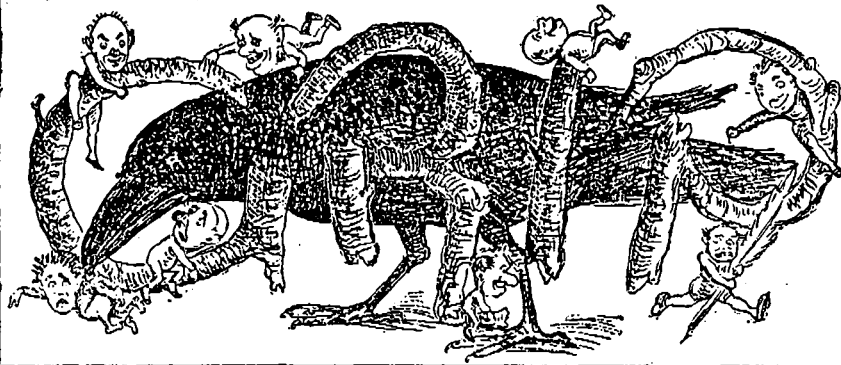


Grip Almanac for 1885. Price Ten Cents.

USE ONLY THE GENUINE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. To avoid disappointment reject all brands of NEARLY the same name.



THE REMINGTON STANDARD TYPE-WRITER,
 With special improvements up to August 1, 1884.
 Send for circular, price list and testimonials.
The best writing machine in the world.
THOMAS BENGOUGH,
 29 King St. West,
 Agent for Ontario.



TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 10th, 1885.

SHORTHAND.

Tuition day or Evening; in class or privately, by mail or personally.
 Employment secured to young men and women who can write from eighty words per minute, upwards.
 Literature in all systems, Text and Reading Books, Complete set of Isaac Pitman's Instruction Books, free by mail, 50 cents.
 Reporting - Arbitrations, Speeches, sermons, debates, &c., reported on short notice, and transcribed on the type-writer.
BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND ATHENEUM, 29 King St. West, Toronto. Thos. Bengough, Official Reporter, York Co. Courts, Manager.

WOODWORKING MACHINERY FOR SALE.

ONE 24 inch Surface Planer; one Daniels Planer; 1 Clapboard or Siding Machine; one Complete Set Machinery for Furniture Factory.
H. W. PETRIE,
 Machine Dealer, Brantford, Ont.

THE HALL TYPE-WRITER, PRICE, ONLY \$45.00.

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA,
 82 Yonge St., Toronto.
 Address, M. M. ROSEBRUGH.

W. K. COLVILLE'S LORRY & EXPRESS LINE.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MOVING Furniture, Safes, Boilers and all sorts of Heavy Machinery.
 Office—12 Front St. East, Toronto.
 TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

JOHN DOTY ENGINE CO.,
 TORONTO.

SANITARY.

S. W. MARCHMENT & CO.,
 Odorless Excavators, the old and reliable firm. Send your orders for cleaning water closets, etc., to Central office, 9 Queen Street East, or branch office, Albany, sandler, 302 Yonge St. Call and see our new earth closet.

HOWIE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY,

35 Melinda Street, Toronto.
 TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.
 REFERENCES—HON. WM. McDOUGALL, Ottawa; JOHN M. GIBSON, M.P.P., Hamilton; B. BOSLER, Toronto.

RUPTURE.

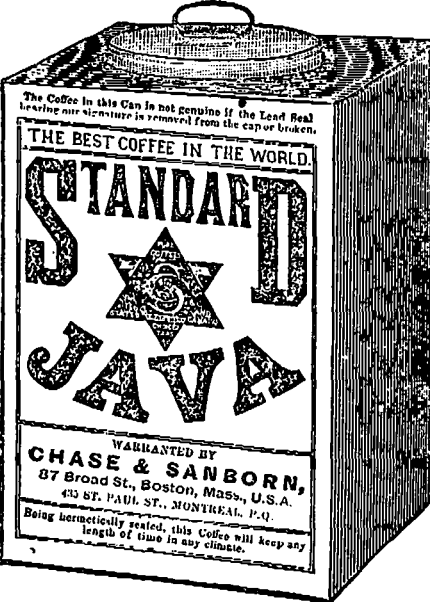
EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS.
 The last and best with a spiral spring, ever invented. Never tips or moves from position, even the sixteenth of an inch. Cures every child, and eight out of ten of adults. Guaranteed to hold the worst form of hernia, during the hardest work, or money refunded.
 Don't waste money on useless appliances, but send stamp for illustrated circular, contains price list, your neighbors' testimony, and questions to be answered. Call or address, "THE EGAN IMPERIAL TRUSS COMPANY," Office 23 Adelaide-street East, Toronto, Ont. Please mention this paper.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR THE International Tent and Awning Company

IN THE MEANTIME IF YOU REQUIRE
TENTS, AWNINGS, CAMP FURNITURE, WATER-PROOF GOODS, Etc.,
 Send for Catalogue or call at
 184 SPARKS ST., OTTAWA.

COFFEE THAT IS COFFEE

EVERY POUND WARRANTED STRICTLY PURE



Buy, Drink, Sell, this Original and only Private Plantation Java on the market. Handled by the principal Jobbers & Retailers in the Dominion.

EVANS' STEEL, MEAT AND WINE.

The attention of the public is especially called to this unequalled preparation, composed of the nutritious constituents of
Fresh Beef, Steel and Pure Sherry Wine,
 which form in themselves a perfect food, and are highly recommended by Physicians as a perfect restorative in cases of General Debility. Impoverishment of the Blood, Weakness, Fatigue, etc., and in all cases where a Tonic is required.
 SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS. PRICE 51 PER BOTTLE.
EVANS' SONS & MASON,
 (LIMITED).
 (SUCCESSORS TO H. SUGDEN EVANS & CO.)
 23 Front St. W., 37 to 41 St. Jean Baptiste St., TORONTO. MONTREAL.

A NEW SYSTEM has been introduced, by which sufferers from RUPTURE

may be supplied through any druggist, with **Chas. Clifton's Perfected Spiral Spring Trusses** (invented in U. S. and Canada, 1871, 1879, and March, 1882), which formerly were only obtainable from the office in Toronto. Ask your druggist for descriptive order sheet, or send a cent stamp for book on RUPTURE and the RUPTURE Frame (Registered), by CHAS. CLIFTON, Surgical Machinist, 128 King St. West, Toronto, & Buffalo, N.Y.

THE TELEPHONE MFG CO. OF TORONTO, TORONTO, ONT.

THIS Company, owning the Canadian Patents for the improved Telephones invented by Bartlett, Waite and Lockwood, invite correspondence from responsible parties for the establishment of Exchanges and Private Lines throughout the Dominion.

A. J. PATTISON Sec. & M'gr.

CHURCH AND DOMESTIC STAINED GLASS.

ELLIOTT & SON,
 4 BAY STREET - - TORONTO.

EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS. BENNETT & WRIGHT

HAVE ADDED
Two Large Showrooms
 for the display of their unrivalled stock of New and Elegant Designs in
GAS FIXTURES!
 GLOBES IN GREAT VARIETY.
 72 QUEEN STREET EAST.

AGENTS or others who want PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.—We have made a big reduction in the prices of our FAMILY BIRDS, added new features and new styles of binding, and from now until Christmas will give Special Terms to those who mean business, and are not afraid of honest work.
 Write at once for particulars, and take advantage of the grand opportunity we offer to make money.
SCHUYLER, SMITH & CO.,
 LONDON, ONT.

MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,
GOLD & SILVER PLATER, ETC.
Knives, Forks, Spoons replated as new at Reasonable Prices.

H. BUTTERWORTH,
 42 Adelaide Street, W.

FINE SHOES TO ORDER
 A SPECIALTY.
J. R. KIRBY,
 197 CHURCH ST., TORONTO,
 Near St. Michael's Palace.

PICADOR, Decidedly the best value on the Market. Try them. PICADOR CIGARS.

BUY STRACHAN'S GILT EDGE SOAP. IT HAS NO EQUAL AS A WASHER.

BOYD'S BRUSHES, MONTREAL, ARE THE BEST IN USE.

J. K. BAILEY & CO., COAL, 32 King Street East, Toronto.

Banks.

CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE,
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Paid Up Capital, 6,000,000
Reserve, 2,000,000
DIRECTORS:—Hon. Wm. McMaster, President; William Elliott, Esq., Vice-President; John Watdie, Esq., Geo. Taylor, Esq., Hon. S. C. Wood, T. Sutherland Stuyver, Esq., Jas. Crathern, Esq., W. M. ANDERSON, General Manager.

Barristers.

MACLAREN, MACDONALD, MERRITT & SHEPLEY,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc., Union Loan Buildings, 28 and 30 Toronto Street, Toronto.
J. J. MACLAREN, J. H. MACDONALD, W. H. MERRITT, G. F. SHEPLEY, J. L. GEDDES, W. E. MIDDLETON.

MEREDITH & SCATCHERD,
LONDON.

W. R. MEREDITH, Q.C. T. G. MEREDITH.

Grip's Comic Almanac
FOR 1885.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED,
FUNNILY WRITTEN,
SPLENDIDLY PRINTED,
AND RAPIDLY SOLD.

AT
10 CENTS PER COPY.

GRIP'S TRIBUTE
TO
CANADA'S GREAT PREMIER.



FULL LENGTH ILLUMINATED PORTRAIT OF

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, G.C.B.,

With the Robes and Insignia Pertaining to his New Title (copyrighted). Issued as a Special Supplement to "GRIP."

"GRIP'S" Tribute to Canada's Great Premier has been a tremendous success. One edition after another of "Grip" has had to be issued to supply the demand, and a new edition of the portrait is just issuing from the press. We are also issuing a larger edition for framing.

THIS IS NOT A CARICATURE,

But a correct and pleasing portrait of the Right Hon. gentleman. It is printed in such colors as to give a representation of Sir John's appearance when in official robes. The work has been lithographed, and proofs sent to some of Sir John's most intimate personal and political friends, who speak in the highest terms of it.

This picture is a great hit, and well merits the general praise it receives. Every patriotic Canadian should have one. The HON. JOHN CARLING says of it:—"I do not hesitate saying that I consider the likeness a good one." J. C. RYKERT, Q.C., M.P., says of it:—"The portrait is an excellent one, and reflects credit on the firm who produced the same."

Everyone who has seen the Portrait speaks in the same high terms of its correctness and excellence.

PRICES—"GRIP" and Portrait, 15c. per copy. Large Size, 18 x 24, 25c. per copy.

Procure it at the Book Stores, or send price in stamps to

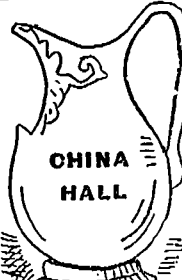
GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., TORONTO.

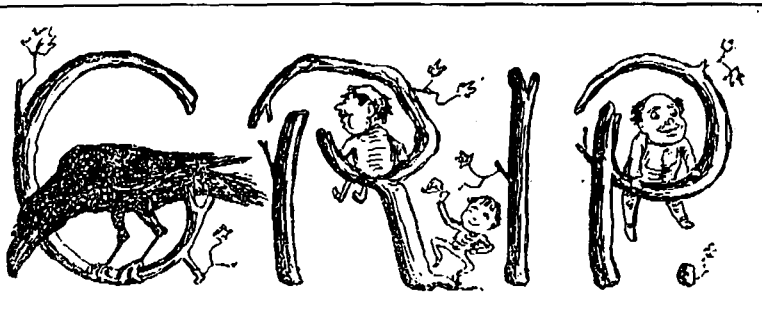
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

USE STRACHAN'S GILT EDGE SOAP AND BE HAPPY.

J. H. BAILLY & CO., COAL, 37 King Street East, Toronto.

TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO. } Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADDES. } 417 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

IMPORTER,

 GLOVER HARRISON,
 49 KING ST. E., Toronto



GLOVER HARRISON,

 IMPORTER.
 49 KING ST. E., Toronto

VOLUME XXIV. }
 No. 2. }

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1885.

{ \$2 PER ANNUM.
 5 CENTS EACH.



BOSWELL AND "JOHNSON."

BOSWELL.—How comes it to pass that we feel sensibly gratified by flattery, even when we are convinced that it is not sincere?
 "JOHNSON."—Because it shows us that we have so much power over the abjects who do flatter, as to force them to the meanness of telling a lie.—Vide Life of Dr. Johnson.

\$10.  \$10.
 Genuine Diamond, set in solid 16 karat gold.
 DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.
50 Per cent. reduction
 on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.
CHAS. STARK,
 52 Church Street, Toronto, near King.

STAINED DWELLINGS
FOR CHURCHES GLASS
MEMORIAL WINDOWS
WHEEL & SAND CUT GLASS
MCCAUSLAND & SON

JOHNSTON'S
FLUID BEEF.

\$20.  \$20.
 Genuine Diamond, set in solid 16 karat Gold.
 DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.
50 Per cent. reduction
 on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.
CHAS. STARK,
 52 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, Near King,

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..... Dec. 20.
No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin:
Will be issued with the number for..... Jan. 17.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Senator Alexander, a prominent member of the Conservative party, is about the first to speak out plainly on a subject which has been disquieting many minds of late. In an interview with the *Globe* reporter he declares that the C.P.R. will cost the country \$70,000,000 in construction, and \$8,000,000 per year for the first ten years after it is finished, for running expenses. This is of course on the hypothesis that the C.P.R. Co. intend throwing the road on the hands of the Government as soon as it is finished and the payments made—a matter of which the Senator entertains no doubt at all. "No capitalists in the world," he says, "can be found to work a road 2,900 miles long," through such a country as our North-West with its sparse population. This is a very disturbing statement to make in the ear of the Premier just as he is going in to dinner. And it is too grave to be swept away by a joke at the expense of the old Senator, as the *Mail* endeavors to do. The question is, are his statements well founded? If they are, Canada is face to face with bankruptcy. We hope Sir John will see about this little matter after dinner, and be able to assure us that Senator Alexander's fears are entirely visionary.

FIRST PAGE.—On New Year's day Mr. Oliver Mowat was invited to meet the Mayor and Aldermen at the City Hall. He duly presented himself. The Mayor read him a flattering address on behalf of the city. Mr. Mowat responded with good taste, dwelling upon the fact that a large majority of the Aldermen were Conservatives—his political opponents. The next issue of the *Mail* contained an article informing Mr. Mowat and the world at large, that so far as the Mayor and the Conservative aldermen were concerned, not one word of the address was sincere—that it was all a joke, indulged in with "good-natured contempt," to please the Grit aldermen. As no one interested feels inclined to

deny this, we are justified in assuming its correctness. But we are at a loss to know why people, however stupid, should deliberately assume to humiliate themselves and exalt an adversary.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Alexander Manning is Mayor for 1885. It is a "great Conservative victory," so his Worship says. This is queer talk after the *Mail's* earnest attempt to keep politics out of the contest. But all right. Hurrah for Sir John! Three cheers for the N. P. ! Go over the whole list of party watch-words, Mr. Manning, and shout yourself hoarse, and then get down to business. What we want is good city government, whether Grit or Tory. Give us John A. and good city water. Let us have the N. P. and a good drainage system. Finish the C.P.R. next year and clear up the back yards. Vote another million to the Syndicate, and reduce our taxes. Down with Cartwright, and give us a more efficient police force. If we can't have these necessary reforms without Dominion issues, we must have the reforms anyway. Now, Mr. Manning, get to work.



CAN IT BE TRUE?

Surely young Squiffy must have taken too much of that strong sauce with his pudding on New Year's day or he could never have imagined what he declares to have been a positive fact.

He solemnly asseverates that, when his landlady, Miss Margaret Lemonpips, endeavored to thrust her carving-fork into the breast of the turkey at dinner that day, the prongs curled up as though they were made of tin, whilst the unfortunate fowl, raising its head from the dish,—(it seems strange that a turkey, even in a boarding-house, should be sent to table with its head on, but Squiffy declares it was so)—warbled, in tones so tender and pathetic, that tears flowed like rain around the table—(more probably they were caused by the prospects of turkey for dinner, for the boarders gradually diminishing)—the following words, gazing reproachfully, meanwhile, in the face of the boarding-mistress, Miss Margaret Lemonpips:—

Since the sun on our birth-days first shone, Maggie,
The New Year bells have times full sixty rung;
Let us speak of the days that are gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

Oh! well I remember you a girl, Maggie,
Though half a century has slipped away,
Since you used to wear your glossy hair in curl, Maggie,
But now you dye it black because it's grey.

Then spare me from your knife, I'm a tough, Maggie,
Oh! spare me and for ever I'll hold my tongue;
For to hear of those days must be rough, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

Young Squiffy says the effect of this insult song from Turkey was magical, for, be it known, Miss Lemonpips only owns to being twenty-seven, and *does* look somewhat youthful with her raven locks and pearly teeth, for which you may be sure she paid no insignificant sum, and she had been setting her cap at one of the boarders who, Squiffy says, had shewn unmistakable symptoms of reciprocating her love till this unfortunate turkey *contretemps*, since which he has fled from the Lemonpips domicile, utterly abandoning a project for presenting the fair Margaret with a set of rusty old pickle-jars and a dilapidated cake-basket that might, from its appearance, have done duty amongst the earlier inhabitants of Herkulaneum.

I make all due allowance for Squiffy at this time of year, but I can't positively believe all he says.

NOTA BEANY.

"Muggins! Muggins!" yelled young Flumpity to a friend on the street the other day, "I've found a bean! I've found a bean!"

"Good heavens! man, are you gone daft?" exclaimed Muggins, recoiling a few steps, as the other danced about before him in a kind of wild, unrestrainable frenzy, "found a bean! that's nothing: I see lots of 'em on the street every day. You must be crazy."

"Twasn't on the street," literally shrieked Flumpity.

"Then where, in the name of Bedlam and all its inmates, was it?" enquired Muggins, backing away from the other with ill-concealed trepidation.

"In a plate of bean soup at a Temperance Coffee House," howled Flumpity, as the ambulance drove up and whirled him away to the asylum.

SHORT STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

THE PERAMBULATING CLUE.

A handsomely Developed and Well-Proportioned Clue once went for a stroll along King-street, and exposed himself so publicly that the veriest Dolt recognized him and saluted him with "How dy'e do, old Clue?" and he was quite happy.

Then he became weary of King-street and took it into his head to visit the Police Station and the Detective Orderly room, where some of the Brightest Intellectuals on the Force were assembled. And these asked him what the Mischief he wanted and what his business was, but the Clue merely whistled softly and passed out, saying, "I knew they wouldn't tumble."

And the Detectives, who had been laboriously hunting for ten Burglars and two small Boys for several months, said, "Who in thunder can that fellow be?" And one and all replied, "I don't know."

And the Clue continued his Ramble till a Ubiquitous Reporter spotted him and followed him, and was led by the Clue to a place where were ten Burglars and two small Boys.

And the Reward of the Reporter was such that his Daubloons were even as the Sand which is on the Sea Shore.

This Story teaches us that a Reporter in the long or short hand is worth two Detectives in Toronto or London in the Bush.

THE CURRENT, of January 10, will submit to its readers a microcosm of Canadian Literature. It will be devoted almost entirely to contributions of the most prominent Dominion writers of the present time, and will show that the pens of our literary fellows "over across the border" are quite as capable of splendid work as any on this side.

FASHION'S FULMINATIONS.

(WITH COMMENTS BY OUR CRUSTY CRANK.)

"It is the leg of mutton sleeve that is to come next, it is said." Let us hope the dear creatures will come to no 'arm in adopting it. It would be a bad chop if they should.

"For a school-girl a useful frock is made of snow-flake cloth." One only has to change snow-flake garments on school children about seven or eight times a day. So you see how useful this material really is.

"Fur of all descriptions is universally used for trimming snits and wraps." The only peculiarity about this fashion is that usually the fur costs a blamed sight more than the suit or wrap. When the fond parent gives the gay daughter leave to get the trimming it is a clear case of going furdur and faring worse.

"Some of the new woollen goods this season have an interwoven bordering." As the frigid-limbed boarder shiveringly feels his way down between the blankets and seeks to avoid enlarging any of the holes, he wishes there was something interwoven in those woollen goods so as to make 'em thicker.

"Clack lace is exceedingly fashionable for evening dresses." It ought to come in good for sewing circles, anyway.

"Tucks are worn upon everything." The wary man of business can find good company now when he comes home to his fashionable family all tucked out.

"Steel-gray plush forms a stylish wrap." But just give us a big Buffalo coat, and keep your plush. It's solid comfort we are after.

"Navy blue may be described as a permanent color." Just so!

The army and navy for ever—specially the navy blue.

"Vests of all kinds are prominent in the season's fashions." This will be noticed particularly at a meeting of alderman.

"The ultra fashionable girl writes her letter in jet black ink, on paper imitating exactly a fine hemstitched handkerchief; puts the sheet into a large square envelope, with a hemstitched border, and seals it with her own monogram in black wax." And the young man to whom she sends her letter opens it in the old-fashion way, with his forefinger and a rip, reads it just as if it were on common stationery, and leaves it hanging up in his vest pocket so that the landlady and the chamber-maid can at one and the same time know how the engagement is proceeding and study the new style.

JACK'S RETURN.

(AIR—OUR JACK'S COME HOME TO-DAY.)

Our Jack's come home from sea to-day,
And ruddy nosed is he;
He durns his eyes in a sailor's way,
And he swears with naval glee,
But his head's as soft as it was of old,
And he's drawn his three years' pay;
We'll treat him well while lasts his gold,
And he shan't go away.

CHORUS.

Our Jack's come home to-day,
Our Jack's come home to-day;
The good ship "Sport" is safe in port,
And Jack's got three years' pay.

Our Jack's a jovial Yankee tar,
In the Good U. S. Navce;
And aboard the "Sport" he sailed afar
Across the billowy sea.
He has sailed a hundred miles or more
In that gallant U. S. boat,
And twice was out of sight of shore,
But the "Sport" is still afloat.

CHORUS.

Oh! Jack's come home to-day,
Our Jack's come home to-day;
He's a jolly tar in a man-o'-war
That's been three years awny.

He tells with all a mariner's joy
Of the dangers he has past;
How the "Sport" collided with a buoy,
And a big huff 'gainst the mast.
How a birch canoe stove in her side,
Yet she sailed upon her way,
And did not sink beneath the tide,
But brought Jack home to-day.

CHORUS.

Oh! Jack's come home to-day,
Our Jack's come home to-day;
He's learnt to use bad words and chews
Since he has been away.

Our Jack's come home; he's tight in bed,
And Nell won't be his wife;
She says his nose is far too red,
And she wants a peaceful life.
And he shivers his tumbiers, limbs and eyes
In a most blood-curdling way.
He's a Yankee tar, so we feel surprise
That he came back safe to-day.

CHORUS.

Our Jack's come home to-day,
Our Jack's come home to-day;
We'll do our best to help our guest
To spend his three years' pay.



THE IRONY OF FATE.

CHAPTER I.

Bob Scullygug was, perhaps, the boldest burglar in all Skunk County. He burglarized banks, private residences, news paper offices, hen-houses; in fact all was burglaristic fish that came to Bob's net. But the time came when the police and detectives awoke from their long lethargy, and suspicion fell upon the adventurous Robert: suspicion rapidly developed into certainty, so Mr. Scullygug, calling his wife unto him, stated his intention of departing from the midst of people who couldn't trust a hard-working mechanic such as he was, and who were already suggesting the propriety of nominating him as a candidate for honours which would compel him to mount an elevated platform whence he could address his constituents or not, as he felt inclined, preparatory to receiving the latest noose. Mr. Scullygug, to his honour be it said, was no dude: he invariably es-chewed a collar, and he argued that a man who dispenses with that article of clothing had no need of a neck-tie; so, bidding *au revoir* to his fond wife and leaving his cosy little house behind—(for it was a comfortable little place and most elegantly furnished, the store of silver and plate being really valuable though somewhat diverse in the matter of crests and so forth, Mr. Scullygug having received the greater portion of it as presents from different citizens without their knowledge)—Robert went forth into the wide world, determined that he would no longer remain where his peculiar talents were so illy appreciated as they had been in Skunk County.

CHAPTER II.

Two years soon sped away. Mr. Scullygug had received no communication from the wife he had left behind him and he knew not whether she still lived or not. His genius was, however, now appreciated and, in

Brindled Pupvillo, he was the recognized captain of as villainous a gang of burglars, thieves, garroters and scoundrels generally, as ever walked this earth.

He called his followers round him one afternoon and selecting Wall-eyed Pete, Groggy Charlie (a broken-down lawyer) and Sniffing Sam *alias* the Mug-smasher, from among them, he imparted the information to the chosen trio that he contemplated cracking a crib that very night: said crib to be the elegant residence at the head of Pumpkin Avenue where the newly arrived widow had taken up her abode.

All were agreeable—that is they were about as disagreeable a quartette as ever breathed—but they all agreed that the scheme was a good one.

That night the residence on Pumpkin Avenue was broken into: an immense amount of silver plate and jewelry carried off and deposited in the strong box of Captain Bob Scullygug's gang, preparatory to melting down or such other disposal of it as might seem good to the gallant Captain.

CHAPTER III.

"Strike me stiff with a pound of lard! Knock me kicking for a copper-headed galoot! Well, I am—(something or other beginning with a D)—cuss me for a dumberheaded, bog-brained, blundering son of a petrified sea-cook's grandmother; come here, Wall-eyed Pete." Such was the language, diluted to the third degree, of Captain Robert Scullygug, on the day following that of the burglary, as he sat before the "Swag" and examined the different articles captured on the preceding night. The captain's hench-men came running to him at the sound of his voice.

Robert sat, as I have said, with the "Swag" before him: he was wild with rage: he foamed at the mouth: as he lifted and examined one article after another, he hanged it down again and swore.

"What's the matter, Cap'n?" enquired one of the boldest of his gang.

"Matter!" howled Mr. Scullygug, "matter! look here"—picking up an elegant silver teapot—"and here"—taking up a valuable gold watch—"and this—and this"—several other articles indicated—"these are my own things: all this 'Swag' was my property before we got it last night: oh! ain't we a precious lot of gummy-eyed, bandy-legged,—idiots? Ain't we a—"

"You're my prisoner, Robert Scullygug, and you, and you, and you, and you,"—said the Chief of the Brindled Pupvillo police as he entered the apartment followed by a posse of his men and laid violent hands on every member of Captain Robert's gang.

"You are charged with the burglary of Mrs. De La Sculagug's residence on Pumpkin Avenue last night: those are the very articles taken thence: here comes the lady herself to identify them"—and as he spoke, into the room walked—Bob's wife!

Oh! said: Oh! fickle fortune: oh! anything. It was too true.

After a long career of undetected crime the gallant Robert was at length brought to the end of his tether for—having burglarized his own house!

Mrs. Scullygug, unknown to her husband and totally ignorant of his whereabouts, had moved to Brindled Pupvillo and—Bob had stolen his own property—for the second time: once before it became his and once since.

Such is the Irony of Fate.

—S.

LADY LYRTON used to say there was only one person in the world whose funeral she would get up early in the morning to see, and that person was, of course, her noble lord. And doubtless he used to retort that there was only one person in the world whose funeral he would like to cause, and that person was, of course, his noble lady.

TORONTO'S SHORTCOMINGS ;

OR, ONE DOESN'T WANT "SPECS" TO SEE THAT.

Toronto just now stands in need of reform—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;
The municipal buildings are far, far from warm—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that.
Such a rickety, tumble-down thing for a hall,
As that which by that name the citizens call,
Should be razed to the ground, or with age it will fall—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

The court-house on Queen-street is not yet begun—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;
And it now seems as if it would never be done—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that—
But I tell you it's needed in summer's hot term,
When 100 degrees is marked up on the therm ;
The police court's the place for the cholera germ—
And one doesn't want "specs" to see that.

'Round Toronto are odors, obnoxious and vile—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;
And the Bay and the Don you can smell for a mile—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that.
And at No. 1 Station's a terrible smell
Which makes Col. Denison very unwell,
And last summer it nearly killed Mr. Nudel—
And one doesn't want "specs" to see that.

The city is large—metropolitan quite—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;
But the folks say the Postal Department's not right—
One doesn't need "specs" to see that.
For they don't put their letters till late in the day,
As they live, from the post office, too far away ;
We can't blame the carriers ; no, they're O.K.—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

The city detectives ain't up to the mark—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;
And ladies can't go out alone after dark—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that.
Is the fault the "Department's" ? I've oft heard it said
That it's time that some change should take place in its
head,
For order at night in this city is dead,
And one doesn't want "specs" to see that.

There's a great waste of water this year, so they say—
Well, one doesn't want "specs" to see that ;
From the citizens letting their taps run all day—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that.
But the waste isn't caused by the quenching of thirst,
For some prominent men, though they'd drink till
they'd burst,
Take a small drop of water, but—rye whiskey first !—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

On King, as the hands of the clock point to 3—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;
The Queen City dude you will certainly see—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;
But though in Toronto, thank Heaven, they're few,
I think you will probably find one or two
In the cage with the monkeys down there at the Zoo—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

The female book-agent's a nuisance, 'tis clear—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;
And you cannot but know that she's numerous here—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that.
But what can you do when she bores you to try
Her latest production ? You purchase and sigh ;
She's a fiend you won't meet in the sweet buy-and-buy—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

The cedar block pavement is certainly bad—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;
And it's time that a better invention we had—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that.
If the aldermen's heads were all laid down together,
We'd have a block pavement that would stand any
weather ;
'Twould be solid as wood, far tougher than leather—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

Now it's time that these sad lamentations I stopped—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;
Or I shall be put where my hair will be cropped—
One doesn't want "specs" to see that.
But whatever short-comings Toronto to-day
May have, I, in words most emphatic, must say
She's ahead of that village on Burlington Bay—
And one doesn't want "specs" to see that.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C.W.P.—your verses will see the light of day in an early number.

S.C.—Another miss, sorry to say. Lines in background not black and solid enough.

S.M.P., Shelbourne, N. S.—Your last is rather lengthy. Mere outline work is all that is necessary. Please try again.

C.D.E.—Isn't this a trifle personal ? Send on the others and let us see them.

MR. GRIFFIN being absent from the *Mail* office, taking his usual snack of salmon, snipe and duck at a neighboring lunch counter, the office boy got the following item inserted in the 12 o'clock edition, on Dec. 30th :—"Thanks are returned to Mrs. W. H. Beatty, for a large turkey sent to the Home for Incurables, and whose name was omitted from yesterday's list." When Mr. Griffin read this he merely muttered a low curse and fainted.

PECULIAR PEOPLE

I don't believe in this Transmigration of Souls theory, that is, not in the general acceptance of the term. I don't believe that the souls of the dead human beings pass into the forms of animals lower in the scale of creation ; but I do believe that when an animal—I mean any animal but man—or bird shuffles off the coil of existence, its soul or whatever it may be, passes into the form of a human being.



Man, but—the more chary you are of making his acquaintance, so much the better for you.

Now for an example of the soul of a bird inhabiting the body of a mortal. Did you never come across one of those big, pompous, treble-chinned women, who puff and swell themselves up and draw back their heads till you would swear that the next thing they would do would be to "gobble" ? Of course you've met her. Upon my word, the first time I saw a Turkey-Woman I was quite disappointed, after witnessing her stately movements—so terribly turkey-like—that the "gobble-gobble" was not forthcoming. I was, indeed. She always has three chins, and is very ponderous and stately.



Now I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings, but I wish to ask whether the Gander-Man and the Goose-Woman are not to be seen at every turn, and whether their appearance and actions do not go far to reconcile you to my theory that their bodies are tenanted by the departed spirits of ganders and geese, butchered to make a Christian holiday ?



Cast your eye on that fat-faced, short-necked, small-eyed, stump-nosed man, over there. Don't you almost expect to hear him grunt or squeak ? and don't you feel rather disappointed because he doesn't ? That is the Pig-Man, and you see him everywhere, and it does look as if the Hog supplied more human beings with souls than any other quadruped. In appearance, actions, manners and everything else, the Pig-Man is nearly all the former half of that name and very little of the latter, and I'll be bound that if he had his dinner put before him in a big trough, he would be more at home than he is at the Leader, St. Charles or any other restaurant, and he would get his fore-legs into his food just as naturally as any other hog.

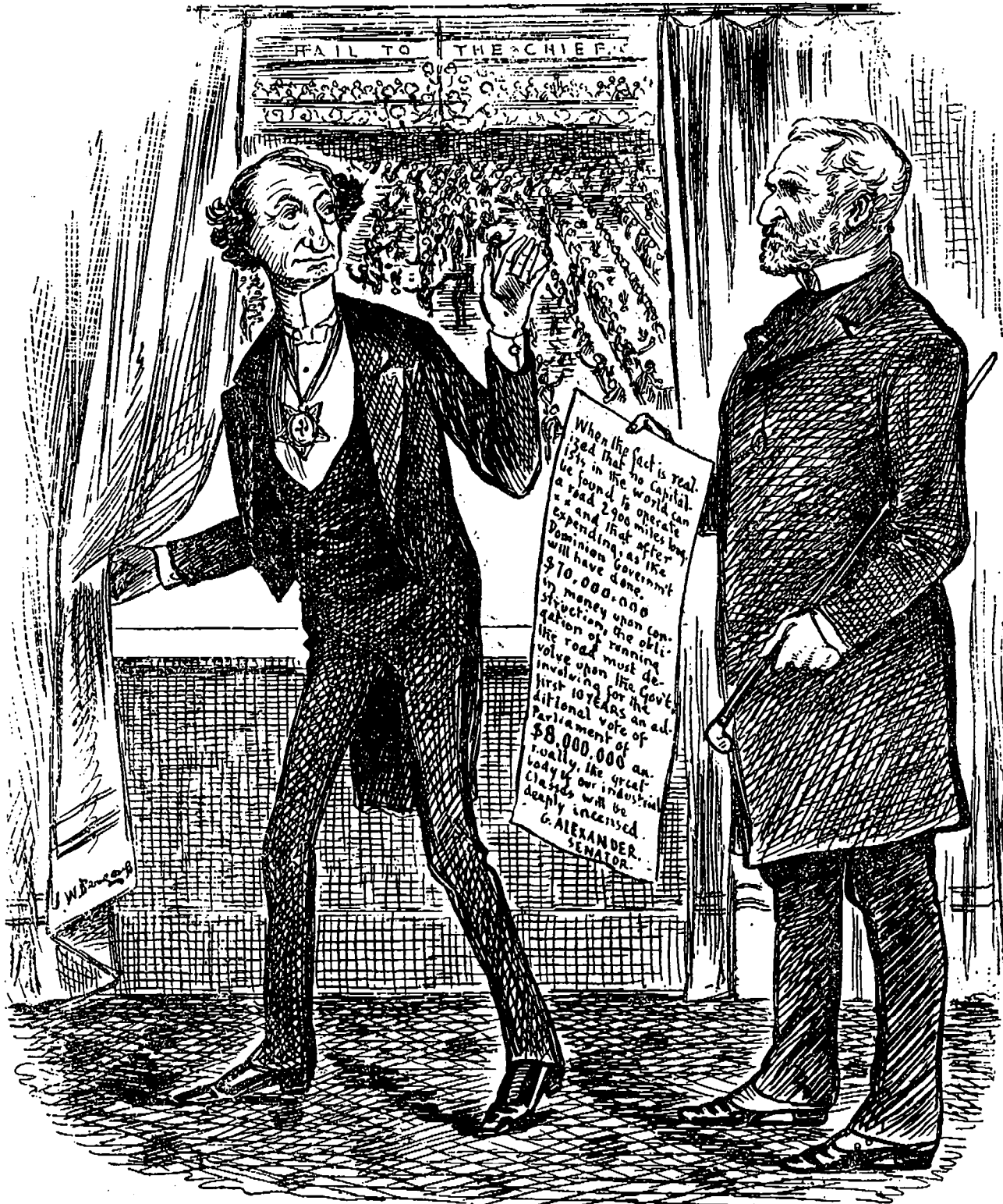


Observe this little dapper, spruce, military-looking man prancing towards us, his whole visage covered up to the eyes with stiff, wiry, aggressive-looking hair. Now what is he the very image of ? Right you are ; a Skye Terrier, you say. That's the very animal, and the reader who has not run across him at some period of his life must be blind, deaf, dumb, lame, unobservant. And the Skye-Terrier-Man is, in all his ways and movements, the very image of the vivacious little canine counterpart he so much resembles externally, and you feel that if a rat were to run before him he would pounce upon it like a flash, snap it up in his bristling jaws, and with one shake send the poor rodent's soul on a hunt for the Rat-Man.



The Rabbit-Man comes next, and is often found in the ranks of very young curates. He is excessively timid, and you will notice how his nostrils twitch and work up and down, as like those of a rabbit as one white bean is like another. You wouldn't be a bit surprised if he suddenly sat up on his haunches, pricked up his ears and gazed timidly around in expectation of seeing a dog about to spring on him. No ; you would consider it perfectly natural, and you would not feel the faintest shade of astonishment.

Many more of these Animal-Bird-Men and Women there be. The Lion-Man, the Cat-Woman, the Leopard-Woman, the Cock-Sparrow-man, (generally about 5 feet 1 inch in stature, but more pugnacious than Sullivan, Mitchell, Mace, and three Crim Tartars rolled into one), the Bear-Man, and the Jackass-Man ; all these pass us in our daily walks, and, gentle reader, if you desire to see the last-mentioned, with all his asinine peculiarities and characteristics, you cannot do better than drop around and gaze on the writer who has held your senses enthralled with this able article.



"I'LL SEE YOU AFTER DINNER!"

MY PUBLISHER.

He blushed when he saw me coming.
Ah sweet, ah fair—
The thing in his ear kept drumming,
And his heart went on thum-thumming.
And he steadied himself at my coming
With his hand on the back of a chair—and
He seemed to be glad I was there.

Said I, "I've here a few poems;
Ah sweet, ah fair—
Call them, fits done in broughams,
Or select Fifth-avenue poems.
Let me read to you these my poems!"
So he gave to me a padded chair—and
He seemed to be glad I was there.

He begged me to take off my jacket,
Ah sweet, ah fair—
He took from a carved bracket
A needle, and wanted to tack it,
The button that fell from my jacket,
As he shook it with chivalrous care—and
He seemed to be glad I was there.

He produced a package of candy;
Ah sweet, ah fair—
He telephoned out for brandy,
Remarking, "It may be handy
To have; let me give you some candy.
And I'll wait till you do up your hair"—and
He seemed to be glad I was there.

A bottle of Stephonotis;
Ah sweet, ah fair—
Another of that strange Lotos
"Diplomacy brought into notice,"
He laid with the Stephonotis
In my lap with a wistful air—and
He seemed to be glad I was there.

I read till the twilight found us;
Ah sweet, ah fair—
I read till my own magic found us
In a thrall that had well nigh drowned us.
We were lost to all around us
Till we both heard a step on the stair—still
He seemed to be glad I was there.

'Twas a messenger with a cash box,
Ah sweet, ah fair—
An "American boy" in flash socks,
The Publisher wanted to smash locks,
So eager was he that the cash box
Its odor should spread on the air—and
I seemed to be glad I was there.

He knelt on one knee as he proffered,
Ah sweet, ah fair—
Bills that the box had coffered;
He went as he gracefully offered
What I seemed in a dream to be proffered,
And I said "I was not aware—"—but
I was certainly glad to be there.

"Oh! we pay in *advance* for verses!"
Ah sweet, ah fair—
He said, "It's a saving in cut ses,
And much wrath and rancor disperses.
Always in *advance* for verses.

You know the way up the stair?
Come again when the time you can spare!
Then he blessed me and patted my hair,
And I passed.
To the last
He seemed to be glad I was there.

—SERAPUS.

ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

When I was in Montreal I was so much struck by the beauty of the French journals of that city that I was seized with an intense longing to become a French journalist.

I am not a native of *la belle France*, and firmly believe that the British won the battle of Waterloo, but I admire the French for their admirable courtesy and politeness, and I like French institutions.

Accordingly I determined to drop down to the office of a well-known French newspaper and see if I could procure an engagement.

I did so. I entered the business office and enquired whether Monsieur le Redacteur was in and if I could see him. Monsieur le Redacteur was in and I could see him. I was ushered into the presence of monsieur. He was very affable and agreeable; motioned me to a chair and awaited my opening address. I stated my desires and asked him what he could do for me. The conversation was carried on in the language of the Gauls, but for the benefit of those of my readers who do not understand it as well as I do I will give it in English.

"Monsieur is not a Frenchman?" said M. le Redacteur, after I had made known my wishes.

"No: I am English, but I wish I was a Frenchman." I thought it best to give M. le Redacteur a little "taffy."

That gentleman bowed at my compliment and returned it with another. He said:

"Ah! I could scarcely tell, so perfectly do you express yourself in my language."

After further conversation, in the course of which I must confess I was several times stumped and made some most egregious blunders, all of which, however, were apparently unnoticed by the polite journalist, that gentleman informed me that there was a vacancy on his staff.

"But first," he said, "let me hear you translate a little piece (*petit morceau*) taken at random from this paper," and he produced an exchange, and pointing to a paragraph begged me to proceed.

This was the passage:

"Le général Campenon, ministre de la guerre, vient de doter l'armée française d'une coiffure nouvelle; c'est un képi rigide, d'un modèle unique pour toutes les armes, dont le *Journal militaire officiel* a donné récemment la description avec devis détaillé, coupe et élévation, pour l'édification des chapeliers militaires. Cette mesure était motivée par la suppression du shako."

This is how I rendered it: "The general Campenon, minister of the war, comes to present (?) the army French of a head-dress new; that is a kepi stiff, of a model unique for all the arms which the *Journal military official* has given recently the description with devis"—

"I scarcely know how to translate '*devis*,'" I said, pausing.

"Monsieur is doing excellently, admirably; it matters not," replied M. le Redacteur, suavely, and moving his hand, "pray proceed."

I went on:—"with devis detailed, cut and elevation, for the edification of the chapeliers military. This measure was motivated by the suppression some shako."

"Monsieur is an accomplished French scholar—for an Englishman," remarked the redacteur as I halted at the end of my translation, "but there are a few, a very few, so few as to be almost nothings, errors that he makes. Monsieur renders always the substantive before the adjective, which in English is not *comme il faut*."

"But, my dear sir," I replied, rather nettled that his need of praise should be thus qualified, "if you Frenchmen put the cart before the horse what can I do? You asked for a literal translation and you got it."

"Monsieur must not be offended," answered the other, shrugging his shoulders and elevating his hands and eyebrows, "but he does not appear to grasp the idiom."

"Grasp the idiot!" I roared, now thoroughly roused by what I considered an adverse criticism, provoked by the fact that I understood French as well as the Frenchman before me himself. "I'll be bound to say that your countrymen weren't so particular about idiom and adjectives and substantives at Waterloo, and Vittoria and Salamanca, Badajos, the plains of Abraham, &c., &c. You are an insolent, sir."

"Monsieur is annoyed," said the Redacteur, calmly, "but I must say that he reads French fairly for an English school-boy."

"Sac-r-r-r-re!" I screamed, "Monsieur's blood must wipe out this insult."

"Behold that," replied monsieur, smiling, "how hot does the rose-bif, the portaire-beer and the vissikey make the young English blood."

"You, you, you"—I spluttered, wrath preventing me from finding a suitable epithet: "You have no blood, hot or cold; frogs are cold-blooded; froggy! froggy! froggy!" and I danced about the sanctum in a paroxysm of rage.

"I think I shall not require the services of monsieur on my paper," remarked M. I

Redacteur, as I sank into a chair in an exhausted condition.

"Monsieur is too violent: too paroxysmal:—besides, he does not properly understand the French language," and he smiled with such admirable good-temper and courtesy that I was at a loss how to act. I felt he had the best of me. I had lost my temper; Monsieur le Redacteur was as cool and unruffled as a skating rink.

"Then good-morning, sir," I said, rising and slamming my hat down over my eyes, "I wouldn't be found dead in a French newspaper office."

"Monsieur may be found in that condition and in that place if he retires not," answered the journalist, just the least bit nettled, and touching several electric knobs; "Jean! Francois! Hongree!" he went on, as several clerks, reporters, compositors, &c., came rushing into the room, "Escort Monsieur, the Englishman, to the sidewalk: treat him not roughly, for his intellect is yet clouded with the fogs of his perfidious Albion. Au revoir, monsieur," and he turned to resume his writing, whilst I, overpowered by superior numbers, was rushed down stairs and out into the street.

French is a strange language. —S.

CANADIAN TOADS.

One of the most interesting studies in natural history to be found on the American continent, is the common Canadian Toad. I have formed this opinion after some years of careful attention given to the observance of the peculiarities of this interesting reptile.

I think the most strikingly interesting variety of the Canadian Toad is to be found in Halifax, Nova Scotia. In that little city, as we all know, there is a large garrison, and in the summer months one or two war-ships are generally at rest upon the bosom of its beautiful harbor. Therefore, on this account, there are phases in the lives of Halifax Toads, which are not to be found in other parts of this great Dominion.

When I tell you that I have had the pleasure of mixing slightly with the magnificent creatures who hold Her Majesty's commission, and—glorious thought—that I have actually been in the august presence of the General commanding Her Majesty's force, then, if you are from Halifax, you will read this article with a great deal of attention and respect.

Oh! how grand a thing it is to witness the veneration depicted in the countenances of true-bred Halifaxians, when they approach the feet of the General or Admiral.

How refreshing to view the happy smile of the matron, whose daughter has been favored with a condescending smile from either of these great luminaries of society. Any familiarity shown by an officer above the rank of captain always breeds contempt in the minds of the fair recipient of such favors. I myself know that my own friend, Mrs. Sycophant, will not speak to a great many of her old friends, because the Colonel of the 450th Blankshire Regiment put his arm around her the other night at old Mrs. Tuffhunter's dance. Notwithstanding this, Mrs. Sycophant is a model mamma, she teaches her children to dance and make caramels, herself, and won't hear of her daughter coming out until she is twenty-one.

I am sure that the society of these military and naval gentlemen has a most elevating and refining influence upon even the most sordid minds. For example, the Blowhards have renounced all their own relations and old friends within the last ten years. The Blowhards' grandfather was a tailor, and used to wait at the old Halifax Club a long time ago, before ever I was born; now the Blowhards associate with none but the Army and Navy. I have a great deal of reverence for the family, as old Blowhard used to make my grandfather's coats.

The Blowhards have never mentioned that fact since I mentioned it about two years ago—strange, isn't it? Young Idiott of the 300th was very much in love with the eldest Miss Blowhard; they were to have been married, but old Blowhard heard that Idiott's father, who is a pork butcher in Liverpool, had failed, and he made his daughter break the engagement. The family were wild when they found that the report was wrong, and they tried to win young Idiott back. He had been nabbed though, by Miss Flippant, and the Blowhards had to mourn in consequence.

Then there are those people, the Longheads. Old Longhead started in life as an orange boy, and made a mint of money when he grew older, by various little practices which don't bear inspection nowadays. Since he has got wealthy the family has grown very aristocratic, and have a most marvellous crest. Young Longhead is too stupid to go into the army, so is to be sent into the church. Mary Longhead used to set her cap at Capt. Brainless, of the 300th, under the impression that the gallant captain was the son of an Earl. She broke the engagement when she found that his father was only a Dentist.

Ah! my friends, it elevates my opinion of human nature, to watch the good people of Halifax fawning and licking the dust at the feet of these magnificent beings, who wear red or blue coats, and have less brains sometimes than the Toads themselves.

Now there is little Tommy Licks-pittle would give ten years of his life to be asked to dinner once a week at the admiralty house. He has been known to spend days working himself into an invitation to the general's, and when he gets a nod from a military or naval swell, goes nearly wild with ill-concealed delight. I have not much respect for Tommy Licks-pittle, he is too great a flatterer, and is asked out to dinner more than I am.

It is strange and sad, but still true, that, notwithstanding all their toadyism, the Halifax girls are often unfortunate from a matrimonial point of view. The chief end of woman in Halifax is, by fair means or foul, to get married to an officer. That they are not always successful in this end, is clearly shown by the large and increasing crop of old maids in that frivolous town.

I have an intense pity for some of these old maids. To see the poor old creatures, with their worn faces, hanging round the skirts of a dance is a pitiable sight. They'll have a great deal to answer for some day. A. C. M.

WHERE IS IT?

'Twas a wonderful, wonderful city,
Where the people were ever at peace;
All the rich for the poor felt pity,
And of joy there was no decrease—
And of bliss there was no increase.

The streets were of golden paving,
Yet never an ounce was missed;
The aldermen went in for saving,
And unfortunate women were kissed
By their sisters of honor and virtue—
Unfortunate women were kissed.

All milk was milk, and no water
Was mixed with the lactical draught;
You could always borrow a quarter,
Whilst the lender but smiled and laughed—
He was honored and smiled and laughed.

No dudes could be seen, bartenders
Would press you to drink, and say
"Oh! no, for your innocent bender
We really won't take any pay—
You may drink but we can't take pay."

If a woman beheld a beauty,
With a really miraculous bonnet,
She would say, "Dear I feel it my duty
To ask for that hat, for upon it—
My heart is quite set on your bonnet—
Yes, I really have set my heart on it!"

And the other would answer, as taking
The hat from her beautiful head,
"Tis yours," and the present as making
Not a tear-drop would ever be shed.
She would make it with lung ter instead.
"Tis yours," she would say, and as making
The gift not a tear would be shed.

As ladies in church would be kneeling,
They would pray for their friends and their foes;
They would scorn any feminine feeling
Of envy of bonnets or clothes—
Of others the bonnets and clothes.

All lawyers were honest. Physicians
Would never accept the least fee;
And men in the highest positions
Would offer them gladly to me.
They would say "I'll accept our positions,
You're as welcome as honey to bee
To accept our nice easy positions;
"Do take them," they'd say unto me.

And where is this wonderful city,
Where all is so bright and so glad?
Where? Nowhere, and more is the pity,
That all should be darkling and sad,
Yes, Nowhere's the name of this city;
It is Nowhere. It's really too bad—
'Tis really too terribly bad.

TOPICAL TALK.

TALK about the eternal fitness of things! I noticed several street signs yesterday, and amongst them were those of Ivory, a dentist, and Chin, a barber! Possibly there are many more equally pat and it would be almost worth while to hunt 'em up.

I OBSERVE in the foreign despatches that the garrison of Chu, in China, repulsed a large force of the enemy. From this I gather that the latter wanted a Chu, but the defenders thereof forced them to back, oh! surely these Chus must be "old soldiers."

I NOTICE that it is considered the very "best form" amongst the swells of New York to dispense with overcoats during the winter. I wish it was the "correct thing" to do here. I should come up to time smiling after each breathing spell. Woe is me Albama.

I SEE that the salary of the president of New York Electoral College is \$60. Hear that, oh, gloomy grocery junior! Brace up, smile again, and get down to the shop half an hour before time every morning, knowing that you have the hearty sympathy of no less a man than the president of a College in your dreary lot!

I AM always amused when I go to church by the evident distrust a large number of the congregation have for the word of the parson: for instance, when that gentleman gives out the chapter and verse of his text, two thirds of his flock will take their books and look it up. People should have more confidence in their spiritual directors.

THE New York *Graphic* rises to remark that a Leghorn chicken is not large enough to cook for five months. Well, it does seem rather a long time to cook a small chicken, but, I vow, twice five months would not have been too long to boil some of the antique fowl that did duty for spring chickens in my halcyon days of bachelorhood when I "boarded around."

I SEE that Madame Scalchi, the celebrated contralto, asserts that no singer can do justice to him or herself, on a full stomach, and that the emptier that important organ is, the better the singer is enabled to perform. Opera companies visiting Toronto, hereafter, will, doubtless, give our luxurious hotels the go-by and put up at some of the boarding-houses in the city.

I SEE that, when one addresses, by letter or otherwise, a mixed assembly of titled swells and simple commoners, it is the correct thing to commence "My Lords and Gentlemen." Now, this looks rather as if the noble lords were not entitled to be called gentlemen. Would it not be a far better plan to begin "My Lords and other Gentlemen?" When I am created a peer I shall certainly kick if this alteration is not made. Joking apart, a large majority of the British aristocracy are quite gentlemanly, some of them as much so as those who don't carry titles about with them.

It seems that there is about \$1,000 over from the cost of the statue of George Brown, and nobody seems to know what to do with it, the suggestion that it be used to found a scholarship in University College having been made. When people are in a quandary, I always like to come to their assistance

and in this instance I would humbly suggest that that thousand be handed over to me. I am sorely in need of a new pair of pantaloons and that is near enough to the figure I usually pay for such garments to satisfy me. What's the good of scholarships? The police say we've got too many students already. There need be no difficulty as to the disposal of that thou.

It is certainly gratifying to be assured by a well-known poet that "there are poems unwritten and songs unsung," and this fact goes far to make my existence more cheerful than it might otherwise be: still one lives in a constant dread that these poems may be written at any time, and those songs sprung on a poor unfortunate in an unguarded moment. It is not such a great while till spring.

I HAVE been lately reading some peculiar marriage customs, anecdotes, &c., amongst which appears the following sentence:—"In Scotland the last day of the year is thought to be lucky, and if the moon should happen to be full at any time when a wedding takes place, the bride's cup of happiness is expected to be always full." The question is, what is the the bride's cup of happiness? Surely, in such a case as that referred to above, it can't be the bride-groom.

"It has cured me. I am a new man because I am a well one." This is a slice from the printed testimonial of a grateful man who was snatched from the jaws of death notwithstanding his consumption of patent medicine. I once knew a well-man who was not a new man. He was digging one day, and his mate at the windlass let the bucket drop down on him. When he got better he became a knew man again, but he was never afterwards a well-man. I hope there is nothing about this touching narrative too deep to fathom.

I WAS amused on reading the description, in the *Hamilton Times*, of the Christmas decorations at the Asylum in that place. "Over the dining-room door," says the account, "was displayed 'Three square meals a day.' 'It was the star that led to peace and happiness.'" Well, three square meals a day go a great way towards procuring peace and happiness, but perhaps this isn't what those mottoes meant. Who would be an editor? Who wouldn't be a lunatic? Who wouldn't be both? Don't all speak together.

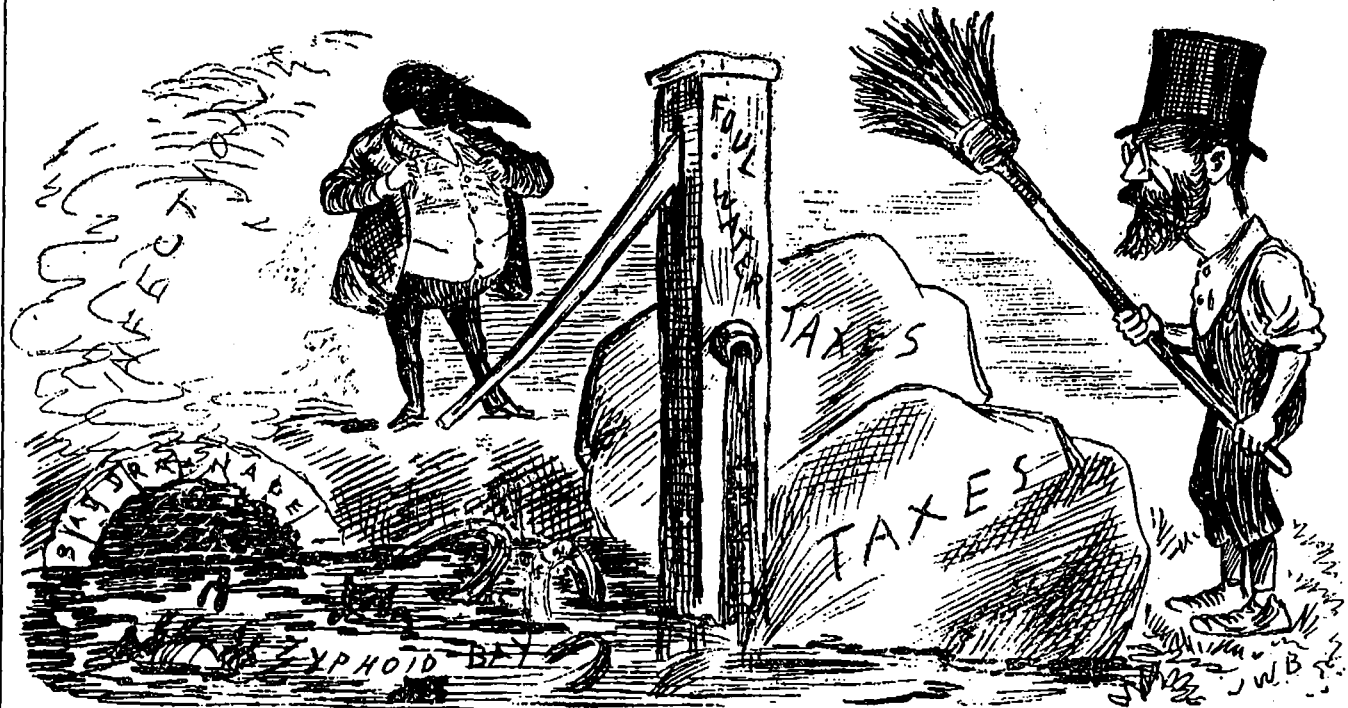
THE suggestion made in the daily papers to have the street cars heated is a good one, and should be "taken into the serious consideration" of that gigantic monopoly, the Street Railway Company. Though well-warmed cars would be a great boon to the public, let me tell you that one female who is compelled to stand in a crowded car can make it so warm for those "nasty men" who are sitting that no stove or anything else is required—that is if she chooses to exercise that truly feminine weapon and unruly member, the tongue. These are the words of one who has been there.

I DON'T think some culinary recipes are very trustworthy, or perhaps I should say they are. I read one which undertook to teach the aspiring cook to make apricot jam out of carrots. After giving minute instructions concerning the mixing of the ingredients, it wound up by saying: "then sit on a stove and stir constantly." This seems rather barbarous, and smacks of the tortures of the Inquisition. My wife, however, was not to be daunted, and after faithfully carrying out the first part of the programme, she took up a sedentary position on the stove, which was exceedingly hot. It is needless to say that she "stirred constantly" whilst she remained on the stove. She didn't stay there long, however, as she remembered she had to go and make the beds, and her position on the stove didn't appear to help the production of the carrot-apricot jam. Perhaps I read the recipe wrong and it meant something else. Recipe mongers can't be too careful.

Barchard & Co.,
97 to 107 Duke St.,
Toronto.

Manufacturers of WOOD PACKING BOXES
of every Description.
All Work Guaranteed.

Pioneer Packing Case Factory



THE NEW BOY.

MR. GRIP.—NOW THEN, MY LAD, HUSTLE AROUND AND GET TO WORK. YOU'VE NO TIME TO LOSE.

CANADIAN apiarists, headed by D. A. Jones, are discussing the establishment of a bee-keepers' journal. I won't say that they want a hum journal, and that it is likely to comb in the sweet bye and-bye, and cell well and wax great, and all those other things that distinguish American paragraphers who colony attention to this honeyset insect. And yet it is an a pollen fact that—but no matter.

PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

"Fellow-citizens!" went on the Aldermanic candidate, "fellow-ratepayers, I'm opposed to all them there things. Besides them as I've specified, I wishes you to understand that I will do my utmost to reduce the present high prices of eatable food. Why, fellow citizens, if these here things isn't seen to, what shall us come to? If bread keeps up at its present price; if beef isn't reduced; if all them there articles isn't brought within the reach of our poor, what shall us come to? We shall be brought, I say, fellow-citizens, we shall have to return to the food of our forefathers. And what, what, feller-rate-payers, was that?"

And when a person in the audience bellowed out:—

"Thistles."

The would-be-alderman was very much put out by it.

But the person was put out by a policeman.

"The latest craze is the collection of tobacco bags." That may be all right for girls, but for men the constant craze is the borrowing of tobacco bags.

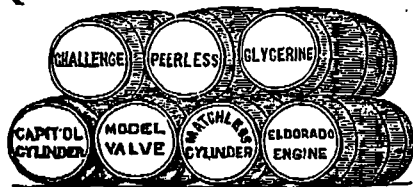
"Oh, where is my wandering boy to-night, My boy with the golden hair?"
"He's been out with the boys on a howling tight, And he's under the peeler's care."



A MONTREAL FAVORITE.

Peter Murphy, the Popular Newsdealer, 23 years a Newsboy. Born June, 1854.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



— FIVE GOLD MEDALS —

in 1883 and 1884, for
PEERLESS MACHINE OIL.
HEADQUARTERS FOR AMERICAN OIL.
SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager, TORONTO.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.



Doctor.—This might have been avoided if you had seen that your bedding was properly cleaned. More diseases arise from impure bedding than from anything else, it at once to

N. P. CHANEY & CO.,
230 King St. East, - - Toronto.

AN Orillia man advertises for an apprentice to the drug trade. A *sine qua non* is that 'the applicant must be able to enter the high school.' An assistant able to enter the High School would not be so likely to be able to enter the dock on a charge of manslaughter. Where ignorance is death, 'twere better to be even a little up in education. The promoted errand boy in the drug shop is a mistake. The skilled dispenser kills off those of us who employ drugs about as quick as we care to go. The young man who didn't know it was poison is too far advanced in the profession.

CATARH—A new treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure of this hitherto incurable disease, is absolutely effected in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. This remedy is only applied once in twelve days, and does not interfere with business. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DIXON, & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

GOVERNTON'S Fragrant Carbolic Tooth Wash cleanses and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath. Price, 25c. Prepared only by C. J. Governton & Co., Montreal. Retailed by all Druggists; wholesale, Evans, Sons & Mason, Toronto.

Gold Fish.—Aquaria.—Every family should have an Aquarium, which is amusing, interesting and instructive to young and old. H. F. JACKSON, Chemist, 1,380 St. Catharine St., Montreal, has now the following stock on hand: Gold Fish, Silver Fish, Cat Fish, Bass, Chubb, etc. Treatise on Aquaria mailed free.

Fashion is Queen.—Fast, brilliant and fashionable are the Diamond Dye colors. One package colors 1 to 4 lbs. of goods. 10c for any color. Get at druggists. Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q.

A. W. SPAULDING,
DENTIST,

51 King Street East, (Nearly opposite Toronto St.) TORONTO
Uses the utmost care to avoid all unnecessary pain, and to render tedious operations as brief and pleasant as possible. All work registered and warranted.

P. BURNS
FOR ONE WEEK
Direct from Carls
WOOD
Delivered to any part of the City.
Send 10 cents for a Copy of Grip's Great Portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald
and 50¢ Queen St. West

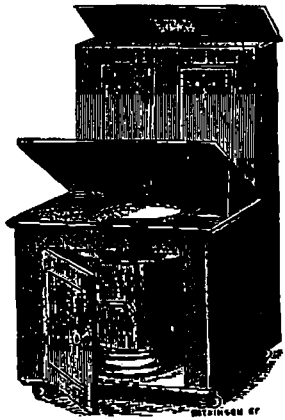
ENGRAVINGS

40,000 New Portrait Engravings (18x24) of Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., Hon. Oliver Mowat, and Her Majesty the Queen, to be given away FREE.
For particulars address
The Canada Pacific Trading & Importing Co., 120 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

FREE!

Grip Almanac for 1885, Price 10 Cents.

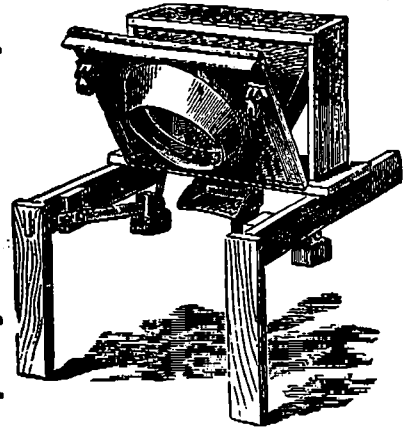
"HEAP'S PATENT" DRY EARTH OR ASHES CLOSET COMPANY'S (LIMITED),
INODOROUS CLOSETS AND COMMODES.



Pull-up Handle Commode.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
15,000 IN USE.
THIRTEEN PRIZE MEDALS.
 BY THEIR USE YOU INSURE
HEALTH & CLEANLINESS.
MANUFACTORY. - - - OWEN SOUND, ONT.

These Closets can be fitted up indoors, or out, being perfectly innocuous.



Self-Acting Apparatus.

REMOVAL.

DRESSMAKERS'
MAGIC SCALE.

MISS E. CHUBB, Teacher of the above tailor's system of cutting, has removed from 138 King St. West to

179 KING STREET WEST,
 Second door from St. Andrew's Church.

Linings Cut for 25 Cents.

MCCANCE'S Great Remedy

FOR—
 Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and all affections of the Lungs; also the best Coffee. Call and see for yourself at

**646 QUEEN STREET WEST,
 TORONTO.**

Any orders sent by Mail will be promptly attended to.

THOS. McCRAKEN. GEORGE GALL.
McCRAKEN, GALL & CO.,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Lumber Merchants
 AND MANUFACTURERS.

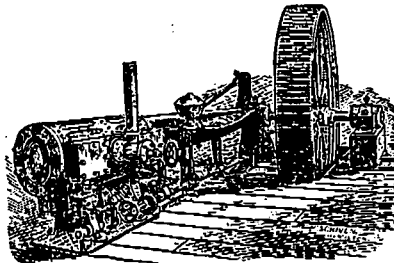
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
**Hardwood and Pine
 Lumber.**

Yard: Cor Wellington & Strachan Aves.
 Factory: Cor. Soho & Phoebe Sts.
 Office: 39 Adelaide St East,
TORONTO. ONT.

J. L. RAWBONE, ARTIST.

Lessons in Oil, Water Colors, Crayons, etc., etc.—
 Terms and hours of instruction very liberal. Thorough
 personal attention. Rapid advancement a specialty.
 Orders solicited for Portraits in Oil, Water Colors,
 Crayons, etc.

J. L. RAWBONE, Artist,
 SHAFTSBURY HALL.



THOS. WORSWICK, GUELPH, ONT.,

Manufacturer of the WORSWICK "BROWN"
 AUTOMATIC CUT-OFF ENGINE.

For durability, accessibility of parts and economy of
 fact, this engine has no equal. Boilers of Steel or Iron,
 made to order. Shafting, Pulleys, and Hangers furnished
 on short notice. Repairs executed with dispatch.

THE INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY.

OFFICES—56 & 57 ARCADE BUILDINGS, YONGE ST.
 The only Agency of the kind in Canada. Cases
 worked by experienced Detectives with perfect secrecy
 and dispatch. Accounts collected. Suspected persons
 watched. Missing funds traced, etc., etc. Agents in all
 parts of the world.

GEO. H. CANDLER,
 Manager.



INTERNATIONAL AND COLONIAL EXHIBITIONS.
 ANTWERP IN 1885—LONDON IN 1886.

IT is the intention to have a Canadian representation
 at the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION at Antwerp, com-
 mencing in May, 1885, and also at the COLONIAL and
 INDIAN EXHIBITION in London in 1886.

The Government will defray the cost of freight in
 conveying Canadian Exhibits to Antwerp, and from
 Antwerp to London, and also of returning them to
 Canada in the event of their not being sold.

All Exhibits for Antwerp should be ready for ship-
 ment not later than the first week in March next.
 These Exhibitions, it is believed, will afford favour-
 able opportunity for making known the natural capa-
 bilities, and manufacturing and industrial progress of
 the Dominion.

Circulars and forms containing more particular
 information may be obtained by letter, (post free)
 addressed to the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

By order,
JOHN LOWE,
 Secy., Dept. of Agric.
 Department of Agriculture,
 Ottawa, December 19th, 1884.

J. PERKINS,
Toronto Engine & Boiler Works,
 HAS
31 Different Engine Patterns.
 FRONT ST. EAST - - TORONTO.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use
 thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing
 have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy
 that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VAL-
 UABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give ex-
 press & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 121 Pearl St. N. Y.

**AMERICAN
 ELECTRIC LIGHT, 60 CTS.**
 A COMPLETE MODEL
 INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LAMP,
 with Battery, Stand, Globe, Platina Burner,
 Wire, &c., with Instructions for putting in perfect
 operation, will be sent, post paid, for 60 cents.
**FREDERICK LOWEY, 96 FULTON ST.
 NEW YORK.**

Gold, Silver and Nickel Plating.
 A USEFUL TRADE. EASILY LEARNED.
 PRICE \$3.50.

In order to meet a long felt want for a convenient and
 portable
PLATING APPARATUS,
 with which any one can do the finest quality of Gold,
 Silver and Nickel Plating on Watches, Chains,
 Rings, Knives, Forks, and Spoons, I have made a
 low-priced set, consisting of Tank lined with Acid-
 proof Cement, Three Cells of Battery that will
 deposit 30 pennyweights of metal a day, Hang-
 ing Bars, Wire, Gold Solution, one quart of
 Silver Solution and half a gallon of Nickel. Also
 a Box of Bright Lustre, that will give the metal the
 bright and lustrous appearance of finished
 work. Remember, these solutions are not exhausted,
 but will PLATE any number of articles if the simple
 Book of Instructions is followed. Any one can
 do it. A Woman's work. FOR FIFTY CENTS
 EXTRA will send Six Chains or Rings that can be
 Gold Plated and sold for Two Dollars more than
 the whole outfit costs. Our book, "GOLD AND SIL-
 VER FOR THE PEOPLE," which offers unrivalled
 inducements to all, sent Free. If not successful
 can be returned and exchanged for MORE THAN
 ITS VALUE. REMEMBER this is a practical out-
 fit and I will warrant it, or it can be returned at my
 expense. Will be sent C. O. D. if desired, upon receipt
 of \$1.50, balance to be collected when delivered. Next
 size outfit, with Tank 12x10x8, only \$5.00.
**TRY IT. Profits over 300 per cent. BOOK
 SENT FREE. Address,**
**FREDERICK LOWEY, 96 & 98 Fulton St.,
 NEW YORK.**

The fastest selling Book of the season: Grip's Comic Almanac for 1885, 10 cents.

Grip's Subscribers could not send a handsomer "Christmas Card" to their friends abroad than one of Grip's Portraits of Canada's Great Premier. 10 cents.

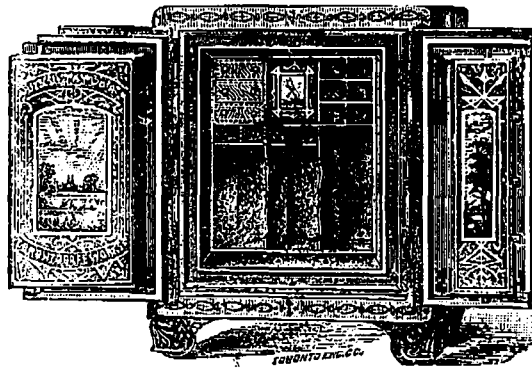
Sir John A. Macdonald's Portrait only 10 cents to Subscribers of Grip.

Grip Almanac for 1885, Price 10 Cents.

J. & J. TAYLOR, Toronto Safe Works,

ESTABLISHED 1835.

PATENTEES
AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF
FIRE-PROOF SAFES
WITH
NON-CONDUCTING STEEL
FLANGE DOORS,
WHICH HAVE BEEN DEMONSTRATED BY
ACTUAL TESTS TO BE THE BEST FIRE
RESISTING SAFES NOW MADE.



SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA
FOR
THE NEW HOLMES'
ELECTRIC
TIME LOCK,
WITH
NEWBURY'S DYNAMITE SAFETY
DEVICES.

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES, STEEL VAULTS, VAULT DOORS.

Combination Bank Locks, Prison Locks, and all kinds of Fire and Burglar Proof Securities.

FACTORY AND SALESROOM,

117 and 119 Front Street East, Toronto.

The fastest Selling Book of the Season; Grip Comic Almanac for 1885. Price 10 cents.

TOURIST WITH ATTENTION

Chase & Sanborn's Standard Java,

{ ALL Coffees packed by us are warranted absolutely pure. Insist on having only such that can be guaranteed as ours.

S. H. & A. S. EWING,

—IMPORTERS OF—

Coffees, Spices, Cream Tartar, &c.

—PROPRIETORS OF THE—

MONTREAL COFFEE AND SPICE STEAM MILLS,

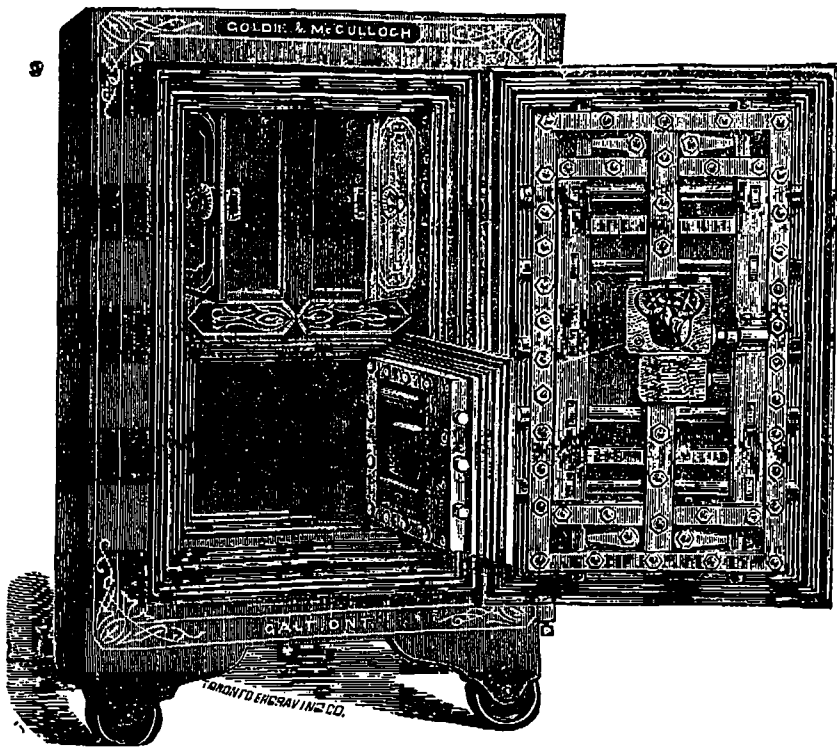
ALSO OF THE

CELEBRATED VIENNA BAKING POWDER.

63, 65 & 67 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

Goldie & McCulloch

GALT SAFE WORKS.



GOLD
MEDAL
TORONTO.

GOLD
MEDAL
OTTAWA.

SILVER
MEDAL
MONTREAL,
Highest Award,
1884.

HIGHEST
PRIZES
ALSO AT ALL
PREVIOUS
EXHIBITIONS
FOR
BURGLAR-PROOF
AND
FIRE-PROOF
WORK.

TERMS EASY,
PRICES LOW.

ALFRED BENN,
General Agent,

319 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

Requires only water—NESTLE'S MILK FOOD—To prepare it for use.

THE MONTREAL GAZETTE

Johnston's Fluid Beef.

A Fashionable, Warming, and Nourishing Winter Beverage.



NEW PICTURES POSTED
 EVERY WEEK.
 NOW IS THE TIME TO SUB-
 SCRIBE FOR THE
 YEAR 1885.

Father Time Introducing the New to "Grip's" Canadian Art Gallery.

THE CHEAPEST.

RECKITT'S PARIS BLUE.

THE BEST IS

Johnston's Fluid Beef.

As a Refreshment while Tobogganing, Driving, Snow-Shoeing, etc., it cannot be surpassed.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL.

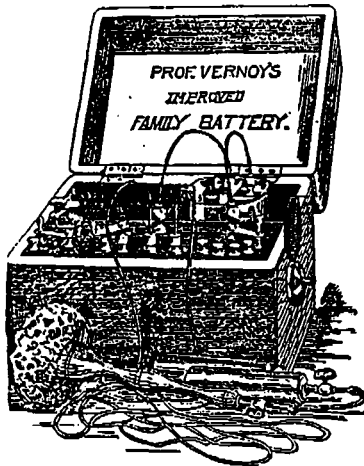
World-renowned as a positively non-explosive burning oil.

FREE FROM
SMOKE OR SMELL.

C. PEVERLEY,
GENERAL AGENT FOR CANADA.

—THE—
Most Perfect Illuminator
PRODUCED.

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL.



1st PRIZE
Improved Battery,
PRICE \$25.

Electricity properly applied from this Improved Medical Battery has marvellously cured nervous and other diseases, acute and chronic, after the best of other known remedies failed.—Health and vigor speedily restored, incontrovertible testimony in abundance. (A hand-book, 100 pages, free.) "It is the only agent that directly increases the vital force." Send for and see the plain facts of an invaluable remedy. Low-priced Batteries for sale also.

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD."

Rev. G. M. Milligan, speaking of our Electrical treatment, says: "It is indispensable to the health of the nerves."

Mr. G. B. Howard, barrister, says: "The Battery has been of great service to us. I would not be without one for \$1,000."

197 Jarvis St. or 85 King St. West, Toronto.

FIRE HOSE! HOSE! HOSE!

COTTON FIRE HOSE.
One, Two, Three Ply,
For Fire Brigades.

LINEN HOSE.
Rob Roy Hose.

HAND FIRE-ENGINES.

ASBESTOS
ASBESTOS
Piston, Sheet, &
Wick Packing.
Crude Asbestos, examine, for export.

ASBESTOS
STEAM PIPE AND BOILER COVERINGS.
Sold by the Barrel or applied by contract.

Manufacturers "Anchor Brand" Files and Rasps.

FENWICK & SCLATER,
229 & 231 Commissioners St., Montreal.

USE MORSE'S MOTTLED FOR WINTER WASHING.

No Boiling. No Steam in the House. No Chapped Hands. No Injury to Clothes.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

MORSE'S MOTTLED.

Chase & Sanborn's Standard Java.

{ *Finest Flavor, greatest strength, heaviest body of any Coffee on the market.* }