

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GTRP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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

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BENGOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XVI. No. 4.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1880.

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

Only eleven "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupes on the road.

RUSKIN's latest theory is that a theatre should be educational and not commercial.—*Sunday Breakfast Table.*

John Bright, despite of all his Quaker antecedents, was beheld a fortnight ago moved to tears by Modjoska's impersonation of Mary Stuart at the court theatre, London.

It has been found impossible to fill the orders for Miss NELSON's photographs since her death. Next to hers the largest number sold are of MARY ANDERSON, and the next in popularity are of MAUD BRANSCOME, many of whose pictures are bought by artists as studies, and are used by young ladies in their first attempts at crayon portraiture.—*Sunday Breakfast Table.*

Mr. DENRICKSON, Associated Press Despatcher, gave a costume entertainment in the Town Hall, Yorkville, this week. It is not everybody that can be an actor, an orator, a press despatcher, and wear long hair at the same time. However Mr. DENRICKSON has had considerable experience as an actor, and no doubt that portion of humanity that hybernate in, around, and about Yorkville were greatly edified and instructed.

The RIVE KING CONCERT COMPANY will hold the boards of the Royal Opera House on Dec., 17th and 18th, with Saturday matinee. This is one of the finest Opera Companies now in America, and Torontonians may expect a rare musical treat. As a violinist HERR REINHARD RICHTER is said to equal WILHELM, they both belonging to the same school. American papers claim Mrs. JULIA RIVE KING to be the Queen of pianists, while as a soprano Signora LAURA BELLINI has few equals on this side of the Atlantic. Besides these the company contains such names as Miss MABELLE, contralto, Mr. BRODEUR, basso, and other well-known star performers.

When the Fisk Jubilee singers held their concert in Montreal, last week; they were refused admission to two of the best hotels in the city, the St. Lawrence Hall, and the Ottawa Hotel, owing to their colour. At the concert which was well attended, Mr. LOUDIN spoke at some length, the audience hissing loudly when the two above mentioned hotels were named, but cheering warmly when he said "they were the guests of the Windsor Hotel, the manager of which did not think his hotel too good to receive them, though it had at times been patronized by H. R. H. the Princess Louise, and than which there was not a finer hotel, or one with better accommodation in Europe or America."

The production of the Passion Play in New York, is causing a great deal of excitement in ecclesiastical circles. The clergy, almost to a man denounce it as sacrilegious, and blasphemous; and at the Baptist conference held in that city, a resolution was introduced and passed unanimously, protesting against such use of the most sacred things in religion. On the other hand SALM P. MONSE, author of the play, together with JAMES O'NEIL and LEWIS MORRISON, actors in the play, claim that so far from being sacrilegious, it is supplementary to the cause of religion; that it is acted throughout with a spirit of reverence and awe; and that to use Mr. Monse's own words, "it will do more for religion than half the preachers in New York." In this they are borne out by some of the ministers in San Francisco, where the Passion Play has lately been produced.

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PRINTERS & PUBLISHERS**

—OF—

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Monthly; Co-mopolitan and Representative. 16 pages. \$1 per Year.

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Annual. Published about the middle of December in Each Year.

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Subscriptions received by **BENGOUGH BROS.,** Toronto.**Authors, Artists & Journalists.**

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

Mr. JAMES FAHEY late of the Stratford *Herald* has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *Mail*. Mr. FAHEY is a keen incisive writer, and will be a decided acquisition to the working force of our big contemporary.

There is to be a congress of journalists to be held at Brussels, Belgium, at some time in the coming year. *GRIP's* comic almanac for 1881 will be laid on the table and discussed. By the time they are through it will likely be discussed without the dis.

The *Gowanda Enterprise* loses its bright star, Mr. ED. DEMING, the paragrapher; who has severed his connection with that journal, leaving the editorial management entirely to Mr. J. J. HORTON. We presume there will be considerably less "Pinafore" used about that office in the future.

Mr. JAS. HUGHES' book "Mistakes in Teaching" has been re-published in two of the leading cities of the Southern States. Dr. MACLENNAN's algebra has also been most favourably reviewed in the English *Educational Times*—the leading organ of the Teaching Interest in England. *GRIP* records with satisfaction this success of Canadian Educational Writers.

We clip the following from the *Waterloo N. Y. Observer*:—Messrs. J. W. BENGOUGH & Bro., proprietors of the *Grip* of Toronto, Ontario, propose to issue a paragraphic and comic almanac for '81. Judging from the style of paper they publish this will be the coming event of the year. Every family on the western continent who wants to have a good laugh should not fail to have a copy. We predict a large sale as they are the wittiest chaps in Canada.

Mr. A. J. GRAHAM, artist of this city, leaves next week for Montreal where he takes the management of the *Canadian Illustrated News*. Mr. GRAHAM has a good reputation as an artist, and has in addition a good literary reputation, being a graduate of Oxford College, and having for some time filled the position of editor of the *New York Literary Table*. Some of his sketches will appear in *GRIP's* Comic Almanac. We wish him every success in his highly responsible position.

The December number of the *Canada School Journal* was laid on our table this week. It is, as ever, full of interesting and instructive reading matter; and the addition of the Rev. C. P. MURPHY, M. A., to the staff of writers, adds considerably to the large stock of talent engaged upon it. The article on "Co-Education of the Sexes," in answer to *Bystander* of November, and also that on "The Teachers Renewal of Strength," both by the above named gentleman, are especially worthy of commendation, and should be read by every teacher in the country. As a help to teachers the *Journal* is invaluable.

We cannot but regret the degrading effect likely to be produced by the class of cheap illustrated papers known as "comic," with a dismal misapplication of that much-abused phrase. It is not only the degraded literary type of the Jack Harkaway and Dime Burglar class of juvenile literature of which we wrote in our November issue, but it is the ugly, fatuous, leering griminess of the illustrations. Surely it were wise to furnish our school-rooms with a few cheap statuettes and outline drawings representing the higher ideal of art. In the above we distinctly exempt the *Illustrated Canadian* and *Grip*. The former ought to be taken in every public school; and if the same thing were done with our comic contemporary, the scholars would have the advantage of a most amusing comment on current events, and wit which is always pure and never irreligious or malicious, and a type of art of which the country has reason to be proud.—*Can. School Journal.*

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

Our Own Egotist.

I received a note of invitation to the meeting of the press-men at which the reception of ARCHIBALD FORBES was discussed, but unfortunately was unable to be present. I am very glad, however, that the matter has been taken up so energetically, and have every confidence that the distinguished journalist will have no reason to complain of the treatment he receives at the hand of his brethren of Toronto.

My brilliant friend NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN is to lecture at Ottawa under the immediate patronage and presence of Vice-royalty. Everybody knows this for it has been advertised in a thirty-line space, display type, in the *Globe*. No doubt hundreds will flock from Western Ontario to hear the gifted Irishman—else why make the announcement in these parts?

And by the way this advertisement of the strictly Hibernian variety. It gives all the particulars of the forthcoming event excepting the subject of the lecture. Great perturbation is going on in literary circles over this omission, the lecture-going public being in a state of painful uncertainty as to whether NICHOLAS FLOOD's theme is to be "The Moral Lessons of the Royal Commission," "The Duty of Members in Relation to the Syndicate," or "Home Rule for Ireland."

I heartily endorse the suggestion of the *Globe* that some tangible recognition of the heroism displayed by Fireman DOUGHERTY and his noble companions should be made by our citizens. Surely if it is a fitting thing to honor a phenomenal display of aquatic genius, an equally striking display of moral greatness ought not to go unrewarded.

A testimonial fund for these brave fellows ought to be at once started, and it would be a capital idea to make the presentation as a feature of the grand HANLAN *fele*. NED himself would be delighted at this arrangement, I feel sure. And from expressions I heard outside of Toronto on Monday, I am convinced that the people of the province at large would consider it a privilege to take part in the raising of this testimonial to the firemen.

A good purse of money would no doubt be acceptable to them as an expression of public admiration, and it would go a great way in mollifying the effect those wood-cut portraits in the *Globe* must have had upon their nerves. Dear, esteemed Mr. *Globe*, do give up publishing pictures until you have a machine capable of printing them fairly. Moartime leave portraiture to Mr. GRIP.

The municipal ruction is upon us and the war now trebly thunders on the gale. Much to the unspeakable disgust and chagrin of Mr. GRIP, and many other good citizens, it is to be a straight party fight. The *Mail* says the Grips are to blame for this, and the *Globe* casts all the odium of it on the Tories. Evidently both parties apprehend that it is something to be ashamed of, as it certainly is. But if it must be a party wrangle, let us have partizans who are in other respects worthy of the confidence of the ratepayers.

The Conservative party has endorsed Mr. CLOSE and in so doing it has pinned itself on to a candidate who cannot command that confidence. This gentleman has been proved to be a political jobber, and it would have been no more than common modesty required if he had sedulously avoided the public gaze until the discreditable revelations in connection with "Section B" had (in the words of the late Mr. TWEED) "blown over." It is hard to believe that a man who thinks it proper to engage in dickering on a public contract would have a very severe frown for those who were doing a little of the same thing in municipal affairs.

POOR EDWARD TRICKETT goes home a sadder and a wiser oarsman. His pockets have been emptied, turned out and shaken, and the proud plumes he wore have received far rougher usage than the wizard ever dreamt of for LOCHIEL'S. Of course this sad catastrophe is crammed full of moral lessons. One of them is never bet on boat races—unless HANLAN is barred out.

Mr. LAYCOCK still hangs around London hankering to be shorn. The date of his aquatic funeral is set for the 17th of December, and Mr. HANLAN has promised that the "corpse" shall be ready. It is a pity our Sunday-go-to-Meeting our-man should be called upon to settle these aspiring rivals, when our Every-Day scullers like ROSS and SMITH seem competent to do the work.

A clever lady, "Gunhilda" is writing a series of letters in the *Ottawa Citizen*, addressed to Bishop LEWIS, on the subject of the deceased wife's Sister Bill. She is doing her best to show his Lordship that he is altogether astray in opposing that measure, and I bet she will succeed.

An Evening With Some Press Chaps.

At the head of the table sits a man with a high forehead, Roman nose, and straight, sandy whiskers, a tall, thin, ungainly individual. It is PHILIP THOMPSON of the *Mail*, at one time on the *Telegraph*, afterwards of Boston; then employed in reporting JOSEPH COOK, now the Pres. of the Free Thought Association; the "Jinnel Briggs," of Cobococock University, the writer of satirical poems, the composer of National Currency, Rag Baby songs; a stalwart Beaver-backer, an uncompromising Athiest, a profound thinker, and a genial, jovial gentleman. On his right is a tall, ungainly, raw-boned man, with hair of the color known as brick-top, and whiskers the color of MACKENZIE'S front name. That is Wm. HOUSTON, of the *Globe*. A splendid editorial writer, and a distinguished graduate of Toronto University; the author of many of those heavy Leaders which are as the oil of life to the bone and sinew of the "Fairty." Opposite him sits a young, handsome, fine-looking gentleman; rather below the middle height, hair nicely combed, whiskers well brushed out, and clad in purple and fine linen. Allow me to introduce to you Mr. D. K. BROWN, of the *Telegram*, and

you know him at once. He is the city editor of the city paper, also a lecturer, likewise a writer. A Liberal in everything; religious, political and social; the exponent of Founner's Socialism, the perfect gentleman always. Below Mr. HOUSTON sits what looks like an "odd fish," but isn't. A medium-sized man, with a moustache that never fades, irregular features, coat buttoned close up to his chin, white "choker," and clay pipe. GEO. B. BROOKS has been everything and anything. The son of an English clergyman, he consequently has a good education. As a sailor, he has visited many parts of the world, His inspiration is drawn from India, Australia, China, Borneo, and Africa; at one time a brick-layer's assistant in Toronto, now the scissor fiend and special reporter of the *Telegram*; probably the best sketch writer in the city, and known as an orator throughout Canada and a part of the United States. It was while on a stumping tour through Maine that he was dubbed the Rev. GEO. BROOKS. He is a thorough Socialist, communist, infidel, Beaver-backer, and gentleman. Opposite him sits what looks like an "odd fish," and is. A good sized man, with clean shaven face, very red in appearance, somewhat carelessly dressed, not taking much part in the conversation, but keenly noting every word uttered, a face and figure that the wildest stretch of imagination could not call handsome, a man you would be inclined to laugh at, and if you do you are the fool. That is the CHARLES P. MURPHY, on the staff of the *Canada School Journal*; one of the best Latin scholars in America; contributor to half the papers and periodicals in the Dominion; the man quiet, unobtrusive, backward; his writings clear, keen, incisive, sarcastic. At one time Church of England Minister, now professing to be an Diestical Agnostic; beneath that uncouth exterior lies a massive intellect, and a big, warm heart. Who is this comes slinging into the room? A young man with reddish moustache, prominent features, tall, straight figure, good-humored throughout. It is KENNAHAN, sketch writer for *The World*, the author of "Gilhooley," "Dwan," and "Sheenan," chock full of fun, and one of the best reporters in the city; a man bound to distinguish himself if careful. At the foot of the table sits

TIMOTHY.

Answer to "A Conservative Ballad" in a Late Issue of Grip.

DEDICATED TO ANY ONE YOU PLEASE.

Should auld Mackenzie be forgot,
The while you sing for JOHN?
I'm sure he used *his* influence
To get his people on.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
Let's crack up auld MACKENZIE, too,
For auld lang syne.

He too, did rin about to seek,
For a' the contracts fine,
Of rails he furnished mony a fool,
In auld lang syne.

He too has paddled in the funds,
Frae morning sun till dune,
But votes, against him, a' hae turned,
Sh' auld lang syne.

Then here's a sang, my Tory frien',
To match that sang o' thine,
We take up auld MACKENZIE, too,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll send in your vote,
And surely I'll send mine,
We'll fight when next election comes,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne
Let's crack up auld MACKENZIE, too,
For auld lang syne.



The Party Martyr.

HIGHLY RESPECTABLE CITIZEN (who happens to be a Conservative), *soliloquises*: They talk about RIDLEY and LATIMER and the early christian martyrs, but was any one of them ever compelled to vote for a corruptionist and jobber like CLOSE because he belonged to a certain party, to elect him to an office which he is unfit to occupy, and which has no manner of connection with the principles of that Party? I venture to think not. At all events, if any of those early christians had been ordered to do so they would not have stood the test. But I shall not quail! Sit still, my heart. Sit still. I'll soon get over this sickness of stomach, and I'll vote for CLOSE or die. Sit still my heart, sit still!

THE Police Magistrate of Port Hope has established a singular system of gradation of values. He imposed a fine of one dollar on an assailant for punching a certain editor. Afterwards he fined another assailant three dollars for attempting to threaten the editor of another journal. In the third place he imposed a four dollar fine on a ten year old boy for breaking a pane of glass worth five cents. The query now is—what was the value of Editor No. 1.

A MAN named Power was lately staggering along the street in Lindsay. Our funny contributor's attention was called to the fact, when he remembered that it was an illustration of the balance of Power.

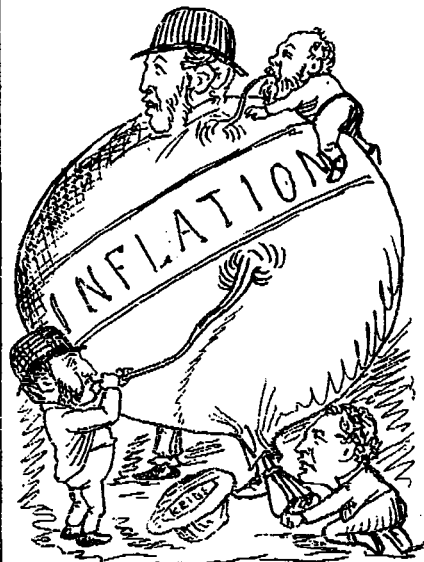


A Direful Threat.

IRATE HUSBAND—(To Delinquent Wife.)

You huzzy, you! Now if you provoke me much more I'll use my influence to have the Deceased wife's Sister Bill passed, and when you're shuffled off, I'll marry your favourite sister JANE, and I'll abuse her like the very mischief, madam!

A RUNNING soar.—Flying a kite.
 MOUNTIN' air—A song sung in a balloon.
 SOULIERS can never become refined they will always be Course men.
 THE Benchers of the Law Society should be recruited from the Shoemakers.
 PAT.—Phwat is the mainin' av the Pacific Syndi-cat?
 GOTLIEB.—Doand you know. It's von gat dot vas py nopody never seen. It's "Ausgie-spielt."
 PAT.—Be the powers an' its there where ye's are all wrong intoirely. Its a cat phwat JOHN A. has, an' is goin' to let out on the 9th of December.
 GOTLIEB.—Ish dot so. Den py mine peer and pretzel why he not did led him oud pefore?
 PAT.—Be jabbers its there where ye have me.



The Inflationists.

Our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. WALLACE, M. P., was in his glory on Wednesday, when his beaming countenance was conspicuous at the convention of the "Land, Labor and Currency League," in St. Lawrence Hall. The attendance on the occasion of the mass meeting was not excessively large, owing, no doubt, to the fact that comparatively few people are yet aware that it is the object of this League to make everybody rich and happy. It will take time to clear away the fog of popular ignorance, and then Mr. WALLACE, along with Messrs. WRIGHT, THOMPSON, KEYS and WYNNE, *et al.* will be crowned with laurels, if gratitude is not dead in the public heart. Meantime Mr. GRIP gives the above illustration of the theory of "Inflation" as at present conceived by those who do not know any better, and who are in the habit of saying that Mr. WALLACE is getting altogether too much puffed up for the good of his health.

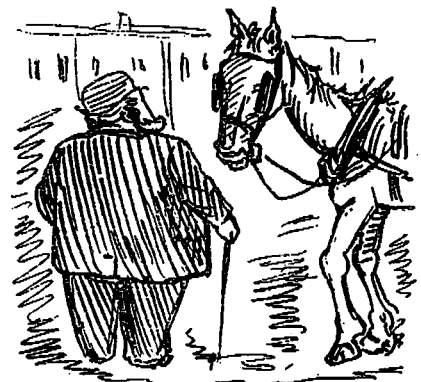
A Western man having lost his wife, a sympathizing friend remarked upon his woe-begone appearance. "Well, I guess you would look thin too," was the melancholy rejoinder, "if you had to get up before daylight, make the fires, draw water, spit wood, and feed the cattle before breakfast. I tell you what it is, if I don't get somebody to fill poor, dear, sainted Maria's place, I shall be retiring to her side before many weeks.



"Giving Himself Away."

Mr. GRIP has often heard slangy little boys and young ladies talking about people "giving themselves away," but he never saw the real force of that expression until he read SIR CHARLES TUPPEN'S evidence before the royal commission. The hon. knight began by stating, *ex cathedra*, that in the matter of Section B, he wished it distinctly understood that his action was the action of the whole Cabinet. This must also hold good in all other Executive doings, and therefore it is fair to say that SIR CHARLES, as a member of the Government, is responsible for the appointment of the commission before which he appeared. Now, when a gentleman appoints a commission to try himself, and then goes before that commission and gives strong evidence for the prosecution, it may be considered a clean case of giving himself away. And this is the rather amusing thing that SIR CHARLES has undoubtedly done in the present instance.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, for his conduct. "Love," said he, "I am like the prodigal son; I shall reform by and by." "I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father."—*Wild Oats.*



The Car-Horse and the Alderman.

A FABLE.

A poor Street-car HORSE once accosted a Jovial Alderman, and said, "How is it, Sir, that you do not advocate my Cause when the subject of Overcrowding the Street-Cars comes up? You profess to be a Humane Man, and yet you always take the side of my Masters who are rich and grasping!" "Blame me not," replied the Alderman; "it is not that I have no Feeling, but that you have no "side-pockets." With that the Horse retired, and the Worthy Alderman was allowed 2 paces.

Moral.—The Keily motor is stronger than the society for the prevention of cruelty.



THE IMPATIENT "GODS,"

OR, BEFORE THE RISE OF THE CURTAIN.

(First night of the Serio-Comic Melodramatic Tragedy by Sir John A. Macdonald, entitled, "The Syndicate Bargain.")



"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Rolling ten-pins gives a man bowl legs.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.—Does -ing Bass Solo's give a man a bawl'd head.

Made of the mist—drizzling rain.—*Argo*. Maid of the mister—his sweetheart. Made of the mystery—hush.—*Marathon Independent*.

When a married woman buys a pug dog for a low price, she gets a bargain, and her husband gets something to boot.—*Somerville Journal*.

The ladies say that the power of the press depends upon the strength of his arms.—*Agent's Herald*.—Why could they not say contagious approximation and be done with it.

The *New Orleans Picayune* say—Apple Jack is a near relative of Jim Jams.—Quite true, but Old Tom and Jim Sling are much more closely related to Mr Jams than Apple Jack is.

Cincinnati Saturday Night says;—Probably the man who never made a mistake in his life never made anything else.—It is just possible he made his exit from this terrestrial sphere at some time.

The *Marathon Independent* says;—Business men who are in and out of the bright sunshine all day should try and carry a little of it home with them at night.—How can they when they go home in the shadow.

The present time.—Christmas.—*Salem Sunbeam*. Past time—continuing in a frolic when school is in. *Philadelphia Item*.—The come-in-time—nine p. m., when the old man stands at the front door and yells.

The *Marathon Independent* has the following: Mr. CHIRP says that when he dies he wants no cenotaph erected to his memory. He wants his descendants to be no taphy after him.—Eh mon-u-ment 'twould me't.

BRO. ADAMS in his food for thought says;—Where one is fagged, hungry, and depressed, the worst seems most probable.—Quite true; and it always comes in the shape of one's mother-in-law on washing day.

Potatoes are hoe made.—*Komoko Tribune*.—Servants are home aid too.—*Breakfast Table*. A girl who works in the cornfield is a hoe maid also.—*Stonewille Herald*.—Gurr will be Hoe made to o, when we get our new press.

An editor in Georgia says: "Gold is found in thirty-six counties in this state, silver in three, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, diamonds in twenty-six, and whiskey in all of them; and the last gets away with all the rest."

The proper month for street processions—March!—*Somerville Journal*. But what is the proper name for the month when the processionists get to October.—*Salem Sunbeam*—Depends upon the weather. June, or it may be in August.

A crew that can't man a boat—a cork screw. A tureen that won't hold soup—a p'stareen.—*Wheeling Leader*. The cane that is not a walking stick—the sugar-cane. A key that first unlocks a man's tongue, and then locks his jaw. Whis-key.

A man who married a very rich old maid says that his fortune is maid.—*Whitehall Times*. He will probably find out where he's maid a miss take before he's a year older.—*Marathon Independent*.—But if he does he will miss a maid-en fortune too.

New York News says;—There is nothing new under the sun except the patch on last winter's trousers—As usual the *News* is right, but the boy who could come into a parlour full of company, and not show that patch to every individual present would be something new.

Nothing mads a man more than to come down to breakfast and have his wife tell him he has been talking in his sleep, and refuse to give away what he said. Not that his conscience troubled him; oh, no! He is only after psychological facts.—*Lowell Citizen*.

A correspondent wants to know the best method of feeding cattle. You might place them in rocking chairs, put napkins around their necks and feed them with a soup ladle. Or take 'em into the kitchen and let them eat with the hired girl.—*Marathon Independent*.

Our puzzle department—If three men working six days fill a straw bed, how long will it take 8men to Philadelphia? *Marathon Independent*.—This is 1derful and 2 much for us!—*Philadelphia Item*. It is a 4 gone conclusion with us that you "O-awa" with such nonsense.

The *Lowell Sun* says;—The man who advertises for a lost umbrella and expects to see it again, expects what'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.—And the man who leaves his in the cloak-room of a concert hall and ever expects to see it again is just the kind of an idiot that would expect to get it again by advertising.

There is a bean bakery in Boston, whose specialty consists in canned baked beans. They sell all they can, but paradoxical as it may seem they can-not can all they can sell. Bean as this is so, so many other folks have to can their own beans, otherwise they would not live, and move and have their beans.—*Meriden Recorder*.

There was a young rustic named Mallory,
Who drew but a very small salary;
When he went to a show,
His purse made him go,
To a seat in the uppermost gallery.
—*N. Y. News*.

The Editor of the *New York News*,
We do not wish to abuse;
But this we will say;
That not for a day,
Would we stand in that Editor's shoes.

The *Whitehall Times* says;—The women are always looking under the bed for a man, but we will wager a pumpkin pie that their breaths don't smell half as strong as the chap who goes out between acts to look for a man.—Don't know about that; it depends altogether upon the style of hash kept at her boarding house, and the size of his "stick."

A "Young Naturalist" writes us to learn "how he can catch a live wasp for scientific purposes without injuring it?" Right by the tail son; right by the tip end of the tail. Squeeze hard, the wasp won't mind it a particle, and if it seems to be injured any way that you can see, send us the bill and we'll pay for a new wasp.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Glancing through a western exchange our eye catches a heading, "Boy Inventors." We'll get one right away. If there is a new kind of a machine that'll invent a boy who can go over a newspaper route two weeks in succession and not make the same twenty mistakes, we must have one. We don't care about the price—send it along.—*Rockland Courier*.

The *Sunday Breakfast Table* says;—A young man said to a girl named PETER. "Come, PETER, let's have a kissing match. I can kiss you faster than you can kiss me." She refused saying no one could compete with her.—We suppose if her name had been JOE she would have refused with the remark, that he could not ea-Jo-el her; or if it had been ZOE she would have consented because it is ZOE nice.

"What do you mean, playing marbles on the Sabbath, you young rascal?" exclaimed a father. "Oh! this is a sacred game of marbles, pa." That boy remembered that the old "rascal" attended a "sacred concert" the previous Sunday, whereat the "Fatiniza March" and the "Turkish Patrol" were the sacrodest hymns.—*Boston Transcript*.

SHE was singing "Ever of The I'm Fondly Thinking" for her Charles Augustus, but stopped in the middle of it to remark that she knew the neighbor next door had turned her last winter's dress because she had seen it on the clothes-line, and that Miss Brown just looked horrid in that Tam O'Shanter; and then CHARLES went away, a sadder but a wiser man.

The *Sunday Breakfast Table* says;—"Old iron rails are now the most active of any article in the market, and have also real'zed a greater advance in price.—We cannot say anything about iron rails, but we never saw anything that could equal the activity of steel rails in this country before the 17th September 1878. The "railing" about those rails was simply wonderful.

A correspondent writes that he would like to become an editor. You would, son. You would, eh! Well, after you become an editor and write, "I kissed her under the silent stars," and the compositor sets it up, "I kicked her under the collar stairs," you will just acbe to grow bow-legged following a pair of oxen along a crooked furrow across a forty-acre lot.—*Hawkeye*.

He was a seedy looking customer, and the worst bore in Galveston, but he was as bold as a lion. He walked right up to a newly elected candidate and said: "I want you to lend me five dollars for political services rendered you during the election." "Why you never came near me during the election." "That's just what I mean." He got a nickle, and said that he was doing better than he expected, now the business season was over.—*Sweet's Siftings*.

BEFORE.

What to me are heavenly pleasures
That from earth my fancy weans?
What care I for worldly treasures?
Send along some pork and beans.
—*Meriden Recorder*.

AFTER.

'Tis done! Father, take my confessions—
No time now to think of means
Grippe! Mon Dieu! All my possessions
To be rid of these vile beans.
—Big Lick, Va., *News*.

Castor oil and Paragoric
Take, or bid adieu to scenes,
Which have now become historic
All through eating pork and beans.

The *Bloomington Eye* says:—A queer case. —Mr. KHORN married a girl named COOKIE. He took the CAKE, and she had to acknowledge the KHORN.—Just so, and if he eats too much Cake he will be an Ache-Khorn, won't he? And their offspring will be Khorn Cookie's, won't they? And when he undresses will that be husking the Khorn? And if she is long out in the hot sun it will be baking the Cookie will it not? And then, Khorn-Cookie, don't be represent the raw material and she the manufactured article?

Naturally enough the manager who had "One hundred wives," has taken to "Diuik."—*Trois Free Press*. And now he will see "Gob-lins." He had better stuck to an "American Girl," and not fooked with "Matrimony" so much.—*Noviatown Herald*. His only resort is "Divorce."—*Rochester Democrat*. This is a sad case of "Ied Astray."—*Binghamton Republican*. Yes, in "The Streets of New York," "Under the Gaslight," "After Dark."—*Marathon Independent*. But on his ashes will rise the "Phoenix," who will be "Too sweet for Anything," and who will probably reside in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Our Grip Sack.

A NEW definition for the National Currency—The Green-Baby.

MATERIAL for a bass-burner—a small boy and the maternal slipper.

TEACHERS of penmanship set things to write. Editors write things to set.

IS THIS RIGHT?—Wheel-wright Wright, write "rite" right right-away.

SCOTS who ha'e wi' Wallace bled.—Gaels who laid their odds against Trickett.

"CHIC" suggests that SARA should drink stout. How would it be if she used Brand-eh?

GRIP's new scissor fend never "Kribs" anything from an Exchange without giving credit thereof.

WHAT are the *Globe* and *Bystander* going to do for mud to throw at each other this frozen weather?

OUR hard up contributor says that the verse in the Bible most literally followed by the Jews is that "to lighten the Gentiles."

WALLINGFORD, CONN., has a weekly paper published by UNCLE LUTHER RIGGS. The Democrats don't like it because it goes *Forum*.

THE greatest joke of the age. The *Mail* and *Globe*'s professions that they do not wish to introduce party politics into the Mayorality election.

LAST week Miss Ann Umber was married to Mr. Rella, of the firm of Rella & Smiley. We suppose their first will be called An-Umber-Rella.

FINN to Politicians.—Letter Carriers make the best wire-pullers. They get through more bell-ringing in a day than any other class of the community.

JOHN SMITH, of Muskoka, jumped over a fence and pulled his gun, which was at full cock, after him. In doing so he shot a fool. The fool's name was JOHN SMITH.

HE married her because she had taken first prize in mathematics, and six months after he had concluded from the sharpness of her tongue he had caught an "adder."

M. FOURIER says a kiss is composite pleasure and depends on touch, taste and smell. Furthermore he says it is free from emulation. Wonder if he ever hung over a gate on a moonlight night?

THE *Globe* of Saturday last says:—"Exaggeration is like a rope,—the more it is stretched the weaker it becomes."

Query: Is it referring to its own articles on the N. P. and Pacific Railway Syndicate?

Teacher: "Now boys, that THAT that that THAT stands over in small caps, and—"

Pupil: "Please repeat it, sir."

Teacher: "I say that that "that" that that "that" stands over in small caps."

Class: "That's, Oh!"

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
Here are five dollars which I think
I will invest in printer's ink.

—Stillwater Lumberman.

I am the man with soul so dead,
I never could get through my head,
The use of buying printer's ink,
'Tis better to dead beat I think.

THE man or woman who will write a poem on "Beautiful Snow" ought to be put in a refrigerator, and fed on a diet of icicles and rain-water until he or she repents, when they should be made to subscribe for GRIP, and sleep with their window open for six months.

Entomology Applied.

The editor of the *Globe* announces that he has had an "entomological occurrence" in his office, and he rushes breathlessly into the presence of the farming community to expatiate upon it. It appears that some boxes containing "buggy peas"—that is, peas infested with bugs—were placed in a room in the editorial department, where "the temperature occasionally rises 90 degrees" and the effect of this heat (which is to be attributed to the nearness of the 9th of December.) was to cause the insects to abandon their holes in the peas! "Now," concludes the editor, with fine entomological enthusiasm, "it appears from what happened to our consignment of peas, that the insects can be easily inveigled out of their holes. If, then, farmers will during the winter, place their seed peas in a warm room for a few days, the weevils may be brought out of their holes and killed or left to die." Ah! now we understand the recent hot writing on the subject of Section B. bargain. The *Globe* man has been applying the lesson of his "entomological occurrence" and trying to force that wicked weevil, TUPPER, out of the pea of office by making it uncomfortably hot for him.

The Small Boy.

There is a social problem growing up in our midst, or more properly has grown up in our midst to such an extent that in our character of public guardians we feel compelled to tackle it; for the simple reason that if we do not tackle it we are particularly afraid it will take hold of us. And yet when we come to look the question square in the face, we must confess our utter inability to deal with, and self-abasement before, The Small Boy. We show up the follies of Cabinet Ministers fearlessly; we brave the wrath of the large dailies without a thought of possible consequences; but we quail before The Small Boy. Who has not met him and imprecated the hour when he crossed his path? Who among us have not sat upon his twisted pins, been knocked over by his wooden sleds, and then listened to his shouts of demoniacal laughter. What are we to do with him, how cure him of his unaccountable vagaries? Recently two Chicago boys, habituated to the wild life of that buliwick, and abnormally advanced in their views, conceived a strong dislike to the weak and vacillating Indian policy of Secretary SCHURZ, and determined to regulate our frontier affairs on their own hook. Robbing their respective aged parents of divers sums which aggregated forty-three dollars, they armed themselves and started, as became independent troops, on foot, for Montana. At Milwaukee one of them shot at a native, on the partially comprehensive theory that he was ex-officio a savage, whereat the marauders were raked in by the constabulary and eventually returned to the parents who had been contemporaneously bereaved of realm and wealth. But it is not only on the war-path they are dangerous, father-in-laws elect sometimes distract their attention from the Indian. This calls to mind the instance of the Salt Lake City gentleman, who at the age of twelve was found to have four wives, ranging from the ages of five to thirteen, besides several young parties in the back districts under "scal." The telegraph and travellers from that remote region have been strangely remiss in relating the fate of the young Mormon, but that he was identified more or less with a stick, upon discovery is an inference not wholly unwarrantable. In the light of all this precocity the question becomes pertinent "whither are we drifting?" The boy of to-day is the father of the future man. Is he to be an honor to his family and his country, or is he to be the "big item" for the papers. Since the creation of the World there never was a time when young America or Canada asserted itself as it does to-day. The

boy of to-day is calmly self-reliant, ready to engineer a steam boat, break a colt, or edit a newspaper at an age when our grandfathers were yet in leading strings. But on the other hand there never was a time when youth had a greater right to assert itself. The boy of to-day is as old as the man of fifty years, much more progressive, and far more advanced. And this is right so long as his progress is in the right direction. But is it so directed; does the literature furnished him tend to enoble and elevate his mind beyond that of his ancestors? We think not; and in this we think we are borne out by facts. Encouraged by it he finds in each bush an opportunity to develop his prowess, and when confronted with the consequences, he shakes from his feet the dust of oppressive civilization and stalks forth in search of the Grizzly and the "Injun." Under its teaching the ancient custom of kis-ing all the girls in his vicinity does not carry pale fear to his heart, the birch rod and the rattan are harmless against his repenting revolver. The elaborate details of murders and burglaries dished up for his benefit in the daily papers, do not tend to his moral enlightenment, but make him long to be a Biddulphite or a CHARLES MORGAN. What the consequences will be in another generation, we are not prepared to say; but we believe a radical change is necessary, not only in the literature supplied to boys, but in our whole treatment of them, if we would have our country be what it should be, the natural home of honor, morality, and intellectual liberty.

Notes from Our Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP,—I've been roaming. And having been Rome in, did as the Romans,—staged it. Travelled in a chariot rare. And a rare old stage driver too. The stage drivers are proverbially forgetful, and I think I struck about the very worst. He had no more memory than a tobaccoist's image. It was in the morning; and the stage had been left over night at the wagon makers for repairs. He walked along the street, towards the wagon shop, driving his team before him. The shop being on his customary road out, my account for his going past it, and overlooking the fact that he was still walking. However, he went ahead, calmly reaching forward to pull in his horses when approaching a rise, and considerably letting them out when reaching a pitch-hole. Now and again he would get off his regular set observations to his imaginary passengers behind, and continued his way to the top of a hill, four miles out, when he stopped to skid his wheels. You have to picture a very mad man, to imagine that southern gentleman, when he discovered that he had forgotten to hitch on to his stage.

That reminds me of another case of forgetfulness, or something. I once edited a weekly paper. One evening I received a note, (and by the same token, from my experience, the only kind of note current in journalism,) running thusly:—"For the scurrilous and villainous attack upon me in this morning's issue, I demand satisfaction. Shooters preferred." To which I replied:—"Precisely my preference. Shooters let it be—pea shooters. Twenty paces. Six a.m. On the plains. P.S. Marrowfat-barred." At the appointed hour I was on the rusty plains, sitting like a Gladiator on a two bushel bag of ammunition. There I sat, alone, till eight o'clock, the meanwhile appearing the void in my stomach with a few charges of my ammunition. But the blood-thirsty politician forgot to come to the carnage ground, and I wended my way home to a cold and cheerless breakfast. My first leading article in the next issue was on Peace and Good will to Men.

What! Forgetfulness! Breakfast! Zounds. I left my chop on the gridiron. Mutton in the air! I'll have to carve my way to the gridiron.

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VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 4.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 11TH DECEMBER, 1880.



THROUGH THE MIRE: DOST THOU LIKE THE PICTURE?



1ST GENT.—"What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathful, and that those veins did verily bear blood."
2ND GENT.—Oh! **BRUCE** of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits.
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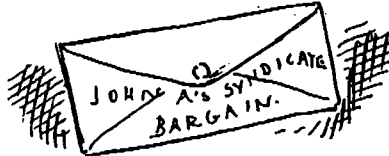
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The Toronto Mayoralty.
And it came to pass in the time when James Beatty jr., was Member for West Toronto, that behold a new Mayor was needed, and it was so that heretofore the Mayor was elected because he was a man of sound principle, and of good understanding; yea, also because of his honesty and integrity, and because he had the fear of the people before his eyes, and because he had gathered together many of the tribe called Tories, not they who were men of sound principle, but them of evil heart; the offscourings and scum of the tribe, the men called wire-pullers, and they called street-corner politicians. And at their head were placed men who regarded not their fellow-men, excepting as they could be made subservient to their own evil ends, also be tools in their hands to further their personal aggrandizement. And they said unto themselves, "Shall the man who is of good repute, and whom the people have chosen to our next Mayor? Not so, for then shall we not be able to do even as we shall see fit; we shall not be able to control the money of the City, neither shall our tribe be favoured in the matter of offices. Then choose they from among their number one to Boss the job, (for it was the greatest job of the day,) and his name was ever after Boss, Bunting. And chose they also men to do the other work, the wire-pulling, the packing of conventions, and all the dirty work for there was much of such to do. And behold conventions were held, and as their purposes were evil, and their body politic corrupt, they chose for Mayor one from among them who was absolutely reeking with corruption. And it was only by "Close" packing that they got even their Convention to accept him, for his reputation was so vile that even such base men found it exceeding difficult to support him, and it was only by the utmost exertions of the Boss that he was at length put forth. And this man's name was known throughout the length and breadth of the land, because of the Pacific Railway Commission, and because of the Section B. Contracts. And as of the tribe of Tories, so of the tribe of Grits; but they supported a man of good reputation because of his uprightness aforetime. Yet was the principle bad; rotten to the core; ridiculous because of its excessive foolishness, yet pernicious because of its extreme dangerousness. And it was condemned by every good man, and received the censure of the wise; yea so much so that each party tried to fasten the responsibility upon the other, but the people know that both were equally bad. Selah.

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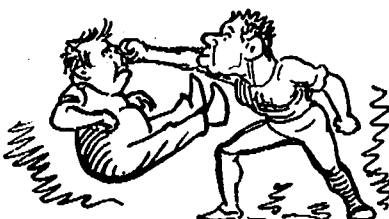


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