

(TRADE-MARK REGISTERED)

EDITORS 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 grabeast Bird is the Owl; The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

VOLUME XVI. No. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1880.

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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

Mr. W. R. Clymie is editing the West Durham News, during his brother's illness.

The World's interview with Mrs. SCOTT-SIDONS has been copied by the New York News, and is going the rounds of the American press. Keep it up, boys!

The American, of Philadelphia, sustains its character as a brilliant literary paper. Its last number contains a well written article on "The American Journalist," evidently by one who has "been there."

Mr. TRUMBLE, formerly of this city, but now of Liverpool, Eng., has kindly sent us a copy of the *Lantern* the humorous journal of that great city. The *Lantern* is fully up to the standard of English comic journals, and devotes a good deal of space to the drama, art and literature.

Our music critic, "Sharp Sixth," has returned to the city after a prolonged absence, and will resume his critiques of high class concerts, operas, etc., during the ensuing season. Managers are requested to forward programmes, if practicable, when sending cards of admission.

We would like to know what amount of raking, even with a small-toothed comb, would find among the whole editorial corps of the county a greater political mountebank—a more time-serving or unscrupulous party acrobat than himself.—Fort Perry Standard.

GRIP is growing more interesting as he grows older. Our readers miss a grand treat every week, if they do not see GRIP. So very interesting is he that we have never heard of a man who once made his acquaintance turn his back upon him. We furnish GRIP and the Statesman for only \$2.50.—Bowmanville Statesman.

"What is the best resolution a man can make for the new year?" Characteristic replies to this question by all the leading newspaper humorists of America will be a feature in *Grip's Almanac* for 1891. The editor will be pleased to receive miscellaneous articles suitable for its pages from the pens of all who are humorously inclined. Brief pithy articles will be paid for; rejected MSS. returned if stamps are enclosed.

RECENTLY Prof. Huxley said that ninety-nine men out of every hundred became simply obstructive after 60 years, and were not flexible enough to yield to the advance of new ideas. The world, he thought, would be benefitted by any man who had taken part in science being strangled after 60. This may be meant for Brother Ruskin, who lately wrote to Glasgow students that he loathed liberalism.

The *Varsity*, in its new cover, has reached us, and both in appearance and contents, the University paper bids fair to distance all its competitors. Although the cautious might complain that a preponderance of heavy matter shows up in its columns, still, the *Varsity* has chosen its own field, knows exactly what its subscribers want, and is doing the right thing by them. We wish it every success.

Our editor lectured in Owen Sound last week, and the occasion was so auspicious that it called forth the following "impromptu" from the famous poet of that town:

From sublime to the ridiculous,
The step is only one;
By showing this in caricature,
Bengough wide fame has won.

In lecturing and pencilling,
He is alike, unique;
There's fun and information too,
When he does paint and speak.

—W. A. STEPHENS.

An American litterateur writes to the *Baltimore Sun* a most interesting account of an interview he had recently with THOMAS CARLYLE. After describing the weak state in which he found the sage, he goes on to say:—I am not ill—I never was ill," said he, in his emphatic and broad Scotch accent, somewhat pettishly, if not peevishly. "I am only going—going—going—going." And his eyes lost their grim fire of expression, his emphatic, rasping voice fell into a lower tone, and I sat silent before the only living man worthy of my silence—the only man when dead ever worthy of my loud admiration!

The new arrangement for the publication of *Harper's Magazine* simultaneously in London and New York is thus mentioned by the *London Academy* in a recent number: "The well-known American illustrated periodical, *Harper's Magazine*, is presently to be published by Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co., in a European edition, which will be partly printed in this country, so that matter of European interest may be substituted in the editorial departments for that, peculiarly, American. The other features will be the same on both sides. Arrangements have been made with English authors to secure the rights of serial publication for this country as well as for America.

The change in the cover of *Scribner's Magazine* has attracted an unusual amount of comment from the daily press. The new cover, by the way, was designed by a son of Mr. Richard Grant White. The sharp-eyed gentlemen of the press do not seem to have noticed that a substantial change was not long ago made in the familiar Harper cover, which was re-drawn by Mr. Abbey. This Harper design has a curious origin. It was originally drawn by George Cruickshank, as a frontispiece to a book. It was then adapted as the cover for Bentley's *Miscellany*, and then by Harper, which has changed it slightly twice, so that now it is like the boy's jack-knife which was always the same old knife though it, had new blades and a new handle.

We have before now referred to a practice, which seems to be gaining ground, especially with some country editors, viz., clipping and not giving credit. Our country editors are, with few exceptions, reputable gentlemen, and when a man like the proprietor of the *Stratford Herald*, Mr. Ross, goes in for this kind of robbing, it is high time that GRIP gives the matter more than cursory notice. In the last issue of the *Stratford Herald* there is a capital piece about "the noble game of Lacrosse," really a first rate offusion, and one of the very best things that we have seen for a long time—that is, since we read it in GRIP on the twenty-third of last month. You wouldn't think it was clipped from GRIP, for the Raven's name isn't attached to it.

GRIP.—Still brimful of plain common sense and fun GRIP comes to us. Last week its cartoon was a picture of the British Canadian Shop, with Miss Canada behind the counter, waiting on customers. She is asking a little fellow, "Well, Master Galt, and what were you sent here for?"—while Sir A. T. Galt stands with an empty basket and one finger in his mouth in a completely non-plussed manner. This is indeed a poser. The smaller cartoons are capital.—*Galt Reformer*.

Mr. W. H. Howland delivered his lecture on "Christianity in Business," before the Y. M. C. A. of Hamilton, on Wednesday evening of last week. The *Times* says "the lecture made a most favourable impression on all who heard it." The more men we have of Mr. W. H. Howland's class the better. Let men of his calibre show themselves in the front and there can be little fear that the youth of the rising generation will not show themselves able and willing to follow.

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

Mr. KING, pianist to H.R.H. Princess Louise, made a good impression in Boston, at the two concerts given on the 11th and 15th of last month, the critics of the Hub placing him amongst the first pianists and writers of the present day.

SOLDENE has been delighting lovers of that style of art at the Grand Opera House this week. Lovers of the legitimate drama must be enjoying themselves under the smiles of the lovely, EMILY who is a good representative of that peculiar Garden of Eden School of Actress which is so popular amongst Bank clerks and other cognoscenti of that ilk. As far as GRIP is concerned he is prejudiced, perhaps foolishly, in favor of the full-dressed drama.

MOMENTARY satisfaction alternates with disappointment, throughout the whole of Booth's performance. The soliloquy, which begins with the promise of natural effect, ends in a mere rhetorical display. A clever piece of new or unusual business dies away in measured obedience to the artificial mannerisms of conventional tragedy. Booth is at his best in the highly difficult interview with "Ophelia," at his worst where anything like ease or humour is required. The general impression we received from the performance is that he belongs to a large class of uninspired actors who learned their lessons carefully. It is only just to admit that there are certain interesting details of his performance and reading, merit of which cannot here be worthily discussed. His rendering of several of the most important passages is that of a thoughtful scholar cramped by tradition.—*Observer, London, Eng.*

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest least is the *Lee*; the gravest bird is the *Owl*; The gravest fish is the *Oyster*; the gravest man is the *Fool*.

Volume Sixteen!

Mr. GRIP, with the rare generosity and self-abnegation which is characteristic of him, devotes his present number to the glorification of HANLAN; whereas, a less modest bird would devote it to the celebration of a greater event than the championship race, to wit, the anniversary of a new volume. This is number One of Volume sixteen, and GRIP goes on just as if nothing unusual had happened. If our public men behave themselves, they will find this a Sweet Sixteen; otherwise—but let us wait and see!

The Boat Race.

And behold, in the time that the good Queen reigned over all that country known as "Britannicus," and while it was yet late in the season, it was known abroad throughout all the world from the mountains of the Great West called Rocky, even unto the towns of the followers of CONROGON that the great boat race was to take place, and the one of them was him known of men as the Antipodean Cornstalk, whose title was the "Greatest on Earth," seeing he had overthrown him whose name was like unto a part of the accountments of the war-horse, and the other was a resident of a far-off Island lying over against the town of Muddy York, the same is known as Toronto in our day, and who likewise possessed great renown among men, inasmuch as his enemies were fain to throw themselves into the troubled waters before that the strife was over, and to saw in pieces their boats before that the strife had commenced, and both were men of great valour, and their boastings were like unto the thunder of thunders for the loudness thereof, but the boasting of him called Cornstalk, was the loudest because of his greater sizeableness, and the tumult was great throughout the land, and the multitudes assembled were as the sands of the desert for numerosity. For with him called Cornstalk came many of his brethren, their pouches filled with money of gold and of silver, and script of various kinds, and there also were of the nation of the Franks and Blue Noses, and they of the tribe of Canucks and Hoosters, and Suckers, and of the nation of Yankoes many, and also of the land of Maine, the same drink not of the intoxicating bowl, and chief among all the multitude was he known as the "Saratoga Blower," and his blowing was like unto the blowing of the whale, so great was the noise thereof, and it continued even until he was set upon by the shield bearer of the Antipodean, who smote him and laid him on the shelf and his noise was heard no more in the Land, whereat there was great rejoicing. And it came to pass while these things were going on, that two of the tribe of Canucks, dwellers in the town of Muddy York, took counsel with each other, and the one said, I will put up my pile on HANLAN for great have been his victories; and he is sure to win for the earth possesses not his like, and the other said

not so; for he hath stitches in his side and the others ways are the paths of righteousnes. Truly, therefore, my dust shall be on his head. Then gathered they together all their wealth shokels of gold and talents of silver, and money of paper; and they gave their property into the hands of the resurer, and their summer raiment, unto him of the three golden Balls, and with the wealth thus obtained they hid them to a caravansery, known unto nations as "The Headquarters," and when they got there they found a vast multitude crying "Put up or shut up," and they quickly put up, and they slept not that night, and Lo! in the morning while it was still early, the news came that he who had been least was greatest, yea, verily, that "Hanlan had won." Then he who had taken no account of side stitches, but had stacked his pile on the "Canuck," rejoiced muchly and was filled with vanity, because of his great foresight, and "set 'em up" for the multitude, but he who had bet on the Cornstalk lifted up his voice and wept, and turned his face to the wall and refused to be comforted, because he had not that whorewith to buy sackcloth wherein to mourn, and he cursed himself for his excessive greenness, and called himself the father of all asses for being so utterly soon and beforehand in his calculations, and he avoided all his creditors; for them of small size he crossed the street, but for they of large size he went way around the block, and this he did according to the weight of their heftiness and the degree of their dangorousness, and the voice of his mourning was long heard throughout the land.

Selah.

TIMOTHY.

Grip and Grit.

The able and esteemed pastor of the Western Congregational Church has been delivering a lecture with the euphonious but perhaps somewhat suspicious title of "Grip and Grit." We seize this early opportunity of stating distinctly that the reverend gentleman's remarks had no reference to this paper, nor to a certain moribund political party; nor did he attempt to establish any moral or other connection between the two by the use of this conjunction. Mr. SILCOX is too intelligent a man to imagine that Grip and Grit are convertible terms poetically, any more than they are etymologically. In his lecture he defined "Grip" to mean that which lays hold, and "Grit," that which keeps hold. Now, it is true that this journal *does* lay hold, as many of the corruptious and humbugs know full well. But "Grit," as a political party, cannot be said to keep hold, so far at least as office is concerned. The lecturer was simply dealing with two colloquial terms of northern origin, and a very instructive discourse he is said to have been given. One point which he made is worthy of emphatic repetition, namely, that many fail in life for want of "Grip." This is true—and it teaches that everybody ought to subscribe without delay.

Notes from Our Gaddy.

DEAR GRIP—One of the greatest of the great attractions of this Canada of ours, is Deer Hunting. Now I am partial to sport, so last week I took to the woods with my friend ADOLPHE. Arriving at our destination away back in the north, we joined our native friends, loaded up our canoes, and paddled up to our camp ground on the shore of a beautiful lake. The next morning the sun rose most gloriously; the lake was like a sheet of glass; the woods along the margin were mirrored on the surface of the water in all their primeval grandeur; and the frail canoe appeared to gently veer its way through the virgin forest. Nature was in her loveliest mood, and our demijohn of Appolinaris water was just splendid. Our native guide, philosopher, and friend, put out the dogs, and ADOLPHE and I went to our allotted station at

the mouth of a "narrows" to watch. Now you are probably aware that whilst watching, you must not discharge your gun, as it is a signa either that the deer is in the water at that point, or that the watchers can return to camp. This fact seems to be perfectly well known to the small game, for ducks floated around us and quacked defiantly just out of reach of the paddles, and once while we were tossing off a drop of Appolinaris an impertinent old rabbit came to the edge of the water, quietly and set down on his abbreviated narrative, placed a paw on the side of his nose and positively winked. After patiently watching for about an hour, the thing began to grow monotonous and ADOLPHE settled himself for a comfortable snooze in the bow. In a short time companionship overcame duty, and after seating myself in the bottom of the canoe, and throwing my feet up on the thwart, and resting my head on the stern with my hat over my eyes, I had just dropped off into a happy dreamland, a sort of Maumet Paradise and demi-johns, when there was a rush, and a roar, and a terrific splash right beside us. ADOLPHE awoke, and with admirable presence of mind made a jump to get out of the way. He did get out of the way, and so did our canoe, and before I had time to get out of paradise, and realise what was up, I got out of the canoe and discovered myself down on my hands and knees, covered with confusion and three feet of particularly cold and insinuating fluid. As we crawled out on the shore, a magnificent buck did the same on the opposite shore. Thoroughly disgusted with what some people call sport we hastened to the camp, dried ourselves; bid adieu to the woods, and lakes, and bounding deer; and took a farewell look at the rockbound shore, against whose hard, majestic, and perpendicular side, the ruffled waters chant the everlasting requiem of the past. Exactly. Thank you, don't care if I do. Just a leetle gin.

GADDY.

Telephones Tapped.

WHAT OUR EAVESDROPPER HEARD OF TOWN.

Globe Office: J. GORDON BROWN loquiter:—Hello, central office! Hello! Connect me with SANDY MACKENZIE!

Hello MACKENZIE! How do you feel just now! Is that so? Well I feel a little quor myself.

Yes, I believe he's going to call the House together to talk over this Syndicate business.

I think so too; in fact I don't think we can till we get a better follow than BLAKE.

Oh no, you're mistaken. He hasn't been here since I took charge.

Well, I don't know, do you think we could manage that without exciting the suspicion of the party? What's that you say?

Now, now, now, MACKENZIE, are you giving me this in solemn, sober earnest?

If it wasn't yourself at the other end of the telephone, I wouldn't believe it.

MACKENZIE I can't hear you smile, are you laughing at me?

Then you think the PRINCESS will be back here, herself, by that time?

And you are certain the MAJOR isn't coming back?

Heaven be thanked for that anyway.

Yes, I made \$34.00 on it. How did you stand?

Just you fancy 9 lengths.

At this period the conversation became general and the interest ceased.

MR. R. GRAHAM, General Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society for the Diocese of Manchester, is coming to Canada about the middle of December, for the purpose of enquiring into the working of our liquor laws, and delivering lectures on the cause. MR. GRAHAM is said to be an excellent speaker, and no doubt he will meet a hearty reception from the friends of total abstinence in this country.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL AUCE**. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for tableaus no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents. Pints 20 cents. quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

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A Hum-ble Question.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURER TO FINANCIAL GENIUS—You say there is no hum, and yet you say we are getting rich and bloated—would you mind explaining?

The Coming Election.

Mr. SWAN has announced his intention of leaving the School Board for the wider arena of the City Council, and proposes to stand for St. Thomas' Ward. He ought to be elected without any trouble, for he has proved himself a thoroughly good representative. A white Swan is a treasure that any ward might be proud to possess. His place upon the School Board will be taken, GRIP hopes, by Mr. HARRY SYMONS, who has already issued his card as a candidate. Mr. SYMONS is a promising young barrister, (a member of the firm of Crooks, Kingsmill & Cattanaoh), and is well known and esteemed by the citizens of St. Thomas' Ward. We understand that Mr. JOHN A. MILLS also offers himself for the School Board, but the fact that Mr. MILLS is collector of School taxes ought to make his defeat a foregone conclusion.

SIR LEONARD TILLEY says that the "Baptist Minister," who made certain apocryphal statements in the *Globe* about the increase of his household expenses under the N. P. cannot be a clergyman in good standing, he lies so persistently.

Motto for Toronto Street Cars.
"Still there is room."



Moussan and Caron, vice Masson and Baby, resigned.

SIR JOHN—(handing portfolios to new Ministers)—Now gentlemen, conduct your Departments for the greatest good of the greatest number—

SIR CHARLES—(sotto voce)—And remember that the greatest number is Number One!

A Square Challenge.

We fail to see how the *Globe* can get away from the *Mail's* challenge ament the TUPPEN charges. The opposition organ says that corruption is rampant in the Public Works Department, and boldly enough charges Sir CHARLEY with personal participation in the wrong-doing, but always in a general, wholesale and nebulous way. The Government organ, speaking on behalf of the Knight of the Rail, repudiates the insinuations and dares the maligner to put his charges in definite form so that an action for libel may be entered and the matter fought out fairly and squarely before a jury. In reply the *Globe* sings dumb, but goes on with its wholesale business all the same. This has a bad look about it, though no doubt the motive of the conduct is a noble one. Perhaps the *Globe* man feels quite sure Sir CHARLEY would be defeated in the suit, and have heavy damages to pay, and he doesn't like to put the poor gentleman to that trouble, and again it is just possible the *Globe* man knows that he cannot bring forth any evidence to substantiate the charges. Mr. GAR will in the meantime hang on to this latter idea.



Whitehead's Peacock.

The Ottawa *Citizen* will never suspend for want of assurance. The other day it had the hardihood to come out with a slashing attack on the Editor of the *Free Press*, and after showing that unfortunate individual to be a pragmatical person, wound up with the pointed conundrum: "Whose peacock is this strutting about in borrowed plumage?" "Whitehead's peacock!" promptly replies the *Free Press* man, and it will be a long time before he gets a chance to say anything more capitally to the point. The *Citizen* utterly "gave itself away" when it asked the question, for if over there was a bird doing the grand in borrowed—or brokered—plumage, surely it is the Editor of the *Citizen* swelling round with poor old WHITEHEAD's bounty bulging from his coat pockets. "WHITEHEAD'S peacock," exclaims the *Free Press* fellow, "may be a very fine bird, but we will pluck the feathers out of his tail after a style that will make him wish himself as bare as when he first struck Ottawa!"

JONES says that before he was married his shadow weighed nothing; now it weighs just 140 lbs.

It is said that the "divine SARAH," since her long stay in London, cannot pronounce the "h" of her name. She only owns up to Sara now.

MOSES OATES, the "old Probs" of the West, has the organ of Vennor-ation highly developed.

WHY is an elephant like a man with a gouty foot? Cause neither of 'em can climb a tree.



LINDSAY POST.
FALL AND WINTER
LIBEL SUITS TO HAND
IN GREAT VARIETY.

Wanted, \$20,000.

If Mr. GRIP wasn't on the high road to wealth in his present place of residence, he would instantly pull up stakes and remove to Lindsay, which town appears to be an *Eldorado* for editors. To be a Lindsay newspaper man is to enjoy a reputation for untold riches. At least we judge so, when we observe five different members of the School Board presenting the editor of the *Post* with polite requests, worded in well-chosen legal phrase, to hand them each the sum of \$5,000, with the alternative of a libel suit. Of course the *Post* ought to pay for the raw material from which it manufactures its editorials, but \$20,000 for one article is a leetle too much, even in these flush times.

ANDREWS says that it is very injudicious on the part of Ministers of the Gospel to be so hard on the Father of Evil, adding, what would become of their trade without his co-operation.

"Two 'Ead's are better than one," said a Cookney at the Byot on Monday. "Yes," said his friend, "but I guess there's one *Ed* better than the other *Ed*."

It is a matter of dispute among literary circles as to who has the longer upper lip. Jack Ross Robertson or the Hon. A. McKenzie. The matter is to be decided by arbitration. We can easily give Jack the diploma for *feet*.

TORONTO BOYS took 15c. drinks on Monday the 15th. Tried to look as if they were used to them.—*Hanlan*.



The Last Sad Rites.

Sheriff McKELLAR, of Wentworth, discharging his painful duty of putting an end to that old lumbg—the Fee System.



THE NEW ALEXANDER.

OR, HANLAN WEEPING BECAUSE HE HAS NO MORE WORLDS TO CONQUER.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Love-ly—telling your best girl she's an angel.
—*Waterloo Observer*.

The girl with a falsetto voice also had a false set o' teeth.—*Gate City*.

'Well,' whispered daybreak, 'I'll be dawned if I ain't broke!'—*Keokuk Constitution*.

It don't take a very fast horse to catch the epizootic.—*Lowell Citizen*.

The song of the bricklayer: "Still there's mortar to follow."—*Salem Sunbeam*.

A recent experience has convinced us that Jon never tackled a stovepipe.—*Hackensack Republican*.

A physician, like a glazier, gains fame from the number of pains he sets right.—*Lockport Union*.

A woman who goes to church to show her sealskin sacque is sacque religious.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, but ointment sticks to bullets on the west.—*Modern Aago*.

The young man who was kicked out of his girl's house very properly styled her father a free booter.—*Ec*.

Have you hunted up your ulster?—*Boston Post*. Can't find the ticket, say nothing about ulster.—*New Haven Register*.

Men are like pins. One with a little head may be just as smart as one with a big head.—*Agent's Herald*.

When the baby cries for "bread" it is the most natural thing in the world for the mother to give it a rook.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

It does not help the temperance movement a particle for our young men to take the pledge at the pawnbroker's.—*Modern Argo*.

How many clergymen rob themselves of sleep by midnight toil in order to generously bestow it upon their congregations.—*Hofer*.

Nothing surprises a man more, for the moment, than sitting down quick in a chair that is not there.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

An Italian Count has been discovered in the person of a New Jersey tramp. He was the noblest room 'un of them all.—*Modern Argo*

"Over the Way" is the title of a new Sunday-school book, probably the history of an honest coal dealer.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

Dr. Bossio, of St. Louis, attempted to stab his wife with a carving knife because she stuffed a duck with onions. This shows that it isn't always the husband that is to blame in those affairs.—*Peck's Sun*.

We take it that the enterprising man who goes about the country embellishing fences, trees, rocks, etc., with flaming advertisements is a genuine landscape painter.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A man who is true as steel, possessing an iron will, some gold, and a fair proportion of brass should be able to endure the hardware of this world.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

BRET HARTE is said to be a "lion" at London clubs.—*Ec*. Yes, and any place else he can. He ought to break himself of the propensity.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

An exchange speaks of a man being "gored by an angry bull," as if a good-natured bull would do such a thing.—*Fon du Lac Reporter*.

If the BERNHARDT wants to get fat she should secure board in a second-class house, and just, help herself every time the butter is passed.—*Modern Argo*.

Its wonderful how many things a boy can hit with a coal-scuttle on his way down cellar when he has had his feelings ruffled.—*Newark Sunday Call*.

A cannibal who made a meal off his scolding wife jocosely remarked that he was a Roman prize-fighter, because he was gladiator.—*Waterloo Observer*.

A gentleman of this city has a small piece of tobacco which has travelled all over the world. Its act of wandering chew, isn't it?—*Meriden Recorder*.

Pushkin is not to have a statue. Pushkin was a Russian poet. Any one who could make poetry out of the Russian language certainly ought to have a statue.—*Detroit Free Press*.

In England, native oysters cost eighty-seven cent a dozen. England must be the place where they make fair stews with the photograph of an oyster.—*Norristown Herald*.

The worst hit at a big mouth we ever heard was perpetrated by an unregenerate sinner on a Quincy girl. He said he could see her smile when her back was turned.—*Modern Argo*.

One of the greatest pleasures of railroad travelling to lovers has been destroyed. Now, just before a train enters a tunnel, a buccaneer goes through the oars and lights all the lamps.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Science enumerates 589 species of organic forms in the air we breathe." Just think of it! Every time you draw in a breath a whole zoological garden slips down your windpipe, and no free tickets to the press.—*New Haven Register*.

An Iowa farmer declares upon his solemn honor as a gentleman that the last grasshopper leaving the State stood on a gate post and said: "Get some more fence rails ready for us by next June."—*Norristown Herald*.

"JOHNNY you must never use tobacco" said a fond mother, "even hogs don't do that." "I know they don't dear mamma, and hogs don't go to heaven, neither," and JOHNNY went out soon after and hid two cigar stumps under the door step.—*Steubenville Herald*.

A young man, having been requested at a dinner to reply to the time-honoured toast of "Woman," closed his remarks with the familiar quotation from SCOTT:

"O woman, in thine hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please—"
Here his memory failed him; but after a little hesitation he continued in triumph:
"But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."
—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Dr. Gordon Holmes advises singers to wear flannels. We have heard singers who should wear flannel quarter of an inch thick—wear it over their mouths. Though a piece of gutta percha would do just as well.—*Norristown Herald*.

There was a young rustic named MALLORY, who drew but a very small salary. When he went to the show, his purse made him go to a seat in the uppermost gallery.—*New York News*. Tune, Wont you come up to Limerick.

A new device for a bride's present is a silver arrow, with the initials of the bride and groom in gold. Of course her beau sends it.—*Boston Globe*. And its receipt must throw her into a quiver.—*Norristown Herald*. Ain't this harrowing?

Dr. STRANDING, a surgeon on board one of the Royal mail steamers plying between England and Brazil, has discovered an antidote for the cure of bites from rattlesnakes. He caused a rattlesnake to bite him on two occasions, and succeeded in counteracting the poison. The doctor will publish the secret of the remedy on his return to England. Gradually the excuses for drinking whiskey are being narrowed down, and soon a man will have to come right out and admit that he drinks it for his breath.—*Peck's Sun*.

I've a letter from your dad,
Baby mine! Baby mine!
Which makes me feel quite sad,
Baby mine! Baby mine!
He is coming home from jail,
He just got out on bail,
And my fate I now bewail,
Baby mine! Baby mine!
—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

Put the letter in the fire,
Mother mine! Mother mine!
For daddy is a liar,
Mother mine! Mother mine!
The yams that daddy spins
Whenever he begins,
Are very awful sins,
Mother mine! Mother mine!

Alice Oates has been quite ill in Texas. She has played all along regularly, with the exception of one night when her physician would not permit her to go on the stage. The trouble is pneumonia.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

Why, we thought she had got married again! Poor maligned Alice.

"Yes," said Michaelangelo Brown, his eyes beaming with loving pride upon his latest creation, "The Pensive Poetess"—"yes, I draw all my figures from the life." "Do you, my boy?" blurted out Jones; "but who the deuce is it that draws the life from your figures, you know?"—*Boston Transcript*.

He was saying, as he struck a lucifer on the side of the house, "I like these houses with sanded paint: nice when you want to strike a match you know." "Is that so?" she asked, demurely; "I wish I lived in a house with sanded paint"—and then she looked things unutterable. If he had asked "What for?" she would have hated him. But he didn't; he took the hint, and the match was struck then and there.—*Berea Advertiser*.

Mrs. Brown's Disappointment.

(From the Kansas City Times.)
AT BREAKFAST; NOV. 3, 1880.

The saddest woman in this town,
Is Mrs. CAPT. XERXES BROWN.

Last Wednesday morn she toss'd her head,
And to her CAPT. XERXES said:

"You promised me you'd buy me, BROWN,
This day a gros grain silken gown."

He wildly dropped his knife and fork;
He'd bet on HANCOCK and New York;

"And how about that winter bonnet
With plumes and jet and bangles on it?"

His cheeks became of ashen hue;
He'd bet on Indiana, too!

"And then, that nice new velvet sacque,
With lace all up the front and back."

He quailed beneath her lurid glare,
And thought of death and Delaware!!!

"And then those gloves!" but stay, no more;
He, swooning, fell upon the floor.

Ah, me! to hear that woman tell,
You'd think the country'd gone to—well,

No matter; but in all our town
The saddest female's name is BROWN.

What a man the Rev. Mr. Talmage is for creating sensations by his sermons. Last Sunday he preached on religion.—*Peck's Sun*.

Our Grip Sack.

A good housekeeper. A watch dog.

It takes PARNELL to make an Irish Stew.

HANLAN is a trump! He has won the odd trick-it seems.

Always look in your boots before you put them on.—
Gate City.

TRICETT says HANLAN is a bad egg—because he can't be beat.

NOVEMBER brings LOUISE back to Canada, for-love of course.

WHEN is a Treasurer not a Treasurer? When he's a robin' of course.

New song for whist players.

"Rubber toi que j'aime."

This last race has been HANLAN'S *Waterloo*!! Water-lugubrious set these Australians must be at the present moment!

Subject of debate at the next meeting of the University Debating Society.—"Did the two fleas who patronised the ark go in on NOAH or on his dog Toby?"

One of the London papers is down on JOHN B. GOUGH, and calls him "no Temperance Postle but a mere Stumpist." Grip though at present on the fence does not like this kind of railing.

Mr. ENGLEHARDT, of Petrolia, says that the coal oil we are getting just now through the notorious ring, is not only dearer than the oil we used to get, but "does not burn so long, in consequence of being lighter than formerly." Well, well, we'll learn something derrickly, but I should have thought that the "lighter" coal was the better, it would suit the purpose of its being.

"What fun 'would be," a farmer said,
"To take that frisky steer—
To grab him by his shaggy head
And stand him on his ear."

And then he laughed out, long and loud
And rolled upon the ground
Then rising leaped into the pen
With a single agile bound.

The steer looked at him, mild at first,
And then closed up one eye
And with a gentle, loving shake
He tossed that man on high.

The farmer landed on his head
"Bout forty rods away
The while the offensive steer
Resumed his cud of hay.

A red silk handkerchief sticking out of a fellow's side pocket, gives him a wonderful sight more pleasure than it would if he shook it under a bull's nose.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

You have seen pictures of shepherds with the proverbial crook in their hands. I didn't think a party could be a shepherd without this crook, any more than a man could be a leader of an orchestra without a pair of pants. I was glad that the first man whom I saw tending sheep had one of these crooks. I didn't know what a crook was for, but always believed that it was a badge of the occupation, whose origin I could not fathom, handed down from century to century since the time when sheep were invented. Imagine my genuine disgust when I saw this shepherd use the sacred crook to capture the straying animals by catching hold of one of their hind legs and tripping them up. The awful truth came upon me like a flash, and I sat down heavily, a broken-hearted man. I had thought it a beautiful emblem, and it proves to be a hind leg snatcher. Thus floated the wind from another sweet vision of youth. I must have more salary or I'll die, I fear.—*Danbury Bailey.*

The sign "Beware of Dog" is stuck up that he who reads may run.—*Modern Argo.*

Oh, Dear Oh.

From the *Weekly Sun*, St. John, N. B., we clip the following charming piece of luscious rascality:

C. C. MORE.

Sweet arms, white arms, in whose embrace,
So closely woven,
My heart has lain for love's solace,
In passion's heaven;
Fold round me once again your languorous wreathing,
Till, stayed with clasping hands, life loses breathing,
Once more, once more.

Sweet eyes, in whose grey, lustrous orbs
Love chases passion,
Till love itself another life absorbs,
Its shape to fashion;
Though tear-dimmed, now your pleading, starry splendor,
Have you forgot your magic—true and tender
No more, no more.

O Princess diademed with light,
Love's life is sweetest;
Strive not with happy fate, nor fight
Against the meekest.
But kiss and clasp and kiss in swiftening measure,
Till passion's thirst grows cloyed with death-sweet pleasure,
Once more, once more.

Montreal, October, 1880.

DUSKETHA.

Oh DUSKETHA! whosoever thou art, male or female, grown up man or downy chinned boy, bearded old maid or idiotic maiden, it doesn't matter which, but *you are an awful fool*. Montreal seems to be thine habitat. Alas, inoffending city! What has thou done that the fatuous Dusketha should batten upon thee? Oh Dusketha, it pains the Raven very much thus to perch upon thee, but what canst thou expect? Swinburne wants followers, but oh, Dusketha, take a Ravens advice and keep in the background, where, if any praise is not meted out to thee, certainly thou wilt escape ridicule. Oh, Dusketha, confine thy flights of fancy to simple measures like the following, (*we know you tried to kiss her and made a mess of it.*)

Never Again.

Dying the leaves came tumbling down
Falling thick as the winter rain,
Deep as the mud in Toronto town,
And I tried to kiss her, but, all vain.

Little we recked of the dying year
Snowy fingers were clasped in mine
Sweet red lips were far too near,
Wildly tempting like ruby wine.

I tried it once and I tried it twice
My trials were painfully great to see,
Repulses were frequent and far from nice,
And she nearly extracted the eyes from me.

Ruby fingers which boxed my ears,
Snowy lips as they turned away,
I see and feel through the mist of years,
As plain as I did on that autumn day.

Now that's about the style of thing you might excel in if you practised it. Send us up some specimens Dusketha, and we will pay you for them if they are worth printing.

Blighted Hopes.

BY JA. KASSE.

O, horrid tale of love and loss, of cruelty and woe,
Canst thou, my bosom, bear it long? (my bosom answers no),
O, days and nights of mental pain, which I for her have spent,

My heart will break! (my heart replies it will not, worth a cent).
Her name was EMMALINE, (sweet name) her age was sixteen years,

Her mother kept a boarding-house, (excuse these foolish years)
And EMMA poured the boarders' tea, and filled their plates with hash,
And when they didn't pay their bills, she dunned them for the cash.

Alas! I saw her every day—at first we only smiled,
For she was young and innocent, and I a bashful child;
(Then as the days went on, my love increased, and stronger grew.)

I popped the question to her, as she made the Irish stew,
She promised to be mine—O, joy! O, rapture unsurpassed!
I waved the dish-cloth round my head, as EMMA held me fast;

She told me I must ask mamma—"O, dash mamma," said I,
She vowed I was a perfect brute, and then began to cry.

(Now for the misery.)

Her mother listening by the door, (as mothers often do),
Heard every word that I had said, and told me of it too.
She stamped, and yelled, "I've heard your plans; straight out from this you go,
As soon as you have settled that little bill you owe!"
Alas! I owed a full month's board, my purse was empty quite.

I had no friends to borrow from—my credit was not right,
I sadly wandered forth, and left my trunk and its contents,
But cheered me up whenever I thought of EMMA'S MA'S lament,

When she should find a dozen bricks, a college cap and gown,
Some waistcoat, (for my *uncle* kept my clothing in the town),
I walked around the place, and starved a week, until at last
I grew so thin and weak, that I no more a shadow cast;
(If SARA BERNHARDT could have seen how *frail* and *thin*

I looked,
She would have thought her little game in Canada was booked.)
Now, if I'd only had the pluck to suicide commit,
My woes would never have been told; 'twould hardly have been fit

A corpse should write, as was the case with that bold pirate, who,
Committed suicide on board the barque the "Ballahoo."

(The Revenge.)

O, I can bide my time, and wait until I get a chance;
And EMMA'S mother will regret the day she plunged her lance

Within the manly bosom which was all her EMMA'S OWN.
For I will work, and slave, and wear my fingers to the bone,

Until I raise the stamps to run a boarding-house next door;
And then I'll marry EMMA when her mother's *awful* poor,

We'll take her home to live with us—but if she ever jaws,
We'll silence her at once, by "Grip!" sweet bird of honest jaws.

Sara Bernhardt.

O, SARA BERNHARDT has come out to the West,
In all the old country her clothes are the best,
With her aesthetic eyes, and her sculptresque nose,
O, she'll make lots of money wherever she goes.
For so meagre in form, and so perfect in art,
There was never an actress like SARA BERNHARDT.

Now SARA does simply all rivals outshine,
For she acts in a way that is really divine;
She sculps and she paints, and she models in clay,
You won't meet her match in a very long day,
So meagre in form, and so jaunty and smart,
There was never an actress like SARA BERNHARDT.

Said manager PERRIN, "Now, SARA, my dear,
"In London I can't allow you to appear."
But said angular SARA, "I know that I am thin,
"But for you, Monsieur PERRIN, I don't care a pin,
"To seek other conquests I'll soon make a start,
"So good-bye, Monsieur Perrin," said SARA BERNHARDT.

So boldly she entered the Customs House Hall,
Among Customs House officers, bank-clerks, and all,
Then spake the Inspector, his hand on her truck—
"For the lesser officials had not the pluck,
"With your dresses for all, you're so jaunty and smart,
"But you'll have to pay duty, Miss SARA BERNHARDT."

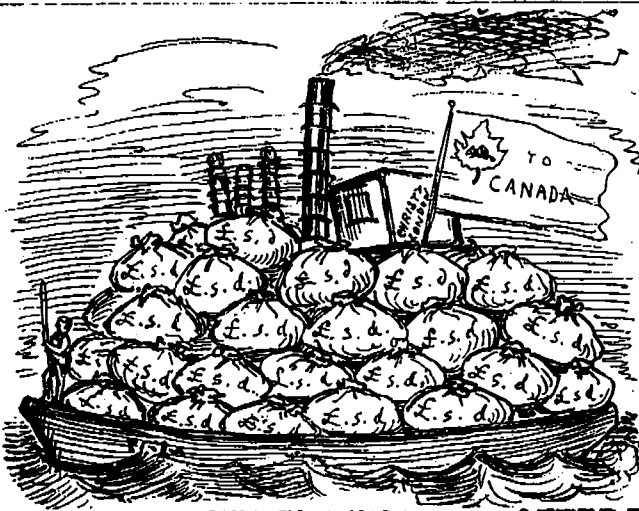
So meagre her form, so lovely her face,
That never New York such an actress did grace.
She brought five hundred dresses and bonnets ashore,
And of slippers and gloves fully five hundred more,
And she'll make herself wealthy before she'll depart,
Have ye e'er heard of actress like SARA BERNHARDT?

Shouldn't Doc Sheppard be stopped at once?
What is it that hinders us, as British subjects,
from having Doctor Sheppard up? Can't we get rid of him? Truly, if the comic papers go on much further, they must charge the Doctor so much per line, and send the blanked ballifs in at \$2.00 a day.

POOR PRINCE OF WALES! He once begged by letter that this rule should be relaxed so as to enable him to accept Marshal McMahon's invitation to see the "Grand Prix" run; but a negative answer was returned by telegraph, and the Prince did not go to see the race.—*Ottawa Free Press.* I am very sorry for the poor, dear chap; 'aint you? Fancy the deprivation! He couldn't go to see the race for the *Grand Prix*, (whatever that may be). His tender, (and more than that) Royal Heart must have been breaking. Poor, poor fellow! Grip's heart is breaking in unison with his. Give us a fair warning, WALES, and we will break our hearts together!

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JACOBS PATENT LITHOGRAM.



1ST GENT... What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins did verily bear blood. 2ND GENT—Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits. Studio, 118 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

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NOW READY.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer FOR OCTOBER.

The October number of this Magazine the publication of which was accidentally delayed, is now ready for delivery to subscribers, and on sale at the counter of the Publishers.

The November number will, it is hoped, be ready in the course of a few days, and future numbers will make their appearance promptly on the 3rd of each month. Subscription, \$1.00 a year.

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Hail! Hanlan! Hail oh victorious HANLAN! man stout of heart and of muscle! Loud let us croak in our gladness. Hail, oh victorious HANLAN Conqueror, Emperor, King, Monarch of oar and of rowlock. Hearts of Canadian men and Canadian women and children Throbbled with one pulse, which was thine, at hearing the news from old England! "Victory rests with our HANLAN,"—The pride and the joy of Toronto.

GRIP from his perch in Toronto, hopped with remarkable swiftness Flapping his ebony wings and dancing a hornpipe in triumph: Beating the floor with his beak, with other eccentric manoeuvres. Such as he never before on any occasion indulged in: The Telegraph, Globe and the Mail forgot for an instant their quarrels, BUNTING embraced GORDON BROWN, and wept joyous tears on his shoulder, Saying "My dear GORDON B—, let us go down to the National!"

ROBERTSON, he of the journal—the man with the lip which is lengthy, Called at the Government house, the house where abideth the Governor, Said "Old JOHN B. how you was? Give my respects to your Lady. JOHN, I forgive that black eye—HANLAN has healed the old rupture Toronto for ever say I,—JOHNNY please echo the chorus!"

WALKER the alderman bold saluting the debonnaire BAXTER, Said "You old darling I love you, mention your favorite poison!" Doc SHEPPARD arose in his joy and stole the old stove from the court-house, The Cops in their glee and their triumph encouraged that eminent practitioner Saying "What matters the stove! Take it, oh dexterous Doctor!" DENISON high on the bench discharged all the drunks and the vagrants, Gave 'em a dollar apiece to drink to the health of NED HANLAN.

HANLAN! the words of the Raven are poor and are utterfull gruffly, But such as they are, please accept, they come from the heart of the Raven. You are the pride and the joy of the city, the people and nation, Long may you live to enjoy the fruits of your pluck and your muscle Pack up your trunk for Toronto,—for GRIP will be ready to meet you.

Newsboy, (to heavy civil service Swell, Russell House Corner, Ottawa) "Free Press, sir! third edition! Herald, sir! Citizen, on'y one cent, sir, have a—" Heavy C. S. S., "No, demme, I've a dozen already!" Newsboy—"Oh! yer sellin' 'em too, are you?"

"GRIP'S"

FUNNY

ALMANAC!

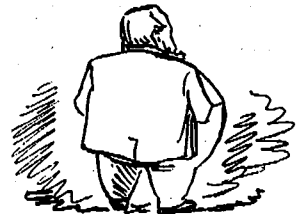


WILL BE OUT

IN

DECEMBER,

AND IS GOING TO BE



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