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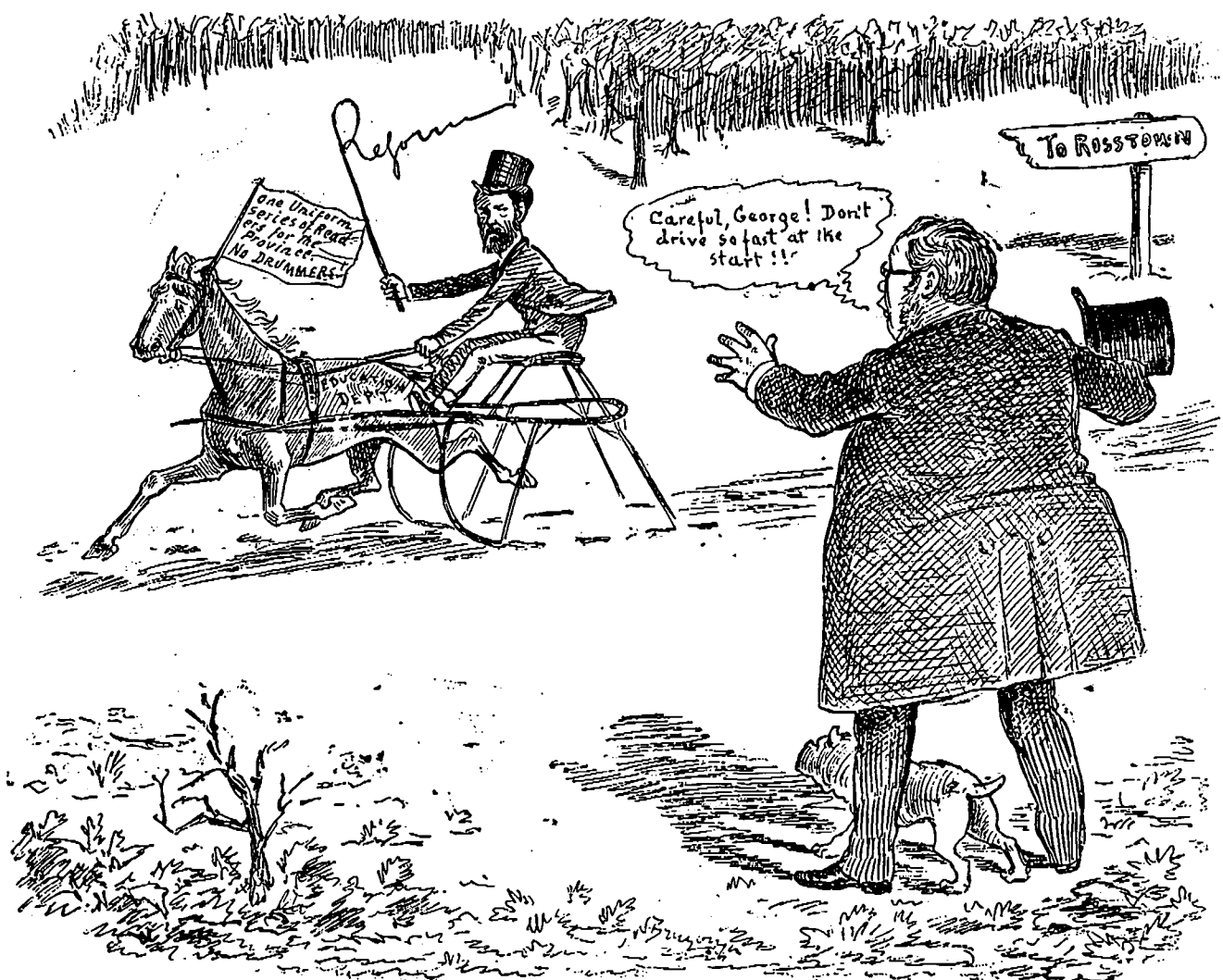
GLOVER HARRISON,

49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

VOLUME XXII.
No. 1.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to
S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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

MARK OUR OFFER!

To any Present subscriber who sends us new name with the money (\$2.00) we will send, post-paid, a handsomely bound copy of "Mrs. Clarke's Cookery Book," retail price, \$1.00, or
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Every present subscriber can secure us one New Name! Please try.

VOLUME XXII.

To-day, as the world enters upon a new year, GRIP begins a new volume.

The Constant Reader who, like a wise man, binds his numbers conscientiously, will observe that Vol. XXI has been continued beyond the customary 26 issues in order to effect this more convenient arrangement; but he is not likely to grumble at getting more for his money than was promised.

GRIP begins to feel proudly venerable as he gazes at the Roman numerals. His years have far outnumbered those of any similar publication ever started in Canada, and everything indicates that he is only as yet in his early youth. Whence this vitality? Is GRIP too presumptuous in attributing it chiefly to the fact that he is an honest, well-meaning Bird, in whom the good people of Canada have confidence? That he is a tolerably funny Bird, and that his fun is good-natured, cleanly, and in good taste? This is his own theory, at any rate, and a very comfortable and encouraging theory it is. It increases his self-respect, and self-respect is perhaps the very highest gift the journalist can have. There can be no doubt, also, that GRIP's past success is due largely to his Cartoons. Now these works he does not himself regard with much satisfaction, judged from an artistic standpoint. The line of beauty, the middle-distance, the vanishing point, and the laws of perspective are often, doubtless, set at naught, and this recklessness

has caused our scholarly friends of the Canadian Academy many a pang, but it should be borne in mind that they are not put forward as specimens of Art. They are intended simply as pletorial editorials, and as such GRIP is prepared to stand by them. They are honest, fearless, truthful, and hit the nail on the head nine times out of ten. The people of Canada, Grit and Tory, share this opinion, or they would not in increasing numbers add their names to our subscription list as they are doing. Notwithstanding the "Exigencies of Party" Canadians love their country and they know right well that Canada has no truer friend in the ranks of the press than GRIP.

But enough of moralizing.

We had intended only to say that during the year now so auspiciously opened GRIP's course will be guided by the well understood principles which have hitherto made him a power in the land. His platform may be crystallized into three short propositions, viz:

Politics without Partizanship; Truth without Temper, and Fun without Vulgarity.

At an early day the Publishers hope to effect such improvements in the mechanical make-up and appearance of the journal as will render it still more worthy of the warm support it has enjoyed for the past ten years.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The representatives of the Denominational Colleges of the Province continue their agitation for state funds, but the case against them grows stronger as the discussion proceeds. Principal Caven, himself the head of a Denominational College, argues with irresistible force against the claim put forward by his brethren, and it is safe to say that public opinion, as voiced in the other letters to the daily papers, is overwhelmingly against them also. Mr. Mowat will no doubt take this into his consideration, and in due time make it known officially that this Province does not mean to support Church schools, —in any shape or form whatever—out of the public Treasury.

FIRST PAGE.—Hon. Mr. Ross has signalized his entry into office by giving notice that the whole question of School Readers is to be reconsidered. If it is possible, without doing injustice to Messrs. Gage and Campbell, whose books have been authorized and are now being adopted here and there over the Province, the whole board is to be swept clean and a new arrangement made, whereby one good series of Readers, and one only, will be given to our schools. Mr. Ross has proved himself a wide-awake, sagacious, and altogether respectable man, for he has herein adopted GRIP's idea expressed many weeks ago. Some fair and honorable method of obviating any financial loss on the part of Messrs. Gage and Campbell, who have been working in good faith under the sanction of the Government's former policy, will no doubt be found. The people of this

Province would probably approve of any reasonable scheme to this end, as it would be economy in the end even if it cost a lot of money. What the Province demands is one good series of Readers—better than either of those now on the market—controlled by the Government in such a way as to insure stability and excellence at reasonable cost. *Stability* especially is demanded by the heads of families who are sick and tired of buying new books with every change of the Educational wind.

EIGHTH PAGE.—We hope this little design will enable the reader to grasp the political situation in Quebec, for there are few subjects less understood at any given moment throughout the other Provinces of the Dominion. You observe Mousseau hanging like grim death to a shaky stool. That stool is a beautiful symbol of the Provincial premiership. The reason he remains upon it is not only that he clutches it with puffy hands, but also because two contending factions are pulling him in opposite directions. Each wants him to vacate, but the effect of their contention is that he remains. Langevin and Chapleau, you must understand, are fighting for the French leadership at Ottawa, and each is determined to put his own puppet in Mousseau's place at Quebec. Now that you comprehend the position of affairs, all you have to do is to watch the special despatches from the seat of war and keep yourself posted.



"THE STERNER SEX."

—Glasgow Chief.

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

Our
First Person
Singular



'Consistency, thou art a jewel,' and editors are notorious for a lack of jewellery. Here are our journalists wishing their readers a happy new year, and then proceeding to dish up the 'Record of 1883'—occupying a whole page, to the exclusion of advertisements and other interesting matter.

Newfoundland had better come into the Union. In her present isolated position she is in danger of being rent asunder with faction fights. As a Province of the Dominion, her sons of the Orange and Green would at once fall into the ranks of the Conservative party, and live in loving unity under the benignant sway of our clever Prime Minister.

The terrible disaster at the Humber has stricken the whole city with grief, and marred the happiness of the opening year. Every circumstance of the accident is inexpressibly sad: That the lives thus suddenly cut off are those of earnest bread-winners, whose desolated families will, perhaps, be left in need of the very necessities of life; that the fatality should have occurred on the first working day of the new year, and, perhaps saddest of all, that the terrible affair should have been the result of culpable negligence on the part of an employee of the railway.

Holidays are not an unmixed blessing. I am led to this reflection by contemplating the state of mind my Editor has been put into by the blank Tuesdays of these last two weeks, which have upset the printing arrangements, and resulted in a late publication of the paper. The result of this has been shocking in the extreme. The Editor has been driven almost to the verge of very nearly using some strong language. He says it isn't on his own account at all, but he hates to have his subscribers disappointed even for an hour.

The Ontario Legislature and the Dominion House both assemble this month for the manufacture of raw material for the Cartoon industry. Our artist says the sooner they get to work the better, and the livelier they make things when they do get to work the more he will bless them. If all I hear is to be depended on, the session at Ottawa promises to be a trifle hotter than usual. It might easily be more thrilling than the last sitting, which was lazy, stale, flat and highly unprofitable to the country and all concerned.

Come back to the fold, Dr. Wilson,
Don't you know it is very bad form
To go praying and preaching extempore,
And looking excited and warm!

Why, dear me, your collar is crooked,
And your trousers look worn at the knees,
Don't you know that such things are unseemly,
And far from the clerical cheese?

It's awfully vulgar, dear Wilson,
—A man of your breeding should know—
To go in for earnest religion
Amongst the uncultured and low.

Your talk about "grace all abounding,"
And "perishing mortals to save,"
Is all very good, but the Barracks
Is not half so nice as the Nave.

Come back to your desk and your surplice,
And be the calm curate of yore—
Your "knee drills" and "all nights" and
"messes."

And "majors" and "captains" give o'er.

Religion is good—for a Sunday—

A little can do no great harm—
But the first vital matter with Clergy
Should be to preserve their good form.

GRIP'S HUMBER DISASTER RELIEF FUND.

We have opened a subscription list for the relief of the families bereaved by the recent terrible railway disaster, desiring chiefly to appeal to our individual subscribers and to manufacturing establishments throughout the Province. Will some friend in each town make it his business to wait upon the employees of such establishments and send us the collections, which will be thankfully received and acknowledged. Thousands of workers are waiting for the opportunity of thus testifying their sympathy with the afflicted ones. Following are the amounts already to hand:—

GRIP OFFICE.

J. W. B., \$5; J. L. M., \$5; S. J. M., \$5; C. L. L., \$2; W. S., \$2; G. Y. R., \$2; A. L. W. B., \$1; G. C., \$2; G. E. H., \$1; J. D. K., \$2; W. Stuart, \$1; L. McD., \$2; J. M. M., \$1; C. M., \$1; M. J. McC., \$1; J. W. R., \$1; R. D., \$1; J. M., \$1; W. M., \$1; H. R., \$1; A. H., \$1; G. H. W., \$1; W. R., \$1; A. C., 50c.; W. W., 25c.; R. S., 25c.; J. H., 50c.; J. M., \$1; J. B., 25c.; F. B., 50c.; S. O. D., \$1; M. Y., 50c.; F. Y., 25c.; J. B., 25c.; R. S., 50c.; S. J., 50c.; G. B., 25c.; F. M., 50c.; T. T., \$1; B., 25c.; Potts, 25c.; H., 25c.; B., 25c.; Y. B., 25c.; B., 25c.; J. B., 25c.; W. D., 25c.; C. and S., \$2; L. B., 25c.; L. W., 25c.; L. W., 25c.; M. W., 25c.; A. A., 25c.; A. F., 25c.; M. A. F., 25c.; M. C., 25c.; J. W., 25c.; W. J. S., 25c.

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A NEW YEAR EDITORIAL.

As a Bird of Progress, GRIP believes in the motto "Keep moving."

But only in so far as that does not apply to one's printing presses, type, and general paraphernalia. GRIP has had quite enough of moving, as understood by Mr. Colville, the drayman. He is consequently overjoyed to know that the state of transition in which he finds his office and belongings at the present moment, will, in the course of a few days, be followed by a long and blessed rest, which he hopes to put to good use both for himself and his many patrons.

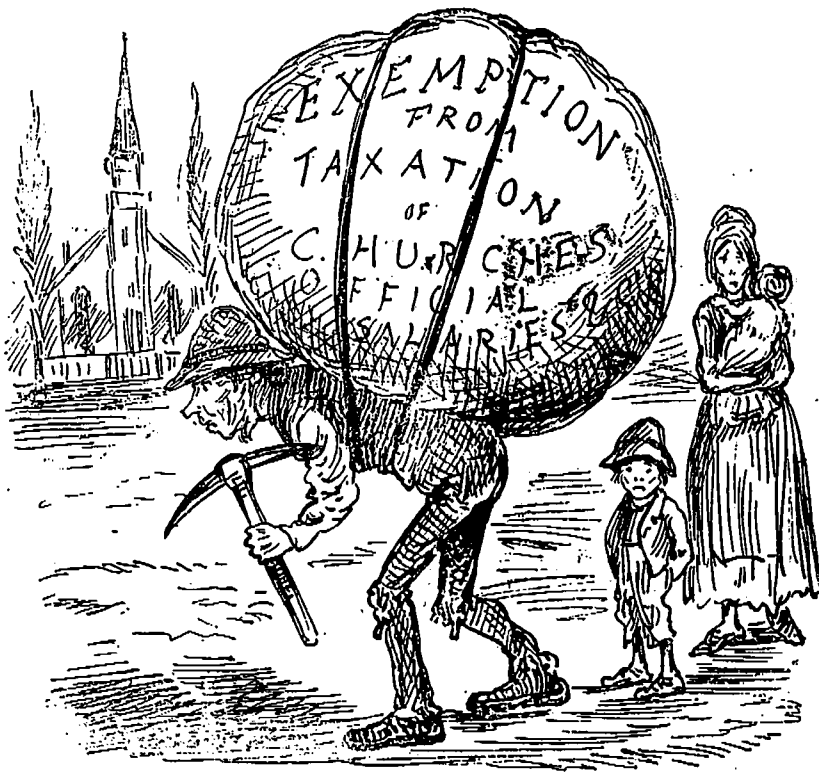
It is doubtless pretty well known to our friends—to wit, the population of the Dominion—that in a short time GRIP will take up his abode in new premises on Front-street, oppo-

site the Iron Block. Here the visiter will find him in an office combining convenience with elegance, with a place for every man and every man in his place. If the visitor cares to step up stairs, Mr. GRIP's polite office boy will have pleasure in showing him, first, a fine, bright and spacious composing room, occupied by fleet-fingered printers, who are putting together all kinds of work from visiting cards to mammoth posters, and on the flat above, an equally attractive press room, in which twenty shining presses are humming busily. If the visiter is real good he may then be permitted to gaze upon the designers and engravers at work, and even to behold the marvellous processes by which we make "cuts" and counter check-books, and all the other specialties for which GRIP office is famous. It will be worth the while of our friends to come and see us, and no mistake, for GRIP is going to have the largest, best equipped and best managed printing establishment in Canada. This is not an advertisement, bear in mind. It is a New Year editorial, and the Editor never felt happier in writing one in his life.



SIR JOHN HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To do or not to do it—that's the question!
Whether 'tis better to keep up the squabble
Over the western boundary of Ontario,
Or to take Alowat's challenge and refer,
And by referring, end it? Refer—Submit—
No more; and by a reference to end
The trouble at Rat Portage and the shock
Of rival constables—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. Refer, submit—
Submit—perchance get left; ay; there's the rub;
For in that reference what defeat may come,
When we have sent our case and argued it,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes procrastination seem so shrewd;
For who would ask poor Meredith to bear
The people's scorn, the *Globe's* rank contumely,
The pages of self-contempt, the *Mail's* sweet gush,
The vanishing of office, and the spurns
That twisting leaders of the electors take,
If he but knew that he could win the case
When he referred it? Who would not seize the chance
To prove his weight in constitutional law,
But that the dread of something in the facts,
Those stubborn things that Privy Councils love
And dwell upon, puzzles the will
And makes us rather sick to what we have
Than join with Alowat in the reference?
Thus policy makes cowards of us all.
And thus the brag and bounce that I've indulged
Is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And Boundary questions of great pith and moment
With this regard are stuffed in pigeon holes,
And lose the name of action.



THE BURDEN OF THE POOR.
A LOAD THAT MUST BE REMOVED.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Toronto Morning News, April 1, 1901.

THE DIE IS CAST.



TRIUMPH!

Also Hoo ray !!

This morning the sun rises on the fulfilment of our Programme.

The Vindication of our Platform.

Canada stands before the world a Nation with a name, a flag and a dignity of her own.

The Governor-General who now sits at Rideau Hall is no scion of Old Country Aristocracy,

Drawing \$150,000 from the people of this Nation.

But one of ourselves Who gets \$10,000 and considers himself mighty well paid for all he has to do.

Though there is no doubt he will do it just as well as any Dufferin, Lorne, or Lansdowne that ever landed on our shores,

And a good deal better than any Metcalfe, Bagot or Edmund Head that England ever shipped across the ocean.

The Appointive Governors of the Provinces have gone,

Every mother's son of them.

And they have gone to stay.

Their duties will be better done by the honest democratic citizens who to-day fill their places,

At a mere fraction of the expense,

And none of the tomfoolery

Of the defunct regime.

The Senate is abolished as a chamber of grand-daddies who are owned by a Prime Minister and fed with public pay, And who were never anything but a nuisance and an anachronism in our political system.

They have gone

To meet the imported Governors,

And the appointed Lt-Governors,

And the system of exemptions from taxation,

And Civil Service dead-beatism,

And the paper money issued by the Banks.

And the Official Superannuation funds,

And the Registrars and Sheriffs appointed for life and paid by fees,

And all the other abuses which clung like barnacles to our ship of State,

But which have been torn off by an enlightened public

And cast away forever to-day!

Through the influence of this journal,

Assisted by its local reporter.

Following are the authentic returns of the elections held to-day:

Gov.-General of Canada—Mr Gordon Brown.

Lt.-Governor of Ontario—Mr. Rufus Stephenson.

Lt.-Governor of Quebec—Mr. L. A. Senecal.

Lt.-Governor of New Brunswick—Mr. Jos. S. Knowles.

Lt.-Governor of Nova Scotia—Mr. D. C. Fraser.

Lt.-Governor of Prince Ed. Island—Mr. Saint Lawson.

Lt.-Governor of Manitoba—Mr. George H. Ham.

Lt.-Governor of British Columbia—Mr. Ah Sin.

Lt.-Governor of Assiniboia—Mr. N. F. Davin

Viva La Republique! E Pluribus Unam!

God Save the Queen!

DON'T.

A MANUAL OF IMPROPRIETIES LIKELY TO OCCUR IN GOOD SOCIETY.

Don't drink out of the finger bowl. After using the lemon you will find in it, don't fail to throw it at your host. This will serve to convince him that you feel thoroughly at home, which is a great point gained.

Don't sit at the table with your hat and overshoes on.

Don't sit cross-legged if you can find a more comfortable position. If you can't, sit cross-legged as much as you please. If you sit straight and upright, you will not only be uncomfortable, but you will also be set down as a dude.

Don't monopolize the conversation. That is a privilege accorded only to aldermen and other distinguished men.

Don't refuse if you are asked to play. If you haven't any money about you ask the host to stake you. He will consider it a mark of confidence.

Don't teach people when you have occasion to address them. To catch a man by the throat and holler in his ear is a violation of good breeding.

Don't talk about your maladies. If you've got a boil on your elbow don't pull up your coat sleeve and exhibit it to the company.

Don't fail to repeat the scandals and malicious rumors of the town. It may not be etiquette, but it's a dead sure way to have yourself invited to other parties and dinners.

Don't, in making a short call, leave your hat on the hat rack, but carry it with you into the parlor, particularly if it's new.

Don't dwell on the beauty of women not present, nor on those that are present, except in a confidential way, one at a time.

Don't say 'Sir' to the waiters. It will show you are not used, so being waited upon.

Don't spit on the cards to facilitate the deal. If they don't come off smoothly, call for a new deck, but in doing so don't say to the host 'this deck needs washing.'

Don't straddle your chair as you would a saddle.

Don't wear out your welcome by too long a stay, on the other hand don't break up the company by premature departure. A safe rule is to stay as long as the wine and cigars hold out.

Don't eat with your knife. You can stow away more with a fork.

Don't tuck your napkin under your chin, particularly if you happen to wear a solitaire diamond in your shirt bosom. It is fashionable to affect to despise diamonds, but they get away with the girls all the same.



SALMON, DUCK AND SNIPE;
OR, THE EDITOR OF THE "MAIL" AT DINNER.
(From a Picture by himself.)



A NEW YEAR'S "CALL."

OLIVER ("BUTTONS").—MY MISSUS SAYS SHE IS NOT OFFERING ANYTHING TO DENOMINATIONAL GENTS TO-DAY.



"So the world wags."

PEOPLE'S PROPER PLACES.

The brewers should to Malta go,
The boobies all to Sicily,
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
The furriers to Chili,
The little, snarling, carolling babes,
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to Baby-lon,
To Lapland, or to Brest.

From Spit-head cooks go o'er to Greece,
And while the miser waits
His passage to the Guinea Coasts,
Spenthrifts are in the Straits,
Spinsters should to the Needles go,
Wine-bibbers to Burgundy;
Gourmands should lunch at Sandwich Isles,
Wags at the bay of Fun-dy.

Bachelors to the United States,
Maids to the Isle of Man,
Let gardeners go to Botany Bay,
And shoeblacks to Japan.

Thus emigrants and misplaced men
Will here no longer vex us;
And all who ain't provided for
Had better go to Texas.

THE BAD BOOK AGENT.

A Philadelphia book agent importuned Jas. Watson, a rich and close New York man living at Elizabeth, until he bought a book—the Early Christian Martyrs. Mr. Watson didn't want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent; then, taking it under his arm, he started for the train which takes him to his New York office.

Mr. Watson hadn't been gone long before Mrs. Watson came home from a neighbor's. The book agent saw her and went in and persuaded the wife to buy another copy of the same book. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning. When Mr. Watson came back from New York at night Mrs. Watson showed him the book.

"I don't want to see it," said Watson, frowning terribly.

"Why, husband?" asked his wife.

"Because that rascally book agent sold me the same book this morning. Now we have two copies of the same book—two copies of the Early Christian Martyrs, and—"

"But husband, we can—"

"No, we can't, either!" interrupted Mr. Watson. "The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow."

"Why there he goes to the depot now," said Mrs. Watson, pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the book agent making for the train.

"But it's too late to catch him, and I'm not dressed. I've taken off my boots, and—"

Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. Watson, drove by, when Watson pounded on the window pane in a frantic manner, almost frightening the horse.

"Here, Stevens," he shouted, "you're hitched up; won't you run your horse down to the train and hold that book agent till I come? Run! Catch 'em now!"

"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping up his horse and tearing down the road.

Mr. Stevens reached the train just as the conductor shouted "All aboard!"

"Book Agent!" he yelled, as the book agent stepped on the train. "Book agent! hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you!"

"Watson! Watson wants to see me?" replied the seemingly puzzled book agent. "Oh, I know what he wants! he wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to sell it to him."

"If that is all he wants, I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much is it?"

"Two dollars for the 'Early Christian Martyrs,'" said the book agent, as he reached for the money and passed the book out through the car window.

Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing, in his shirt sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance.

"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens, "just got it, and that's all."

"Got what?" yelled Watson.

"Why, I got the book, 'Early Christian Martyrs,' and—"

"By—the—great—guns!" moaned Watson, as he placed his hands to his brow and swooned right in the middle of the street.

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

Natur' tries ter take kere o' eberything.
She ebon gins de grasshopper laigs wid saws
ou 'ein.

In all natur' de lub o' de mudder is do
stronges'. De he bird flies routn' while de she
one takes kere o' de nes'.

De firmes' man ain't de bes' pattern fur do
young. De green apple is the hardes', but it
ain't half so good fur de stomick.

It ain't a'ers de crackedest man whut gits
hurt de quickes'. De partridge is de easies'
bird ter shoot 'case he flies de straightes'.

De man what is quickes' in body is generally
de slowes' in mine. De canoe ken turn quicker
den the steamboat, but it kaint toat nigh so
much.

It hurts a man wuss ter tell him o' a fault
kin'ly den it does roughly, fur if yer tells him
kiul'y he kain't say nuthin', but if yer tells
him in a rough way he ken fight yer an' git
atisfaction.

Dar is some hope fur de unedycated man,
but de natral bo'n fool is past de reach o' hu-
man ter improobe. De wise man reconizes his
lack o' edycation, but de fool neber does.
Ignorance eber has been full o' boast.

Some fokes is afeered ter spank de chile
case da is afeered dat it will die; an' in de
years to come da reaps de sorrowful benefit o'
sich a mistake. If a chile won't do right,
spank it, an' let de futur tell whnder er not
yer's done right.

De man whut tries ter 'suade yer dat he
ain't workin' for hisse'f is cider a fool er a
hypocrit. All men whut works for derse'f's an'
ef da be good men in workin' fur derse'f da
hep's udders: any man whut doan reconnize
dis is a liar an' is a heppin' hisse'f wid de un-
der fokes lof' out.—Arkansaw Traveler.

TACT.

Housekeeper—"I don't want any more of
your milk, not a drop. It has a very bad
taste."

Milkman—"Guess your cellar needs a coat
of whitewash, ma'am."

Housekeeper—"No it don't, you insolent
fellow. It was whitewashed last week."

Milkman—"Then it must be that your ser-
vant girl pours it out herself. Just keep it
by your side awhile, ma'am, and you will find
it as sweet as new hay."

Housekeeper—"Give me two extra quarts."
—Philadelphia Call.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"My darling you do not bestow upon me so
much affection as you did before we were
married," remarked a pouting bride of four
years to her husband.

"Don't I," he replied,

"No, Charles, you do not, you pay very
little attention to me," said his wife.

"Well, my dear," observed the wicked hus-
band, "did you ever see a man run after a
horse car after he had caught it?"



The Royal Museum is earning a good repu-
tation from the lovers of the variety stage.
The management appears to be in competent
hands, and if the performances are kept free
from all vulgarities—as they have hitherto
been—the institution will become an established
success. The only other preliminary is to
remove the steeple. If Mr. Montford realized
what a fatal effect that spire exerts over his
box office receipts he wouldn't let it remain a
day longer, *verb. sap.*

It gives us pleasure to know that Messrs-
Sucklings' enterprise in securing a concert by
Theodore Thomas' Orchestra is certain of due
reward. The plan is rapidly filling up, and
before the evening of the concert (next Monday)
very few seats will be available. No lover of
music can afford to miss this treat, which will
probably surpass anything Toronto has hither-
to enjoyed. Scotchmen will be particula-
rly charmed with the rendering of the famous
medley of national airs. It should not be for-
gotten that in addition to the orchestra the
program embraces several vocal numbers by
Madame Gabrielle Boema, one of the greatest
of living sopranis.

"7-20-3" pleases the patrons of the Grand
immensely. It is really a good comedy, not-
withstanding that the critics of the morning
papers have praised it.

The Little Corinne Merric Makers are play-
ing at the Grand in Hamilton. How comes it
that they jump Toronto? Something good in
the way of comic opera would take well here
just now.

There is talk of Mr. Wm. McDonald's opera,
"The Fisherman's Daughter," being produced
at the Grand here some time next month. The
author of both music and libretto is a well-
known citizen of Lindsay.

How comes it that Toronto has nothing in
the shape of an amateur dramatic club? Surely
the golden youth of the city can muster talent
and money enough to establish something
good in that line which might be made the
means of helping our combined charities' fund.
Has it come to this that Toronto must take a
back seat for Hamilton? The latter city has
two good clubs.

"Say you, have you got any buff trimming
to go with that stuff?" asked a flashily dressed
woman of a storekeeper. "I think so miss,"
answered the urbane salesman taking down a
piece of goods and spreading it on the counter.
"Buff! do you call that buff?" exclaimed the
woman, "guess you don't know your business
young man. That's too dark for a buff." "But
miss that is—" "It's too dark; I can't see it
stupid." "Why of course its dark, my dear
young lady," persisted the man. "It's blind
man's buff, the new shade, you see." He sold
the goods.—Boston Courier.

PHRASES ILLUSTRATED.



"OPEN TO CONVICTION."

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

The subjoined memoranda, in the shape of a diary, was picked up by a GRIP reporter on Wednesday morning on Court-street. The little notes speak for themselves and may go to show the potent effect of licensed 'vitals' on the callow youth or old time caller. The eloquent and exhaustive sermon of the Reverend Canon Farrar, lately preached in St. Paul's, London, tells the tale no plainer.

Jan. 1st 1884. 7.30, arose and braced—B. and S.—B.—bad, S. flat; don't seem to work as it used to. Braced again, same result. Memo.—Don't think drinking material good as of yore.

8 a.m.—Go to breakfast. Ligneous steak, murky coffee. Decline former, bolt latter. Where shall I call? Memo.—Leap year, look out.

9 a.m.—Look over visiting list—take another brace and sally forth.

First Call.—Call on the Miss MacIntoshes, old maids, Scotch, great friends of relatives, hence call. Both ladies receiving. Am offered pound cake and 'Scotch cake,' likewise scones and attenuated lemonade. Wine tabooed an' 'sinfu.' Rev. Angus McTavish calls. Good exit cue, take it and go.

Second Call.—Call at the Smithtons, old English family, four daughters, jolly girls, all blondes. "Ow do you do—what'll you 'ave? Will you 'ave pawtor some spirits and wataw? Sweet smiles from all ladies, take some S and W. (very light), charming girls the Smithtons, —especially Emily. Forgot Leap year, by Jupiter, might propose, couldn't refuse, shake hands and git.

Third Call.—(between calls)—Meet friend, suggests call on Pat Flynnagan's. Pat keeps a boozen ken. Try some of Pat's Dunnville, very potent—Pat sets them up again—more Dunnville, won't do. Fresh air, exit with friend.

Fourth Call.—Call on the O'Callaghan's. (Memo. for joke, O'Callaghan, O'Call—again. See?) Jolly Irish family, barrels of beer, dozens of wine, whiskey galore! Old man an alderman (memo, cadre of joke here). Miss Honora, plays 'sonata of Beethoven. Miss Marianna, gives fantazia on harp. Take another glass of wine. Try, on special request of O.C. pere, a 'small drop of the native.' Young ladies sing in chorus, Tara's Halls, or Derry Walls, forget which, something Irish anyway. Take a 'doch in dorrih' to the prosperity of Ould Arin, and go forth.

Fourth Call.—Call on the Doolittles. Doolittle's Yankee family, daughter's name Ruth, nice girl, brown hair, don't care much for 'Canady' and thinks people slow. Old man Peabody goes into Yankee politics, don't like But-

ler, don't like Arthur, or Logan or Schultz. Reverses the memory of Horace Greely—strong Republican—born on farm down East—spoke of good old times. New Year's eve, hickory nuts and cider. Gets prosy—Offered cider and pumpkin pie by Ruth, take modicum of latter, don't work, 'stone fence,' don't agree with system, compliments and exit.

Fifth Call.—Met Jack Beverly. Jack—good boy. Jack says he was up all last night, looks it—will I call with Jack on some friends—cert—Jack's friends are my friends—call on widow lady, widow well made up. Widow says Jack's 'had enough'—Jack disputes, gets demonstrative—pulls table cloth and surmountings on floor; widow angry, and requests us to go—go.

Sixth Call.—(between calls) Jack in bad humor, suggests Pat Flynnagan's. Try some Dunnville, try some more. Jack pulverized.

Last Call.—Try to see Jack home, Jack obstreperous—call cab. Jack insists must go to club, and drive to club. Jack won't pay cabby, neither will I, cabby drives to No. 1 Station. —Police officers go through us, tumble us into the cells, nice company, six vags, all drunk—women in adjoining apartment screaming—Had a good time though, don't care anyway—make it all* * * * *

BARREN TENNYSON.

[The following parody was written for GRIP three weeks ago, and long before a similar screed was reprinted in this country from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. We make this explanation in justice to the author, who might otherwise be open to the imputation of copying.—Ed. GRIP.]

I.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
Through this you will not win renown;
You have but married a high repute
For empty title from the town.
Why so have smiled, and then, beguiled
Into this folly, have retired?
Founding a line of fifty ears
Will cause you not to be desired.

II.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
I know you—proud to bear the name—
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Its chief concealment whence you came.
False to its wend, you would congeal
A heart quick touched by truer charms;
Have scions of your house be taught
To list of blazoned coats of arms.

III.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
Some kinder critic you must find!
Not to be lord of all that is
Had I dragged down so great a mind!
Perhaps you'd crave that I should waive
What's here presented for reply—
The lion on your own stone gate
Rebukes you full as much as I.

IV.

If I've let fall a bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear,
I've manners lacking that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.
Your muse held course with subtle force,—
You made us trust in lyric worth,
And *note*, drawn weakly to the glare,
Repose you in your noble birth!

V.

I ear me, Alfred Vere de Vere,
You'll pine among your halls and towers;
Or unto meditation void
Devote the weary, rolling hours.
Enjoying wealth, with failing health,
No distant victim of disease;
'Tis pity that to smooth your path
You needs must act in scenes like these.

Brantford, Dec. 26, 1883.

J. B. M.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says: "I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King-st. East either for a pad or for a treatise, etc.

THE BURNING QUESTION.

SCENE Montreal. Mr. Geo. Washington Stephens seated in his library chatting with Mr. Andrew Allan. The shades of night falling.

Geo. W.—What ho! without! Lights, I say!

[Enter Menial with coal oil lamp.]

ANDREW.—Bless my soul, George! You've surely not come to this!

Geo. W.—Yes, sir! And I shall come down to tallow dips before Jesse runs my gas arrangements!

WORSE THAN A FARCE.

How many citizens of Toronto read the police reports in the daily papers? Very few. Still fewer ever grace the dingy and sootid hall of justice with their presence unless the inexorable demands of business compel them.

Hence it is quite likely that the public is practically unaware of the style of thing which is in vogue at Court-street on these blessed holiday mornings. The prevailing impression is that Col. Denison's time is occupied in listening to and deciding upon cases of a more or less criminal character, from the ordinary 'drunk' up or down—to grand larceny and murder. This idea is somewhat astray. It is true the gallant magistrate does still adjudge upon such cases when they come up, but the time so occupied is trifling when compared to that occupied in disposing of 'Vagrants.'

The persons so described are not as a general thing the disreputable characters the title would imply, but men whose principal crime has been to believe the lies of emigration agents. The cases are all pretty much alike, and the regulation scene is about as follows:

THE MAGISTRATE.—Who is this man?

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR.—William Colborne Brown, your Worship.

THE MAGISTRATE.—Ah, yes, here it is (glancing over the 'information'), Brown, you are charged with vagrancy.

PRISONER.—Yes, your worship, I suppose that is what you call it.

THE MAGISTRATE.—The policeman says he found you on Front-street 'sneeping behind a packing box.

PRISONER.—I wasn't sleeping, your worship, I was only trying to. It was too cold to sleep.

THE MAGISTRATE.—You look like a respectable man. Where do you live?

PRISONER.—Well, sir, I hardly know how to answer that. I only came to this country a few weeks ago. I was told there was plenty of work in Canada and good wages.

THE MAGISTRATE.—Who told you that?

PRISONER.—The emigration agent, sir. He induced a whole crowd of us to come out. As soon as my bit of money was done I found myself on the street. I couldn't find any work, and, sir, I don't know what is to become of me.

THE MAGISTRATE.—How long do you want in gaol?

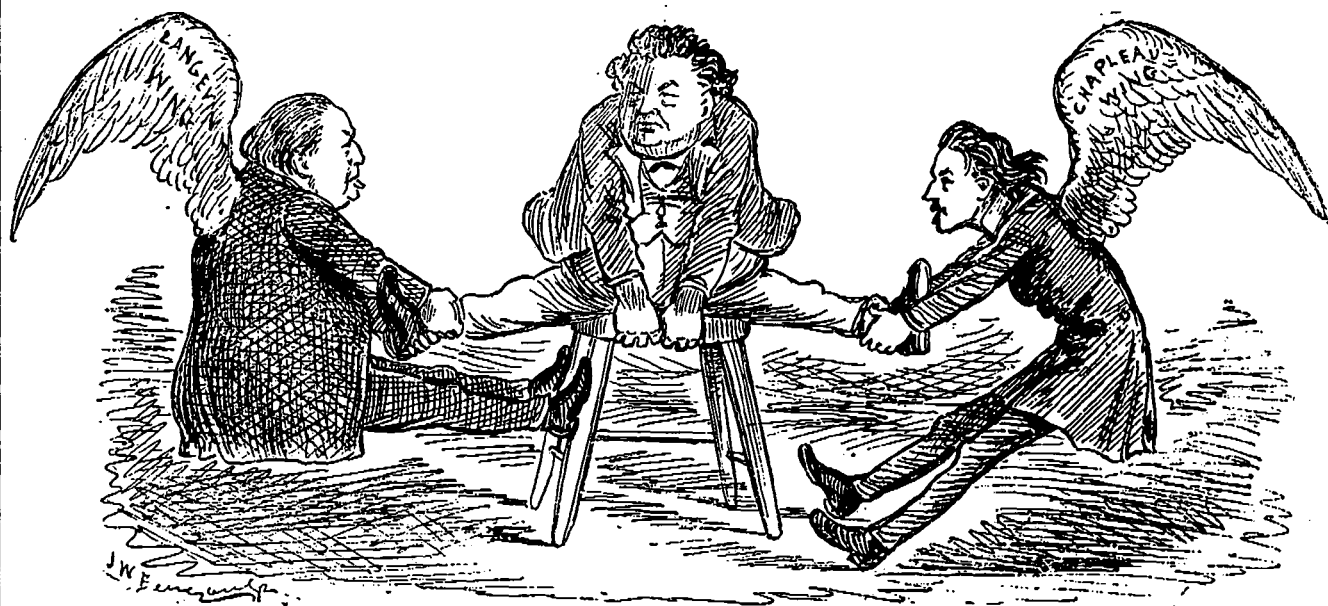
PRISONER.—Well, sir, I would take it as a favor if you would give me three months, to put me over the winter.

THE MAGISTRATE.—All right.

Now GRIP says this is all wrong. Our gaol was not intended as a refuge for the unfortunate, nor are our already over-burdened people willing to be taxed for the support of these strangers. It is hard to see how to remedy the difficulty, but surely it is high time the authorities took the question in hand.

Meantime an effectual stopper ought to be put on those lying sneaks who are primarily responsible for the present state of affairs.

Though an acronant may not make his accents for wages, he certainly goes up for higher.—*Life*.



M. MOUSSEAU'S DELICATE POSITION; OR, THE TRIANGULAR POLITICS OF QUEBEC.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

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

At the homoeopathic fair: "Have you seen that lovely lambrequin in the art gallery?" Country cousin: "No: is it alive or stuffed?" —Pittsburg Telegraph.

A young man writes to consult us about the best pattern of health lift. We would suggest helping his mother a little with the coal hod. —Burlington Free Press.

How to find the north pole: From the total vote of the United States subtract the vote polled in the south and what remains? The north poll, of course. —Etc.

President Grevy has opened the door for the triumphant entry of American pork into France. Yankee pig is well served by French Grevy. —Pittsburg Telegraph.

A newly married Texas man shot his bride while she was mixing her first batch of biscuits. His plea in court will probably be self-defence. —Bismarck Tribune.

A man was recently shot and killed at a New Jersey christening. There's often a good deal of difference of opinion regarding what a child should be called. —Boston Post.

A Cincinnati dude has been trying his level best to be an honest man, because some one told him that "an honest man is the noblest work of God." —Cincinnati Saturday Night.

A North Carolina man named Comfort committed suicide because his girl 'went back on him.' It must have been a queer girl who wouldn't take comfort in getting married. —Life.

Upon the conjugal pillow: She: Why do you always wake me when I'm asleep? He (coldly): Because it would be totally impossible for me to wake you if you were not asleep, parbleu! —Etc.

Exchange of amiable words between deputies: "I advise you to talk of your oratorical talents? I do not remember ever having seen you open your mouth in the chamber." "Pardon, I have done so more than once; your speeches often make me yawn!" —Etc.

Journalists are noble men, they always go in for the write —Life.

In India the most exquisite fabric can be procured for a lack of rupees.—Observant Traveler. It is different here. The chief trouble in the way of producing exquisite fabrics is a lack of orders.—Pittsburg Telegraph.

Here is a man who only wants \$20,000 for the loss of an arm, which was taken off by a locomotive. Very reasonable. We have known a young lady who considered her hand alone worth twice that amount.—Boston Transcript.

An exchange feelingly reminds us that nearly all the men identified with the New York Tribune under Horace Greeley are either dead or have gone elsewhere. The same is true of those who served under Julius Cæsar.—Lowell Courier.

"Mary," said a landlady to her green hired girl, "was the border on the third floor inebriated when he came in last night?" "No, mum; he was so drunk he couldn't get up stairs, and I let him sleep in the back hall." —Merchant Traveler.

STRICTLY BUSINESS.

"Oh, pa, there's an awful fight at the corner."

"Yes," said pa, indifferently, "And one man has chewed the other's ear off."

"Yes."
"And the other man has shot off his pistol and killed a baby."

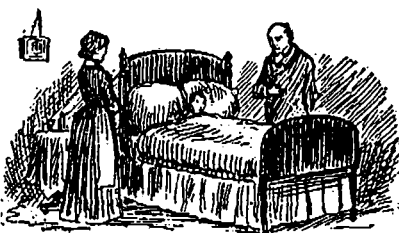
"Poor baby," yawned pa
"Ain't you goin' round there?"
"Presently," replied pa.

In a short time everything became quiet and pa rushed frantically around the corner and arrested an old woman for selling matches without a license.

Pa was a policeman. —Jefferson City Tribune.

CATARH. —A new treatment. Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.



LADY.—Oh, Doctor, my little boy is so ill, do tell me what ails him?

DOCTOR.—It's a bad case of ever, Madam.

L.—How can he have caught it; we have paid every attention to sanitary matters.

D.—Have you had your bedding cleaned?

L.—No, we have never thought of that, though we have used it several years.

D.—Then send it to N. P. CHANEY & Co.'s at once, they will clean it thoroughly. More diseases arise from impure bedding than from anything else.



GENTLEMEN,

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