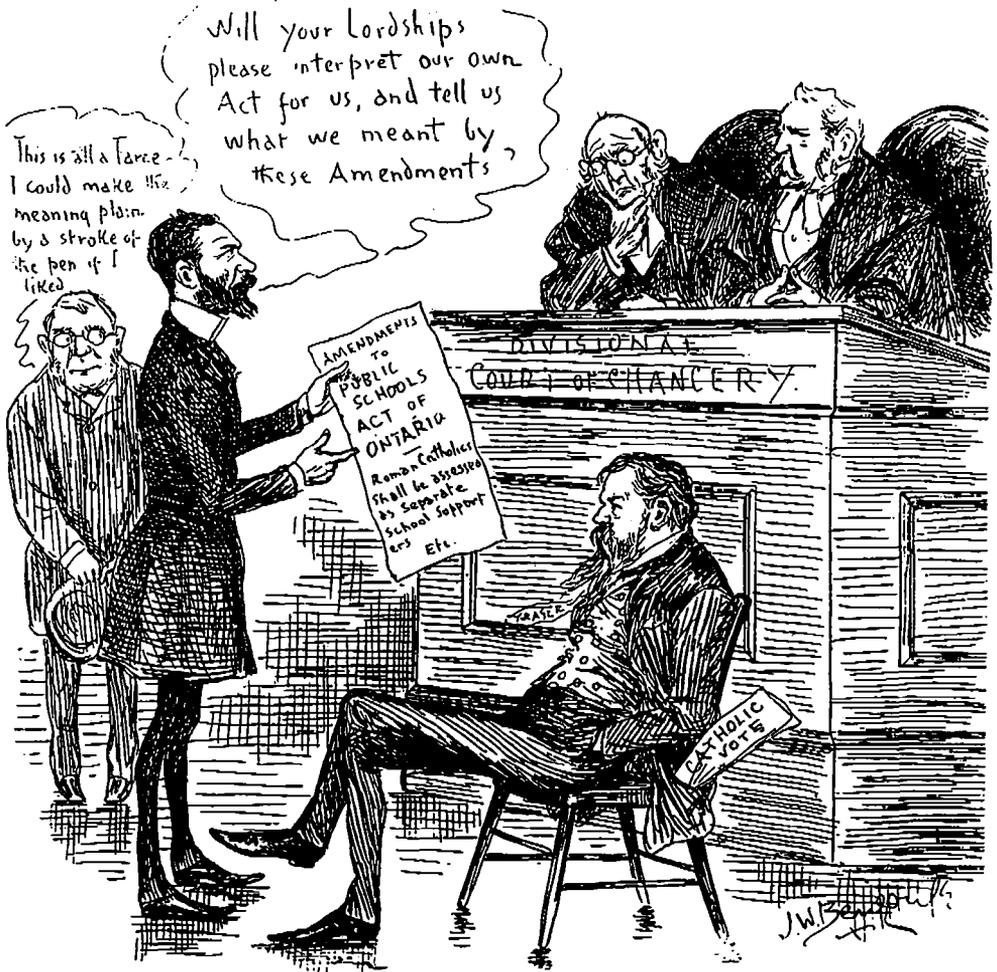


THE GRIP

FOUNDED 1843

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE



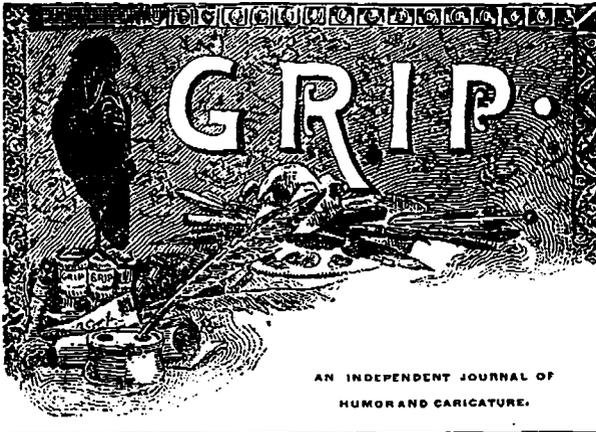
"REFERRED TO THE COURT."

"COURT.—A handy contrivance through which Politicians can sometimes extricate themselves from a tight place."—See Webster's Unabridged.

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BY THE

GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



KING LANDLORDISM—THE NEXT DOM PEDRO WHO WILL HAVE TO GO.—The bloodless revolution in Brazil, by which the Emperor and all imperial "fixings" have been done away with, and a "government of the people, by the people and for the people," has been instituted, is one of the most striking events of this generation. Kings, queens and emperors are no longer regarded as hedged about with any special sacredness; the old idea of "divine right"—which was, no doubt, useful a few ages

ago, and may still have some utility among barbarous tribes—is now laughed at in civilized communities. Royalty, with all its pomp and circumstance, so far as it still exists amongst enlightened nations, exists simply as a matter of convenience. Great Britain, for example, considers that so long as the people really rule, a queen is just as handy as a president, and the formalities of a court quite as desirable in every way as the social environments of the Republican form of government. If Great Britain should in due course see cause to reverse this opinion, the reigning monarch, along with the heir apparent, and all the rest of the outfit, would unquestionably be called upon to go through the Dom Pedro farewell performance. The Brazilians think

they have done a good thing for themselves and their country in abolishing the Empire, and of course the United States enthusiastically assure them they *have*. We sincerely hope it may turn out to be so, but time alone will tell. Brazil can hardly hope to be more successful as a Republic than the United States has been, and will be quite satisfied, no doubt, to make as good a record. And yet the American Republic is to-day battling with difficulties greater than any imperial court could have brought upon her. Dom Pedro and his retinue might reign at Washington as harmlessly as Harrison and his wife's relations, if only the *people* were really free. With the masses enslaved, it matters nothing what name the head of the Government bears, or what the code of state etiquette may be. The fact we want to get at is that there is a more powerful monarch than Dom Pedro *yet* reigning in Brazil, and reigning, too, in the United States and in Canada; and so long as this despot holds the throne it is a cruel mockery or a childish weakness to talk to the *people* about genuine liberty. The monarch we refer to is King Landlordism—the royal gourmand who feeds sumptuously upon the proceeds of labor, and that without performing even the nominal functions which ordinary kings and queens perform. To descend from metaphor, we say plainly that the root of the troubles which now afflict the countries named and others is the system under which the values created by their communities are diverted from their natural use as public revenue, into the private pockets of idle landlords, and this because land is wrongly regarded as a commodity of speculative ownership. Let the reader judge for himself. Supposing that Dom Pedro, the private citizen, were now to come into possession, by purchase or otherwise, of all the land in Brazil, with, of course, the right to either hold it out of use or to charge whatever rent he pleased—what would be the prospects of the new Republic then? Wouldn't he, as King Landlord, living in Spain, be a far more formidable enemy than he ever could have been as Emperor at Rio Janiero?

"REFERRED TO THE COURT."—Although the Act of Confederation permits Roman Catholics to set up separate schools where they are so minded, the law was not intended to encourage them to do so. For years after the establishment of the Province of Ontario, *all* ratepayers were regarded as supporters of the public schools, and assessed as such, it being the privilege of any Roman Catholic to have himself rated as a separate school supporter by simply giving notice to that effect to the proper authorities. The Mowat Government amended this law so that now the assessors are instructed to set down all persons whom they know to be Roman Catholics as supporters of the separate schools, the privilege being granted to any so set down to have their names removed to the other list by giving a formal notice to that effect. It has been pointed out very justly that this arrangement is calculated to bring those Catholics who prefer the public schools into conflict with their priests and bishops, and on that ground Mr. Mowat has been asked to restore the law to its original shape. This reasonable demand the Government have combatted with arguments of the most sophistical sort—until at length the meaning of the amendment has been enshrouded in a mist. An easy way of settling the matter would be for the Government, by a verbal change in the Act, to make the meaning plain, but this, strangely enough, they will not do. Instead, they have referred the matter to the court—that last resort of cornered politicians—and now they present the funny spectacle of statesmen appealing to chancery judges to interpret for them the meaning of their own words.



THE Canada Citizen is after the temperance members of the Reform Club with a sharp quill, for passively countenancing the grog shop carried on in connection with the Club House on Wellington street. The point is well taken, and we all await with interest the forthcoming explanations of the gentlemen thus living in inconsistency. Of all the forms in which the whiskey traffic carries on its work of ruin, the most insidious and fatal is that of the Club sideboard. It is a great pity that gentlemen cannot enjoy social intercourse without the aid of this infernal stuff, and especially gentlemen who are the leading lights in so

very excellent a "temperance party" as the Reform. But the question is, what have those Prohibition members to say for themselves? And by the way, while we are on the subject, have these swell clubs taken out licenses for their grog-shops, just as their comrade in the business, Blokey Bill, of York street, is obliged to?

THE beginning of the end has come! The reign of the Tories at Ottawa will soon be over! Colby, the new Cabinet Minister, was elected by only a little over a thousand majority, instead of 35,000. We *knew* the liberty-loving people of the country would sooner or later arise and cast off the yoke of the oppressor, and they have begun to do it. The prospects for a change of administration look bright, though it *was* rather a Col (by) day for the Equal Rights candidate.

OUR prediction as to the result of the Cronin trial is pretty well borne out by the facts. A disheartening miscarriage of justice has taken place, for nobody believes that even the inadequate sentence imposed on the three convicted murderers will ever be carried out. Preparations are being made to complete the farce by a second act, in which, as the result of a new trial, the triangle of worthies will go scot free. Great indeed is the mystery of a Chicago jury.

GRIP has been appealed to so often for his opinion on the approaching mayoralty contest in this city, that he does not feel justified in longer withholding it from the thousands who habitually look to him for guidance in all municipal matters. Well, then, it is pretty certain that the candidates will be Mr. E. F. Clarke, the present Mayor, and Ald. John McMillan. Both have strong points, and the contest is sure to be a vigorous one. It would be rash for any amateur predictor to undertake to foretell the result, but as GRIP has made a speciality of this branch of science it is an open book to him. The indications seem to be that Mr. Clarke will be re-elected, unless the people determine (which is not unlikely) to give Mr. McMillan a reward for his long service in the Council. In that case Mr. McMillan will probably be elected. If it should happen, however, that Mr. Clarke's supporters get more ballots in the boxes than the other fellows, the result may be somewhat changed. This is the best we can do in the predictive line just now, owing to the foggy state of the atmosphere.

OUR Chicago contemporary, *America*, has an interesting article on "The American Cartoonists" in its Christmas number. Attention is principally given to the artists who wield political pencils, and of these, in the opinion of the writer, Thomas Nast is *facile princeps*, Joseph Keppler of *Puck*, and Bernhard Gillam of *Judge* being bracketed for the second place. The last named artist is credited with having produced a cartoon which ranks as perhaps the greatest hit ever made in the United States—the reference being to his picture of Blaine as the "Tattooed Man," published in *Puck* a few years ago. The idea *was* a very excellent one, no doubt, for it was used in GRIP before *Puck* was born, when we represented Patrick Boyle as the "Tattooed Greek." There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Gilliam had ever seen GRIP's picture; the probability is that in both cases thanks were due to Mr. P. T. Barnum for the "happy thought."

MR. MEREDITH has put Archbishop Cleary in a pretty little box—a sort of Christmas box, as it

were. The Opposition leader in his recent speech quoted an expression in a Catholic paper of Kingston in which the faithful were urged to pursue the "balance of power" policy as a means of obtaining favor from both political parties, and intimated his belief that this idea was approved by the Archbishop. Thereupon the exalted dignity in question wrote an open letter demanding Mr. Meredith's authority for such an assumption. The reply, which was prompt, is a model of political wit and wisdom. Mr. Meredith admits that, while he thought the inference a fair one, considering the relations which usually exist between a Church paper and an ecclesiastic under whose eye it is published, says he is "much gratified to find that the Archbishop does not approve of the sentiments expressed by the writer of the paragraph in question."

THAT I take to be your view," goes on the sly Meredith, "else the enquiry you make of me would be an idle one, and"—here is where he nails the top on the box—"I am pleased to find and, shall have great pleasure, in justice to you as well as in furtherance of the principles for which I am contending, in publicly stating in my future addresses that I have the weight of your great authority with and not against me on the important question which forms the subject of this correspondence." Archbishop Cleary thus becomes a certified member of the Equal Rights Association!

QUEEN'S University has conferred the degree of LL.D. on Lord Stanley of Preston, in recognition of his eminent services in connection with—er, that is to say, because of his distinguished—um—ah—or rather, so to speak, as a reward, for—or, in other words, on account of—hem!—er, that is— But perhaps we'd better lay this matter over till next week, and meanwhile write to Principal Grant to find out what it *was* for.

"Tis the last rows of summer," as the hired man warbled in the turnip field.

"WHERE there's a will there's a weigh," as the drover expressed himself when he had succeeded in forcing the refractory steer on to the market scales.



THE LATEST IDIOCY.

POLICEMAN—"Hello, here, give an account of yerself. Where's your hat and collar?"

CRANKY PERSON—"Please, officer, I had to throw 'em away. Everybody persecuted me so shoutin', 'Where'd you git that hat?—where'd you git that tie?'"



HIS PREFERENCE.

BILKINS (*who is bound to be in the swim*)—"I'm weal glad baggy twoswers have come in again, because the tight ones don't show my feet to advantage, doncherknow!"

THE HIRSUTE APPENDAGE!

THERE was a dear little baby in the house. The dear little baby had just enjoyed his matutinal bath.

There was also a sweet young girl of twelve belonging to the family.

The sweet young girl proposed to finish her ablutions in the baby's bath-tub.

"My daughter," said the father, "do you know it is said that if a little girl washes in the same water as her baby brother uses she will grow up and have a moustache on her lip."

"Mamie," observed her mother, "never mind your father. They told me the same story when I was a little girl and scared me off. But I grew up and had a moustache on my lip all the same—and more than once, too. George, don't be silly!"

And George, who never wore a moustache in all his life, looked over at his wife with a baleful gleam in his usually mild eye.

But the innocent lady went on with her sewing, and as she sewed she sang:

Some day, some day!
Some day I will meet thee, love,
I know not when or where.

Still, there are people in the world who believe it is impossible for the boat of married life to flow gently down the stream of time and never strike a snag!

APPROPRIATE.

LITERARY CUSS—"Have you seen the new Boston monthly, *The Arena*?"

JOAQUER—"Can't say I have. Or, rather, I could say I have, but it wouldn't be true."

LITERARY CUSS—"Some good things in it, 'specially an article by Rev. Savage."

JOAQUER—"Savage? Ah, how highly appropriate. Combats in the arena were a savage pastime, you know."

And a feeling of gloom and depression settled down upon the group, which was not dispelled until some one remarked, "Well, let's have another."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AFTER THE STYLE OF AN ESTEEMED CITY CONTEMPORARY.

"A.S.S." BARRIE.—Handwriting looks as though you had kicked the ink-bottle at the paper, and therefore indicates you to be a captious person—in other words, "a kicker."

"AMELIA RIVES," COBOCONK.—Your writing and that of Jimuel Briggs, another graduate of Coboconk University, resemble each other. You and he had better compare fists and characters.

"COWBOY," TEXAS.—Excellent writing. Indicates fine manly attributes. Come down and get a place on our staff.

"JIM BLUDSO," HAMILTON.—You know more about a poker hand than a writing hand. In character you are a pronounced chump.

"JOHN SMITH," MUSKOKA.—What you want to do is to go to work and learn to write. Your character, if you have any, is about so-so—perhaps not so much.

"PETER SIMPLE," WEST TORONTO JUNCTION.—Very neat hand. Character acquisitive and speculative. By the way, Peter, if you have any lots to get rid of, drop us a line.

"JUMBO," AYR.—Your character is—well, consult dictionary under head "cr."

"JIM FISK," AURORA.—Never mind the writing. Just give us name and address of your town constable.

"FAIRY BELL."—Chirography simply exquisite. Character lovely, amiable and generous. Many thanks for the wedding cake. T. T.

A PROTEST WHICH AVAILED NOT.

AT AN EVENING PARTY.—THE HOSTESS (*who has been listening to very gallant, not to say audacious, talk, on the part of a gay young Captain, to her husband, in tones of affected deprecation*)—"My dear, I really wish you would speak to Captain Dasher!"

THE HOST (*effusively*)—"Why, bless my soul, certainly, my love! Captain Dasher, how are you? Delighted to see you! Don't understand how I came to overlook you!" (*Grasps him cordially by the hand.*)

SCIENCE IN SHORT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.—*The Elephant.*

BESIDES being the largest of known quadrupeds, the elephant has very many strong points about him, the strongest of which is undoubtedly his head. He is stronger in the head than a woman's rights advocate. He has also many other qualities in which he excels all the well known competitors; for example, his skull is thicker than a city alderman's, his brain is larger than that of a country editor, he can eat more and a greater variety of food than a district school master, while his hide is thicker and tougher than a boarding house beef-steak.

The elephant has a well established reputation for wisdom, which to a certain extent he deserves. For instance—whenever he travels he does not have his trunk consigned to the tender mercies of the baggage smasher, but takes that article into the car along with him.

Although as a general rule he is cautious and deliberate in his actions, still he rarely appears in public without making an exhibition of himself.



CERTAINLY NOT.

(Applicant hands in somewhat worn document.)

LADY OF HOUSE—"Ah, this is your 'character,' is it?"

APPLICANT—"Yes, ma'am. You won't mind it being rather soiled and gone, I suppose?"

THE RISE AND FALL.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO BOB HURDETTE.

WHEN first I glued her luscious lips,
All rich and ripe and red,
So fast to mine with Love's Lepage
That naught she could have said—

'Twas thereupon, oh, balmy bliss!
As nose inclined to nose,
While consummating Cupid's kiss,
'Twas then the Moustache Rose.

But, when a full-sized footstep chanced
To hump along the hall,
Into my Eilleen's eyes I glanced
And read—a disenfranchisement!

Whose 'twas her practiced ear right knew,
As mine did, too, full well!
She quick from my embrace withdrew—
'Twas then the Moustache Fell.

T. T.

A VICTIM TO SUSPICION.

IT is said that since the editor of the *Globe* discovered the infamous plot of the "Smashers" to turn the Equal Rights agitation to the furtherance of Tory ends, and exposed the nefarious conspiracy of Dr. Sutherland to use the New Party movement in the service of John A., he has naturally become suspicious of his fellow-creatures, and his life is more or less of a burden to him. The other day he dismissed his milkman, who was discovered at the back kitchen door with the servant girl concocting a plot to ruin the Mowat Government. The girl has of course received a month's notice.

The office boy who does chores around the editorial room has been placed under surveillance of the police, as the editor is firmly convinced that he is in the habit of purloining detached fragments of private correspondence from the waste paper basket and selling them to the unspeakable Bunting.

Strict orders have been given that peddlers are under no circumstances to be admitted to any portion of the *Globe* premises, as the editor has discovered that they are spies in the employ of the Ottawa Government.

Every day, before the editorial conference is held, each writer is obliged to empty out the contents of his

pockets in the presence of the chief, and to make an affidavit that he has had no communication, direct or indirect, with the myrmidons of the Tory party.

A faithful sentinel has been placed over the exchange department, with instructions to cut out all editorials in the Tory papers before they are sent to the editor-in-chief, and thus thwart the horrible design of the rascals to convert the *Globe* man to Toryism.

The coat of mail which the editor has been wearing for some time in anticipation of an attempt on the part of Mr. J. T. Moore to assassinate him, has proved uncomfortably warm during this mild weather, but nothing will induce the man of suspicion to lay it aside.

Newsboys on the street offering copies of the *Mail* to Mr. C., are at once given into custody on the general charge of conspiracy.

In short, our well-meaning but overwrought friend is in a bad way, and unless something is done for him soon, is in danger of becoming a monomaniac on the subject of Tory plots.

THE POLITICAL DOCTORS.

"REMARKABLE thing, isn't it," exclaimed Bloggs, "that the three Conservative leaders should all be members of the medical profession."

"How do you make that out?" returned Blinks.

"There's Sir Chas. Tupper. He's a fully qualified physician, isn't he?"

"Certainly, but that's only one."

"Well, the Premier and Minister of Justice are both Sir John's, too, aren't they?"

At last accounts Blinks was just pulling through the crisis.

"CAN I forget that night in June?" as the tom-cat queried of his mate on the re-opening of the concert season.



AT THE PLAY HOUSES.



A PRODIGY.

YOUNG MOTHER—"Don't you think he's a very bright intelligent looking little fellow, uncle?"

OLD BACH, UNCLE—"Er—I'm not much of a judge of babies, but I *will* say, Marthy, that I never did hear a child *hiccough* more intelligently!"

MY TROUBLE.

I AM greatly alarmed and disgusted
By an ugly annoyance of late,—
My fortune's financially busted—
My purse in a pitiful state.

To some it may seem somewhat funny,
(To me, be assured, 'tis no joke),
That a fellow should be without money
Who isn't a blackguard or "bloke."

'Tis true I've a generous father—
That is, when I'm clear of a row—
But, to tell you the truth, I had rather
Not be over-impertunate now.

If still I were able to borrow
(I may say, by the way, I am not),
My creditors come on the morrow,
And make it unpleasantly hot.

My brains have been ever a "fuzzle,"
Nor ever sufficiently keen
For producing some novelty puzzle,
Or inventing some patent machine.

As for wealth, that oft *goes with* position,
Misfortune again has been mine
n placing me (luckless condition!)
Upon the wrong side of the line.

Or if I were a great politician
(But I stand in an honest man's shoes),
I could quickly improve my position
By some of the plans which they use.

But no! Dame Fortune's against me,
I'm a victim of contrary Fate;
No! Ha! I have it! I have it!
I'll go into "Real Estate!"

HOW A LIFE WAS SAVED.

"SEE here, Mr. Goggles," exclaimed the irate editor to the proof-reader, "I wrote the heading of this article: 'A Talk to the Tailors.' You have let it go as: A Talk to the Tailors."

Mr. Goggles simply grunted: "Is that sew?"
The pun was his pardon.

"MAROONED."

WE knew it!
Alas and alack-a-day!!
There was no help for it!!!
It had to come, by gum!!!!

O, Emperor, in thine hours of ease, did'st never have presentiment of a possible rival? Had'st no thought that some day the pasture fields of Tory journalism would down its bars and let in another to crop the succulent blades of a paternal Government's grass, on which thou chiefly hast been fattening?

Thou had'st nary a thought, say'st thou? Nor hast thou one right now?

Sad, sad-iron indifference! Fateful, fatal free-and-easiness!

Here, read your doom and fall down off your chair:

The Norwich Literary Society has begun the publication of a paper. It is called the *Literary Sun*.

Nemesis!

Supplanted!!

Marooned!!!

Please keep off the grass!!!!

P.S.—Sir John never was particularly stuck on the *Empire*, anyway.

THE BEST HE COULD DO.

CUSTOMER (to newsdealer)—"Have you the *Golden Weekly*?"

NEWSDEALER—"No; don't keep it."

CUSTOMER—"Well, you have other publications of the same sort. Give me something as near like it as you can."

NEWSDEALER (hands him *Bystander*)—"Here's the *Goldwin* monthly. That's about the nearest I can come to it."

IT'S SO DIFFERENT IN FRENCH.



O sing us something, Mr. Biggleswade," said the hostess, as the conversation at the evening party was beginning to flag.

"Oh, yes, *do*. It's a shame that when a gentleman really can sing, as we know you can, he should not be willing to oblige," chimed

in the eldest Miss Pignuffle.

"Ah, really, Mrs. Dodworthy, you're very kind, but—ah—I'm so out of practice, you know. 'Fraid I don't know any English songs just appropriate."

"Oh, please do try, Mr. Biggleswade; we're not a critical audience, you know."

"Well, then, I'll give you a little *chans'on du peuple* that I heard when I was last in *Paree*." And he sang a few verses with this chorus:

"J'ai quinze piastres dans ma poche au-dessous
Voilà donc!
Ecoutez moi, galliards du Quartier Latin!
Tous les Samedis soirs je vais
M'assommer au cabaret.
Et pas un sou e trouve le prochain. matin."

"Exquisite! delightful! What a charming song!" said Mrs. Dodworthy.

"Yes, charming," chorused the other ladies.

"Really, you have admirable taste, Mr. Biggleswade," said the hostess. "Such *savoir faire* and refinement. Some young men are so sadly lacking in polish, nowadays. Why, young Mr. Budger was here the other evening and we asked him to sing, and, would you believe it, he sang a low, vulgar, pot-house ditty, to something the same air as that delightful *morceau* you have just rendered—something about 'Fifteen dollars in my inside pocket.' It was too awfully disgusting for anything. It's the last time that he'll sing anything in my house."

And Mr. Biggleswade bowed his acknowledgments and smiled a superior smile.

AT THE ANTI-POVERTY SOCIETY.

QUESTIONER—"Do you know why there are greater ground rents in tropical regions than elsewhere?"

CHAIRMAN—"The gentleman is surely mistaken as to his facts."

QUESTIONER—"Oh, yes, there are bigger ground rents in the tropics—because, you see, there are more earthquakes there."

CHAIRMAN—"Order, order! Really, this is not a minstrel show!"

PETER'S 'PINTMENT.

PETER, Peter, office seeker,
Gets a job, and, faith, he keeps her.

'P'int, Olly, 'p'int, 'p'int with care,
'P'int Peter to be registraire!

"Two from wan an' naught remains,"
Is a problem worth the thryin',
Av the sun should booze yer brains
Git the figgers from Pete Ryan.

WHAT A NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY GIRL.

"**MA**," remonstrated the little girl, "I don't see why I should have so much minding of the baby to do."

"My dear," answered the mother, "that is part of your duty. You are here to mind your little brother."

"That's what you say, anyway, ma," continued the wee maiden, in a pout. "I suppose you think I was born to mind baby."

"Perhaps so, darling!" laughingly replied mamma.

"Then"—her surcharged feelings finding sudden vent—"if I had known it I'd never have been born. There!"

T.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

A PARSON in his parsonage once found an ancient relic, The mouldy, shrivelled, dry remains of some one long angelic.

He found it in an oaken chest, far hidden in a closet, Thick covered with the heavy dust of fifty years' deposit.

He scanned the solemn, gruesome thing, right well it seemed to please him.

He showed it afterwards to crowds, and sometimes some, to tease him,

Would ask him if it were his own (they knew it could not be so), Which was as sure to make him wrath as snuff to make you sneeze so.

Now, reader, banish grisly thoughts of grave yard bones and vermin,

The nameless thing was nothing but the skeleton of a sermon.

WILLIAM MCGILL.



A PAYING TRANSACTION.

DETECTIVE—"I have just been informed that your store was burglarized last night and a lot of goods carried off."

ENTERPRISING MERCHANT—"Ha! That's money in my pocket. We've been selling away below cost for a long time, so this is a clear gain to us!"

SUCCINCT SAYINGS.

"**I'M** in the soop," as the broom sadly observed to the curler.

"**HE** combeth not, she said," as the barber blandly remarked to his bald-headed customer.

"**TO** am't of acc't rendered," as the butcher said to the crock of lard.

"**I** CANNOT leave thee!" as the Canada thistle sobbed to Mother Eve.

"**T**IRED to death!" as the disabled wagon remarked to the wheel-wright.

ADDENDA TO "THE BELLS."

I SING the praises of a bell,
A mystic bell not sung by Poe—
'Tis worthy of a villanelle.
Its chimes but happiness foretell,
It has no note for pain nor woe—
I sing the praises of a bell
Whose daily sounds o'er hill and dell
Monotonous can never grow,
'Tis worthy of a villanelle.
Its music's charm a magic spell
O'er savage, sullen breasts can throw—
I sing the praises of a bell
Whose muster call is heeded well,
And great and small make haste to go—
'Tis worthy of a villanelle.
And yet sometimes it proves a sell,
When steaks are tough and bread is dough
I sing the magic dinner bell,
'Tis worthy of a villanelle.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

BEFORE THE MAST.

RUDDER.—"What prevents the ocean from leaving its bed?"

BOOMER.—"Its tide, probably."

*



RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED TO DUDEDOM.

DESIGN FOR A MIDWINTER OVERCOAT FOR THE PROTECTION OF
THE COMPLEXION.

CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY.

HE LOOMS UP AGAIN AMIDST A SEA OF CONGRATULATIONS,
ENQUIRIES AND THINGS.

GRIP, ould bird, I belave yer back on yer proud perch
wanst more.

Further, I belave ye had a bit av a fly over the con-
tinent.

Av ye'd not take it in bad part, darlin', I have a thrifle
av verse I'd be sendin' ye.

Bedad, I'll send it, anyway, and thrust to the good
parts.

Me son, Michael John Joseph, kimposed it. I mane
he's the a'thor; bekase its far from kimposed was the
boy whin he was s'thrugglin' to make inds mate an' the
houl thing jibe in dacent, modest shtyle.

Howld aisy now, an' don't be shtartin' for the fire-bri-
gade until yer get troo wid the poem :

HOME AGIN.

CEAD NILLE FAILTHE !

An' so ye've kim back agin, brave bird !
Shure we're glad fur to see ye wanst more,
An' we grate ye wid our kindest word—
Wilkim home, wilkim home, *asthore!*

How our s'phirrits wint down on the partin' day,
As ye hopped to yer sate in the thrain !
Yis down wint our s'phirrits an' vanished away,
'Tisn't s'phirrits—the craythur—I mane.

For we nivir wanst thought av a dhrap, GRIP,
Whin ye nodded a kind good-bye,
But ye weren't so far away on yer thrip
Ere we all had a dhrap—in our eye.

We tho't av ye out on the prairie, bird,
Where from Injins ye might have to flee ;
And wid joy read we iviry newspaper word
That tould ye were safe, *machree.*

But now ye are back wid us wanst agin,
An' we're all av us out in full foorce,
To heartily shout, " Three cheers for Maginn ! "
Be Maginn we mane GRIP, av coorse.

Come, tell us a tale av yer thrip, *alan* ;
Av the vests that ye bruck whin away ;
Av the fun an' the fights and the many a man
Ye met on that big highway.

But no, I think we will lave ye alone,
For the flight that ye made was long,
An' yer wings must be tired—yer voice, *ochone*,
I'll lay it's too hoarse for a song.

So we'll all av us hope ye'd an illigant time,
An' are lookin' and feelin' in thrim,
To schrame as up on yer perch you climb,
" I'm a devil—for fun ! " Biff ! Bim !

Say, GRIP, plaze don't turn the hose on me son Michael
John Joseph for doin' this shmall schrap in yer anner.

The boy manes well, at all ivints. An' would ye take a
luk at all the fine furrin language he has in the bit av a
poem ! Mike has a shmattherin' av classics in him, d'ye
mind, though, begorra, he's not much wid pick an' shovel.
I'll make a gintleman av Mike.

An', be the bye, that same remark suggests the quis-
tion : Are there anny gintlemen away out Wist—barrin'
the cow boys ?

How does ould Graneshields, or Granefield, or Grane-
horn, or somethin' like that—I mane the man the papers
are all talkin' av—luk an' behave himself ?

Does he carry a gun an' go around wid a tommy-knife
an' schalpin'-hawk s'thrapped to his back ?

Did you come across Mane Daley—not wan av the
mane dailies they print up in Manipeg, but the man be
that name ? Is he wan av the murtherin' red-shkins or
plundherin' Gover'mint contrhactors ?

What was ould Sittin' Bull doin' ? Sure I heerd he
was hilpin' wan Nick Rainwather Davenport—is that
right ?—to run a paper out on the big commons at some
shmall place be the outlandish name av Hapes-av-Bones.

Did yer have anny personal encounther wid " Whack-
him-on-the-jaw," " Ould To-morrow," or " Big-nose-ate-
yer-mother ? "

Ye see I've the names av some av the ladin' charachers
out there in me mind's eye, as they say.

This, begorra, comes av radin' the personal items in *Sat-
hursday Night*. I'm fond av *Saturday Night*, GRIP. But I
always rade it a Monday mornin' whin I come in from the
stable chores. The *Globe*, ye mind, does me over Sun-
day—and, bedad, av ye'll pardon the shlang, sometimes
it " does me up," wid its murdherin' ladin' articles, bad
cess to thim !

But, to resume the thread av me discoorse. I'll not
ax ye any more spicial quistions. I'll lave the whole to
yer own sinse and notions av what is due a conthributor
an' anxious enquirer, not wishin' to be inquisitive, but
only to larn.

Whativir ye disclose privately to me about the Bound-
less Wisht I will hold in shstrict confidence—outside the
family circle an' a few frinds in the village.

DENIS RAFFERTY.

ONE CONSOLATION LEFT.

" I SAY, Kandid, were you present at my elocutionary
entertainment last night ? "

" Yes, I was, Yawp. "

" What did you think of it ? "

" Think of it ? I thought just what the rest of the
audience did, and that was that you were decidedly
flat. "

" Maybe I was, Kandid, maybe I was. There was a
suspicion haunting me that I was not exactly *en rapport*
with the benches. But there is one consolation left
to me. I had, on the whole, deucedly fine selections. "

" THIS world is full of whoa," as the tow-path mule
complained to the coon.



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Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent. per annum has this day been declared upon the paid-up CAPITAL STOCK of the Company for the half-year ending 31st December, 1889, and that the same will be payable at the Company's office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto, on and after the 2nd day of January, 1890.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 16th to 31st December, inclusive.
By order of the Board.

JAMES MASON, Manager.

Toronto, 14th December, 1889.

British America Assurance Co'y, Ninety-Second Dividend.

Notice is hereby given that a semi-annual dividend of Three and One-Half per cent. (being at the rate of Seven per cent. per annum) upon the Capital Stock of this Company has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable on and after **Thursday, the 2nd day of January, 1890.** The Stock and Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to the 31st of December, both days inclusive. By order of the board.

W. H. BANKS, Assistant Sec.

Toronto, 17th December, 1889.

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- Tue. 1—All Protectionists' Day.
- Wed. 2—Mary's little lamb born, 1784.
- Th. 3—Sausage mystery solved, 2612.
- Fri. 4—First dude seen in Lindsay, Ont., 1878.
- Sat. 5—Hogg's Hollow founded, 1822.
- Sun. 6—Phra-e, "dull thud" invented, 825.
- Mon. 7—Roy stood on the burning deck, 1843.
- Tue. 8—Dog-fight in Hamilton, 1867.
- Wed. 9—First organ grinder landed in Canada, 1827.
- Th. 10—Old Man Snyder's barn-raising, Nottawa-
5344, 1856.
- Fri. 11—Eli Perkin's told his first lie, 1853.
- Sat. 12—W. Patterson struck by unknown person,
1504.
- Sun. 13—Spring poetry invented, 1081.
- Mon. 14—Mowat doesn't go.
- Tue. 15—Thistles imported by patriotic Scotchman,
1837.
- Wed. 16—Conundrums invented by the Sphinx, 2407
B.C.
- Th. 17—Boiler plate pants for book agents invented,
1906.
- Fri. 18—Harry Piper started the Zoo, 1881.
- Sat. 19—Mercer Adair discovered Canadian Liter-
ature, 1875.
- Sun. 20—French made official language, Ont., 1925.
- Mon. 21—The Khan wrote his first poem, 1874.
- Tue. 22—Haldimand held a pure election, 2003.
- Wed. 23—St. George's Day, Britons never, etc.
- Th. 24—Whiskey cocktails invented, 1776.
- Fri. 25—Hamilton discovered by expedition from
Toronto, 1838.
- Sat. 26—Ald. Baxter attained 200 lbs., 1857.
- Su. n. 27—Goat and oyster can joke invented, 16 B.C.
- Mon. 28—Sam Johnson, champion liver eater, born
1842.
- Tue. 29—"Shoot the hat" first used, 1868.
- Wed. 30—Last day for oyster stew.

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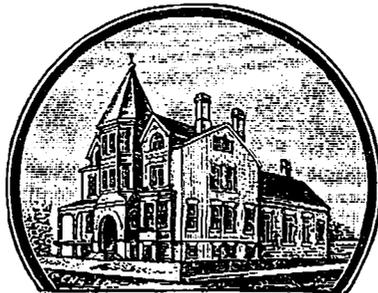
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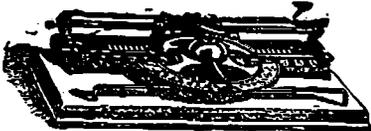
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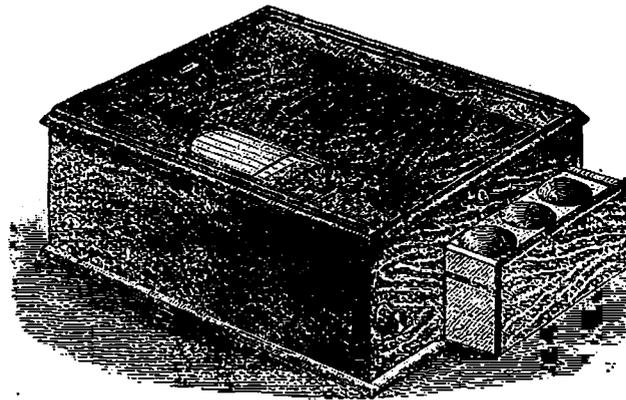
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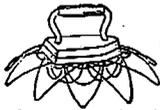
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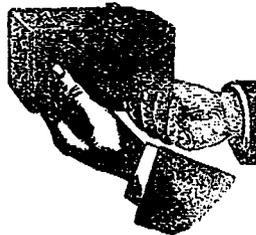
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