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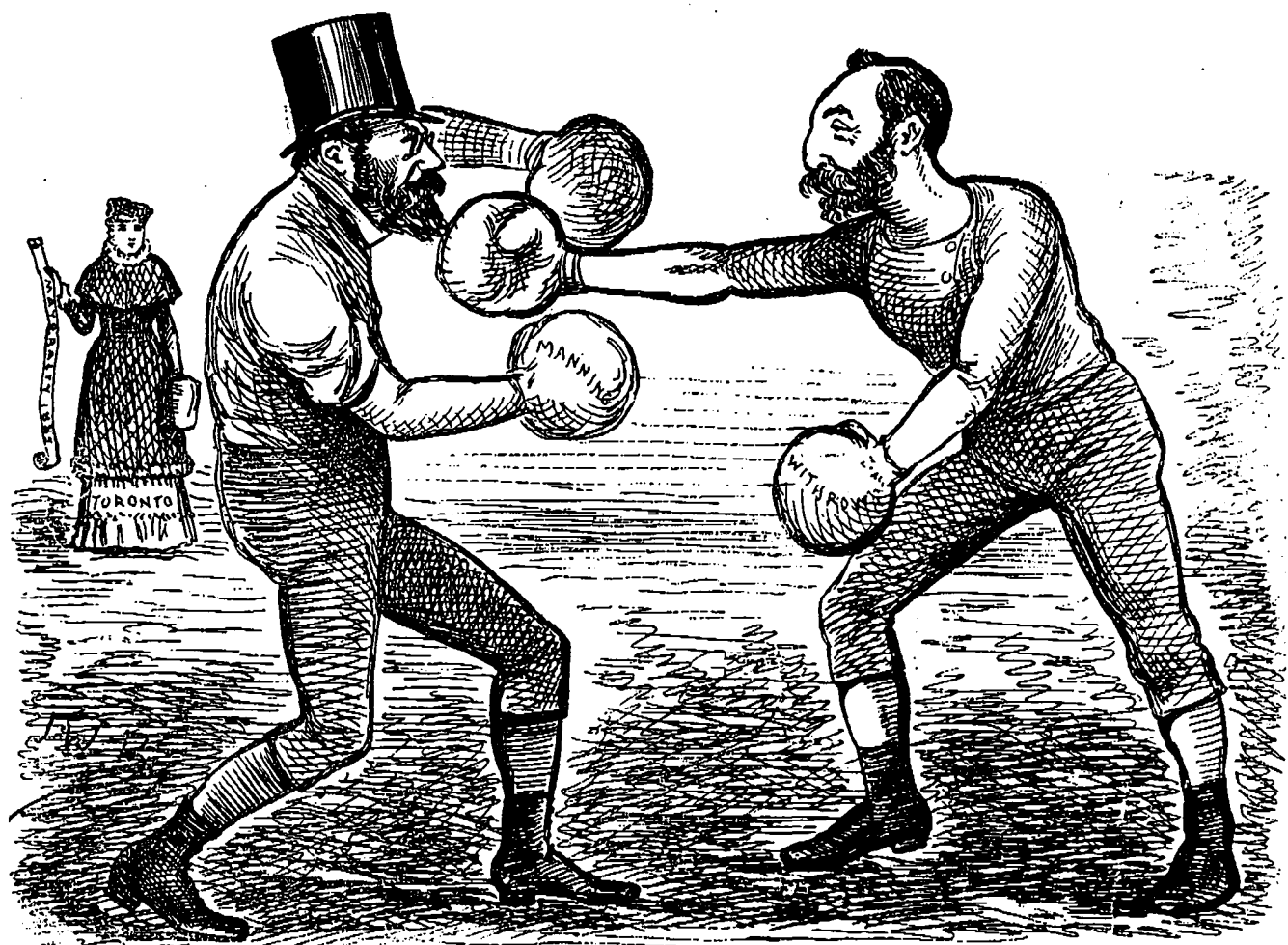


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TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1884.

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# GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND  
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.  
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S. J. MOORE, *Manager*.

J. W. BRIDGEMAN

*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.

## GRIP'S GREAT PICTURE

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

The demand for copies of this elegant portrait of the Premier—the only one extant in which he is represented in the costume of a G.C.B.—has far surpassed our anticipations. The edition is nearly exhausted, and those who intend to secure copies will do well to send immediately, as the city orders are still coming in rapidly.

EVERY SUBSCRIBER TO GRIP is entitled to the picture on sending ten cents to the publishers. No work of art at all comparable to this portrait has ever before been published in Canada at anything like so trifling a figure. Our determination to give our readers a Christmas Supplement worthy of GRIP accounts for the phenomenon. Enclose the price named (stamps will do), and send in your order at once. You will have reason to congratulate yourself on your bargain.

## Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—In 1878 Sir Leonard Tilley gave countenance to the doctrine that Hard Times may be controlled by a government—that the presence of a depression argued incapacity in a Cabinet. He can, therefore, have no objection to an application of his doctrine at the present time, though such an application is rather hard on himself and his colleagues. That is, of course, if the times are hard just now. There is where the astute Finance Minister takes issue with the rest of the population. He boldly affirms that Canada is enjoying prosperity in a high degree, and fails to see any evidences of what people call Hard Times. It is, to say the least of it, very ungrateful for Sir Leonard to thus ignore the very presence of the Power that put him in his fat situation.

FIRST PAGE.—The contest for the mayoralty is to be between Mr. Manning and Mr. Withrow. Both are good men, and either would fill the civic chair with advantage to the city. GRIP cannot undertake to advise the voter which way to cast his ballot. On this occasion, and as a slight reward for the taxes he has ungrudgingly paid, GRIP will generously allow the voter to please himself.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is to be hoped that Mr. Oliver Mowat considers himself crushed. If he doesn't, the great Conservative effort of last week goes for nothing, and it will be just like the "little tyrant" to declare that he doesn't feel a bit worse than before. If so, we can only say that Mr. Mowat is a very poor judge of suppers. Nothing but the worst form of party prejudice, or personal stubbornness, could induce any man to mention the Grit feed in the same day as the Tory banquet. The latter was away ahead in point of—well, in every respect, as far as the eating was concerned. This is wherein the victory consisted, and when Mr. Mowat "considers" the matter he must feel crushed if he is human.



## OPIUM.

"Ah! ha!" exclaimed Mrs. Kloopity, as she rummaged the pockets of her husband's other coat, "ah! ha! so he eats opium does he?" as she drew forth to the light a handful of No. 22 calibre revolver cartridges, "I've noticed that he looks very sleepy and drowsy about the eyes since he's been electioneering, and this is opium I know, for those Chinese always put it up in copper capsules and cork it up with lead. I know opium when I see it. But Kloopity isn't going to poison himself if I can help it, so I'll just throw these nasty things into the stove."

She did so.

A waving willow above an iron-rail-enclosed grave marks the spot where she sleeps.

Women should not meddle with their husband's pockets.

## OUR YEWMORISTS,

LOOKED AT IN A PHILOSOPHICAL LIGHT.

Who ever saw the irate father of the lovely daughter of the house kicking a young man out of doors? No one, I dare swear, and yet I can't look into an alleged yewmorous paper but I see some allusion to such a performance. Thank the stars, the most incandescent yewmorous writer of the day, never made a joke about the matter. My jokes as they are, seem, on re-perusal by their author, to be more adapted to the calling forth of tears and wailing and lamentation than laughter, but if I were to deliberately get off something about the matter in question I would not answer for the consequence. I have said that I never saw a youth kicked out of a paternal domicile. This is true, though I was myself once subjected to the operation by a crusty old brute who objected to his daughter eloping with a

yewmorist, but I did not see the performance, for the old man took a mean advantage of me behind my back and kicked me in the rear.

Once more. Were you over in Hamilton? Well if you were you will see what donkeys our Canadian funny men make of themselves. Because St. Louis twits Chicago about the size of the feet of the girls of that city, our fellows must say something about the size of the pedal extremities of the fair daughters of the city on Burlington Bay. This is all bosh, and displays a woful lack of originality on the part of Toronto yewmorists. A Hamilton girl's foot, as a rule (a foot rule, of course), is as neat and pretty a member as you will see anywhere, and I protest against them being maligned.

Yet again. Believe me, I have walked for hours where whole flocks of goats were browsing. Around lay tomato, oyster and peach cans, old iron, stones, superannuated corsets and other like matter. Those goats ate grass and never even as much as looked at the refuse material. Yet what do our yewmorists state, day after day, to be the favorite food of the goat? You know, as well as I do, that they make the goat out to be omnivorous, infinitely preferring old boots to vegetables. The goat isn't such a fool—as the yewmorist

Give ear once more. Did you ever eat bread made by a bride? I have. I declare it was the lightest and most toothsome stuff I ever bit, and yet, because some poor, unfortunate daughter of a millionaire chanced to try her hand at baking, and produced an article as heavy as this one I am writing, all brides are classed by the yewmorists as producers of the same kind of bread. It's a lie, and if I were only a bride I'd let 'em know it. But I can't be one, so I must let it pass.

Oh! there are thousands of just such old, stale, flat and unprofitable repetitions of worn-out "jokes." But the day will come when the goat shall rise up with the mule and the mother-in-law; the tramp shall come in his might with the bride; the big feet and the irate fathers who kick shall join them, and, as the Assyrians coming down like a wolf on the fold, they, with many others, shall mete out vengeance on the yewmorists, and the reading public will rise up and call them blessed. Yea, verily. I could say much more on this subject but I won't.

CHORUS OF READERS.

That last's the best thing you've said yet.

## HER NARROW ESCAPE.

He was perusing the scientific column of the paper, and thought this item worth reading to his wife:

"The longer a married couple live together the more they become alike, not only as to temperament and tastes, but also as to features. The law of assimilation is thus most strikingly exemplified."

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed hastily, "I cannot believe that. I could never become like you—darling."

He smiled a calm, self-satisfied smile.

Now, a man would never have thought of saving himself like that.

A word of blarney covers a multitude of slips.

## GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC FOR 1885.

A few of our subscribers have—no doubt through inadvertence—failed as yet to send for a copy of GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC. We counsel them to lose no more time, as the few remaining are going off rapidly. The present issue of the Almanac is universally declared to be the best yet, and it certainly has obtained a wider sale than any of its predecessors. It consists of 24 pages uniform with GRIP, and is full of good things, literary and pictorial. Enclose ten cents and get a copy before they are all gone.

## HUMAN NATURE.



**OLD CHERRYNEB** is far, far too fond of that which stingeth, etc., and he had been on a very much elongated spree not long ago.

He awoke in the morning with a terrible head, and a mouth in comparison with which a lime-kiln would be a swamp.

He knew not what to do in order to procure a draught to appease his terrible interval cravings. Silver and gold (not even copper) had he none; his credit at any saloon was gone. What was he to do? He sat down and pondered. He knew none of his friends would lend him a cent. He also felt that no one would ask him to drink. Happily thought! He rummaged about till he found a bit of blue ribbon; this he stuck in his button hole and sallied forth. Sure enough, he hadn't gone two blocks before he met an acquaintance.

"Hullo! Cherry," cried the latter, "so you've joined the blue ribbon brigade, have you?"

"I have," replied the old hypocrite solemnly.

"Oh, hosh! Come and take something; that's all humbug."

Cherryneb feigned to resist for some time, but at last gave in, and this he repeated at brief intervals throughout the day. Nearly everyone he met who caught sight of that bit of blue ribbon pressed him to imbibe, and he went to bed in a state of glorification that caused him to wake up next day feeling fifty per cent. worse than he had felt the day before.

Such is human nature!

## TWO CIVIC OFFICIALS.

AN OPERETTA.

DRAMATIS PERSONNE: *Majah Draper* and *C. S. McW.*  
Both appear very luxurious and unwell.

*C. S. Sings.*

I do not think it proper that an unexpected stopper should be put upon careers, oh, chief! like yours, and also mine;

But that confounded Davies, no doubt desired to save his reputation as an alderman, and asked us to resign.

I've always done my duty; you are famous for your beauty,

As an alligator shooter, you've a reputation fine; Yet those aldermen in council, said "Those fellows twain we bounce will."

And directly passed a motion and asked us to resign.

*Majah chants.*

When down South I went a visitor, dear municipal solicitor,  
To the land of alligators, where the sun doth ever shine,

Folks at home ne'er thought about me; did very well; without me,  
So I'm really not surprised at being requested to resign.

Captain Prince was ornamental; to the Force was detrimental,

And I fear the people fancy that I follow in his line; I'm abused by each newspaper; they call me *Majah Draper*,

And they seem to think it proper that I should now resign.

The idea I do not relish; in fact I think it hellish; For the berth's so soft and easy that I can do it fine; And I'm very much dejected at this very unexpected—

Though I can't say unexpected—request that I resign.  
*(McW. seems to regain his spirits, and bursts out quite encouragingly with:)*

Well, cheer up, *Draper*, never mind,  
Another berth you'll easily find,  
And so can I, if so inclined,  
Dear brother.

Who always told me "Now my dear,  
When things look black, just persevere,  
Keep up your courage, never fear?"  
My mother.

*Draper, savagely,*

I do not care, *McWilliams*, for  
This kind of talk, or slack, or jaw,  
I lose my berth; 't is hard to paw

Another  
So soft and easy that a child  
The work could do; so draw it mild,  
Your idiot prattle drives me wild,  
Dear brother.

*(Mr. McW. now gets angry and retorts)*

Well, *Draper*, you're making me angry, so now I will speak my mind:

I think that the force will be better as soon as you've been and resigned.

You're naught but a dumb figurehead to a force that was once really good,  
And the peelers would be as efficient with a chief made of hickory wood.

You visit each match pugilistic that here in the city takes place;

You are seen at the Woodbine, etc., in fact seldom miss a horse race.

You leave all your work for *McPherson* and *Stewart* and others to do;

Then tell me, oh, bold *Majah Draper*, what the deuce does the town want with you?

*(The Majah, beside himself with anger.)*

And you, oh, *McWilliams*, my beauty, your numerous duties neglect;

You treat decent people who call at your office with great disrespect.

You never at Justice Court are seen, no matter how lengthy the docket,

And the fees you're supposed to collect you leave for *Fred Fenton* to pocket.

## DUET.

*Draper.*

You should be a man of ability,

*McW.*

And you a man of agility,

*Draper.*

And you a man of civility,

*McW.*

And you a man of verility;

*Draper.*

You lack sagacity.

*McW.*

You perspicacity,

*(Both—(joining hands.)*

But now as we're in the same box both,  
To quarrel and quibble we should be loath.  
Since the world began we always see  
That misery loveth company.

So let's be friends; each darkling cloud  
Whose shades the earth below enshroud,  
We're told possesses silver lining.

It may not come to our resigning,  
Though Davies through the Council Halls  
In aldermanic accents hawls  
Against us, yet we've friends, we hope,  
Who'll give the council nice soft soap.

And, after all, we may not be  
Presented with the bad G. B.

We've nice soft "sits" we'd like to keep,  
And aldermen are much like sheep;

For, could we get to take our part  
Some loving aldermanic heart  
Who'd speak for us; our sorrows tell;  
The rest might take our part as well.

For, like a flock of sheep who heed  
The road the weather old may lead,  
Our civic fathers, too, may glide,  
When wisely led, to our own side.

We'll wait and see, with well braced spine,  
What may turn up. We won't resign!

## FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE.

At this season of the year, as at any other, for that matter, it is a beautiful thing to see unostentatious charity displayed. That there is a large amount of the article lying around the following correspondence will show:

"To the Editor 'Scourge.'

"DEAR SIR,—I have given \$10 to the Home for Friendless Orphan Girls. I thought perhaps, you might like to know this. I do not wish my name to appear in the papers, as 'charity puffeth not itself up.'

"Yours truly in F. H. & C.,

"JOHN L. SKUNKLEBY."

"That's all right," muttered the editor as he read the epistle, "but why does the fellow write to me?" and he thought no more of the

matter. But next day another letter was handed him. It ran thus:

"SIR,—I was under the impression that your paper possessed some enterprise. I fear I have been mistaken. Your go-ahead contemporary the *Pusher* publishes a full list of those who gave, for the blessed sake of charity, of their possessions to the Home for Friendless Girls. Your list in this morning's issue is only a partial one, as I observe that my name does not appear in it, and my donation was the largest of any.

Yours truly,

"J. L. SKUNKLEBY."

The editor smiled a sarcastic smile and the matter passed from his mind. Next morning he found the following epistle on his desk.

"SIR,—Your paper has not yet mentioned my magnificent gift in aid of the Home for Friendless Girls. My donation was \$10, and was the largest sum given. Perhaps a mention of this fact might greatly aid my business. Yours in the bonds of christianity,

JOHN L. SKUNKLEBY, Coal Oil Dealer.

"That's all right," sighed the editor, and forgot the matter. At 10 a. m. next day a note was brought him. This is the way it went.

"DEAR SIR,—Kindly insert the following in your valuable columns. Our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. John L. Skunkleby, with his well-known liberality, has presented the Home for Friendless Girls with the magnificent sum of ten (\$10) dollars. This speaks well for the generosity of our fellow townsman, whose push and energy in conducting his splendid coal-oil emporium at Nos. 91-3 Garbage Street, have enabled him to respond so liberally to the promptings of a generous heart. Anyone in need of first-class coal-oil will do well to give him a call. Mr. S.'s donation to the Home was entirely unasked, and was voluntarily made.

By inserting this you will confer a favor on "Yours truly, JOHN L. SKUNKLEBY."

"Good heavens!" groaned the journalist, "is this human nature?" and he took his pen and wrote an item; to wit: "Mr. J. Skunkleby has given \$10 to the Home for Friendless Girls." Half an hour after the *Scourge* was issued he received a letter, the caligraphy of which denoted a perturbed state of mind on the part of the writer. This is what the note said:—

"The Editor 'Scourge.'

"SIR,—You are a scoundrel and a villain. You not only failed to grant my simple request but your brief paragraph mentioned *J. Skunkleby* instead of *John L. Skunkleby*. *J. Skunkleby* is a coal-oil dealer three doors from me, and I shall suffer instead of gaining from your notice, and my \$10 is entirely thrown away. You are not fit for the position you hold, and I shall use all my influence with the proprietor of the *Scourge* to have you removed from it.

"JOHN L. SKUNKLEBY."

And then the editor moaned in anguish, and thinking that perhaps the enraged dealer in coal-oil might mean what he said, he published every one of that philanthropic individual's letters, the result being that Mr. John L. Skunkleby was twitted on all hands concerning his charitable gift. And he left the city, and if every one of his class were to do the same the directory canvassers would find an appalling number of empty houses.

## AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Christmas time, festive season, time of mince-pies, turkey, nightmare, mistletoe bough and yum-yum with one's pretty cousin underneath it, and all such affairs, had arrived.

Old James Peterkin was sitting before his wide fire-place, in which a vast yule-log was burning, throwing out a genial warmth and a rich ruddy light on the assembled household of old James, who had been telling his numer-

ous offspring of what was meant by the Yule season, when all should be peace and goodwill, friendly sentiment, hospitality and good cheer. He had impressed upon them the grandness of the duty of hospitality at all times, but more especially at this particular season, and told how men often-times entertained angels unawares. The hired girl listened with wide-open eyes and ditto mouth. Old Peterkin's relation had been a revelation to her, and she had heard things of which the poor, honest, hard-working, lie-abed-in-the-morning girl had never dreamt. And so the happy family sat. The younger members cracking nuts; the older girls flirting with their male cousins, who were present in full force; the big brother home from sea, lying about what he had seen abroad, when—a "tap, tap," low, soft and gentle, came at the outer door.

The hired girl, Matilderann, started to unlatch the portal, and as she threw it wide open, there she saw a man, poorly clad, unshorn and unkempt, shivering in the cold, clear moonlight, and she felt that the being who stood before her was an angel come from the celestial regions to be entertained unawares by terrestrial mortals. She bade him enter; he did so. The whole household crowded round the wanderer, who displayed an enormous appetite for a representative of those bright beings who are not generally supposed to require such ordinary sustenance as we of this earth find it necessary to partake of.

The angel unawares made half a goose look as silly as a whole one; a pound or so of cold roast beef went down his angelic throat and he paid particular attention to the wassail bowl which steamed on old Peterkin's hospitable board. The hired girl's round eyes opened wider than ever as she beheld the prodigious feats of gastronomic power displayed by the celestial visitor, but the more he devoured, the more old Peterkin heaped upon his trencher, and pressed him to try one little slice more of roast goose.

When the angel unawares had satisfied his internal (more like infernal) needs, he was placed in the easiest chair before the blazing log; the children cracked walnuts for him; the big brother home from sea was less energetic in his mendacity than he had been before the arrival of the celestial; the pretty cousins only said "Do stop now," "Have done," and so on, in subdued squeaks, and the angel himself stretched out his legs to the blaze and told even more wondrous yarns than the big brother home from sea. The hired girl, Matilderann, merely sat and gazed at the angel who might have been supposed to be occasionally winking at her were it not that such a supposition would be sacrilegious; doubtless what looked like winking was merely the glinting of the fire-light in the angel's eyes.

And so the time flew on till midnight arrived. Of course old James Peterkin ordered the best bed in the house to be prepared for the celestial; the softest blankets, the most snowy sheets and the warmest quilts were spread upon his couch, and after he had given his angelic benediction to the wassail bowl, he retired to the chamber prepared for him, and ere long silence reigned throughout the house.

The children had been sent to bed some hours before, to dream of Santa Claus and entertaining angels unawares. And so the night passed away. The bright stars twinkled in the clear, crisp atmosphere, and may have sang together as the morning stars did of old, for all I know. But day dawned, the glorious sun rose, and so did old James Peterkin and his family.

The children, after investigating their stockings, crept gently to arouse the angel unawares, and to tell him that breakfast would soon be prepared.

The angel's bed was empty!

Old Peterkin bawled for Matilderann to

come down stairs and get the grub ready. There was no response. He ascended the stairs and tapped at the door of the hired girl's apartment. Dead silence! He opened the door. Emptiness! void!

The children came running to tell Mr. Peterkin that the angel had been an angel unawares indeed, and that he had flown away to his heavenly abode.

"Yes, confound him," roared old James, "and he's taken Matilderann with him."

It was too true.

The angel unawares had eloped with the hired girl!

Most of the silver spoons and forks had apparently also joined in the flight heavenward; and such portable miscellaneous valuables as rings, watches and so forth had gone beyond the stars with Matilderann, the hired girl, and the Angel Unawares.



#### A MISPRONUNCIATION.

TO WHICH MR. ROBERTSON'S ATTENTION IS CALLED.

#### A CHRISTMAS GHOST STORY.



The Gentle Reader.

GENTLE reader—for of course all readers of GRIP are gentle or I should have died by their hands long ago, as surely the villainous jokes, puns and other enormities of which I have been guilty in the pages of this noble journal, from time to time, were worthy of death—gentle reader, again I repeat, have you ever in the course of your blissful existence—for it must be blissful, as you are a reader of—no, a subscriber to GRIP—have you ever, I ask, when sitting in the solitude of your chamber, either writing or reading or otherwise exercising your powerful mind, become suddenly aware that you were not alone? That there was someone or some thing behind your chair; a PRESENCE, as it were? Has not a chilly, creepy sensation made itself felt just at the roots of your hair, making that capillary adornment feel as though it wished to rise to its feet and stand up on end? Has not a cold, icy feeling run down your vertebral column when you thus became aware that the PRESENCE was in the room? You did not hear the door open, yet you know your solitude has been intruded upon.

Well, thus it was with me. I was sitting laboriously engaged in evoking comic paragraphs one evening when I suddenly knew that I had a visitor. The lamp, which up to this moment had been burning brightly, went out without a moment's warning, but, in place of darkness ensuing, a pale, bluish glare filled my apartment. I turned and there, close behind me, stood a tall, rather well-built—skeleton.

Over its bones played the light, the glare of which illuminated the room. Strange music seemed to sound in the air and I saw that the fleshless gentleman swept his metacarpal bones up and down over his ribs as though he played upon a harp.

"Are you cold?" I enquired, for I determined to let him see I was not a bit scared,—though I was, terribly, "you are not very fat. You do not seem to eat much or else your food does not agree with you."

He grinned a most skeletony grin and, waving his hand over my head, I seemed to fall into a mesmeric trance.

The bony gentleman then led me out of doors. We passed through several streets, snakes, from whose eyes lambent flames streamed, licking our feet with their forked tongues as we went.

We at length reached a large building. We entered; an overpowering and most disgusting sickening odor assailed my nostrils as we did so. I would have fainted, but I could not, for the mesmeric skeleton prevented me.

"What do you smell?" he enquired in hoarse voice. This was the first time he had spoken.

"I smell," I replied, "an odor worse than that of any dissecting room I was ever in. I smell decomposing matter, both animal and vegetable. I smell horrible chemicals. Where am I?"

"Never mind. Come in here," said my bony friend, leading me into another department. "What do your olfactory senses perceive now?"

"Fish dead for six weeks. Boarding-house butter. Meat condemned by Inspector Awdro as being unfit for human food on account of decay. A chemist's laboratory when the man of stench is making experiments with the worst smelling articles he can lay his hands on. I smell everything that is vile."

"Enough," replies my anatomical companion, "we will return."

Once more we were in the open air. Once more the snakes licked our feet and twined themselves round our nether limbs. Blue dogs with pink forelegs followed us, apparently with a view to obtaining some of the bones which were so plentiful at this moment.

We sped on. We again reached my chamber.

"Where have we been?" I asked.

"You have been," replied my guest, for so he now was, in slow, measured tones, "you have been through the basement of No. 1 Police Station." He made a few passes over my head and I awoke from my trance. The light was burning brightly. I looked round for my friend. He was nowhere to be seen. A grave-yard, vaulty perfume was the only trace that was left of him.



Mr. W. H. Fuller's new piece, "Off to Egypt," under the management of Mr. Gus. Pitou, is proving a hit at the Grand. The company is first-class, and Mr. Pitou has certainly done all that enterprise and taste can do to making the comedy a success. Mr. Fuller is a Canadian, and we all feel proud of his second triumph in the dramatic art.

Mrs Holman intends producing "Bunthorne Abroad" in fine style at London during the first week of January. Mr. Bengough has carefully revised the libretto, and it is now considered a first-class attraction.



### A CHRISTMAS VISITOR.

*Hard Times.*—WOT! YOU DON'T SURELY MEAN TO IGNORE ME, AND ME GOT YOU YOUR FAT SITUATION?



GIANT JOHN A.  
STRIDING OVER FORTY YEARS OF PUBLIC LIFE.  
(After George Cruikshank.)

THE ROMAN COACHMAN.  
A PARTIALLY TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"Marcus Aurelius!"

No answer: The boy, with his feet dangling in a little estuary of the yellow Tiber, knew his mother's voice well, but chose to disregard it, as, at this moment, a particularly fine maskenonge was sniffing the bait on the boy's hook. The boy was not on his own hook but his bait was, and it looked very much as if that big fish would soon be there also.

"Marcus Aurelius!"

Once more those shrill tones smote upon the lad's ear, and now he knew he could trifle with his mother no longer, for the temper of Mrs. Sempronia Gracchus was none of the best, and she had before now been known to make that portion of Rome howl wherein the domicile of the Gracchi was situated: so the boy, hooking the fish, hooked it himself and walked leisurely to the spot whence the voice proceeded.

"Why came ye not when I first called?" enquired the lad's mother.

"Ma, I cannot tell a lie," replied Marcus A., "I did not hear you."

"Well, I want thee to take thy father's dinner pail up to him at the sub-way of the Neapolitan R. R., thou knowest where it is; round there at the foot of the Quirinal hill; here, begone; and take him that fish also; he likes 'em raw."

The lad obeyed and departed.

This chapter has nothing to do with the rest of this tale, but is introduced to show that manners and customs have not changed much since the period of which I write.

CHAPTER II.

Virginia Cordelia Gracchus was, perhaps, the prettiest and most captivating girl in Rome. She was finishing her education at the renowned female Seminary of Madame de la Trausseau, where French was the language spoken. Many a youth who had but recently assumed the *l'oye virilis* spent sleepless nights on account of the fair young girl, and though her father was but the foreman of a gang of navvies working on the sub-way already mentioned, he had secured several civic contracts, and by using very inferior brick and other material and neglecting to pay his men, was already looked upon as being on the high road to wealth. As he himself said,

"*Scio res aut dum. Honestas omnis meus oculus est. Butyrus consilium et tu es omnis dexter.*" Which, being translated, means "I know a thing or two; honesty is all my eye; just butter the city council and you're all right," which shows that old Gracchus was up to snuff.

However, to return to Virginia. She was very beautiful.

CHAPTER III.

"Pompeius," said Mrs. Gracchus to the fine, tall, athletic, well-educated, handsome, accomplished and prepossessing coachman, "harness the horses to the chariot and proceed to the Seminary of Madame de la Trausseau and bring back Miss Virginia. Her vacation commences to-day. See that you don't stop at many saloons on the way, and if you *must* take a snifter, put a little Falernian into an amphora and take it with you. If you get boozy, over the Tarpeian rock you go as sure as eggs is eggs."

"Yes'm," replied Pompeius, and proceeded to obey the commands of his mistress.

Ah! how would the young Roman bloods envy this gallant coachman his task.

CHAPTER IV.

The chariot of the Gracchi dashed up to the domicile of the same family, the fiery steeds being driven by the charming Miss Virginia, her lovely cheeks glowing with the exercise of controlling them, and the swift motion through the pure Italian air.

Prono on the floor of the vehicle, snoring for all he was worth, lay Pompeius, the coachman. The Falernian had done its work. He was as tight as a biled owl.

There had been no elopement, as my readers doubtless expected, and they are therefore, most confoundedly sold. Miss Virginia looked with loathing and disgust on the stentorously breathing coachman.

"How d'ye do, Virginia?" said her mother, coming to the door of the house and welcoming her daughter; and then, catching sight of the unfortunate Pompeius she sprang into the chariot, drove to the summit of the Tarpeian rock and, without further ado, bundled him over.

Such were Roman mothers; such were Roman coachmen; such were Roman daughters; such were—good-bye.



SNOWSHOES.

A REMINISCENCE OF A BYGONE CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas Day a few years ago. I was rather young at the time and, I doubt not, foolish. My friends tell me I have not got over the latter trait in my character yet, but that's nothing. As a drunken man thinks everybody else is in his own condition, so do fools imagine that they alone are exempt from being classed as such.

As I was saying, it was Christmas Day, and I had been invited to spend it at the house of a gentleman with several daughters, pretty, too, most of them, and where a large party of friends were assembled.

The snow was very deep and very soft, and after we had exhausted all our ingenuity in devising amusements, some fiend in the guise of a creature with long side whiskers, who had been assiduously paying attention to my especial favorite, Miss Fanny, all the morning, said

something about the pleasures of snow-shoeing.

During the summer, when I had occasionally dropped in at the hospitable house of Mr. —, well, I will call him Mr. Smythje—the gentleman whose guest I was on the Christmas Day in question, and who was and is the father of the adorable Fanny, I had vaunted my prowess as a snow-shoer rather loudly, though, be it known, I had never had a pair of the confounded lacrosse-sticks on in my life. No sooner had Sidewhiskers mentioned the word "snow-shoes" than Miss Fanny clapped her hands ecstatically and shrieked out femininely "Oh! the very thing. Papa has a pair, two or three pairs, and Mr. Gaby (mc) is a splendid snow-shoer. I believe he belongs to the Tuque Rouges: oh! what fun!"

All the rest of the party declared that to see me give them an exhibition of artistic snow-shoeing was the one thing of all others that would render their happiness complete. I could not back out. Snow-shoeing looked simple enough and I determined to do or die.

The shoes were produced: the entire party repaired to a large meadow adjacent, and I proceeded to put the atrocious things on my feet. As ill-luck would have it, a pair of moccasins happened to be in Mr. Smythje's house, and these I had donned previously to accompanying the party to the meadow. After trying one of the snow-shoes on sternforemost, at which that brute, Sidewhiskers, roared like the ill-bred ass he is, I managed to get the pair on my feet.

"Now, Mr. Gaby," said one lady, "do, please, let us see your very best manoeuvres. I know the Tuque Rouges are all splendid snow-shoers."

How I cursed my fate! I had intended to propose to Fanny that very day and here I felt I was about to ruin my prospects for ever. However, "faint heart never won fair lady." I made two strides forward.

"How graceful! How rein-deer like!" exclaimed several of the ladies, who, by the way, remained in the road which was pretty well beaten down, as, one of my toes digging about a foot down into the snow, I shot forward and plowed, headforemost into the "beautiful."

"Is that one of the Tuque Rouge manoeuvres, Gaby?" sang out that bathoon, Sidewhiskers, "do it again, my boy!"

I picked myself up and, dusting the snow from my garments, essayed to spring into the air. I didn't spring far. Just far enough to let both snow-shoes get entangled somehow, and I came floundering down backwards, my head burying itself fully eighteen inches in the snow and my snow-shoe-clad feet pointing to the blue vault of the empyrean.

"I declare!" I heard Miss Fanny exclaim, "Mr. Gaby is a perfect acrobat. I had no idea he was so clever." That beast, Sidewhiskers, came and set me on my feet again, for I could no more rise than I could jump over St. James' spire.

"I do wish I could learn to snow-shoe like that," I heard Miss Jenima, Fanny's eldest sister, say, "it seems very easy," and then to me "Mr. Gaby, you really must give us some lessons; you seem to understand the art so perfectly."

I had a congregation of about twenty-five, and every one of them applauded me except Sidewhiskers, who did nothing but hee-haw and roar with laughter and pull his foxy, hideous whiskers—I am bare-faced—"Mr. Gaby will now," he shouted, "give an exhibition of the genuine Tuque Rouge double somersault."

I was determined to do something and I did it. What it was I don't distinctly remember as I was excited, but I fancy I must have taken off one of my snow-shoes and smitten Sidewhiskers therewith, for when I regained consciousness my nose was bleeding and Sidewhiskers was saying in a very angry tone:

"The insolent cub! I'll teach him a les-

son," and, horror! Miss Fanny was sympathizing with him and saying what a horrid, bad-tempered boy I must be, and asking him if his head pained him very much.

Old Mr. Smythje, however, took my part. Said I was "very young" and did not know any better. Told me to shake hands with Sidewhiskers and be friends, and then come home as it was nearly dinner time.

Not I. I felt mortified. To be called a "boy" by Miss Fanny; an "insolent cub" by Sidewhiskers, and "very young" by Smythje were too much. I could eat no turkey and plum-pudding in company with those who had witnessed my degradation, and so, merely saying that I did not feel very well, I took off my hat to the party and stunk off homewards feeling very much like a man (or "boy") who has made a most consummate fool of himself.

Sidewhiskers married Miss Fanny, and I believe that those accursed snow-shoes did it.

### SOME RECENT CORRESPONDENCE.

#### LETTER NO. I.

HAMILTON, Dec., 1884.

DEAR SIR,—I consider your conduct of late, As that of an enemy base; The love that I felt for you's turned into hate, As a chief, you're a perfect disgrace. You have acted as would any dastard poltroon, You've behaved in a cowardly way; Allow me to tell you that you're a bathoon, And a craven, permit me to say, Your hand as a friend I will nevermore shake, But I'll shake off your friendship instead; As a snake in the grass, sir, you capture the cake, With the rumors about me you've spread. In conclusion, I'll say that your actions just now, Are those of a sneaking galoot; I remain, as you'll see by my name here below, Yours officially,

ALEX. D. STOOT.

#### LETTER NO. II.

DEAR STOOT,—I've received your epistle to me, By what rabid dog you've been bitten I really can't say, but I think you'll agree, It were better if had not been written. I perceive you are angry, but why I don't know; Sit down, my dear Alex, and whistle; Keep cool. I return, as a friend, not a foe, Your very insulting epistle. If you're anxious to quarrel, I cannot help that. Are your kidneys quite right? Try some Warner. You seem to imagine I didn't eat fat, In that little affair about Garner. It doesn't seem wise for officials like us, To set down our quarrels on paper; So, take back the note that thou gavest, dear cuss, Your affectionate friend,

FRANKY DRAPAH.

#### LETTER NO. III.

HAMILTON, Dec., 1884.

SIR,—Let me return your atrocious note; You're worse than a Turk or a Fenian; I stick to each letter and word that I wrote, What I said was my candid opinion My trusty right hand from my muscular frame, I would willingly, joyfully sever, Ere I took a back seat to a man of your name. And whose friendship I cast off for ever. You've injured me wantonly, basely, in fact, In a style that with me will not suit; I will see in this business the very last act, Yours faithfully,

ALEX. D. STOOT.

#### LETTER NO. IV.

TORONTO, Dec., 1884.

DEAR ALIC.—I really am grieved at the course You are taking; devoid of all reason. I cannot be angry: I feel all the force Of this heart-moving, sweet, Christmas season. Oh! let us not quarrel, dear Alic, but try To show to the peaceful community That brethren in batons as you, Al. and I, Can dwell both in peace and in unity. Oh! let the dead past be a thing that is gone, Let our wounds be as pussy cats' scratches; Let us once more be seen in affection's sweet bond At our favorite sport—slugging matches. Let this recent unpleasantness drop with a thud, For it doesn't consort with our rank. You may ask and obtain the last drop of heart's blood Of your very affectionate

FRANK.

The Commissioners having hinted that they did not exactly approve of their gallant and undoubtedly plucky chief's first letter, and

that they were of the opinion that his language towards Frank should be withdrawn, Mr. Stoot replied as follows:

I am no hypocrite, no, no, no; Drapah has lied about me, so, so, so. And you must not dictate whether I, upon my plate, Should have hard eggs or soft ones, ho! ho! ho! I'll stick to what I've said, sirs, yes, yes, yes, I'll paint Toronto red, sirs, I guess, guess, guess. For I should courage heck if I took my language back. The Attorney G. shall settle all this mess, mess, mess.

### POTPOURRI.

Why should our mayor become the John Kelly of Toronto? Because he could Boss-well.

General Gordon has captured a Krupp gun from the enemy. He should be charged with Krupp practices.

There is a female lawyer in New York whose son will be called to bear a terrible affliction when he marries. He'll have two mothers-in-law.

Hon John Costigan banquetted eighty gentlemen at a Catholic bazaar at Ottawa. He knows now what a feed like that will cost again.

"Wifey, may I go out to-night?"

"Yes, my darling honey;

Take the latch-key with you, dear—

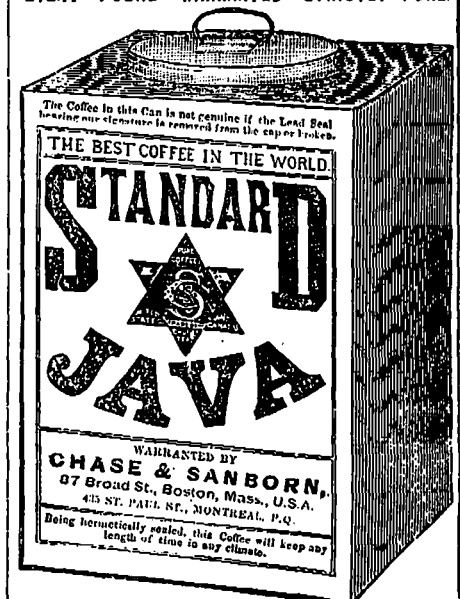
But leave me all the money."

A Hamilton man sent a dollar to a New Yorker who advertised a receipt to change the color of red noses. In a few days he received an envelope containing a piece of paper on which was printed "Paint it white.

Someone advertises in a city paper offering to exchange a \$75 cluster diamond ring for eight tons of coal. This is the time of year when the sensible man prefers black diamonds to white.

"In the time of Henry VIII, the queen's maids of honor had each a chet loaf, a manchet, a gallon of ale, and a chine of beef for their breakfasts." Gracious! What a time their stomachs must have had digesting china beef. Now-a-days porcelain cows are used only for table ornaments.

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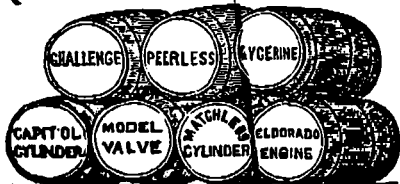
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