

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)



EDITOR'S NOTE.

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

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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

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BENGOUGH BROS.

The grabeast Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl; The grabest fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1881.

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REV. DR. WILD. (loq.) Has this nothing to do with it, brother?

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

Fritz Emmet thinks the press has not treated him well because he treated himself too often.

Adelina Patti is singing in Madrid. Her debut was made in "La Traviata," with enormous success.

Lawrence Barrett tells a New York Tribune interviewer that he thinks "high art was never more prosperous than at present."

Nat Goodwin of the *Frolloques*, enjoyed a Cincinnati frolic one night recently by winning \$1,500 and sleeping off the effects in a local dungeon cell.

Miss Genevieve Ward, and McKee Rankin and wife have arrived from Europe. Rankin was coolly received in Dublin, and he says the Irish care nothing for American sympathy.

Charles E. Smith places the value of his eighth interest in the *Albany Journal* at \$15,000, and to prove the reasonableness of his estimate, offers to purchase the other seven-eighths at the same rate.

Mary Anderson and Salvini will probably play together for a week, in the spring in "Ingomar." J. H. Haverly is now negotiating with them, and his proposition has been received with favor by both stars.

"Aida" was recently performed of an afternoon for the exclusive delectation of the King of Bavaria. The singers, both male and female, were rewarded by the eccentric but lavish sovereign with presents of nearly priceless value.

Miss Jennie Hogan is creating somewhat of a sensation in Washington as an inspirational poet. She hails from Vermont, is a brunette of ordinary height, small features and a face with a bright expression, though she is not pretty. She gives exhibitions of her talent and rhyme on the slightest pretext.

The concert on Monday night in Shaftesbury Hall drew a large audience and was very successful throughout. The artists were Mrs. Bradley, Miss Lewis, Messrs. Warburton, Hurst, Heber, Watkins, Beddoe, and Wm. Clarke and his orchestra. The concert was in aid of the Queen street Baptist Church parsonage fund.

Jerome B. Stillson, a well known journalist on the metropolitan press, is dead, age nearly forty years.

"Si Slocum," at the Grand, draws audiences whose tastes run to sensational situations and musket slight of hand. Mr. Frayne is no doubt a marvellous master of firearms, but one cannot help feeling that some of these times his drama will be turned into a tragedy, without even the threadbare excuse of "didn't know it was loaded."

The next attraction announced at the Royal is Rose Eyttinge, the celebrated emotional actress, [supported by Mr. Cyril Searle, in the much talked of play "L'Assomoir," ("Drink.") This piece was lately the reigning sensation of Paris, whence it passed to the British and American stage with equal success. It is said to be one of the most powerful and thrilling plays of modern times, being a faithful adaptation of one of Zola's terribly realistic stories.

Messrs. Baker and Farron are at home this week to their hundreds of old time admirers at the Royal Opera House. They have just returned from a tour around the world, which has added no perceptible tinge of vanity to the consequential Irishman, or the energetic Dutchman, of the incomparable pair. Their new piece "The Emigrants," is "Chris and Lena," with variations, but its power of interesting and amusing an audience is as great as ever. Mr. Baker surprises his friends by displaying "burnt cork" ability of which they never suspected him, and Mr. Farron is still peerless as the German girl.

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A GENTLEMAN four years pastor French Protestant Church, New York, wishes to form classes. Address Rev. J. Bleaubien, 20 Alexander St., Toronto.

15 SCROLL SAW designs sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. No two alike. Address, J. MALCOLM, Parkdale P.O.

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

Cincinnati is to have a new penny paper.

The *Irish Canadian* appears this week in an enlarged form and decked out in new type Bravo, brother Patrick. Keep the pot a Boyle-in!

"Sir John and Sir Charles, or the Secrets of the Syndicate," is the title of a very cleverly written skit on the great question of the hour. Sir Charles is represented as urging the Premier on in his mistaken course against his better judgment—which is, in our opinion, the exact situation. Copies can be obtained at all the bookstores, price five cents.

To the Publishers of GRIP'S Almanac for 1881:

GENTLEMEN.—I most heartily bear witness to the fact that GRIP'S almanac for 1881 is *A 1.*, but I must, in justice to my own good name, object to that one "A" which your printer has so unkindly substituted for the more euphonious M which properly precedes my surname. (See my advt.) A is such an indefinite little article that it means nothing in this case, so you will kindly correct it in future editions to read as subscribed by yours truly, M. McLEOD, St. John, N.B.

We have received No. 63, Vol. 2 of *Moonshine*, a very attractive humorous journal published at 62 Fleet St., London. The literary and artistic work of this paper is quite equal to that of any of its contemporaries, though it costs but a penny per number. Mr. Arthur Clemens is the editor. Mr. GRIP will be pleased hereafter to exchange his bright rays of humor for the *Moonshine* of his confrere Clemens—who, by the way, is no relation to our American Mark Twain.

The Christmas number of the *Liverpool* (Eng.) *Lantern*, has reached our table and commands a word of praise. The editor has made an extra effort and the result is a more than usually interesting number, which is saying a good deal. There are hundreds of *Liverpool* people in this country who would be greatly interested in the *Lantern*, and for their benefit we note the fact that it costs but a penny per number, and may be had by addressing 46 St. Thomas's Buildings, *Liverpool*.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BANGOUGH.

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

Notice.

Copies of **GRIP's Almanac for 1881** have been mailed to every newspaper upon our exchange list. If not received in due time enquiry should be made at the Post Office.

To Correspondents.

Will the author of the little satire "Sir John and Sir Charles" kindly send his address to the editor of **GRIP**.

Free Will.

BY C—X.

Delivered in Dufferin Hall.

Sir,—An illustrious philosopher of pro-historic origin has placed upon record the undeniable fact, that perambulating excursion in pedestrian exercise up the far-famed thoroughfare of Eastern Palestine is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties; and in attempting a discussion of this momentous question, we are at once deposited in a co-relative psychological position. In animadverting upon the unshackled and untrammelled condition of the evolutions of our inner consciousness, our intellectual visuality is obstructed by the extreme difficulty attendant upon an investigation into the diversified volition of natural phenomena. We confess our utter inability to understand the smallest approximation of consanguinity between the uncontrolled volition of our materialistic environment, and the mythological cosmogony of the Judaic Theocracy, and if our accumulation of bioplastic adipose is not so co-related, then I can both sociologically and theoretically, inductively and deductively, demonstrate the incontrovertibility of the pantheistical dogma enunciated by all who have endeavoured to prosecute psychological research. The speaker then stated that his limited time would not allow him to enter into the question at any greater length, and after removing the aggregation of perspiration off the rohumoid protuberances of his sanguinary carapace, he collocated with his chair amid great applause. The chairman then announced that the accumulation of wealth would ensue, after which the meeting adjourned.

Grip's Syndicate.

As various Syndicates are now offering to construct the Canada Pacific Railway, **GRIP** having formed a Syndicate, hastens to make his terms public. They are as follows:—

First.—This Syndicate shall be known as **GRIP's Syndicate**, formed expressly for the purpose of building the Canada Pacific Railway, and is composed of the following well known capitalists and public men:—**GRIP**, Deliberative Dormouse, Gaddy, Ja-Kasse, Sharp Sixth, and Timothy.

Second.—The Government to build all that portion of the road from Callendar to Winnipeg, and from Kamloops to the western terminus of the road.

Third.—These portions of the road are to be handed over to the Syndicate as fast as completed, and thereafter to be the property of the Syndicate.

Fourth.—The Government to survey, ditch, grade, fence and lay the sleepers on the prairie sections; and to furnish the rails for these sections to the Syndicate at half price.

Fifth.—The Syndicate to lay the rails, furnish the rolling stock, and work the road on condition of a grant of \$50,000,000 in gold, and all that part and parcel of land lying between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, and from the north line of the Saskatchewan Valley southward to the United States boundary.

Sixth.—All lands and property of the Syndicate to be free of taxation forever, except such taxes as the Syndicate may see fit to impose on settlers for their own use and benefit.

Seventh.—Government to pay a premium of 35 per cent. on all material now or hereafter brought into the country for the construction and working of the road.

Eighth.—The entire road to belong to the Syndicate, their heirs and assigns forever.

Ninth.—The Syndicate to have the power to issue paper Legal Tender Currency to the full value of their property.

Tenth.—The road to be of such standard of value, and to be finished in such time as the Syndicate may see fit.

Eleventh.—The Syndicate will furnish as security, **GRIP's** subscription list, and the personal effects of the members thereunto belonging.

Several of these clauses may appear objectionable, but that is a mere secondary consideration as we have the Government under our thumb, and intend to keep them there.

Sir Charles Interviewed.

Being, along with his Conservative confederates, very highly indignant at Mr. Blake's cowardice in avoiding a meeting with Sir Charles Tupper, Mr **GRIP** despatched a gentlemanly reporter to interview the redoubtable knight on the subject.

Sir Charles was found in his back office sipping iced claret, and thinking over the subject of the legacy he intends leaving his posterity. The reporter was received with the exquisite politeness which distinguishes the members of the present Cabinet, and invited to take a seat. The following colloquy then ensued:—

Rep.—I understand that Blake declines to meet you to discuss the Syndicate terms at a public meeting. Is that so?

Sir Chas.—It is; it's as true as Sir John's Hochelega speech.

Rep.—Can you assign any reason for his apparent cowardice?

Sir Chas.—I can. He is simply afraid to meet me.

Rep.—And why should he be afraid? He has rather the better side of the case in this affair hasn't he (between you and me)?

Sir Chas.—Undoubtedly he has, and he is the greatest of special pleaders; but still he is plainly afraid to meet me.

Rep.—Dear me; it's rather queer, isn't it; but why should he be afraid?

Sir Chas.—Young man, you are getting too inquisitive. But if you *must* know, I may as well tell you first: as last that he knows he wouldn't have any chance. My boys would worry the life out of him with interruptions and cat-calls, and when I took the platform I would twist and stretch things to such an extent that it would take a forty-Blake power to get them straightened out again.

After thanking Sir Charles for his courtesy and frankness, our representative withdrew.

Notes from Our Gaddy.

DEAR **GRIP**.—Does not one of those jolly old proverbs say something about "A little knowledge makes us wondrous wise." Well, it is of no real consequence whether it does or not, anyway I have been studying anatomy. Yes, I think that is what it is called, anatomy. After diligently studying the subject for as much as three-quarters of an hour, I have arrived at the conclusion that some decided improvements might be made in the human form divine. By the way, what utter bosh is talked about "the human form divine." Divine fiddlesticks! Take the ordinary ta-de-da-di male, toggged up in swallow-tail and white cravat, ready for a swell ball, and there is not a more unromantic or unpoetic creature in existence. Why he will move his legs as if "By Jove, you know, where the deuce shall I put these things. They are dweadfully in the woad, you know." And his arms he will carry as gracefully as the stuffed arms of a sawdust doll. Take the human being at its birth. Is there any creature more helpless, except, perhaps, a juvenile cock-sparrow? Why, an infant porker is as lively as a bee half an hour after birth, and ready, at any moment, to take a round out of its brothers and sisters in defence of the big test. But that is not the point. My idea is to return to first principles. According to Darwin it is not such a very long time since we had the ornamental addition of a tail, and why it was done away with, I can't imagine. One of the stupid whims of our ble-sed civilization, I suppose. A tail is just the thing we want. Something like a cow's tail, only the brush end to be of feathers instead of hair. Just think for a moment now what a really splendid thing it would be. The feathers, of course, you could dye according to fancy or complexion. Fair persons could have blue tails, dark persons, red tails, and to the ordinary dark, dismal clothed male, the introduction of a bit of color would be superb. Fancy walking down street with the charmer of your heart on one arm, and a nicely colored tail under and over your other arm, as an officer carries his sword. Why, it would be simply elegant. Who has not been driven to the verge of desperation by some pretty little fly taking a mean advantage of him when both hands have been engaged? All that is wanted is a tail. In summer it would be worth millions, oscillating over the shoulder as a fan. And then on Maria's evening out, while gazing into her eyes and whispering fond hopes of eternal nothings, to pat her on her rosy cheek with a light blue tail! Lawks; oh my! There is no mistake about it, old bird, we have got to encourage the growth of tails. GADDY.

The Mackinnon Pen.

We have had one of the Improved Mackinnon Pens in the office for the last three months, and find it to be the best pen of the kind we have ever seen. From the construction and material used we should judge it would last a life time. It is easily understood, and requires nothing but observance of the directions to have it work to perfection. In our opinion it is a great boon to those having a large quantity of writing to do. Mr. Hamilton, who is at present canvassing the city, will call on all commercial men shortly.

Mr. C. S. Lord, is the new managing editor of the New York Sun, taking the place of Ballard Smith, who retired on Friday last.

W. L. Alden, the writer of the humorist editorial in the sixth column of the New York Times, is about to sever his connection with that paper and go over to Harper & Brothers.

Miss Kellogg was called before the curtain at the Imperial Opera House in St. Petersburg one evening twenty times, and in order to empty the house it was found necessary to turn out the lights.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 281 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents. Plats 20 cents. Grip's Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

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Aspect of a Party Named Blake

As seen from the tall tower of the *Mail* office, by an editor whose head was perfectly clear, and who, like George Washington, wouldn't, on any consideration, tell a story.

Patriotic Sentiment.

Sir Charles Tupper says that if this Syndicate has done nothing else it has at least drawn a patriotic sentiment from Edward Blake. Sir Charles is too modest. It has done far more. It has made it plain to the world that there are men in public life in Canada desperate enough and sordid enough to sell their country for a mess of pottage, and that the chief of them is Sir Charles Tupper.

An Apocryphal Anecdote.

Mr. Barr, of the *Lindsay Post*, is notorious for his humor. When he made his appearance at his office the other day just after the cruel assault had been made upon him, his assistant editor sympathetically referred to his mangled appearance, "Oh, that's nothing," said Mr. Barr, cheerfully, "merely *Grace* after meet."



Canterbury in Canada.

Archbishop of Canterbury.—Aw—which is "the Church," and which is "Dissent?"
The theory of evolution is certainly true in some directions. For instance, it cannot be denied that there are some things so utterly contemptible that they pass imperceptibly into the region of the ludicrous. Such a thing is

the presumption of some people connected with the religious sect in Canada known as the Anglican Church. The airs and graces that are assumed by many of the preachers of this body towards their brethren of other denominations are too absurd for anything but laughter. Simply because the chief officers of this organization wear leggings, and smock frocks, and have the rims of their plug hats fastened to the stove pipe part, they, and a good many of the people, seem to imagine that they are superior to the preachers of other sects, who are equally pious, but merely wear white ties to distinguish them from doctors and merchants. Mr. Garr has taken the trouble to investigate this phenomenon, and he finds the secret to be that the Anglican clergymen fancy that they belong to the Establishment of England, hence their laughable arrogance. Now, Mr. Garr fails to see why they should be anxious to nurse such a fantasy. If they only looked at the matter fairly, they would hasten to get rid of it for the sake of their own dignity, for surely it is a nobler thing to belong to a church which stands on its own spiritual basis—as the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Canadian Anglican really do—than to aspire to be the tail end of an Establishment which is simply a branch of the Imperial Civil Service. To hear a body of disestablished and disendowed Christians talking patronizingly of their similarly situated neighbors as "Dissenters" is calculated to make sensible people angry, and would do so if it wasn't so decidedly funny.



Hard Times for the Ash-man.

Editorial voices in unison.—"No, we haven't any ashes to spare just now; we need it all for making *lye* during the Anti-Syndicate crusade!"

A house painter has a round about way of getting to work.

What is sauce for the goose is sauce for a Michigander.

The girl who marries a hackman takes him for wheel or whoa.

It is a very disagreeable thing to keep "open house" this cold weather.

It does not stand to reason because a man is sickened, that he lives on tick.

An auctioneer is a bad man. He knocks down everything he comes across.

Edison has invented a machine so powerful that it shocks his own modesty.



The Ottawa Tragedy.

(*Richard III., Act 1, Sec. 3.—Shakespeare.*)
KING RICHARD III.... The St. Paul Syndicate.

RICHARD.—But, sirs, be sudden in the execution. Withal obdurate.
1ST MURD.—Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate, Talkers are not good doers; he assured, We go to use our hands and not our tongues!
RICHARD.—Your eyes drop; mill stones when foel's eyes drop tears; I like you lads;— about your business straight; Go; go, despatch.
1ST MURD.—We will, my noble lord!

Consistency is a Political Virtue.

This aphorism we copy from the *Mail*, where it stood at the head of a column, in capital letters; and to it Garr heartily subscribes. But why, in the name of common sense does the *Mail* persist in the opposite vice? We presume that hitherto it has been unaware of this great truth, and has only now discovered it, and this will explain its erratic and contradictory course upon most subjects. Garr rejoices that the *Mail* man has at length discovered this great truth, and will hereafter expect a more straight-forward and manly course from its big contemporary. He expects that when next it puts up a candidate for the Mayoralty it will acknowledge at once that it is for party reasons, and that it will not condemn a man whom it has once lauded to the skies, until that man gives some sufficient reason for such condemnation.

Hanlan's best days are over.

The street-gamin who gets up with the lark, generally goes out to look for "snipes."



The Bystander Rejoiceth.

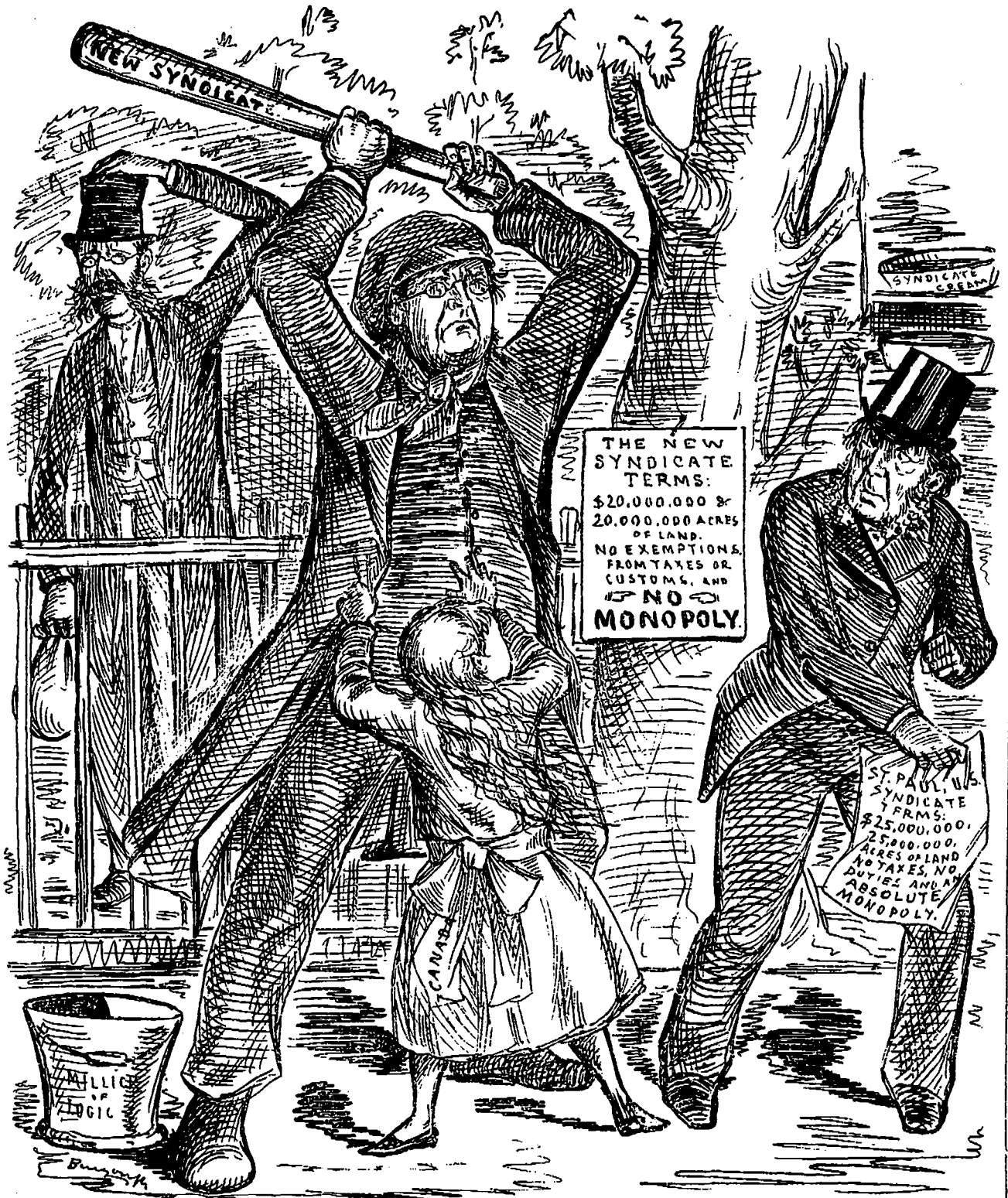


TABLEAU--THE RESCUE!!

(WITH "GRIP'S" ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO BAKER AND FARROW, THE COMEDIANS.)



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

An editor's bed should always have "a double sheet."—*Erratic Enrique*.—And his form must be well made up before he can make an impression.—*Hackensack Republican*.

As ye rip so shall ye sew.—There's arrest for the beery.—Picnic jokes are off on a winter vacation.—Signs of the times—"FRESH OYSTERS."—*Modern Argo*.

A poet writes, "Oh, let me shed a tear!" We join in his appeal. Let him shed a tear; let him shed two tears—out of each eye! And then let someone hit him five times out of a possible four, with a blunderbuss!—*Philadelphia Sun*.

"Well I should slobber," is the latest high-toned, refined, brilliant, beautiful, ethereal and eloquent slang phrase introduced into refined circles in the East. It is just to awfully awful, exorcisingly, heavenly sweet for anything. Ah, yes!—*Modern Argo*.

Did you ever notice the fact that if a girl has a seal-skin sack to wear to an entertainment, she'll keep it on until she becomes animated oleomargarine, whereas if she has a new dress handsomely trimmed, and no seal-skin she'll dust out of her sack with the rapidity of a kerosene conflagration.—*Lockport Union*.

"Mamma," said Johnny, "can anybody hear with their mouth?" "No, son, I don't think they can," replied the mother. "Then, mamma, what made Mr. Jones tell sister he wanted to tell her something, and put his lips to her mouth, instead of her ear?" It wasn't long after that till Mr. Jones interviewed mamma, and the cards will be out in February.—*Steubenville Herald*.

A vision of death—di-division.—The tailor loves his sow 'em.—A land league—three miles of highway.—Strains of marsh-al music come from a frog pond.—"I've just come from your rope," as the bucket said when it fell in the well.—We are told that "Hope is the anchor of the soul," but in the matter of dirt, "Soap is the yanker of the whole."—"This is very Jewish us," remarked the young couple who purchased their crockery of a Hebrew dealer.—*Marathon Independent*.

"Yes, I'm going to skate," he answered as his teeth rattled together and his ears stood out like sheet-iron medals; "They tried to stuff me with a story of a boy who froze to death on the rink at the park, but I wouldn't take it."

"Did one freeze to death?"

"Naw! Come to find out about it, he just froze his ears and nose and fingers and toes, and the rest of his body wasn't touched at all! They can't scare me with any of their tales of horror!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

They were talking of literature when she remarked:—

"How I admire Hogg! His tender l'ns fairly bristle with good points."

"I am partial to Bacon," said he, "and I consider Hogg a boar."

"Did you ever study the metrical rhythm of Hogg's feet?" she asked.

"Yes, but I do not find so much wisdom interlarded as in Bacon's prose."

And then they sat down in one chair, and he held her Akenside.—*Marathon Independent*.

The editors down South must possess a poetic temperament far above the average scribe. One of them gives an elaborate "send-off" to a young friend whose chaplet Fate has garlanded with one of the fairest and sweetest flowers that bloom in the parterre of beauty, and then he (the editor) finishes up with: "May joys and blessings as exquisite and hallowed as those engendered by a shower of roses scattered down by the hands of the Peri from the far off gardens of Paradise crown their wedded future, and increase with the lapse of years." This editor evidently has the divine atlas by the back of the neck.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Dr. Schlieman says that he "did not even find the trace of a sword in Hissarlik." Will he inform us whether he found the trace of a harness?—When a Boston girl asks for a fiddle string at the music store, she says:—"Please give me an intestine of the deceased feline."—When an editor picks up his pen and begins making bills out against a long list of delinquents, he feels like exclaiming: "This pen is mightier than this owe-herd."—The happiest country editor we know of is the one whose wife praised his paper. She said it was perfect, in fact the most valuable paper she ever saw—to put on pantry shelves.—Ye who have bills to settle prepare to settle them pretty soon.—*Rome Sentinel*.—Ye who have bills to settle will prepare to let them set 'til the boy calls again.—It will puzzle you to write 1 instead of an 0 at first; but you'll soon get used to it.—*Yonkers Gazette*.—1 0 2.—The Irish tenants New Years greeting to the British lion: "May your shadow ever growl less.—*Whitehall, N.Y., Times*.

A pair of Southern editors are analyzing each other in fine style. One is a "galvanized toad-stool," and the other a "hip-nosed galfute." We are inclined to consider this a new era in journalism. Can any one tell us what a "hip-nosed galfute" is?—*Phila. Sun*. There is no such word in English as galfute. It is galoot. Any way that is what we call Joe Wheelock when he gets to debating the Senatorial question, and he is one of the most accurate writers in Minnesota.—*Stillwater, Minn., Lumberman*. Since this appeared, the establishment of the *Lumberman* has undergone the following changes: Editorial Sanctum—two expensive blinds torn in shreds; four elegant chairs badly broken; editor's desk smashed, scattering a large bundle marked "Private—Love Letters," editor's nose enlarged to turnip size, and he has now four black eyes, instead of two. We feel sorry that our eagerness led us so far as to ask for a definition of "galfute," but, we return thanks for our contemporary's kindness. We will send "a bottle" (of soothing syrup) by mail.—*Phila. Sun*.

A man knocked at the Topnoody front door the other morning and Mrs. Topnoody, with her head done up in a dish rag, and a table cloth for an apron, appeared in response to the ring.

"I want to see the boss," said the man.

"Well, I'm the boss," snapped the lady.

"Are you Mr. Topnoody?"

"No, do I look like a fool?"

"But I want to see Mr. Topnoody," pled the stranger, without venturing an answer to her question.

"Oh, you do, do you? Why didn't you ask for him, then?"

"Didn't I? I asked for the boss."

"And didn't I tell you that was me? Now, whenever you want to see Mr. Topnoody at this establishment, ask for Mr. Topnoody, and whenever you want to see me, ask for the boss. That's the way this house is conducted," and the lady went back through the hall calling "Topnoody, you Topnoody, there's something at the front door to see you."—*Steubenville Herald*.

When a girl slips on the ice and drives a hair-pin two inches into her skull, she gets up and gives her head a shake, straightens out the pin and puts it in its place with an angelic smile, then goes on with her amusement. But when a boy flies up and sets down on somebody's broken whiskey flask, he rolls over and sets up a howl like a locomotive trying to stick its toes into a slippery track on an up grade.—*Mauch Chunk Democrat*.

"Topnoody, you Topnoody," called Mrs. T. early in the morning, "get up and build a fire in the kitchen stove, and put the tea-kettle on, and grind the coffee, and get a bucket of coal, and a pail of water, and cut that kindling wood, and start a fire in the parlor, and take out the ashes, and sweep the snow off around the house, and call the children, and wait on the milkman, and go and get a beefsteak, and feed the chickens, and see if the cow's in the stable, and then come back here and stir up my fire and wake me up so's I can get breakfast. Do you hear? I do believe men would like to see every one of us poor women work our fingers' ends off, and freeze to death in the bargain!" Then she fixed herself for a final snooze, and Topnoody arose to go about the pleasant duties of the day; and thank the Lord he was not a miserable bachelor.—*Steubenville Herald*.

THE PUNSTER'S PARADISE.

The Punning Club met at the Punster's Paradise last night.

Hook-nosed Sandy was moved into the chair and Billy Bloomer appointed Secretary.

The following paragraph was read and laid on the table for consideration:

"When you go to Europe and travel three months, Europe poorer man when you come home." After reading the foregoing terrible pun you may be undecided whether to Liverpool your issues and die.—*Norristown Herald*. No wonder you feel all London after such an effort.—*Rome Sentinel*.—Vienna one could make a better pun than that.—*Camden Journal*. Genoa of any one who can?—*Rome Sentinel*. Corsican, you Sardinia.—*Komoka Tribune*. This Russia punishment gives us Spain.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

No. 1 said—"May I Pekin and Punjaub, too?"

"You Connaught, you Zulu!" yelled the Chairman.

"Come again!" said the Secretary.

"Cork Yarmouth, for its Tolouse!" retorted No. 1.

"Tagus away and Tighten it," moaned the Secretary.

"What, that Argob of yours?" queried another party.

"Jesso," replied the Secretary, faintly.

"Let him turn a Somerset," yelled No. 1.

"Denmark if he does, he will be Dublin," observed the chairman.

"Eric does, let's have a drink," remarked a Freshman.

"Dry as a fish—that is what ales us," said another.

"Rather sealy, but he's on his bier," observed the Chairman.

"You are a Tartar," replied the Freshman.

"Siam thinking you are getting Tunis," observed the Secretary.

"Yeddo, eh?"

Here the curtain went down as the glass went up.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

"Did yer play hookey an' go fishin' yisterday, Billy?"

"That's w'at I did!"

"W'at did yer ketch?"

"Nuthin' yit. Dad hasn't found it out!"—*Modern Argo*.

Our Grip Sack.

Gas men report business light.
Wall paper is a one-sided affair.
City Councils are common organizations.
Why not give Joe Emmet an emmet-ic?
A lawyer always uses a fees-able argument.
We would like to know if Ham ever smoked.
"Autumn leaves" and winter naturally follows.

Bad habits are something a tailor cannot mend.

Flour by any other name would smell as (s)wheat.

There's many a slip between the sheet and the pillow.

A man don't like to talk about his mother-in-law. He generally admires some mother subject.

A sudden rise in leather—when you go to see your girl and the old man assists you off the front step with his No. 10 boot.

Shakespearean quotation for John A. apropos of certain dark forebodings:—"Thus bad be gins but worse remains be-Hind!"

The *Barrie Examiner* speaks of "The native hoggishness of our wooden block contemporary." The *Examiner* must have 'em bad.

A good many papers are still making the enquiry "How thin is Sara Bernhardt?" We will tell them. Just about as thin as a *Spectator* joke, or its story that Blake is afraid to meet Tupper.

A poem has been handed into this office entitled "Laid Away." We have; we laid it away gently—in the waste paper basket, and we would advise the author to lay himself away somewhere out of our reach, or—

AN ENIGMA, BY KATE.

Thus to give up our rights were an act to be missed,
As my *first*, which our Esau's may vindicate,
But my *third* here declares she'd my *second* do first,
E're consent to what these terms indicate.

NOTE.—The solution of this enigma is postponed (*sine die*) Kate, my dear. [Ed.]

As our funny contributor was walking up Yonge street on Saturday last a "blizzard" or "Manitoba wave" or something struck him just between the eyes. It was accompanied by much snow and ice and things, and when he got his eyes clear a small boy was just disappearing around the corner.

The Council of 1880 must have had a bucolic odor about it after all with *Oates* on the one hand and *Trees* on the other—A much *Close-r* and *Lobb* sided body than its successor, it was knit together by the tendrils of *Love*, and will triumphantly march out of its own Guildhall (like the Marquis of Lorne) with its own *Piper*.

It is rumored that Dr. Wild's forthcoming sermons are to be entitled, "The relations between Parnell and Israelka, and why the latter squints;" "The Pyramid of Cheops and the Syndicate;" "Was the ark pitched within and without with Tar-a-?;" "How the Lost Tribes of Israel can sweep away a church debt;" "The Bond street miracle and the Prophet Jeremiah," etc., etc.

A gluttonous maiden named Skinner,
Gorged herself with a big Christmas dinner,
That night in her dreams
She uttered loud screams,

And thought a volcano was in her—*Riggs Meriden Recorder*.

You miserable wretched old swigger,
Your'e not a bit better though bigger,
And as for this Skinner
She's not such a sinner
As that heathenish old Meriden Rigg-er.

The Legio of Lush.

A LADY'S LETTER ON THE SUBJECT.

TORONTO, Dec. 28th, 1881.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP,—I have read a letter from the President of the Licensed Victuallers Association in the *Globe* newspaper anent the petition to be sent to the legislature, praying for an extension of the hours on Saturday nights for the dispensing of the "ruby," and studied with wonder the logic of that peculiar body as expressed through the epistles of the above mentioned gentleman. I am a woman advanced in years, and possessed (although I say it myself) of an observing and discerning mind. I have watched the rise and not unfrequently the fall of those engaged in the Licensed Victualler's business; I have watched the "Victualler" from his first appearance in public life as bell boy or boot black, through all his future gradations, waiter, assistant or brevet bar-tender and boss bar tender, in which position he literally shines (this is the diamond ring and stud epoch). He now wears the longest of ulsters with the greatest number of buttons the yellowest of kinds and his *tout ensemble* is gorgeous in the extreme, and very suggestive of the future Plutocrat. Anon in some mysterious way he becomes a proprietor and has a bar of his own. The bar proper is composed of many colored works enriched with delicate carvings. The shelves within the same, are loaded with magnificent glassware, the walls are oft bedecked with valuable paintings, becoming a gentleman of aesthetic tastes; he now keeps a separate establishment as a residence and has developed into a full blown Plutocrat. "Why," you will doubtless ask, Mr. GRIP, "Why this elaborate dilating upon the manners and customs of the 'mixatur of tipulars?'" I will explain. The writer of the letter referred to, says that if the bars were kept open on Saturday nights so that the jovial youth could step up to the bar "like a man" and take his drink it would obviate the necessity of his going into an unlicensed den, and likewise of bringing home

THE BLACK BOTTLE.

Now this idea of the black bottle set me a thinking. My old man John Henry, is a swiper of the most pronounced type, and I asked him how much he paid for a bottle of good whiskey, he replied, "35 cents." How many glasses are there in it. "About twenty." How much do you pay for a glass when dealing with L. V. A. "Five cents." Here I went into a calculation (you will observe I am like Mrs. Micawber of a business turn) and this is the result obtained from the arithmetical formula, $20 \times 5 = 100$, paid for contents of black bottle at the L. V. A. bar. Price of B. B. and contents at grocers, 35 cents, so from \$1.00 take 35 cents, remainder 65 cents, Q. E. D. It was then a happy thought occurred to me, I said to John Henry, "I will henceforth keep a bar, I will lay in a stock of whiskey—your favorite tonic—when you want a drink hand me five cents, and, as you have assured me often enough that you consume a quart every twenty-four hours, there will be a clear saving of 65 cents a day, or say \$4.50 a week, \$234 a year. Now I perceive the objection of the L. V. A. to the black bottle. John Henry, you patronize me for a few years and I will be able to maintain you idle during your declining years, provided you don't drink yourself to death in the meantime. Of the two or many evils of "soul corroding," I'm going to choose the least, and I thank the Hon. L. V. for the suggestion, so hurrah for the black bottle say I. I remain, my dear Garr,

Yours in desperation,

BELINDA BOUNCER.

P. S.—I don't wonder at the L. V. getting rich.

B. B.

Capt. Tom's Meditations.

The little corner grocery was full the other night before Capt. Tom entered, but his favorite seat on the biscuit box behind the stove had been reserved for him. When he had taken his seat the boys opened out on him at once.

"Where have yees bin kapin' av yerself?" inquired Pat.

"Nowheres," said Capt. Tom.

"What do you think of the tarnation Syndicate now?" asked the Yankee.

"Told you afore wot I think of it," said Capt. Tom.

"Well, don't get crusty ole feller," said the man on the flour barrel. Tell us some more about it?"

"Well," said Capt. Tom, "all right, I don't want ter be crusty with you fellers, cause I haint got no cause ter, but yer see I'm so blamed mad 'bout this plaguey scheme that I can't hardly speak decent any more. Yer want ter know what I thinks of it. Well, I think it's the most dod gasted plan to ruin this 'ere country that was ever got up. The more I looks inter it the worse I feels. But I'd like ter tell yer wot I think of a few of these new schemes. I was up ter a meetin' in Albert Hall the other night an' a chap there harangued the crowd 'bout this Railway bizness, an' wot do yer think his plan was. He started off by saying as how he was a patriot, an' was only laborin' for the good of the country. Then he bowled awhile 'bout how this Railway was goin' ter ruin Toronto an' Ontario, but especially Toronto. He didn't say one word about wot a gigantic swindle the present terms is, nor about the exemptions, nor goin' back on the National Policy, nor all the other frauds in connection with it, but his whole trouble seemed ter be that this road was goin' ter end at Montreal instead of Toronto, an' that the salvation of the country depended on the road comin' here. Now wot do yer think his plan was; ter run the road to Toronto, then cross the Lake to Oswego, an' down ter New York. Wot does yer think of that for patriotism. If yer goes straight ter Montreal its 'bout 700 miles nearer to Liverpool than ter go round by New York, and besides the idea of building up Oswego and New York fur the sake of taking away the road from Montreal. Its 'bout the wust specimen of patriotism I ever saw. Then he got tearin' away 'bout the Ontario an' Huron ship canal, an' he wanted ter have government grant five millions of acres of land in the North West ter build it. I want ter know how many monopolies there goin' ter have up in that North West anyhow. Purty soon every man as wants ter build a house or go into bizness will want a grant of land ter do it. An' anyhow what right have we ter take the land of one Province ter make local improvements in another."

"Shust zo," said Got'lich, "hnd' vot you dink about dis new Syndicat Gompany?"

"I thinks it about on the square, said Capt. Tom. It don't ask for exemptions, nor the right ter pick its own lands, nor try ter git off from payin' duty on wot it imports nor any of ther other things the other cusses is gettin'; its made up of good men, an' they do it for \$15,000,000 less than the others. But then yer know \$15,000,000 aint anything to a Conservative government. Not enough ter keep 'em in good humor hardly. But I tell yer if they do pass them terms they'll suffer for it next election an' don't you forget it neither.

TIMOTHY.

Sam Colville threatens to bring Lydia Thomson back to this country, not as an anatomical subject, but as a comedienne, in the regulation long skirts and trails of femininity.

A company burst up in Aurora, Ind., last week, and the leading man offered the conductor his wardrobe for his fare to this city. The latter declined, being already the possessor of a straw hat.

For a GOOD SMOKE

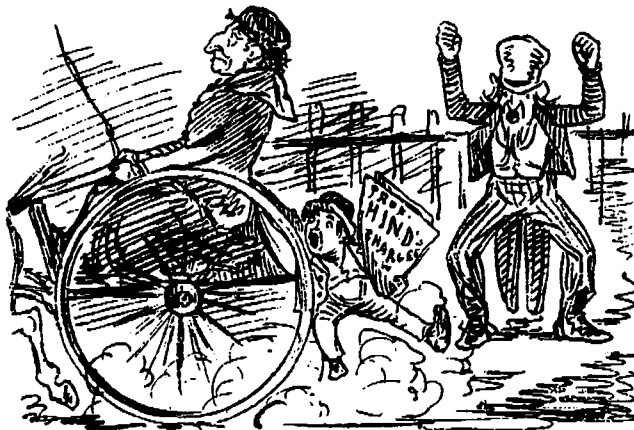
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DUFFERIN NONPLUSS'D FOR ONCE.
Pat.—Go to the Canada North West, is it, to get free from Landlordism? Shure, me lord, av what I hear is thrue, landlordism is goin' to be a dale worse there nor here before long!

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