

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

GRIP is published every SATURDAY morning at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west Post Office.
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- 4 " 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7.
- 5 " 3, 7, 17, 10, 21, 26.
- 6 " 6, 7, 9, 13, 25.
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1879.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will al-
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Articles and Literary correspondence
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Literature and Art.

Mr. FRITH, Royal Academy, will have a canvas depicting a trial in a criminal court, at the next Academy.

More ancient sculpture, including a head of TIRUS and a statue of FORTUNA, has been unearthed at Olympia.

"The Muezzin and his Son at Prayer," is the title of GEROME's last canvas.

It is said that VIERGE, the Parisian Illustrator, is soon coming to America.

A canvas said to be by MICHAEL ANGELO, is now being exhibited at Munich. It comes from Ragusa, and represents a "Pic-ta," the Madonna flanked by two angels.

The magnificent statue of "Victory," added many years ago to the Louvre collection, is now being placed in the enormous blocks of marble in which it formerly stood at Samou.

Mr. WHISTLER has been very ill in Venice, but will prolong his stay there until the completion of his twelve etchings of Venice, ordered by the Society of Arts for one thousand guineas.

ED. DETAILLE has been working on three large pictures for this month's exhibition of the French Water Color Society. They are military subjects from sketches made recently in England.

Prizes have been offered for the best designs and models of bas-reliefs and Scriptural subjects in bronze, to ornament the bronze gates of the western entrance to the Cathedral of Cologne.

An interesting picture, said to be by EGBERT VANDERPOEL, master of the Dutch school in the seventeenth century, has been lately on exhibition in New Orleans, and has been sent to the Cincinnati Exhibition.

The London Picture Galleries are rapidly opening for the winter season. Mr. McLEAN'S collection of drawings, by British and foreign artists, and the Gallery of Messrs. ARNOLD TOORN and Son, are said to be particularly good.

Two handsome bronze medallions have just been affixed to the LYON monument at St. Louis, and were unveiled with much ceremony on Monday, the eighteenth anniversary of the battle of Wilson's Creek, and of General LYON'S death.

Complaint has been made at public meetings in London that many interesting art collections, among others the famous TOWNLEY collection of original specimens of Greek art, are hidden away in dark cellars of the British Museum, and are almost unknown.

Secretary SHERMAN has lately decided that engravings printed in the United States from a steel plate engraved there from a foreign painting, and which have been sent abroad for the autograph of the foreign artist, are dutiable at the rate of 25 per cent. *ad valorem*, when returned here.

It is announced in Paris, that Judge HILTON, of New York, has bought MUNKACSZY'S latest work, "A Visit to the Baby," for \$15,000. The picture has received the most favorable criticisms from the Parisian press. Mr. MORRIS K. JESUP is said to have also ordered a picture from MUNKACSZY. The news comes from Munich that Mr. JAS. GORDON BENNETT has bought ADAM'S "Cromwell," for \$3,000, and a picture by F. A. KAULBACH, for \$5,000.

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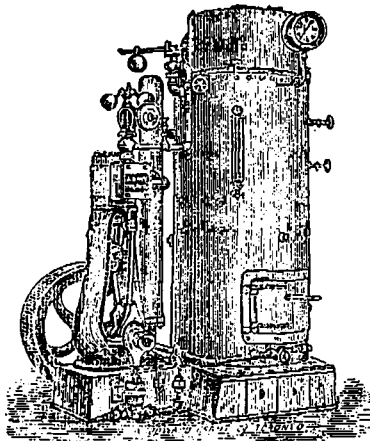
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1880. MAYORALTY. 1880.

JAMES BEATY, JR.,

Respectfully requests the votes of the Electors of Toronto for re-election as Mayor.

Election 5th January, 1880.
vi-27-21.

Stage Whispers.

The announcement in some of the papers that FRANK C. BANGS was to be married in Cincinnati on Thanksgiving Day was a cruel hoax upon some unknown lady.

ROBSON and CRANE will play the principal parts in the "Secedat" at the Globe Theatre, Boston, beginning January 5th. ALICE HARRISON will also be in the cast.

BOUCAULT has recovered from his paralysis sufficiently to begin a protracted engagement at the Boston Museum shortly. He will at the same time produce a new play.

MISS CATHARINE LEWIS, who has made such a success in New York, was born in Swansea, South Wales, May 6, 1836, and made her first appearance on the stage in London, England. In 1876 she went to Australia, and early in 1878 made her debut in this country at BALDWIN'S Theatre, New York, as *Clairette* in "Mme Angot." Her New York debut was in the St. James Theatre, November 11, 1878, as *Serpollite* in "The Chimes of Corneville." She is a sister of Miss JEFFREYS LEWIS.

An old negro now living in Richmond, formerly a body servant of EDGAR ALLAN, the gentleman who adopted the poet POE, is said to be a marvellous reciter of that gifted writer's works. A gentleman who recently heard him says: The "Raven" was given in a mood of reverie until the first response of the bird, then jocularly, then with great seriousness, and, finally exasperated to madness, the interpreter threw the box, that had served him as a seat, and rostrum, at the imaginary bird, and fell prostrate. His voice in the last lines weakened to a husky whisper, and his eyes wandered with the "shadow on the floor." I have seen SALVINI in "Civil Death," and can only justice him as an approach to that negro's abject terror and surrender.

A new "Evangeline" has been written by a Chicago gentleman, and has been accepted by W. H. SINGLETON, late of Rice's troupe, and it is expected that about Christmas the extravaganza will be produced in Philadelphia. The plot adheres pretty closely to the "Evangeline" of the poet. *Basil*, the blacksmith, is introduced instead of *Le Blanc*, and the reading of the King's proclamation is substituted for the runaway sailor business of Rice's burlesque. The ship is wrecked on the coast of Japan, from whence, with the aid of a flying-machine, the characters reach our Indian country. All the songs are new, and BRAHAM is believed to be doing the music. *Basil* and the *Mikado* of Japan are said to be strong comely parts. There is a sort of a female *Lone Fisherman* running through the piece.

MODJESKA is writing a story for *Scribner's Monthly*. It is a love story. The heroine's name is *Griseldavitch Topplerwatchkitky*, and the hero's *Vladimir Tschézarovitch*. The scene is laid in the quiet little Polish village *Stirritupitvish*, on the banks of the classic River *Muddibschky*, in the region of the *Kotzenbutitzelosky* Mountains. We extract a passage from advance sheets: "Within her wan hands she had her face concealed, when to her Vladimir asked if she did truly love him. "Yea, I love thee; by vonder bale moon I adjure it." "Let us, then," said he, "flee!" But she hesitated by reason of her trunks, which being still unpacked. The tears wandered from her eyes, but meanwhile Vladimir repeated what for she would not be coming pretty soon, not having been aware of the gash the words of him made on the inside of her heart."

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Original contributions paid for. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned. Literary and Business communications to be addressed to BINGOUGH BROS.

NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

The publishers of GRIP will be pleased to receive from amateurs and others, sketches of a humorous character on either political or social subjects. Such as are accepted will be published with the artist's name attached. Rejected sketches will be returned, if the requisite postage is enclosed.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BINGOUGH.

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

Xmas.

GRIP TO HIS READERS.

Merry Christmas to you all and happy greeting:

To rich and poor
And great and small
In lonely cot, or stately hall, in friendship meeting
Grip sends his kindest wishes,
Hoping of loves and fishes
You have your share,
Of turkey and "plum duff"
He trusts you have enough
And some to spare
For those who in this merry season
Lack food,—and fire perhaps to keep from freezing.
So don't begrudge your gifts of bread or coal,
There's few that e'er repent their Xmas dole.

Hezekiah Dunn.

GRIP'S OWN CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY ASPER.

HEZEKIAH DUNN is a collector of debts in our own town, and a pretty hard customer to deal with;—a man who wouldn't think twice about turning a family out of doors for a small amount of indebtedness.

One Christmas, not long ago, HEZEKIAH, while sorting out a number of bills, with which he intended to give a pleasant little holiday surprise to several poor people, found on his table—how it got there no one ever could find out—a volume of DICKENS'S Xmas Stories. He was about to throw it aside contemptuously, but by chance opened the book first, and was struck by the sound of one name in it. The name was SCROOGE. He read a few lines, and, becoming interested, he read the beautiful story of old SCROOGE straight through. That night he laid in bed and thought of how hard he had been on debtors, and resolved that this Xmas, like old SCROOGE, he would go forth and do some deeds of charity.

Next morning, full of his good resolve, he sallied forth with no definite object in view, but just resolved to do some good to somebody, in some manner,—he didn't know how.

After walking along a little while he espied a small boy gazing most wistfully into a pastry cook's window. Here, he thought, was a glorious opportunity. He had often heard of a poor, half starved little boy looking at the bread in a baker's shop, and just wishing as hard as he knew how to carry

home a loaf to his sick mother, and he had heard of how charitable strangers had taken that little boy by the hand and filled him chock full of bread and cakes and things, and then gone home with him and raised his dying mother from a couch of desolation and despair.

He went up to the lad and said as kindly as he could, "Well, my little man, are you hungry, eh?"

"Hungry nothin'!" said the small boy, contemptuously; "What are ye givin' us? I've just had as good a tuck in as I could stow away, an' I was wishin' I had room for some o' them cakes. Here's ten cents for you, if you'd like one."

HEZEKIAH was surprised; he felt grieved and hurt. He said nothing, however, but just turned on his heel and left for a poorer section of the town. He had turned up a narrow, dismal street, when he met a long, cadaverous, ragged man, who at once accosted him with, "Ay ye plaze, sorr, would yez be afther helpin' a poor man?—Sure its nothin' I've aiten for these three days, barrin' wan loaf I got the mornin', an' me sick wife ate that. She's down with the typhus fever, yer honor, an' she's seen beather times, an' she can't daisyid wid an empty stomach. Would yez kindly give me a trifle to buy her something wid?"

HEZEKIAH seized on this opportunity, and walking along with the man, he passed a shop in which was the inviting sign: "Hot Meals at all Ours." He gave the man fifty cents, and told him to go in and get something to eat, and he would wait outside and go home with him.

The man went in with alacrity. He was gone a long time. At last HEZEKIAH went in to see what he was doing—thinking he must be dreadfully hungry to be eating for so long. What was his surprise on entering to find that the place was a low unlicensed groggery, and to see his poverty-stricken friend in a glorious state of inebriation at the rear end of the room.

He turned to go, but the man espied him, and he and one of his friends seizing him affectionately each by one arm, insisted that he should "set 'em up for the boys." He did "set 'em up," and was compelled to do so several times in succession—and each time was forced to drink a tumbler half full of vile whiskey. He complied in fear and trembling, although it went much against his grain, as he was President of "The United League of Total Abstemious." Not being used to liquor, it very soon went to his head, and his friend insisted on seeing him home.

Next morning he woke up with a very sore head, and a very indistinct recollection of the previous night's performance. On rising he found his purse gone, and a letter on the table, which said that having been seen the previous evening going home in a state of intoxication arm and arm with a notoriously bad character, he was requested to resign the Presidency and membership of The League.

HEZEKIAH is now harder than ever, and swears that Xmas stories are frauds.

Seasonable.

Now is the time when little boys
Prepared for fun and frolic,
Find, all too late, that Christmas joys
Merge sadly into colic.

VANDERBILT has naturally a good deal of Car-King care.

In England about Christmas time children are very anxious to see what their mummers are going to do for them.

Dyspeptic Papers.

No. IV.—CHRISTMAS.

Fearful, reeking mince pies have smelted to heaven for ten days past; bloated turkeys insult my dyspeptic vision in every street; the rank, fat goose hangs high before the shops in a most unseemly manner. Coils of indigestible sausages; flabby, clammy, unwholesome looking oysters; apoplectic, awful plum puddings; black, moist, fruity cakes; every eatable thing which makes a dyspeptic man miserable has been thrust forward with horrid enthusiasm. Butchers, poulterers, greengrocers, bakers seem to suppose that all men have suddenly been endowed with cavernous stomachs and ostrich-like digestion. The Christmas season is regarded as a carnival of greasy eating. Suet is the most pronounced component of a holiday diet. The land sends forth its deplorable fatness. Let us be thankful that Christmas comes but once a year.

Why should men who can endure no breakfast more savoury than porridge, who reject fowls except when broiled, and regard dry toast as the only safe preparation of flour, be compelled to witness this annual preparation for the glorification of gluttony. A law should be made to prevent the exposure of edibles suggestive of indigestion. It is positive cruelty to inflict on a man of my temperament the tortures to which he is condemned by the Christmas display.

And to think that time was when we hailed this terrible season with rejoicing! The memory of our youthful abdomens bulged out with turkey and stuffing, the skin stretched tight over pudding, raisins, nuts and sweetmeats, is very afflicting. Odors of the rank feasts on which we once fell with avidity come back to us with every whiff from multitudinous kitchens. Why will people leave their back doors open? The present is pondered doubly terrible by recollections of the past. It is inexplicable that we could have once been of the great army of gross feeders. Is it regret that we have passed out of the ranks, or remorse that we should have been in them which is so infernally depressing?

When DICKENS revived the Convivial Christmas he incurred the deadly hatred of generations of dyspeptics. The connection between the holiday season and tradesmen's bills had been thoroughly apprehended before Boz began to write, and a decent gloom consequently pervaded the last days of December. In a few years more the custom of devoting one week each year to fictitious hilarity might have entirely disappeared. Then the unspeakable DICKENS brought forth his TINY TIMS and his repentant misers, his fat fellows exuding oppressive jollity at every pore, his cheap and beaming philanthropists, his theory that virtue consists in the distribution of oily viands calculated to make the poor acquainted with the pleasures of colic. Since then the world has adhered to his barbarous teaching, and we see every year the apotheosis of the enormous eater.

Perish this right hand if ever I counterfeited enjoyment during the Christmas holidays. It is all very well for young people—who have something to get and nothing to pay—to eat, drink and be merry. But nobody thinks of making presents to me; I have a hundred demands to meet next week; eat I cannot, drink gives me a head-ache; and all merriment is distasteful to a man whose habitual reflections are of a world even worse than the present.

Let us go out among the tombstones, dyspeptic brethren, and moralize on the Christmas dinners of the worms below.



Misther Tim O'Day.

Mr. Gurr begs leave to introduce to the public of Canada and the world at large the form and features of the now celebrated Misther Tim O'DAY. It is Mr. GRIP's provence to bring secluded genius to the light; and hence this introduction. Misther O'DAY has recently risen into fame by means of letters to the *Whitby Chronicle*, or strictly speaking, one letter, in which the Finance Minister's visit to the Oshawa manufacturers was richly belauded. Misther O'DAY is "agin the N.P.," and may be trusted to continue so until he changes. Meantime he has developed a great fondness for Mr. GEORGE BROWN, though it is quite untrue that he has offered to black that hon. gentleman's boots. Besides writing to the *Chronicle*, Misther O'DAY acts as ex-officio manager of the town, and a large portion of the county.



Our Own Diogenes.

One day when Athens was in a tremendous turmoil with preparations for war, DIOGENES, looking on the busy scene, bethought himself that he too should be at work. Soldiers were polishing armor, porters carried out military stores, officers debated the plan of the campaign, masons were repairing the city walls, armorers were fashioning weapons. All citizens were working as though their lives depended on the early completion of their tasks, and only DIOGENES was idle. At such a moment the philosopher felt that he too must be employed, and so went off in a heat of patriotism and with exceeding energy took to rolling his tub. It was no time for a philosophic bystander to be lazy.

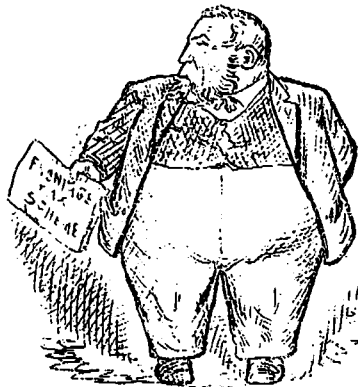
Our Canadian Bystander is about to take part again in the general labor of the country. He rolled his tub in England with as useful effect as ever cooper's ware was trundled. Then believing that a busier world existed on this side of the Atlantic, where a tubroller would be more heartily welcomed, he came to America, and blessed Ithaca with his endeavors. Then seeing a hubbub in Canada, he came to Toronto, and to the great

amazement of the people rolled an entirely new tub. Public interest died out soon, however, whereupon he got into the tub and only did a little rolling now and then when ALEXANDER or some of his friends insisted on standing between the great cynic and the sun. People are said to be now getting busy again, and the eminent philosopher once more proposes to benefit his adopted country in the manner represented above. More power to his elbow!



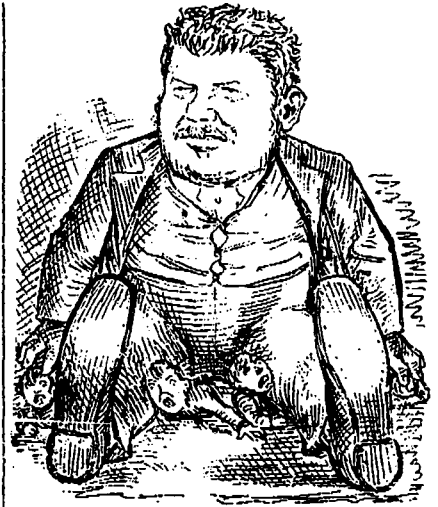
Will you take them now or wait till you get them?

The Editor of the *St. John Telegraph* was, at last accounts, in the unpleasant position depicted above. He had asked the Minister of Customs for a copy of the returns for the past month for the port of St. John. (Former Governments having accommodated him with such documents,) but the Minister had failed to respond. This silence may be considered equivalent to the school-boy query, "Will you take them now or wait till you get them?" Everybody who has gone through the tantalizing experience knows how hard it is to answer that question, and will readily understand the lac-lustre expression of the worthy journalist's face. In the meantime it is fair to assume that the returns do not contain anything very flattering to the N. P., for if they did the Minister of Customs would have handed them over almost before he was asked.



His Position!

It is all very well for certain persons to advocate this Frontage-tax Scheme, but just look at the injustice it would be to those who have broad fronts!



The Manitoba Election.

At the moment when the above sketch was drawn, the news agent the general election in Manitoba was conflicting. The Conservative papers were publishing despatches announcing the overwhelming defeat of Mr. NORQUAY's government, while their Grit brethren were jubilating over that gentleman's signal triumph. The matter was altogether too important to be passed over in silence in these pages, and Mr. GRIP confesses that for a time he was in a quandary. But of course he was equal to the emergency. The picture he has made, it will be observed, aptly illustrates the event whichever way it was. If the Tories triumphed, here you have the fall of NORQUAY, and the crushing of his colleagues; if the Grits were the victors, the picture represents how NORQUAY sat on his presumptuous enemies.

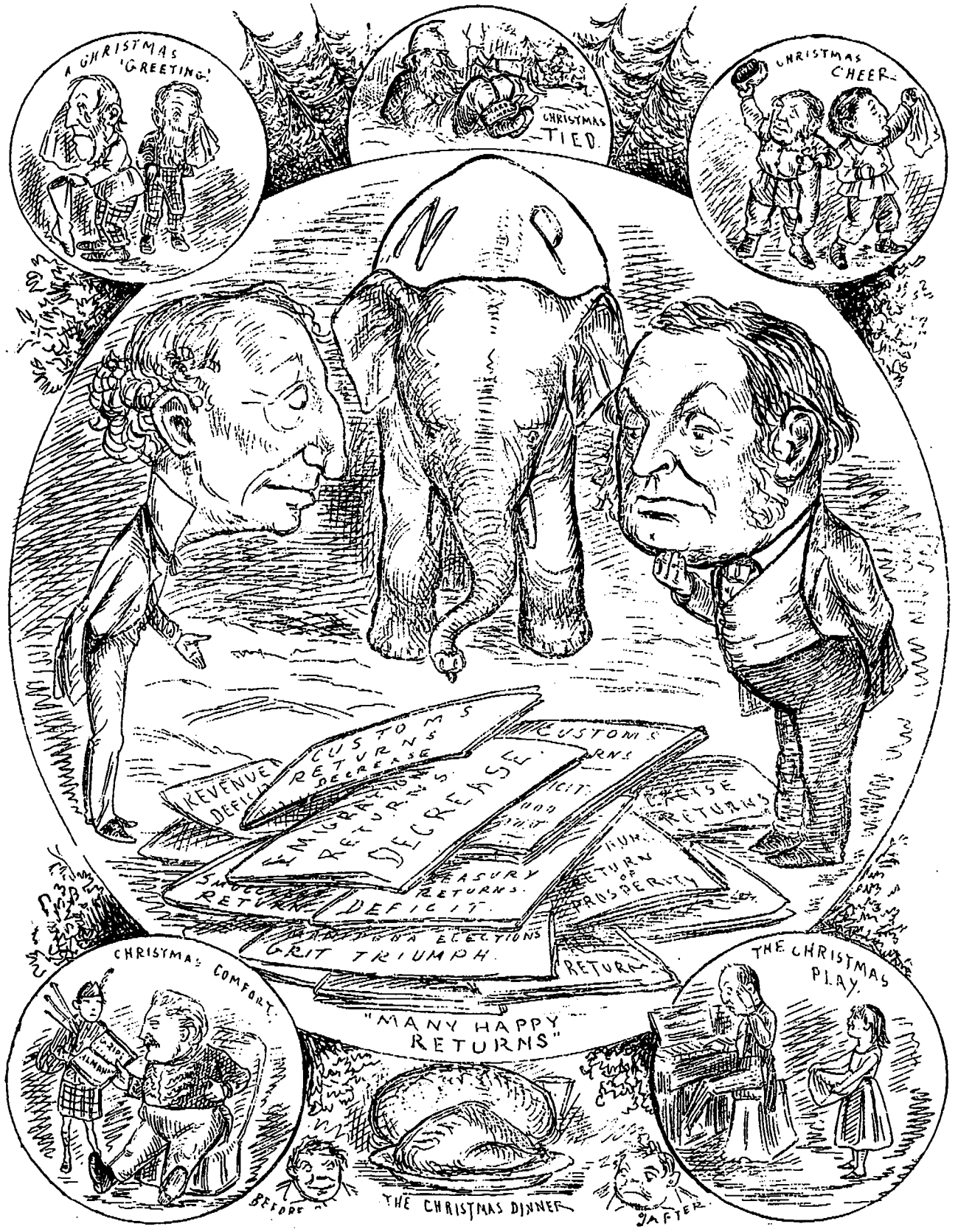


Grip's Welcome to His Grace.

MR. GRIP.—*Cued mille failthe!* Just in time, Your Grace, to enjoy the fun of the season. My Almanac is just out!

"Dis pair is useless," as the negro said when he threw away his old boots.

Something that has a good many "ups and downs in the world"—The thermometer. This is positively the last joke possible on this useful article.



CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

As the Christmas tree is bent so is the youthful heart made glad.—*New York Express*.

Modern child's prayer: "Christmas is coming, O, Santa Claus, and don't you forget it."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

It is very strange that no paragraphist has ever attempted to make a pun on the mule or the goat.—*Norristown Herald*.

When a girl tells her sweetheart she places all confidence in him, it is a Miss placed confidence, isn't it?—*Steubenville Herald*.

The chief fault to be found with the present national currency is, that in order to get it a man must work for it.—*N. Y. People*.

"What were the worst results of the civil war?" cried an orator. "Widows," shouted Jones, who had married one.—*New York Star*.

PROCTOR says the world is 500,000,000 years old—old enough to know better than to act as it does sometimes.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

A thorough man of the world is one who can shake hands cordially with a friend whom he has just black-balled at a Club.—*N. O. Picayune*.

The widest range of human thought will not compass the wonderful ambition and self-importance of the average law student.—*Tonkers Gazette*.

That was a wise colored man who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said: "Dat ar 'pends altogether on how dey enjoys demselves."—*Ex.*

The great ambition of a woman is to clothe herself in garments that the least drop of water or the least bit of sunshine will either spot or fade.—*Weaver*.

"Will advertising pay?" is a very old question and it has been proven that it will; but what most interests the editor is, will the advertiser pay?—*McKean Miner*.

Many things dark from the outside are translucent to those within the ring. No doubt the immature chicken can see daylight through his incasing shell.—*Boston Transcript*.

It is very little trouble to write humorous paragraphs. All you've got to do is to get a piece of paper and a pencil and think of the paragraphs you want to write.—*Scott Way*.

Nothing can equal the ingenuous expression of the young lady who, in company with others, speaks of her beau and adds in the simplest manner imaginable that he is real strong.—*Lowell Sun*.

No true lady will bounce out of the room and slam the door after her when asked to forego her new silk dress for a few days and let her husband settle an old cigar bill.—*Trois Press*.

The heart is credited with emotions that spring from the nerve center, and likewise, ladies, it is a positive fact that the tongue has to endure the censure which is due to activity of the brain.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Life is put together considerably like a set of harness. There are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, branches of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has to tug to pull through.—*Dickelberger*.

The young man of mechanical turn of mind, who can saw out any number of beautiful brackets and picture frames, becomes as helpless as a baby when the larger and more important buck-saw work is suggested to him.—*Newark Sunday Call*.

This is the season when the draft which comes in through the open door, makes many a man shudder, particularly if it is a sight draft, and is brought in by a bank collector.—*Gate City*.

A man who gets mad and swears at his wife may be said to take a curse'er view of the situation. This is brought a long distance, but it may possibly strike somebody.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

Patent presses, mailers and feeders are all right, but what newspaper publishers are most in need of is a machine that will take hold of a delinquent subscriber and make him pay up.—*Waterloo Observer*.

Contemplate your first baby—you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and something over.—*Mark Train*. True, true; he amounted to a good deal and something to carry.—*Chicago Journal*.

The refusal of the earth to indulge in a solitary quake at the time ALPHONSO was married, was about as mean a thing as we have noticed lately. We didn't think that of the earth.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun*.

An exchange prints, "One way to use surplus gold." The information may be very interesting, but we don't need it. All our surplus gold wouldn't make a watch charm for a mosquito.—*Stamford Advocate*.

"Do you take your local paper?" asked a stranger of a resident. "No," was the reply; "the fact is I am too poor. Why, my dear sir, I cannot afford to keep a dog, to say nothing of newspapers."—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

A woman who was called as a witness in an assault case tried in the Edinburgh Police court recently, on being asked by the magistrate what was the profession of her husband, answered promptly, "My husband is a bankrupt, sir."—*Ex.*

It takes forty-hour lung power to awaken the sleeping school-boy in time to escape a tardy mark; but on holidays he will grope around the house in the early twilight all out of sorts because breakfast is not ready.—*New Haven Register*.

A young man who held a loaded pistol to his head and threatened to blow his brains out unless the girl who refused him would consent to have him, was coolly told by the young lady he would have to blow some in first. He didn't blow.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

If there is one time more than another when a man's heart overflows with gratitude toward a loving wife it is when he receives a bill of \$60 from the jeweller for the handsome birthday gift with which she recently so affectionately surprised him.—*Middleton Transcript*.

"Be just and fear not," says the proverb, but a man may be as just as possible, and yet he'll fear when he sees a cross dog coming.—*Boston Post*. Aye; but he must be just—on the other side of a close picket fence when the dog comes along to give the proverb its full force.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

The ambition of our best young men is to get an undercoat just long enough to cover up the rear suspender buttons of their pantaloons, and an overcoat just short enough to miss being tangled with the protruding nails of their boot heels. In the name of modesty we suggest a general average.—*Thos. E. Weaver*.

A Pennsylvania woman has sued the dentist who dislocated her jaw for \$5000.—*Ex.* She did right. The dentist should not have charged \$5000 to dislocate the woman's jaw. It was too much—though no doubt there are some miserable husbands in the State who would pay a much larger sum to have a similar operation performed on their wives.—*Norristown Herald*.

Rector's wife—"How do you do, Mr. Wiggles! We have not seen you at church lately. Have you been away?" Mr. Wiggles—"Yes m'm, I've been visitin' my old 'aunts at Manchester, m'm." Rector's wife—"Really! I hope you found the old ladies quite well." Mr. Wiggles—"I didn't say my harats, m'm—I said my old 'aunts—'revisitin' the 'aunts o' my youth, you know, m'm."—*Punch*.

Angelina had been drawing THEODORE'S face. It was a good likeness, but THEODORE did not appreciate the correctness of his ANGELINA'S artistic eye. "It looks like a half-fool," was his impulsive comment. With one of her archest looks, the fair draughtswoman looked up in his face, with the chiding remark, "Oh, you naughty, naughty DORY, to flatter your ANGELINA so grossly."—*Boston Transcript*.

It is wonderful how much affection a man has for his dog, and how he'll fight for him. The other day some one came in and told GALLAGHER that a neighbor had kicked his canine, and GALLAGHER had flown into a sudden rage, and dashed out and collared that neighbor and called him a plug ugly and gonus, and had him down and tried to stuff his mouth full of dead leaves before it occurred to him that there was some mistake, as he was not the proprietor of a dog.—*Boston Post*.

As the train leaves the depot a young man leans over the back of my seat and asks me what I paid for my ticket. I tell him and he chuckles. He bought a ticket of a scalper and is a dollar and a half ahead of the railroad company. He pities me because I do not know how to travel, and I blush and feel cheap in the presence of his superior sagacity. The conductor comes along. He punches my ticket with a ready, unquestionable acceptance that makes me an honest man, and I feel proud. He takes the shrewd young man's ticket and gazes at it with an awful scrutiny.

"Where are you going?" he asks the young man.

The young man gazes at him with the unflinching glance of a citizen who knows his rights and the railroad law.

"I am going to Indianapolis," he says defiantly, "and that ticket is good until it is used."

"Certainly," replies the conductor, apparently greatly terrified by the young man's defiant attitude, "of course it is; but it's got to be used on its own road, and as this is a Wabash excursion ticket of last summer, from Peru to Lafayette, you'll have to get on a Wabash train and go to Lafayette to use it. Fare, please."

And the young man read the ticket carefully, and paid his fare, and plunked down the extra ten cents for having no ticket. He has gone into the smoking car now, and has his head out of the window, but I can hear him swearing with startling energy and appalling grammar.—*Burdette in Hawkeye*.

Rural Rhymes.No. 2.—THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW. (*Patent Version.*)

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,
See how the flakes fall majestic and slow,
Falling so lightly like feathers of down,—
Hiding the filth in the byeways of town:
Daintily falling on tower and on tree,
Filling the heart of the schoolboy with glee,—
But when chilblains are tender on heel and on toe,
You don't feel so fond of the beautiful snow.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,
Swift o'er the ice the skaters go,—
But as you smoothly career o'er the ice,
A collision occurs, and you're down in a trice;
And when stars shoot around you when first you come
down,

And a lump like an egg rises up on your crown,
You give voice to expressions—not pious I trow,
Then you don't feel so fond of the beautiful snow.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,
When stars shine above, and stars glisten below,
When the night settles down to a good steady freeze,
And your window is painted with flowers and trees;
When as home you are wending your slippery way,
Reflecting on all the events of the day,—
When quickly your feet out ahead of you go,
You don't feel so fond of the beautiful snow.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,
As shivering and cold to labour you go,
With thoughts all alive to the cares of the day,
With bent head you ponder, your thoughts far away;
When a mischievous school-boy with snowball in hand,
And a smile on his face so deceiving and bland,
Takes you right on the ear with a well aimed blow,
Then you don't feel so fond of the beautiful snow.

The Funny Contributor at Home.

In a solemn room in a hushed and depressed-looking house, where the servants walk about on tiptoe, and give warning every two or three days, and the children are sent to bed in the middle of the afternoon, sits with his head swathed in wet towels, morose, haggard, dejected, irascibly grim, the special and particular man who writes the funny things in the comic weekly. Anybody who has pictured him turning somersaults of an evening, in the front parlour, and giving his wife conundrums to guess while he carves the mutton at dinner, is indeed wildly astray, and must have confounded him with the writer of the obituary notices in the other weekly. There was a time, his wife remembers, when she and he used to laugh together at little puns and caricatures, at humorous situations and witty points, but that was long ago, before fun became the serious business of his life. For as the shoemaker's household goes unshod, and the physician's family sink into early graves, so the Funny Contributor's wife and children are the most dismally and preternaturally grave.

"Can't you put that squaller to sleep, MARY?" he exclaims if the baby sets up its pretty crowing in remote recesses of the establishment, for this is the impious way in which the father speaks of his youngest born. "I had a pun just coming, and it is gone. Gone. do you hear, MARY? Jove! for ten minutes peace!"

And MARY flies about, stifling the little innocent's unconscious babbling with the sofa-cushion, or whatever comes first to hand, and suppresses the drums and bugles of her elder boy with unflinching sternness.

"ARTY, dear," she whispers to the little soldier, "you mustn't go to war this afternoon. Sit very still, and think of the waves of the sea. And MAUD, darling, put dolly to bed to-day without singing her asleep. Papa is trying to be funny!"

MARY has somewhere heard it stated that all great humorists are melancholy in their domestic relations, and she of course interprets her husband in the same way.

"SIDNEY SMITH, now, for instance," she tells you in her confiding undertone, "do you know that he had to make little rods for himself to keep from falling into perfect sloughs of depression? And HOOD, everybody knows what a poor, sad, consumptive

ST. NICHOLAS, Scribner's Illustrated Magazine For Girls and Boys.

John Greenleaf Whittier writes of ST. NICHOLAS: "It is little to say of this magazine that it is the best child's periodical in the world." That it is calculated to delight the little folk everywhere is indicated by the fact that it is to be issued in French by Delagrave of Paris, and that even the far-away little Moslems are now to have a volume made up of translations from ST. NICHOLAS into Arabic.

Beginning with the November number, this monthly magazine for children is printed on heavier paper with wider margins, and is so much enlarged that each number contains eighty or more pages, with stories, poems, illustrated articles of travel and description, pictures, rhymes, jingles, etc.; pages of large type for the very little ones, and a riddle box for the amusement of the whole family. For the coming year the publishers announce many brilliant novelties, including

A New Serial by Miss Louisa M. Alcott, entitled "Jack and Jill." It is written in this favorite author's best vein, and will begin in the Christmas (December) issue. There will be a series of Open-Air Papers, by various authors, devoted to descriptions of outdoor life and incidents in many lands; and a new department, "The Treasure-Box of English Literature," in which will be given gems from standard authors.

A New Serial Story for Boys,

"Among the Lakes," by the author of "Dab Kinzer," began in the November number.

Another splendid serial for boys has been secured for this volume,—"The Fairport Nine," a story of a baseball club, by "Noah Brooks."

THE WONDERFUL**Christmas Number**

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by J. T. Trowbridge, Washington Gladden, J. W. De Forest, Maurice Thompson, Sarah Winter Kellog, and others.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

contributes a long poem, while "Lucy Larcom" and "Mary Mapes Dodge" are also represented in verse. There is

A CHRISTMAS PLAY FOR FESTIVALS,

by "Edward Eggleston," an illustrated art-paper on "Thorvaldsen," and an account, with twelve pictures, of the life and doings of New-York Telegraph Boys.

"Gustave Dore," "Knaus," "Mary Hallow Foote," "Kelly," "Dielman," "Bensell," "Sheppard," "Eytzinger," "Jessie Curtis" and "Addie Ledyard" are among the artists whose labor has helped to make beautiful this number of

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"That's a pain-less operation," as the boy said when he threw a stone through a window. He modified his opinion somewhat when his father tickled his cuticle with a raw hide.

creature he was, and as melancholy as the night. And ARTEMUS WARD, too, morose, sour, always fighting the turquoise imps. Oh, believe me, it is the nature of the humorist."

It is the printer's d—l that her own humorist is most frequently called upon to fight, and his shrill tones will soon be heard in the hall below uttering the dread formula, "Copy please!"

"What's the matter with this house to-day?" the funny man interrupts the death-like stillness with. "I've heard an infernal scratching going on the whole afternoon. I can never get through my work in the midst of such a Babel!"

"A scratching, JOHN?" his wife repeats, and pauses a moment to consider. "Oh! I know. It must be the rats in the cellar."

"Humph! where is the cat, my dear?"

"Oh, you know, dear, she came and mewed at you when you had nearly finished a joke, and we sent her to the Don to be drowned."

"Thunder! You'll have to choke them off somehow," growls the humorist. "I've lost two distinct ideas to-day, besides that pun which was entirely new, and which I daresay I'll never hit upon again. Well, come back by-and-by, MARY, and I'll read you what I've written."

And when he stands up before her presently, and reads aloud his satires, his quips and epigrams and laborious puns, she looks up at him with tears in her eyes, and says unhesitatingly—"Oh, JOHN, how good it is! how very, very clever!"

"Clever!" returns JOHN thereupon, "never mind the cleverness! Any fool can be clever, you know, MARY. Is it funny? That's the question!"

And the faithful little hypocrite swallows her tears, and fetches up a hollow laugh when he points out the places where the laugh should be.

Once, and once only, in the course of the week does the Funny Contributor abate his anxious frown, cease looking for *double entendres* in all the concerns of life, and become for a little while as other men. It is when the last corrected proof for the week's edition has been finally carried away by the printers' boy. Then does he listen for an hour or so to a description of Mrs. MONTAGU SMYTHE's new bonnet, (Mrs. MONTAGU SMYTHE is their opposite neighbor,) and buckles with his own hand the sword about his soldier boy's waist. Nay, he has even been known to draw pigs on the slate, with his eyes shut, for the delight of him and his other children, and indeed it is possible that this is, unconsciously to himself, the funniest thing he has ever done. At any rate, his children greet these disjointed efforts with shouts of laughter, and wish among themselves that papa was an undertaker instead of a Comic Contributor, for they might make as much noise as they liked while he was making coffins.

A Winter Idyl (Man).

"Oh that I had the wings of a dove," said the tramp as he trudged along, "I mean the wings of that cold turkey I saw on the table of the last house I passed." Then seeing he had no wings, he cut a pigeon's wing in the road for the benefit of an approaching stranger, then held out his battered hat for alms. But the traveller only eyed him sternly and pointing towards the setting sun said in honied accents, *Tramp on!*

Sage counsel is well mint advice.

What kind of a kiss is a fishing smack?

W.F. Hors
88 King St. East
24 May 79

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VOL. THE FOURTEENTH, NO. 6.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 27TH DECEMBER, 1879.



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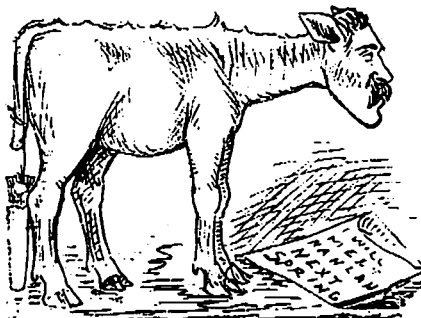
Tilley's Christmas Tree.

Sir TILLEY, of the great N. P. Set up a jolly Christmas tree, And on that happy, blithesome day, These are the gifts he gave away:

The farmer got a bag of gold, For grain at higher prices sold; The manufacturer, too, received The same through business retrieved.

The saccharine refiner got Of cash a most prodigious lot, While taffy by Sir TILLEY made Was given to the general trade.

The working man asked for *his* share, But sad to tell the tree was bare; Sir TILLEY saw his grief distressing, And said, My son, *you* have my blessing!



Spring Veal.
The Union Springs Sculler will meet HAN-LAN next spring. Veal will then be in season.

Answered.

The Rev. Mr. WOOD took occasion to ask Dr. GRANT what the hygienic influence of pork was on the human system, and was answered that, as it supplied carbon to the frame, it represented timber to the human system.—*Ottawa Free Press, 16 Dec.*

Had Dr. GRANT not been a courteous man, And quite incapable of being rude, He might have answered to the reverend gent, That pork was what one might call human Wood.

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