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PARNELL MUST FOLLOW M'GINTY.

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Artist and Editor J. W. BENGOUGH.
Associate Editor PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments

ON THE

Cartoons.

ANYTHING TO CATCH 'EM.—We referred in last issue to the unique exhibition of political inconsistency made by the Government in the almost simultaneous contest in Napierville, Que., and Victoria, Ont. In the former constituency the ministerial candidate, Mr. Paradis, ran

and was elected on the straight Reciprocity ticket, his principal champion on the hustings being Hon. J. A. Chapleau, a leading member of the Cabinet. In Victoria the contest was waged on precisely opposite lines for Mr. Fairbairn, the candidate of the Government party. There the orators came out forcibly against Reciprocity, as a scheme fraught with all manner of disloyalty to the Queen and the Old Flag, and the adjectives used against its advocates were full of picturesqueness and vigor. The student of human nature in the realm of politics does not look for absolute consistency, for that jewel is always somewhat rare, but on the other hand he scarcely expects to find such a bold, brassy, undisguised piece of effrontery as this. There is something about it that touches our patriotic pride, too. Assuredly, no other country on earth could have shown it!

PARNELL MUST FOLLOW MCGINTY.—The fight Parnell has made and is still making must end in his discomfiture. He has certainly exhibited a marvellous amount of "grit" and "sand," but after all he is only one man, and his cause is intrinsically weak. The incidental handful of lime which struck him in the face at Ballinakill, and almost destroyed his eyesight, probably marked the beginning of

the end. Notwithstanding his past services to the cause of Home Rule, he will have to "go," though the future of that cause is meanwhile shrouded in a mist which nobody seems able to penetrate.



HERE is a mean attempt being made by the big magazines to stealthily assassinate old Santa Claus. *The Century*, *Scribners* and *Harpers* are all in the plot, but their vile design has been exposed and will probably fail. In the December numbers

of these great publications the word Christmas and all the time honored references to the cheery old gentleman who presides over the festivities, are carefully suppressed. It isn't "culchaw," don't you know, to give way to ordinary human impulses, and to relax under the influence of the tender spirit of the season, as human nature is prone to do at Christmastide, is worse than vulgar—it's positively bad

form. The ideal man of the nineteenth century, in the view of these high-toned magazines, is a graven image who neither laughs nor weeps, having sloughed off these human weaknesses in the process of evolution. We don't believe in him ourselves, and we wouldn't give one of old Santa's fingers for his whole carcase. The plot will fail. Thank Heaven there are some millions of us who are and will remain for a few ages yet beyond the reach of this cold-blooded thing miscalled "culture."

* * *

GRIP is in receipt of a letter from Mr. Owen, of Ottawa—though with confusion of faces he must confess that he doesn't know who in thunder Mr. Owen is—in which he is severely taken to task for his "detestable idea of loyalty." The adjective hardly seems to fit. Our "idea of loyalty" is allegiance first and last to our own land, with cordial good-will toward all the rest of the world. It involves the notion of a free country, with free institutions and free men. What we mean by free men is men having the liberty to exercise their natural and inalienable rights to breathe, speak, write, think and trade with a freedom bounded only by the equal rights of others. We want the British flag to float over this land; or a flag of our own in alliance with the Imperial colors. What is there "detestable" about this? We don't know Mr. Owen, but we'll bet a hat *his* idea of "loyalty" is of the N.P. variety—that is to say, he prizes the old flag chiefly as a blanket under which scallawags and monopolists may continue to pick the pockets of Canadian consumers. This is the sort of loyalty which Dr. Johnson well described as the last refuge of a scoundrel—though Mr. Owen is no doubt a most exemplary citizen and party slave.

* * *

TALKING of freedom, we hear with pleasure that action is likely to be taken at the next session of the Local House on the subject of free text-books for the public schools. The anomaly which at present exists cannot be swept away too soon. So long as parents have



A DAMPENER.

I.

MAN OF THE HOUSE (*just arrived from the city*)—"Ah, I didn't know we had a guest. Wouldn't you like a little—er—liquid refreshment before you eat?"

WANDERING PELEG—"I seldom refuse, sir."

to go down in their purses for the wherewithal to provide the youngsters with books, our boasted education system cannot be called free. The inventive genius of man is not yet equal to the task of producing books which are proof against the destructive powers of the average human boy, and the expense is something quite formidable in the case of the poor man, who, of course, always has the largest family. In fact, investigation shows that the book difficulty is the chief cause of absenteeism, the problem which is at present causing educationists so much thought. In the State of Massachusetts an enormous increase in attendance followed immediately upon the introduction of free text-books, and no doubt the same reform would be equally satisfactory in its results here. Let us have our schools free in fact as well as in name.



II.

MAN OF THE HOUSE—"Looks as though he were going to this time, any how."—Puck.

A WORD or two in the capacious ear of the *encore* fiend—the persistent nuisance of Toronto concerts. There is a little work on the "Rudimentary Principles of Good Manners" which we would like to commend to your attention, sir—and madam. It costs but a few cents, and may be had at almost any bookstore. Get it without delay and give it a careful reading, so that you may hereafter have some comprehension of the vulgarity of your conduct when you outrageously demand double the quantity of programme you have paid for.

NEVER was the *encore* boor more unmannerly than at the MacLennan concerts last week. The original programmes were unusually generous, no less than twenty items being promised. To be sure, the performance in every case was good enough to justify a recall, but that was no excuse for the brutality of demanding a repetition of nearly every number, as the *encore* fiend did. He—and she—were too stupid to understand the politeness of the artists as they reappeared in response to the applause and bowed their thanks; na, na! they maun aye come back an' do't a' ower again! The consequence was that the good-natured company were kept hard at it from eight till within a few minutes of eleven! Managers owe it to their performers and to the reasonable portion of their audiences to make a firm stand against this *encore* nuisance.

JOHN STACEY, a cattle dealer from Chatham, was greatly surprised Wednesday when Constable Willis served him with a summons ordering him to appear before the Magistrate on a charge of cruelly ill-treating animals. He was on hand yesterday, and pleaded not guilty to the charge, and as he was not ready for trial the case was allowed to stand over to the 22nd inst. It is stated that at Chatham he put fifteen head of cattle, forty-five pigs, forty-three sheep and two calves into one 33-foot car. When the consignment arrived in Toronto one of the pigs was dead and a sheep was dying.

So read an item in the *Mail* the other day. We trust, if subsequently found guilty as charged, the magistrate salted down Mr. Stacey as he deserved. But what we want to enquire is why our city street-car people are not occasionally "surprised" with summonses for the cruel overcrowding of the consignments of human freight they carry on Yonge and Queen streets?

WHAT OUR "HIGHER EDUCATION" IS DOING FOR US.

BOOK AGENT—"Yes, *ma'am*, you don't often mee with a book like this, I guess. Fine quarto size—good point—real heavy reading matter—half-calf binding, and a GLOSSARY!"

HIGHLY-CULTIVATED LADY—"Well, I *may* take a copy, but I should prefer one *without* the 'Glossary.' We are a very literary family, and think the reading matter is everything. As for a binding with any *gloss*, it would be a decided objection. A plain *dead calf* is all we should require!"

EMBLEM-ATIC.

POET—"Let me read you my latest verses:

'As I sit in my lonely attic,
Oh, strange are the thoughts which throng—'

CRITIC—"Attic! Why attic? You don't live in no attic. In fact, you have as comfortable a place as a man could want."

POET—"Oh, it's merely a figure of speech you know. The attic is supposed to be the typical abode of the sons of genius."

CRITIC—"Ah, I see. Sort of emblem-atic."



"THE ATTITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENT."

(Special despatch to Montreal Star.)

QUEBEC, Dec. 11th.—The night before last, during the debate on the budget, Hon. Mr. Mercier, in response to charges of extravagance made by the Opposition, said amongst other things that the accusation of raising the salaries of the members laid against the Government would not hold water, as he could prove that it was the members of the Opposition who had first asked for it, and not only for \$800, but for a thousand dollars. This remark was taken up before the doors of the House were thrown open yesterday afternoon by the Hon. Mr. Blanchet, leader of the Opposition, who asked that all papers referring to this matter be put on the table. The papers asked for, it is understood, have amongst them a round robin signed by forty of the members, asking for an increase, and more or less to the astonishment of the House, Mr. Mercier expressed himself quite ready to comply with the demand, and immediately sent a messenger to get the papers, stating at the same time that one of the members who was the first to complain of Government extravagance was one of the first to sign the petition.

This was taken up by Mr. Leblanc, who was the gentleman referred to, and who said the words attributed to him had been spoken the very day that the races at Lepine Park took place.

This remark was evidently taken as a personal insult by Mr. Mercier, for he excitedly challenged Mr. Leblanc to repeat it outside of the doors of the House, promising at the same time that he would not look towards the courts for protection.

A MODERN CHRISTMAS CAROL

WITH A MORAL FOR THE TIMES.

EVERY star was shining brightly
And the breeze was singing lightly,
As it swept across the meadows that were covered deep with snows,
Full of wonderment and pity
For the sins of that great city
At whose head uprears a mountain; at whose feet a river flows.

But in spite of every steeple
Pointing heavenward, the people
Heeded little of the warning that the churches raised on high,
For within those buildings holy
The Devil entered slowly
With a scheme for making money and to catch souls on the sly.

Sin, like water, finds its level
In man's soul, and so the Devil
Sometimes steals inside a church instead of haunting a saloon,
And he does it with the notion
That beneath the best devotion
There is weakness in the armor that will wear out late or soon.

So I dreamed the Devil entered
In a church that was well centred,
With a moneyed congregation and a debt that figured large,
And he stood beside a column,
Quite respectable and solemn,
As he planned a little plan, whereby his sin he might discharge.

First he whisper'd, "Girls! you're pretty,
And it's certainly a pity
Such sweet charms should all be wasted on the worldly thoughts
that are;
How much better if your beauties
Were employed in holy duties,
Let us say a tableau vivant or an innocent bazaar."

Then he talked to married ladies,
For the Devil much afraid is
That his influence without them would not quite induce the men
To open wide their purses
Without a stream of curses,
And of course for active church-work that would prove a bad omen.

And the girls thought "How delightful!
We could get the school-house quite full;
How the fellows could admire us! How the other girls would feel!
We will have it for The Mission,
At a quarter for admission,
And we'll scoop the dollars somehow, if we borrow, beg or steal."

So the mothers left their babies
And they called their husbands gabies
If they did not enter warmly on the Church's latest scheme;
And they begged and borrowed mainly,
But they told the tradesmen plainly,
Though they did it for the Lord's sake, for themselves they wouldn't
dream.

And the Devil sold a ticket,
Or took money at a wicket,
Or he'd pass you in for nothing with a smile so sweetly set,
And if you'd ask the reason
He would say "It's Christmas season,
And it's all for God's great glory and to get us out of debt."

So they made their heap of money
Though it certainly seemed funny
When they closed each night's proceedings both with hymn and holy
word;
For I thought of Jesus spurning
And those tables overturning
When the money changers traded in the Temple of the Lord.

As I left the sacred portal
The old Devil, like a mortal,
Flapped his fat and greasy fingers in my hand and grimly smiled,
"Glad you didn't quite let this pass,
And I wish you 'Merry Christmas,'"
And he chuckled such a chuckle that the Church door rattled wild.

But he disappeared in silence
And I saw about a mile hence
That old Devil flying onward for the next town and bazaar,
In his hellish form Titanic
And I heard him laugh Satanic,
"O! these pillars of the Churches! what an easy prey they are.

Then I walked far from the city
Praying God would show us pity
For the blasphemy we practise and hypocrisy we preach,
And I looked to where the Seven
Show their starry lights in Heaven
And I asked God if we sinners to His Throne might hope to reach.

Faintly fell the angels' singing
And the bells of Heaven ringing
And the music of the harpers of the bright celestial host,
And the blessed words came to me
While the joyous praise thrilled through me;
"Glory be to God the Father, to the Son and Holy Ghost."

Montreal.

P. QUILL.

AT THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

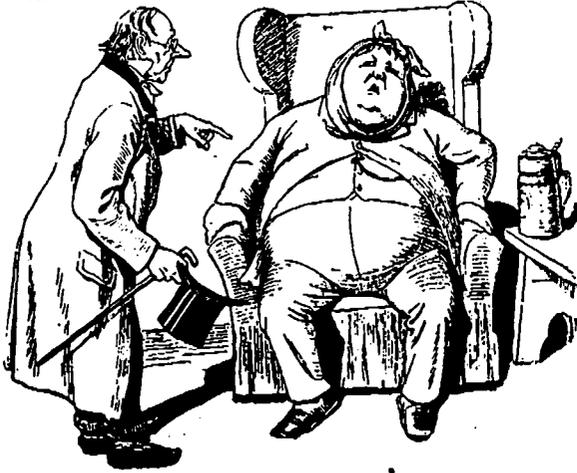
MR. KULCHAW (*pausing before a mutilated piece of
statuary*)—"Ah, how unequalled was the work of
the ancients! Now, that is grand. What a magnificent
torso!"

MISS FRESHIE (*of Bobcaygeon*)—"Yes, Mr. Kulchaw.
But how did it git tore so?"



A FRIEND IN NEED.

Mr. Brock—"I would be most happy to be of service to you, madam, believe me; but, you see, public and private ties are such," etc.



A CASE FOR KOCH.

DOCTOR—"Well, my dear Mr. Jellypot, did you take the medicine I left?"

PATIENT—"I did, but I don't feel very much better. Doctor, don't you think you could get me some of this Koch lymph they talk about? I'm convinced it's consumption I've got."

DOCTOR—"I'm beginning to think so, too. What we call Pli sener Consumption in the profession!"

AN EVENING OF ANGUISH.

MEDITATIONS OF ERNEST BULSTRODE, JUN., AT THE CLUB DINNER.

CONFOUND it! Why was I such a fool as to accept? Here I was hoping to spend a real jolly time and have some fun, but when I think of what I've got to go through it sends cold shivers down my spine. Why hadn't I backbone enough to refuse and stick to it when old Bagshot asked me to respond to the toast of "The Ladies"? Just my way. I'm such an easy-going good-



AN EMETIC.

SNAPPERLY—"I hate arguing with you. Every discussion we have you make me sick!"

SLIMSON—"How's that?"

SNAPPERLY—"Because you don't agree with me!"

natured ass that people always put upon me. There's Hanwell and Jack McCauldlish opposite—he asked both of them before he did me, and they both refused point-blank, like sensible fellows, and they are laughing and joking as happy as sand-boys. Why shouldn't they? They haven't got the burden of a speech to be delivered on their alleged minds. Oh, it's terrible! I shall break down, I'm sure I shall. I can't speak in public—never could—never could get off more than half a dozen sentences or so at our debating club when there was somebody to reply to.

"Needn't speak long, you know," said Bagshot. Fancy me trying to speak long! "Just a few sentences will do." Oh, yes—very like telling a fellow that hasn't a cent in his pocket that he needn't but up a hundred dollars, as two or three will be quite enough. What on earth can a fellow find to say about "The Ladies" that isn't utterly stale and commonplace? By Jove, I needn't task myself that question. The important thing is what I can



DURING THE STINSON-GIBSON CONTEST.

(SCENE—Hamilton.)

MR. CANDIDATE GIBSON—"Have a cigarette, old fellow?"

MR. FITZ DEWD—"No, deah boy; I cawn't recipwocate. I haven't got a vote, doncher know."

find to say at all. Well, it won't be for two hours yet. Shall get an idea or two in the meantime, perhaps.

Oh, misery! and this is the pleasant evening to which I've been looking forward for a week! I had a couple of splendid new stories I meant to tell, but the idea of making myself sociable or agreeable is quite out of the question now. Might as well expect a man who was waiting to be hanged to be cheerful and hilarious.

Hold up—I really mustn't drink any more wine. This is my third glass, and if I keep it up I sha'n't be able to say a word. Shall I be able to, anyway? Ah me!

Wish I'd never come. Wish I was out of this. I'd give five dollars to get off. Five? I'd give ten. Wonder if Hanwell or Jack couldn't be got to take my place. Jack owes me ten. I suppose he'll never pay it, anyhow. I might offer to call it square if—but no. I guess he'd feel insulted if I made a proposition of that kind.



TIT FOR TAT.

SPORTIVE PRIEST—"Patshy, ye divil, lend me your hand an' get me out o' thish quick."

PAT—"Shure now, yer riverince, where's the hurry? Stay an' enjoy it. Ye're not wanted till Sunday!"

"The Ladies." What *can* I say about the ladies? Why couldn't they give a fellow a day or two's notice so he could get up a speech and learn it off? Oh, by the way, I guess I'll ring in that little bit by Shakespeare—or somebody—needn't say who—call him "the poet." "Oh, woman, in our hours of ease." I know that by heart—that'll do finely. That is, if I don't forget it as soon as I get on my feet.

Ah, now they've begun the speechifying. Bagshot is proposing the health of Her Most Gracious Majesty in a "neat and appropriate speech." He doesn't seem a bit nervous. Does it just as easy. Let me see, how does that piece go? I must repeat it over in my mind a few dozen times so's to have it right.

Now the Colonel's at it, in response to the "Army and Navy." He's a rattler. Don't he everlastingly hate the Yankees! Wish I had some subject like that to talk about. I'd sooner have any other on the list than "The Ladies." Fellows all begin to laugh and joke as soon as it's called, and that'll put me out awfully. *Why* should they call on me? I'm not a ladies' man—at least not much of one.

Ah, I see Jack is beginning to feel his oats a little, and Bilbury is decidedly a little boozy. If they'd only all get drunk I wouldn't mind so much. Needn't care then if I did break down, and I'm sure I shall. Won't the fellows all have the laugh on me to-morrow? Sha'n't hear the last of it for a week.

Oh, horror! My turn next. Will the man *never* stop? If I could only get right up now and have it over soon. I'm really afraid I've forgotten my quotation. Great Scott! he's sitting down! They're calling on me. I knew they'd laugh before I ever said a word. Well, here goes, hit or miss.

"Mr. Chairman—gentlemen—(pause)—Um—er—the

ladies. Thank you much—hearty way in which you drank the toast. Er—er—really don't see why I've been called on to reply when so many others—more competent—um—do justice to subject. We all have admiration for the ladies—(pause)—Every gentleman has—er—a feeling of—well, a sentiment of admiration for the fair sex. (*Hear, hear.*) And—and I'm reminded—of the beautiful lines of Shake—of the poet, in which he says:

"Oh, woman—" (pause)

"Excuse me, I'll begin again if I can remember them—

"Oh woman in our hours of ease—
Uncertain—and—and—hard to please—" (pause)

"But seen too oft familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

(*Roars of laughter.*)

Thank heaven it is over! I feel as much relieved as I did when I got the tooth drawn last week that had been aching for a month. Didn't do so very badly after all, either. Guess I got my quotation mixed up with something else, but I must pretend I did it on purpose for a joke. Now I must see the reporters and make sure that they've got my name right.

HIS PROPER SPHERE.

PUBLISHER (*to Young Novelist*)—"Your imagination is too high flown to meet the present demand for realistic fiction. There is only one path in journalism in which you may hope for success."

YOUNG NOVELIST—"And pray, what may that be?"

PUBLISHER—"In making facts stranger than fiction as a *Globe* reporter."



SEVERE SELF-JUDGMENT.

QUICKFLASH SR. (*to his son*)—"Don't you think you could make yourself useful by cleaning off this snow?"

QUICKFLASH JR.—"Aw—rather queer job, don't you think, for the son of a gentleman?"

QUICKFLASH SR. (*exploding*)—"Son of a jack-ass, you mean



THE MUNICIPAL GHOST-DANCE.

And the Civic Messiah who is expected to come to the Deliverance of Toronto.

TALK OF THE STREET.

"YOU bet I'm for Sunday street cars every time. And what's the matter with a Sunday paper?"—"Such a mean little Christmas card for anybody to send. Just like her."—"Vote for you? Dunno. Say, how about them electric lights you promised on our street?"—"Never saw such dull times—no money afloat."—"Got 2842 words and they never gave me a prize."—"So Gillespie is thinking of coming out after all."—"And that was the way Finerty got left."—"Guess the McKinley Bill hasn't struck South Victoria yet."—"Oh, such a crush! I'll know better than leave my shopping till Christmas eve next time."—"Run for alderman? Not much. Work like a beaver and get paid in abuse."—"Heard a good joke last night. Gubbins says *decollete* dresses should be reserved for the domestic *suckle*. How's

that?"—"Mail goin' to absorb the *Empire*? Oh come off! The way Larry kep' hotel in New York!"—"And as I was tellin' Mrs. Morgan it's a downright shame so it is the way he's been carryin' on."—"Black-balled at the Albany, was he? I don't wonder, he's nothing but a beat."—"Suppose the men does have to work seven days, that ain't nothin' to me."—"Look-a here, alderman, you said you were goin' to get me into the City Hall."—"Blamed if the assessors haven't left me off of the voters' list."—"What in thunder am I going to get for a present for Susan Jane?"—"And a mighty good thing it is that Christmas only comes once a year."—"Oh, come 'long, I'esh have (*hic*) jush nother—S'Christmuss time."

MANY a man who takes a day off, finds it, to his sorrow, to be an off day.



ANYTHING TO CATCH 'EM!

CASUAL MEETING OF TWO GOVERNMENT ELECTION WORKERS. TABLEAU



GUDGEON FISHING.

The N.P. bait being played out Sir John has secured something quite as effective.

A SOCIAL INNOVATION AT SQUIGGLECHUNK.

"NOW, look-a-here, John," said the editor of the *Squigglechunk Indicator*, "this kind of thing won't do, you know. You've got to be a little more careful in the selections you make for the paper when I'm off collectin'. Public taste is a curious thing, and that there item of fashionable intelligence which you rung in on our subscribers last week has caused no end of trouble and excitement in our leadin' social circles."

"What item d'ye mean, old man?" asked John, innocently.

"What item? Why, the whole village has been wild over it. Mean to tell me you don't know? Here it is right after my article on the development of our mineral resources," and he pointed out the following remarkable paragraph under the head of "Fashionable Intelligence":

Bed-bug hunts are the prevailing craze just now in the fashionable world of London and Paris. The guests at evening parties eagerly hail this novel amusement as a relief from the *ennui* of more conventional methods of entertainment. The game is played as follows: Two leaders are appointed, who select their respective followers from the company by turn until all present are ranged on one side or other, and then, the signal being given, the eager hunters rush to the dormitories and other suspected haunts of the wingless terror, turning over bed-clothing and mattresses, overhauling bureaus, and prying into every cranny where the game may be supposed to lurk. Boudoirs and corridors resound with the glee-filled laughter and excited outcries of the merry bug-hunters. Carried away by the excitement of the sport, the proudest peers of the realm and the most stately dames and maidens of Belgravia may be seen frantically jostling and crowding in their efforts to make a large "bag," or shouting excitedly when a lucky find is made. The honors of the game, of course, go to the side which at the close of the hunt can show the largest count.

"Now, where in thunder did ye pick up an item like that, I'd like to know?"

"Got it out of some of them Chicago exchanges, I guess. I forget, anyhow," replied John, carelessly.

"Well, now, remember we don't want to give no more of these high-toned, frivolous, aristocratic doings in the *Indicator*. The influence of such things is demoralizin'. It puts up our people to aping these European fooleries,

fur as soon as the women folks git 't into their heads that anythin' is toney an' 'good form,' as they say, among the dukes and princes and countesses, why, they must have it themselves if it takes a leg. I tell you we've got public opinion down on the *Indicator* like a thousand of brick over this business. 'Course, jest as soon as it come out it set all our society folks wild to see who would be the first to introduce the thing into Squigglechunk. Mrs. Weathersby had fixed to give a party anyhow Thursday evening, and invite a whole raft down from Scrabbleton an' Pocock's Corners, secin' as how sleighin' was good, and she seen her chance an' wrote 'B.B.H,' onto each invite card."

"What did she mean by that?" asked John.

"Why, 'bed-bug hunt,' of course. The old frame house that Jim Weathersby built 'way back in '62 is just full of 'em, an' when the crowd come along right after supper she read the piece to 'em an' explained that, bed-bug huntin' bein' all the go among the British aristocracy, it would only be keepin' up with the procession to git up a hunt. So they divided off, Mrs. Pelters, from the Corners, who is death on bugs every time, was leader of one side, and Miss Jessie Bulverton of the other. They wanted Parson Saxby to take a hand in an' captain one of the sides, but he stood on his dignity. He allowed it might be the fashion among Ritualistic curates an' Popish bishops to mingle in worldly frivolities of that sinful nature, but it was contrary to sound Methodist practice. Well, they appointed Lawyer Flyman umpire, an' when he give the word 'Go,' you should have just seen the way they tore upstairs and yanked the covering off the beds. They commenced on an old bedstead that's been into the family nigh onto sixty year, I reckon. One began pulling one way and one another to get up the slats, an' it wasn't hardly a minute afore that bedstead was busted into fragments.



OUTSIDE THE BAKERY WINDOW.

MICKEY—"What way would you rudder die, Blazey?"

BLAZEY—"I dunno. I think I'd rudder eat too much an' bust."—*Judge.*

Then Tom Pocock he discovered signs of game around a hole in the plastering, and pretty soon they got to prying off the plaster to git at the colony inside. An' of all the pushin' an' jammin' you ever see, it was the worst. Them Pocock boys is a pretty rough crowd, you know, an' pretty sudden one of them got into a dispute with Ike Watson 'cause he didn't play fair, an' there was pretty nigh being a fight. Lawyer Flyman made his sneak early—said he had important business—an' the whole concern broke up in confusion. An' now folks are blamin' it all onto the *Indicator*, an' sayin' that we've no business to misguide the public an' wean 'em from the plain and simple habits of their ancestors by holdin' up before 'em dazzlin' an' meretricious allurements to emulate aristocratic dissipations and fashionable follies. So drop it, John! Don't copy no more of such stuff. Bed-bug huntin' may suit effeminate dudes and 'blasey' swells of Paul Maul and the Bullyvards, but there ain't nothin' manly nor elevatin' about the game. Now set up this here patent medicine ad., while I step out a minute to see if I can collect anything on Hiram Peevick's account. I see him drive past just now."

"Gosh!" said John to himself, as the old man passed down the street, "what would he have said if he'd only knowed that I made that yarn up myself an' run her in just for a cod? Great Scott! how mad he'd have been! Lucky I thought of tearing up the copy." And he chuckled low and softly to himself at intervals during the rest of the day.

A NOCTURNE IN DEEP BLUE.

I SAW the sun rise, once. I beg my friends not to condemn me unheard, however; it was quite unintentional, and I do not fear that I shall ever see another sunrise, unless the house burns down just before day-break or somebody drags me to Switzerland.

The night before my solitary sunrise I went to bed at my usual hour and in my usual health. But, some time in the unholy darkness of the night—I couldn't tell when, for I had dropped my watch on the floor previously, and it refused to give any reliable information—I woke up with a toothache. It was a quiet little toothache, I thought at first, so I jammed it into the pillow and settled myself to sleep again. The toothache kept on quietly and steadily, until I began to get angry; then it went into the tooth below—no, not by any means—it merely started a branch concern in the lower tooth, and kept on at the old stand just the same. And it was a cold, spiritual sort of ache in the well tooth, you'd know it wasn't a real ache; it did seem so unnecessary. At last, when I had begun to wonder if I would ever go to sleep again until I died, and to calculate how long it would be before that desirable event, it occurred to me to get up and get something to cure it. This was a brilliant idea, and I slid out of bed and into my dressing-gown before the tooth had time to protest. Then I moved cautiously in the direction of the matches, and fell over a chair on the way. I said something under my breath that should have lighted the room with blue fire, but it didn't, and I had to get a light in the usual way. Then I put on my slippers—if she to whom I am indebted for their beautiful embroidery could know that I spared a thought from my toothache for her in that moment she would count it a greater compliment than any my halting wit has been able to form in her presence—and crept softly downstairs to the kitchen. I began to explore the cupboards and things for brandy, because I had heard somebody



A REWARD OF MERIT.

AUNT FLOSSIE—"You must be real clever, Gracie, to have taken such a pretty prize."

GRACIE—"Yes, it was for reg'larity of 'tendence, you know, and the other girls in my class stayed away oftener than I did."

say that it was good for toothache. But it wasn't good for my toothache. I knew we were a temperate household, but I also knew that we kept a little brandy in the house for emergencies and pudding-sauce. The emergency was all right, but where was the brandy? I rummaged out all the bottles I could find, and set them on the kitchen table. All sorts and conditions of bottles there were, essence bottles, superannuated medicine bottles, empty pickle bottles, and even a stray vinegar cruet, but not a brandy bottle in the whole assembly. I wanted to put some essence of vanilla on my tooth; it looked nice and dark and vicious; but it didn't smell like brandy, and I was afraid to try the experiment. Then I thought of trying hot salt, but on investigation I found that the salt had eloped with the brandy, and I sat down and wondered where women learnt that mystery called housekeeping, and if they'd keep the house where the salt and the brandy were, if it were not too big. I don't know yet where women keep their groceries, but I'm going to tear up the kitchen floor some day and find out.

The toothache didn't like sitting still, so I went over to the stove and got a flat-iron, thinking it might be as hot as roasted salt. It wasn't a bad idea, but I got tired of pacing up and down the kitchen, and holding it near my face, so I set it down and continued my march companionless. Presently I was conscious of a change in the state of affairs. The kitchen did not seem such a desert waste of useless bottles and heavy flat irons, and I thought perhaps I might postpone my funeral after all. Then it dawned on me that the toothache was gone, completely and entirely gone; I wasn't even sure which tooth it had lodged in. I wondered why I hadn't gone to bed long ago, and decided to go at once. On the landing I began to perceive that the lamp I carried was an anachronism; the light of dawn was creeping through the chinks of the shutter. I flung it open and leaned out. The sun was rising in the east, as I believe it usually does, and if you want to know how it looked, get some author whose strong point is description, and turn to his sunrise scene. Then multiply by five, and you'll know what it looks like. If your imagination or your arithmetic is weak, and you can't do this, get up early and see it, as I did.

TIMOTHY SCRAP.

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voiced unequalled. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

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GRIP'S ALMANAC FOR '91.

SOME of our readers have not yet possessed themselves of copies of this, the latest issue of GRIP's celebrated annual. Thus they have up to date deprived themselves of a literary and artistic feast which would only cost them 10 cents apiece. The Almanac this year is, in the opinion of many, the best of the twelve issued. It is full of bright original fun and capital pictures. The double-page cartoon is a very amusing burlesque of Meissonier's celebrated painting 1807, in which are introduced caricatures of a great number of Canadian public men. The chronological tables are immensely funny, and in fact the entire contents are good. A few copies yet remain unsold, and we would advise our friends to send the price to the publishers without delay and secure copies before the supply is exhausted. Send *now*.

CLEANSE the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood, and tone up the debilitated system. You can accomplish both measures in the most easy and natural manner by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Miss F. Milloy, Erin, tried in vain for two years to cure bilious headache, poor circulation, and other chronic ills. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured her.

DESPITE the keenness of journalistic competition, the New York *Herald* retains its place as the leading American newspaper. Canadians who desire to keep themselves well-informed on American questions and obtain the fullest and freshest news from all parts should certainly read the *Herald*.

LADIES and Gentlemen,—You will find a very choice assortment of Christmas cards, carefully selected by an artist, at the Golden Easel, 316 Yonge street.

THE latest musical success is "Danse des Pierrots," by Emma Fraser Blackstock; played by the Zerrahn Boston Orchestra. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c., by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Assn., 13 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

A FINE TIME.

THEY had a very delightful "At Home" at the Toronto College of Music on Monday evening of last week. The affair was managed by the students, who provided a triple feast of social, musical and gustatorial good things for their friends, who thronged the rooms till a late hour.

THE Christmas number of *Smith, Gray & Company's Illustrated Monthly* has been received, accompanied by a beautiful lithograph. It is a splendid number.

ALL interested in high-class photographs should visit J. W. Lyon's photograph studio, corner Yonge and Gerrard streets. See Advertisement in another column.

IN buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, two doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

FIRST UNDERTAKER—"I'm going out West to try my luck."

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MR. SEEDY—"I have never seen this play. Do you think I can please the audience in that character?"

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REMINGTON TYPEWRITERS EVERYWHERE.

THE day of the scroll is past, even among the sacred hills of Judea, for the click of the Remington typewriter is now heard in the land of Holy Writ. All Palestine is awake with interest in the clever mechanism, and since its introduction the acme of improbability has been reached. The railway between Joppa and Jerusalem is in course of construction, and the offices of the company are equipped with Remington typewriters, on which all business letters, orders to employes, estimates of work, etc., are put into legible shape. The American locomotive has been regarded as a great civilizer wherever it has been introduced in the old countries of the Eastern world, and now that it has gained a strong ally in the Remington typewriter, the more advanced nations will see the unspeakable Turk and the wild Arab of the desert come out of the darkness of centuries into the broad light of modern times.—*N. Y. Tribune, Dec. 10th.*

DON'T MISS IT.

A NEW and attractive publication containing many useful, interesting and instructive features has just been issued by T. Millburn & Co., of Toronto, under the title of *The Burdock Blood Bitters Almanac for 1891*. It is now in the hands of druggists and merchants for free distribution and we would advise our readers to secure a copy before the supply is exhausted.

THE publishers of the *Toronto News* have sent us a copy of their recently published "Souvenir Album of Canadian Statesmen," which is given as a supplement to the *Weekly News*. The work is a very elegant one, containing portraits of twenty-five political celebrities, reproduced from photographs by the direct process, and printed on highly calendered paper. It is a decided hit, brother *News*.

SOMETHING new in photos at the Perkins studio. See our window. J. J. Milliken, 293 Yonge street, successor to T. E. Perkins.

THE Christmas issue of the *Dominion Illustrated* is a splendid number, got up in the best style of art and full of excellent literary and artistic matter. This popular periodical is evidently filling a field where many predecessors have failed disastrously, well and successfully.

"YOU are very proud of yourself, I think, chappie."

"Yes, I consider myself a boon to mankind."

"Greater than a boon, chappie—say a baboon."

THE second concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra was given in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, 16th inst. The orchestral selections were well rendered, and the solo piano work of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp was excellent. Mr. E. W. Schuch was the vocalist of the occasion.

GILROY—"I saw young Gibbon this morning and he told me he had just returned from London."

THOMAS—"Yes; I understand his trousers have quite an English accent."

THE Christmas issue of *Munsey's Weekly* is something superb, and easily takes a top seat among the holiday publications. And yet why shouldn't it be a "daisy," with a generous publisher, who has at his command a lot of clever artists and writers, and all the resources of the paper-maker and pressman to realize his ideal? Our best compliments to Mr. Frank A. Munsey and his competent helpers.

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The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to 31st December inst., both days inclusive.
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Toronto, 13th December, 1890.

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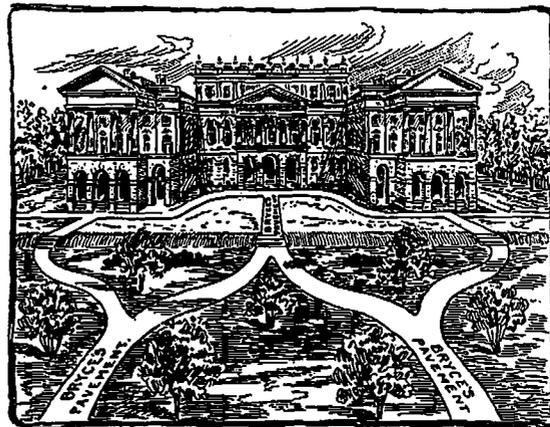
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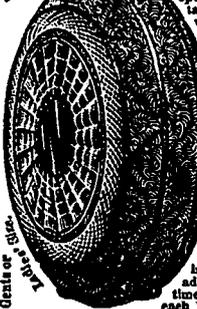
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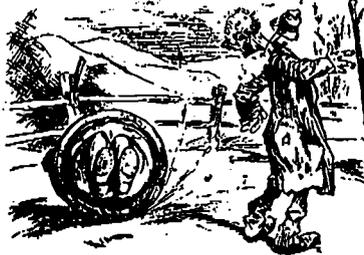
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