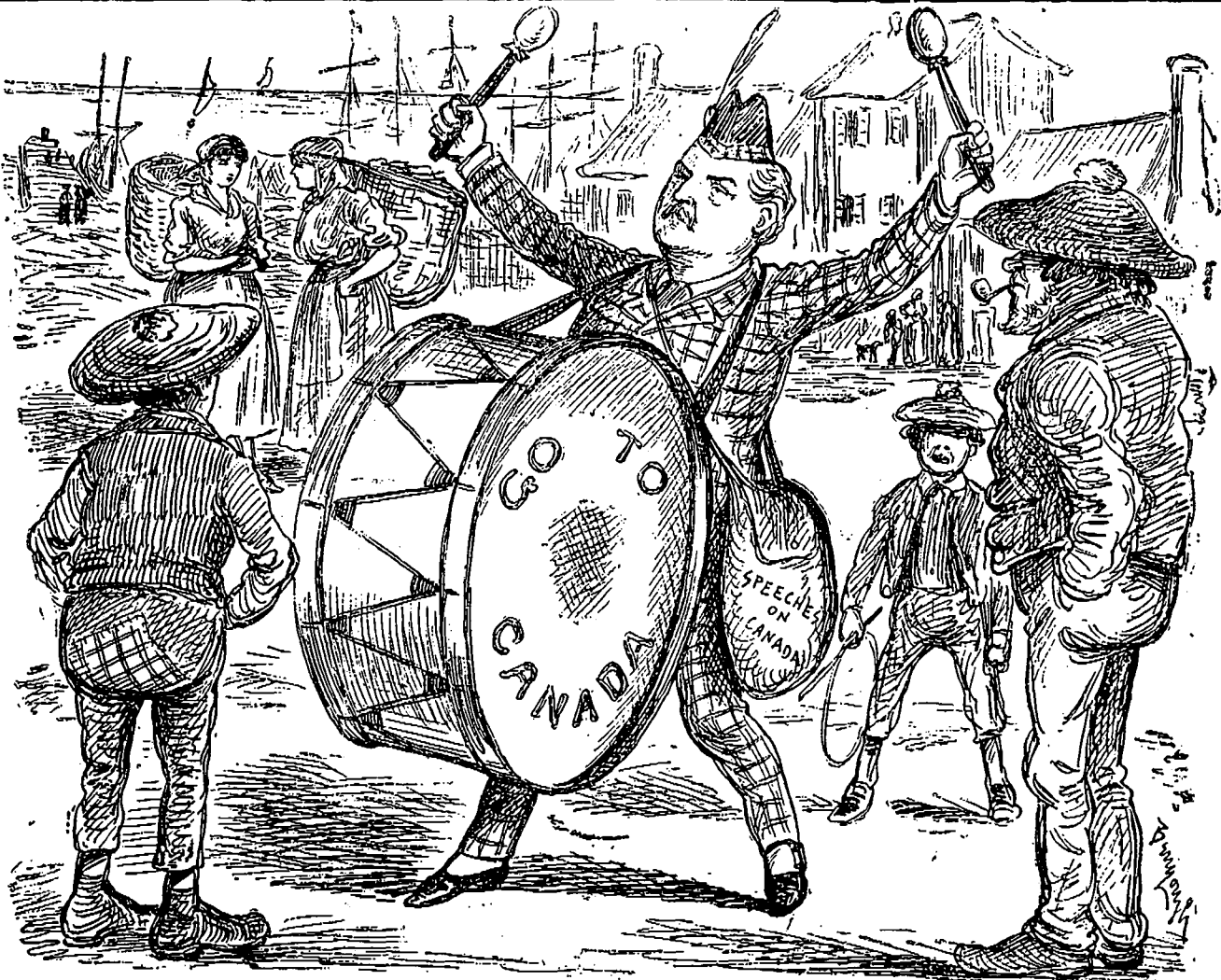
CHINA HALL.

IMPORTER

VOLUME XXII.
No. 2.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL
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of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—It is happily not often
GRIP's duty to step aside from the path of
mirth to join in the general lamentations over
such catastrophes as that of last Wednesday
morning. And yet, although his hand is not
trained in the art which can fittingly mark
such an event, he feels that some memorial
should be made in his pages of a grief that has
touched the great heart of the people. His
picture, however feeble, may tell how, as the
sun of a new year dawned upon the world, it
witnessed a terrible railway accident, by which
more than a score of hardy toilers were sud-
denly ushered into eternity, and how instantly
Sympathy sought to clasp the widow and the
fatherless in her divine embrace.

FIRST PAGE.—Our noble friend the Marquis
of Lorne is making himself generally useful in
the old land. Ever since his return he has
been going hither and thither—not, to be sure,
in the ostentatious manner of our picture, but
in a highly effective way, nevertheless—sound-
ing the praises of Canada as a field for emi-
gration. The addresses he has delivered can-
not fail, at all events, to make our Dominion
better known amongst people who require a
phenomenal amount of information on the sub-
ject; and if they have the further effect of de-
ciding a good many of Lord Lorne's sturdy
countrymen to come out and take up land as
actual settlers, they will all the more deserve

our commendation. We only trust that those
who do come out for the purpose may find it
possible to secure homes in the great North-
West, and to this end we would rejoice to see
further amendments made in the Government
regulations in the direction of encouraging set-
tlers. Go ahead, most noble Lorne, but be
very careful that you do not, by word or look,
give any endorsement to the "wild and guilty
fantasy" that Canada is at present a paradise
for working men, or for superannuated in-
mates of old-country poor-houses.

EIGHTH PAGE.—GRIP is not in the habit of
boasting any vast proficiency as a constitu-
tional lawyer, but he sometimes gives an opin-
ion for what it is worth—never charging more
than 5 cents per copy. Touching the matter
of *Hodge versus the Queen*, he is inclined to
think that the Privy Council's decision leaves
Sir John and his little McCarthy Bill homeless
and unprovided for, while it seems to ensure
Mowat and his little Crooks bantling a nice
home for the winter.

ANOTHER SUBSCRIBER PLEASSED.

THAMESVILLE, Jan. 2.

To the Manager, GRIP Office.

DEAR SIR,—The book, "Girl's Own Annual"
to hand, in good order, and is much more
beautiful than I expected, and, to use the
words of the lady who received it, "It is a
lovely book." Stress of business and absence
from home are reasons for not acknowledging
sooner. Wishing GRIP every success,

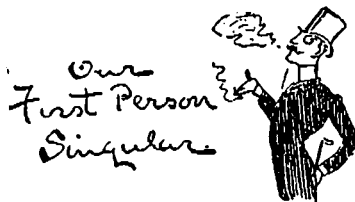
I am, yours,

J. McW.

*.—See premium offers on this page.

GRIP'S HUMBER RELIEF FUND.

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I hope there is some well understood plan of
distributing the funds raised in so many
quarters for the benefit of the sufferers by the
Humber accident. If possible, it would be
well to hand all the money over to some
central committee, the members of which
could make it their business to enquire into
the circumstances of the various families and
apportion the amounts accordingly.

Detroit *Chaff* objects to the expression "fit
as a rat," just coined by the Prince of Wales,
as far from elegant. The British throne being
thus scoffed at, I hasten to the rescue. *Chaff*,
my boy, cool yourself. H. R. II. did not mean
that as a synonym for "good condition;"
you have entirely misapprehended him. It
happened this way. H. R. H. was telling the
Earl of Mount Ararat about a dog fight, and
in describing the valor of his favourite canine
he declared that on the occasion "the little
beggar fit as a rat!" I trust *Chaff* will not
hesitate to apologize now.

The *Canadian Illustrated News* has gone
under at last. Canada heaves a sigh of relief.
From its heading—adorned with banks of
snow and other things suggestive of the arctic
regions—through to its last page it was, gen-
erally speaking, a libel on the country. Nei-
ther in letter-press nor illustrations was it
in any way representative of life in Canada out-
side of Montreal, and in every respect it was
flat, stale and unprofitable, the last especially
to its proprietors. The failure of the *News* is
gratifying, as a proof that the people of this
country will not support a paper that is un-
worthy of patronage.

A friend in the old country sends me a copy
of a journal recently started in London. With
the originality which a casual sight of Cana-
da's Cartoon paper can inspire in the British
mind, the projector of the paper in question
has christened it "Grip." The proprietors of
the original and only greatest "GRIP" on
earth would no doubt put a stopper on this
Cockney chap if it were not for the anti-Can-
adian copyright law, which enacts that regis-
tration in Canada does not protect your right
in England, though the same formality in
England extends to all the colonies. It's a
queer state of things; but let us console our-
selves that English publishers are content to
have Canadians do their thinking for them, in
the matter of journalistic names at least.

Gilbert and Sullivan are to the fore with
their regular annual Comic Opera. The new
piece is called "The Princess Ida"—a playful
variation on Tennyson's *Princess*. It is doubt-
ful if their last production will ever rival its
predecessors, as the librettist has departed to
some extent from his native element of satire
on contemporary institutions, and the plot be-
ing a borrowed one, leaves no scope for the
exercise of his unequalled ingenuity. If Sir
Arthur Sullivan is in his old vein, however,
the music will ensure the piece a fair measure
of success. Speaking of Gilbert and Sullivan,
I may mention that the operatic melange,
*Bunthorne abroad, or the Lass that Loved a
Pirate*, is at present under consideration at one
of the Philadelphia opera houses.

I note with pleasure the presentation of
silver plate and an illuminated address to Mr.
Murray, by the employees of Mr. C. B. Robin-
son's printing office, on the occasion of his re-
tiring from the foremanship of that establish-
ment. Mr. Murray is well known as a strict
disciplinarian, and the fact of his popularity
notwithstanding this shows that workmen ap-
preciate a foreman who does his duty without
fear or favor. Mr. Robinson gracefully sup-
plemented the printers' testimonial with a
liberal cheque. Your company, Mr. GRIP, is
to be congratulated on having secured the
services of Mr. Murray as foreman of the
printing department. He is not a Scotchman
for nothing, I can tell you. The address above
referred to I have examined with great in-
terest. It is a very elaborate piece of work and
would do credit to any embosser in the city.
But you will be surprised when I tell you that
it is the work of an amateur, a compositor in
the office, who is only known outside for his
taste in fine type work.

A little boy asked his mother to talk to him
and say something funny. "How can I?"
she asked. "Don't you see I am busy baking
these pies?" "Well, you might say," an-
swered young hopeful. "Charlie won't you
have a pie?" That would be funny for you."

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



A PERFECT "CURE"!

The above sketch looks exceedingly harmless. You would scarcely think to look at it that in the words of so calm a journal as the *Montreal Witness*, it means *simply Revolution!* Yet such is the case. And if you have any right idea of the British Constitution you will agree in this startling opinion, when we explain that the picture represents a veritable fact, to wit, that a certain cure of a Quebec parish has asked—and probably received—permission from his bishop to apply to the *Local Government* for funds to clear off the debt on his *Church*. The Quebec Government is made up of men so pious that no doubt they would unhesitatingly meet this demand out of the public funds and think they were doing God service, but happily (in this instance) the exchequer of the Province is so very low that this scandalous transaction is out of the question. Ontario people will laugh at this innocent clergyman and his "new method of paying old debts," but let us ask what is the essential difference between this and the demand made by Denominational Colleges for public money in our own enlightened Province?

PLEASE X.

The arrival of a bundle of exchanges from the Post Office is a pleasing episode which happens once or twice a day. But every week has its red-letter-day, when our comic contemporaries come to see us.

Here is *Puck*. Great paper this, fine paying property; suits the Yankee public "right down to the ground." Keppler, who is "artistic director," has just built himself a little home that cost \$150,000. He seems to get more than \$10 a week salary. But why don't you draw more pictures yourself, Joseph? Why don't you give Gillam and Opper and Graetz, and the other fellows a holiday once in a while, and sling your own quill offener? *Puck* is good pictorially, but awfully weak in the letter-press department, except when Bunner and Vallentine do themselves justice.

Here we have another New York comic—*Life*. Beautifully printed, a perfect little dude for elegance, but a dude whose brains outweigh his clothes. Both pictures and letter-press of the first order. The success of this journal is a vindication of the Yankee public from the charge of bad taste and coarseness.

The *Hatchet* comes from Washington. But goodness, gracious! Mr. Boddy, what do you mean by spreading yourself in such a style? Eight broad-sheet pages, with matter enough to scare the average reader to death. Take a

friend's advice, dear sir, and change your form to the *Puck* size; or give it another fold, and put a cover on and call it a weekly magazine.

This is the *Chiel*, a journal of Scotch wit, from Glasgow. Very neat little paper, but Mr. Blyth, see here: Why do you fill so many of your pages with fashion notes and local paragraphs, and theatre notices, and musical memoranda? That is not the stuff for a comic paper. And why don't you get Mr. Donnelly to do some good political cartoons instead of those everlasting pantomime sketches? Scotland's national paper ought to be aware that some of Scotland lies outside of the "second city."

The *Baille* comes from Glasca, too, but it has nae picture ava. The editor divides his attention between the kirk and the licensed victuallers, though every week he gives a litho portrait and sketch under the head of "men you know." The last one we saw was a woman. The *Baille* needs a couple of artists on its staff to be a really interesting journal.

POEMS FROM THE BIG SWAMP.

No. 1.—HOW SID GOT RELIGION.

BY THE KHAN.

Vas, he's the best exhorter round,
You're right when you said that thare,
He preaches a sermon oncommon slick,
An' yanks a most beoyotful prayer.
He'll tackle a text remarkable soon,
An' rustle, an' shout, an' sweat;
His sermons allus hez trimmings on,
An' cardinal tassels, yoe bet!

But he got religion oncommonly queer,
An' only lately 'twas done;
Vor Sid waz onst a terrible man,
A reg'lar son uv a gun.
By gosh, it was a regular fright
When Sid went off on a tear;
He'd fight his weight in wolverines,
An' rip, an' skip an' swear.

But a big revival wuz started here
By a lanky coon named Pine;
The way he raked the sinners in
Wuz most oncommon fine.
The penitent bench wuz allers full,
Till the pulpit place wuz hid,
He never stopped till he gathered all
The sinners round, but Sid.

When Sid found out they wanted him
He went right off on a bowl,
An' kem to church one ramy night
Ez drunk ez a Dutchman's owl.
He wanted gore an' wuz full uv fight,
So full you'd think he'd spile,
So he whooped a terrible yell at the door,
An' hooped a jig in the aisle.

'The preacher tried to soother him down,
But he got a clout in the eye;
He muttered a kind uv mournful prayer,
An' heaved a sorrowful sigh.
Sez he, "The sperit moveth me
To thump this wand'ring sheep,"
An' he hit poor Sid a terrible lick,
An' knocked him all uv a heap.

He kicked him over a bench or two,
An' over the stove, I swear,
A singin' away in mournful tones,
"The bootiful gate's ajar."
He banged him over agin the wall,
An' there he says, sez he:
"Sinner, oh why so ruckless grown,
Dost know Salvation's free?"

He bunged his eyes, he broke his nose,
He stove a rib er two,
An' never stopped till Sidney's hide
Wuz mottled black an' blue,
He licked him well an' then—he cried,
But wiped his tears away,
An' kneeling down he solemn said—
"My prethering, let us pray!"

An' Sid got up an' jined right in.
Altho' he could 'nt see;
An' yelled fer all that he wuz worth—
"I'm glad Salvation's free!"
An' ever since he's kep the faith,
It isn't any whim;
A better preacher does not live
In fifty miles than him.

AN ANECDOTE.

One day Col. Dennison, P.M., met a law student on his way to Osgoode Hall. The student looked very pale, and the kindly Colonel observed this. "You are studying too hard, my young friend, I am afraid," said he, in a sympathetic tone. "Not too hard, I hope," said the youth, "but I certainly am applying myself very closely. I have a high ambition. I mean to be your successor on the Police Court Bench, Colonel." "Indeed!" said the Colonel. "Yes, sir," replied the student, "and hence I am devoting myself to the study of Criminal Law with a view—" "Hold!" said the Colonel, interrupting him, "cease your fatal work. Drop your law, and turn your attention to your body instead of your mind." "What do you mean, sir?" asked the youth in perplexity. "I mean that if you intend to occupy that Bench and survive you must so train your olfactory nerves that they can successfully resist the worst smells that mortal man ever sniffed!"

And then the Colonel passed on.

THE DEJECTED MAID.



MID the crowd there walked a maid
Whose eyes were filled with tears,
Her steps were hurried and afraid,
She could not calm her fears.

Her crimson cheek did pale in hue,
Her heart was charged with woe;
Alas! alas! what should she do,
Wherever should she go?

It was not unrequited love
That made this damsel sad
And trembling, as a frightened dove—
That almost drove her mad.

'Twas not that Fred had proved unkind,
That weighed upon her breast,
Nor had she eaten Cheshire rind,
That never would digest.

She hurried on amidst the dust
And crowd all in a hustle;
To tell you now I's'pose I must,
She'd lost—she'd lost her bustle!

N. L.

THE DIFFERENCE IN MOVES.

"That was right nice in Harry Archer's landlord presenting him on Christmas with a receipt for two months' rent."
"Is that so? How did Harry feel over it?"
"He could scarcely return thanks in words; he was almost moved to tears through gratitude."
"A neighbor of mine was much more moved than that by his landlord."
"Indeed! How was that?"
"He was moved out of his house."—*Kentucky State Journal*.

THE HEIR APPARENT.

"Your father is entirely bald now, isn't he?" said a man to the son of a millionaire.
"Yes," replied the youth sadly, "I'm the only heir that he has left."



NORQUAY'S "POSITION."

PREMIER NORQUAY.—Please don't hurt me, sir; I'm only the care-taker: I can't do anything for you—you'll have to see the Boss!

WHAT'S UPPERMOST COMES OUT.

The following State paper is said to have been fished out of Premier Norquay's waste paper basket. It was probably written on New Year's Day, when the great man was full of the previous night's business at the Opera House, and had sat down to write the formal proclamation, calling the local house together.



[L.S.] JAMES C. AIKENS.
CANADA,
PROVINCE OF MANITOBA.
VICTORIA, ETC., ETC., QUEEN, Defender of
Lotteries, Etc., Etc.
PROCLAMATION.

TO OUR FAITHFUL, the fellows who got prizes in Scoone's Wheel of Fortune, and to every one of you—GREETING.

JIM MILLER, (WHEREAS we had a big Attorney-General, } time last night in defiance of the law of the Province, and of the opinion of so-called decent citizens. We do will that you and each of you, and all others in this behalf interested, at your earliest convenience, at DAN ROGERS' SALOON, IN OUR CITY OF WINNIPEG, personally be and appear for the SETTING UP OF DRINKS, to treat, laugh, smoke, and have a general jamboree on the head of the lottery. HEREIN FAIL NOT.
IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we have caused, &c.

THE CAVILLING CAD.

"NOT LIKE WOT WE GET AT 'OME, YE KNOW."

There are some men who always grumble,
And never, never take a tumble
Unto themselves;
They growl and grumble when the sky is murky,
They scorn the goose, anathematize the turkey
Upon our shelves.
The beef is tough, and tasteless is our mutton,
As are our chickens;
Our 'an and bacon are not worth a button—
Now, what the Dickens
Brings out this growler to this bloomin' country,
Where things don't suit him?
The wretch finds fault with such affront'ry
I'd like to shoot him!
The airs these cads put on near drive me frantic,
Why, sufferin' Caesar!
They lived, before they crossed the broad Atlantic,
On bread and cheese, sir!
This growler may be seen now almost daily
At P.O. wicket;
Of course by each successive mail he
Expects a ticket,
(A red one to call for that large remittance
Which never comes).
I wish the cad would just "get up and get" hence
With all his clams—
For I must say, of all our importations
There none so vile is
As cad (upon my word I'm out of patience)
From British Isle is!

Wife (to husband who has fallen into bad ways): "John Henry, how could you do such a thing? Every one at the party saw that you were not quite right; every one noticed that you were intoxicated!" Husband:—"That's all right. If I'd been all right and not 't all 'toxicated, they'd have noticed that too—jus' same thing, m'dear!"

AN AID TO MEMORY.

Whereas, it is often useful to have the names of the aldermen at your finger ends; and whereas memory is greatly aided when information is put in the form of rhyme, therefore GRIP grinds out the following for the benefit of the ratepayers of Toronto:

The ballots in *St. Andrew's Ward* for '84 did go
For *Farley* and for *Mitchell* and also for *Dajoe*.
St. David's Ward, where things were once at
sixes and at sevens,
Returns the same old *Allan* and *Adamson* and
Blevins.
St. George's Ward for three good men as usual
has gone,
Verral (brand new alderman), *Walker*, also
Maughan.
The *Noble Ward* comes up to time with *Piper*
of the Zoo,
And *Irvine* (last year's member), and *Hunter*
(fresh and new).
St. James' had no election, she simply did ap-
prove
Her three old members, *Steiner*, *Millichamp*
and *Love*.
St. Lawrence Ward went at it and finished up
the job,
Electing *Pape* and *Davies* and a new man
known as *Lobb*.
The poll in old *St. Paddy's Ward*, where eight
fine men were standin',
Was closed with *Turner* (him of old) and
Harvey (new) and *Brandon*.

St. Paul's, once known as *Yorkville*—selected
out of four
Three representatives, to-wit: *Hastings*, *Shaw*
and *Moore*.

St. Stephen's Ward from six who ran, selected
for its benison
Three worthy citizens whose names are *Croker*,
Barton, *Denison*.

St. Thomas Ward; winds up the list and does
it in good style,
With *G. B. Smith* whose "partners" are
Sheppard and *Carlyle*.



A PROPHECY NOT WITHOUT HONOR
WELL-PROTECTED MANUFACTURER.—Sir,
you're right—the workingmen do display most
abominable narrowmindedness in objecting to
the importation of labor. You're a preacher
after my own heart—you've a great head, sir
—great head!!



WEEP WITH THOSE THAT WEEP.



"So the world wags."

THEY KNEW SO MUCH HE WOULDN'T SAY ANYTHING.

It was a Woodward avenue car. A lady richly dressed sat in a corner of the car and said to some one with her:

"I smell kerosene oil."

"So do I," answered her friend.

One after another got into the car, and the lady in the corner sniffed suspiciously, and at last fixed her eyes upon a quiet-looking little man near the door.

"I believe he's got the oil," she said in a stage whisper to her friend.

"I know it," replied the friend. "There ought to be a law against carrying kerosene in the street cars. Such an odor!" and she glared at the little man.

"I shall inform the superintendent," said the first lady aloud.

"I shall inform the president of the road," said her friend, with a fixed and glassy stare.

"Ladies," said the little man, cheerfully, "hadn't you better move? The kerosene from that lamp in the corner of the car has been dripping down on ye ever since we started, but seein' ye both knew so much I thought I wouldn't say anything."—*Detroit Free Press.*

NO CRIME FOR A MAN TO BE A DRY GOODS CLERK.

"Yes, papa," said Beryl, "I am in love—nay, more than that, I have plighted my troth."

"How much did you get on it?" asked the banker.

"You misunderstand me," replied Beryl. "I have pledged myself to become the bride of the only man I can ever love—Arthur Ainsleigh."

"What!" almost shouted the banker, "that dry goods clerk?"

"Yes," was the reply, in clear, resonant tones. "I love him, and, despite your sneers, I shall marry him. It is no crime for a man to be a dry goods clerk."

"No," said Mr. Setback, thoughtfully, "but it ought to be."—*Chicago Times.*

ORDERING FRIED LIVER PAD AND FRICASSED MUSTARD PLASTER

"How do get on with your studies?" asked a certain Austin gentleman of a young medical student, who had just returned from a Northern university.

"Splendidly, splendidly!" was the enthusiastic reply. "You have no idea how thoroughly I am immersed in physiological investigations and the science of medicine. They have actually taken full possession of all my faculties and are never absent from my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. There was a funny little incident occurred to-day down at the restaurant. It was really absurd," and the medical journeyman sawbones unlimbered his pebble-lens headlights from the bridge of his nose and polished them up on a hem-stitched wipe.

"What was the nature of it?" inquired the Austin jurist.

"Why, you see I have just returned from a lecture at the college on patent or proprietary medicine, and when the waiter came around I called for fried liver pad and fricasseed mustard plaster."

"That was extremely comical."

"Yes, and that waiter's eyes resembled those of a dead codfish, and thinking I would not stint myself in the matter of food, I ordered flax seed poultice with St. Jacob's Sardine Oil.

"What did the waiter do then?"

"He drew his hand wearily across his eyes and looked at me in a sympathetic manner and said that he reckoned he was afraid he did not exactly catch on the drift of the remarks. I then changed my mind and ordered some plain beef tea and capsicum. The waiter said he was out, so I told him to never mind, but to bring me some potted leeches and linseed fritters with soothing syrup. Then the waiter went away and spoke to the proprietor, who came up directly and said I would find a drug store three blocks north of there, but if I insisted on staying, he could fix me up a warm bran mash and a bowl of gruel. Then I came out of my trance and tackled a first-class dinner of baked red hot pork chops and omelette."—*Texas Shiftings.*

HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.

"One word," she said, "before we part," and her bright eyes glowed in the mellow light of the turned-down lamp. "Are you sincere?" "I am sincere," he replied, in tones whose truthfulness could not be doubted by any one, save the most confirmed pessimist. "Then you cannot give me a palace by Lake Como?" and she looked into his eyes as if she would read his inmost soul. "I cannot," he answered. "Not even a brown stone front?" "No." There was a wonderful firmness, a don't-you-forget-it-ness in the tone in which this momentous monosyllable was spoken. "Not even a cottage in the suburbs?" "Not even that, darling." There was an anguish in his accents that indicated a mind wholly given up to the gnawing inroads of a sharp-toothed despair. "What can you offer me, then?" she asked; "what can you offer me as an incentive to induce me to become your bride?" "A share in \$7 a week, with a prospect of a rise next spring." He said this with all the deep conviction of a man who knows just how he stands. "It is sufficient," she said, with a radiant smile; "I am yours, Algernon. A half-loaf is better than no bread."

HURRAH FOR THE MAN WHO PAYS!

There are men of brains who count their gains
By the million dollars or more:
They buy and sell, and really do well
On the money of the poor.
They manage to get quite deep in debt
By various crooked ways:
And so we say that the man to-day
Is the honest man who pays.

When in the town he never sneaks down
Some alley or way-back street;
With head erect he will never deflect,
But boldly each man meet.
He counts the cost before he is lost
In debt's mysterious maze,
And he never buys in manner unwise,
But calls for his bill and pays.

There's a certain air of debonair
In the man who buys for cash;
He is not afraid of being betrayed
By a jack-leg shyster's dash.
What he says to you he will certainly,
If it's cash or thirty days;
And when he goes out the clerks will shout
Hurrah for the man who pays!

—*Dick Steele in Texas Shiftings.*

NO NORTH CAROLINA CLIMATE FOR THEM.

Of Mr. O'Hara, the colored Representative in Congress from North Carolina, it is related that not a long time ago, in North Carolina, he had introduced to him a couple of lately landed Hibernians, who also bore the name of O'Hara. Having in him a vein of humor and good powers of mimicry, he indulged in some fun at their expense.

"Phwat did Oi understand that yer name moight be, gentlemen?" he asked. "O'Hara, is it? Not O'Hara av Kilmalnoock?"

"The same," replied they, in amazement, "an' who the devil are you?"

"Oi'm yer kinsman, begorra," said he, "an' be the same token the climate av this country has been bad for me complexion, as ye may notice—"

"The two 'sons of the sod' have not been in North Carolina since.

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.

"O, you miserable wretch!" exclaimed the partner of his matrimonial infelicity, "I'm just burning up with rage."

"Yer are. are yer?" replied the man. "Well, Betty, thash all right. I'm glad it ain't the beefsteak this time."

He was smoking a fine, full-flavored Havana when he met his friend. "Have a cigar?" he inquired, politely. "Thanks," said the other, gratefully, taking and lighting the proffered weed. After a few experimental puffs, however, the friend removed the cigar from his lips, and looking at it doubtfully, said, with a very evident abatement of gratitude in his tone: "What do you pay for these cigars?" "Two for a quarter," replied the original proprietor of both weeds, taking his own cigar out of his mouth and looking at it with considerable satisfaction, "this cost me twenty cents and that five." The conversation languished at this point.—*Puck.*

"That little Lilli is the most systematic actress in Paris. ill you believe tii: ti: owes nothing whatever to her tradesmen?" "You are wrong," replied one of the dear little comrades; "she owes more than an inch of her height to her shoemaker."—*Ex.*

Her complexion is bright as the roses
That bloom in the soft Summer air,
And when in the sunlight she poses,
Men rapturous gaze on her hair.
But the hair of that beautiful huggist
Cost her father a snug pile of "rocks";
That complexion she bought of a druggist
For seventy-five cents a box!

A PLEA FOR THE DUDE.

BY A DUDESS.

'Tough not the Dude!
Keep down that pond'rous boot!
Refrain! be not so rude,
His style perhaps don't suit
Your notions of just what a man might be,
But inasmuch
As he
Assumes gentilly,
Tho' mayhap spurious,
It's somewhat curious
That he should not be prized as one that's free
From grosser vices
Than buying ices
And cake in slices
For us in summer,
Unlike the lummer
Who swears and cusses on his booties,
And snoozes,
On drunken cruises,
On bar-room chairs,
While on his "tears."
Or, unlike the rough and tough,
(Of whom our city has got quite enough),
Who prowl around,
And you get downed
And robbed,
Your gold watch fobbed!
No! no! I say again, refrain!
Be not thus rude,
Spare the poor Dude!



SUE AND I.

Staying in the country
For a little season,
Frosty days proved pleasing,
For a special reason.

Sue is coming over
From across the border,
And I hope to take her
To the rinks in order.

As a skilful skater
I am not much noted,
Tho' I have for ages
On the art quite doted.

As I wanted practice,
Ice I quickly sought for,
And upon the mill-pond
Fame, with Fate, I fought for.

Clamping on my Acmes
In a quiet corner,
In myself I saw a
Granite Rink adorning.

Off I started gaily!
In two minutes roared,
For I fell, and sadly
Dented in my forehead.

Up again and off the—
Head ache, *genus* "rousters,"—
Struck a stump, and very
Badly burst my trowsers.

Must'ring up my courage
In an effort final,
Down I went and nearly
Broke my column spinal,

Off I took those Acmes,
Housewards went for mending,
Feelings in my carcase
Oddly, strangely blending.

How shall I face Susie,
Who just dotes on skating?
"Laugh at me!" She's sure to,
My mishaps relating.

Skate I will not venture
On that swell rink Granite;
Skate with Sue I cannot,
For my course—I ran it.

—J. A. MESAG.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—There is one question in connection with this university business which I have not as yet seen discussed in the letters to the public press. I refer to the matter of Taddle Creek. When are we going to have that noble water-way broadened and deepened and made navigable for the four-oared crew of the University? This is a reform which calls loudly for action on the part of the authorities.

Yours &c.,
A GRADUATE.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR,—I have not read very carefully the many letters which have appeared on the University question, but it seems to me that the point at issue might be settled without such

an expenditure of paper and ink. I think, indeed, that there are no two sides to the question. If public funds are to be applied to the maintenance of a university foot-ball club, I fail to see that the Denominational Universities have any claim whatever on the Government.

Yours,
ALPHA.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR,—As an old student of Toronto University, permit me to offer a few words on the subject new agitating the public mind. With all due deference to the opinions of Principal Grant I hold that the students of Toronto University have a right to sing in the gallery of the opera house, and that as a matter of fact they furnish better music than the orchestra. If, therefore, the Provincial Government sees fit to provide funds for the encouragement of these musical efforts, I fail to see that the outside colleges have any right to interfere.

Yours truly,
I. ASSINUS JINKS, B.A.

Mr. GRIP.

SIR,—I haven't much time to rade the letters in the newspapers on fwhat they call the University Question, but I belave Doctor Dewart and thim is right, whin they say that it is unjust to allow the students av Toronto College to parade on Yonge street and howl their songs and go on wid all their shindigs as they are in the habit av doing. Sure, sir, they give us more trouble than any other class av disorderlies, an' I will be plased if the government puts an end to it as these gentlemen suggests.

Yours,
JAMES BATON,
Policeman.

WINNIPEG LAW-MAKERS—LAW-BREAKERS.

An esteemed correspondent in Winnipeg invokes GRIP's sharpest pencil against the lottery iniquity, which is flourishing in that unhappy place. He wants us to depict the scene in the Opera House there on New Year's Eve, representing the Premier, Norquay, assisted by Attorney-General Miller, Provincial Secretary Sutherland, Mayor Logan, and other distinguished official "Sports," engaged in distributing the gew-gaw prizes from the wheel of fortune, in what was known as Scoone's Lottery. Then he proceeds:—You in Toronto have your County Attorney, Feunton, following up lottery folk with the sharp stick of the law. In the United States they have the Postmaster-General using all the powers of his office in rooting up and eradicating this monstrous iniquity, but here in Manitoba we have the highest authorities in the land giving official countenance to, and aiding and abetting, the violation of a well-known and wholesome law. Three of the parties are natives, and only recently emerged from the semi-barbarism of the Red River region, but to think that a recent Judge, an Attorney-General—whose special duty is to maintain the law—a man brought up in the moral atmosphere of Ontario, should so join in the pollution of the streams of order and good government, is without precedent or parallel even in the days when the play of "George Barnwell" was peremptorily ordered by the Lord Chamberlain to be put annually on the boards of the London theatre. What, with frozen wheat, discontented farmers, unjust tariff, lotteries, and monopolies, are we coming to?

Coming to your right mind, dear correspondent, and when a majority of you get there, let us hope you will make short work of a government that disgraces you before the world. Meantime, it would be unbecoming in GRIP to pillory the men who were your choice at the polls.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

Dedicated to SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, K.C.B. &c.
&c., Premier of Canada.

The winter is here, Johnny my man,
And with it cold cheer, Johnny my man!
Provisions are dear,
And I doubt, and fear
'Hard Times' will appear, Johnny my man.

The factories are shut, Johnny my man,
In the mart there's a glut, Johnny my man!
Pray then legislate
To aid our sad state;
And a market create, Johnny my man.

And wages are down, Johnny my man,
The evil to crown, Johnny my man!
And working men swear
When their pockets are bare,
And live on light fare, Johnny my man.

You know what you told us, Johnny my man,
If you wish to hold us, Johnny my man!
Keep well to your text,
For, when hungry we're vexed
By empty pretext, Johnny my man.

You told us, no more—Johnny my man,—
'Hard Times' we'd deplore, Johnny my man!
If once more, of power
We'd grant you a dower,
The fiend you'd o'erpower, Johnny my man.

But here he is back, Johnny my man,
On the old beaten track, Johnny my man!
And thousands to day
Are earning no pay
To chase him away, Johnny my man.

Then do not neglect, Johnny my man,
To treat with respect, Johnny my man,
Those friends who stood by you
When foes did decry you,
And strove to belie you, Johnny my man.

For come is the hour, Johnny my man,
To use that strange power, Johnny my man,
By which we were told
You could change brass to gold—
Yes frequently told, Johnny my man!

T. McTUFF.



Mr. Harry Piper's lectures at the Zoo on Saturdays are vastly edifying, and are listened to by man and beast with rapt attention. You just ought to hear one of 'em.

The Royal Museum continues to flourish. The new arrivals this week are the D Alma Troupe of male and female gymnasts. The pantomime of Humpty Dumpty is continued.

On Tuesday, 15th inst.—mark the date—the Toronto Philharmonic Society will sing "Elijah" under the conductorship of Mr. F. H. Torrington. Mr. A. Stoddard, the well-known New York baritone, will be the principal soloist.

Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels are at the Grand, and if you care for that form of entertainment, this Company will please you. It is in all respects first-class. The singing is especially brilliant, four of Sam Hague's best vocalists being in the semicircle.

The audience at the Theodore Thomas Concert on Monday night was large. It was also fashionable, as it demanded encores to both of Madam Boema's songs—which, however, it didn't get. The performance of the orchestra was eminently satisfactory throughout, the Wagnerian selection being brilliant beyond the power of words to tell. The omission of the usual courtesy of the National Anthem at the close may have dampened the enthusiasm of the audience slightly, but Her Majesty at last accounts was in a fair way to recover. GRIP congratulates Messrs. Snelling & Sons on the successful result of their enterprise, which must have involved a great deal of hard work, aside altogether from the formidable financial risk.



“OUT IN THE COLD WORLD!”

GRIP'S CLIPS.

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

“Freddie, have you been to school to-day?”
“Yes’m.” “Did you learn anything new?”
“Yes’m.” “What was it, my boy?” “I got on to a sure way of getting out for an hour by stuffin’ red ink up my nose.”—*Ex.*

In the ruins of Pompeii the remains of a man with a satisfied smile on his face and four jacks grasped in his dried-up hand have been unearthed. The workmen are now digging away vigorously for the other fellow, to see what he held.

Exactness may sometimes be carried to excess. We fancy it was so in a recent case, where a disconsolate widower wrote to announce the death of his wife thus: “Her wearied spirit sank to rest at twenty minutes to three—railroad time.”—*Ex.*

“What is a sockdolager?” asked a little Pittsburg damsel of her older and more hardened brother. “Don’t you know? Why don’t you listen to our preacher? Don’t he get up when it’s time to quit, an’ say, ‘Let us sing the sockdolager?’”—*Ex.*

There seems to be a very strong impression in the community that the Metropolitan Museum was extensively swindled when it purchased the Cesnola collection, but it certainly got its money’s worth in the Venus with eleven toes, when it only paid for ten of them.

The scarcity of gentlemen at a neighboring Summer resort was so apparent that a Boston lady telegraphed her husband: “George, bring down a lot of beans for the hop this evening.” Thanks to the telegraph manipulator who mistook two words, George arrived with a “pot of beans.”—*Ex.*

A good citizen was about to hire a country house. “Oh, monsieur,” said the proprietor, the view is charming from here, and besides, as the place is near the railroad station, it’s very amusing.” “You think so?” “Yes, indeed; you can divert yourself by looking at the faces of the people who miss the trains!”—*Ex.*

Most of the eggs used in the east are imported from Germany. Are American hens lost to all shame that they stand around on one foot, doing nothing, except peck at eggs shells that lie around and that have been brought 3,000 miles?—*Ex.*

“Ethel,” said the teacher, “whom do the ancients say supported the world on his shoulders?” “Atlas, sir.” “You’re quite right,” said the teacher. “Atlas supported the world. Now who supported Atlas?” “I suppose,” said Ethel, softly, “I suppose he married a rich wife.”—*Ex.*

Gould—I can not understand how folks can be so grasping. Some people want the earth. Vanderbilt—Yes, there are plenty who are just that selfish. Now, I am entirely different. I don’t want the earth. I would be satisfied with half of it. Gould—And I—why, I would be satisfied with the other half.—*Ex.*

“I could leave this world to-morrow without a pang; the future has no terrors for me,” said Mulberry in one of his melancholy moments. “Very likely,” said Brown, who is a brute; “seems to me that an everlasting season of fire and brimstone would be a picnic to a man who has lived twenty years with your wife.”—*Ex.*



LADY.—Oh, Doctor, my little boy is so ill, do tell me what ails him?
DOCTOR.—It’s a bad case of ever, Madam.
L.—How can he have caught it; we have paid every attention to sanitary matters.
D.—Have you had your bedding cleaned?
L.—No, we have never thought of that, though we have used it several years.
D.—Then send it to N. P. CHANEY & Co.’s at once, they will clean it thoroughly. More diseases arise from impure bedding than from anything else.

A shabbily dressed woman called upon one of our citizens for aid, claiming that she was in a starving condition. The citizen looked upon her plethoric form, estimating the avoirdupois of the surplus fat, and answered, “You don’t look like a starving woman.” “I know it,” she whiningly answered, “I’m bloated with grief.”—*Ex.*

“How long have you been married?” asked the clerk at the hotel desk, as the elderly bridegroom registered. “Two weeks,” replied the happy man. “Front!” cried the clerk; “show the gentleman to parlor B; \$15 a day, sir.” “Third wife,” calmly said the guest. “Oh, excuse me. Front, show the gentleman to 824 back. Take the elevator; \$4 a week, sir.”—*Ex.*

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