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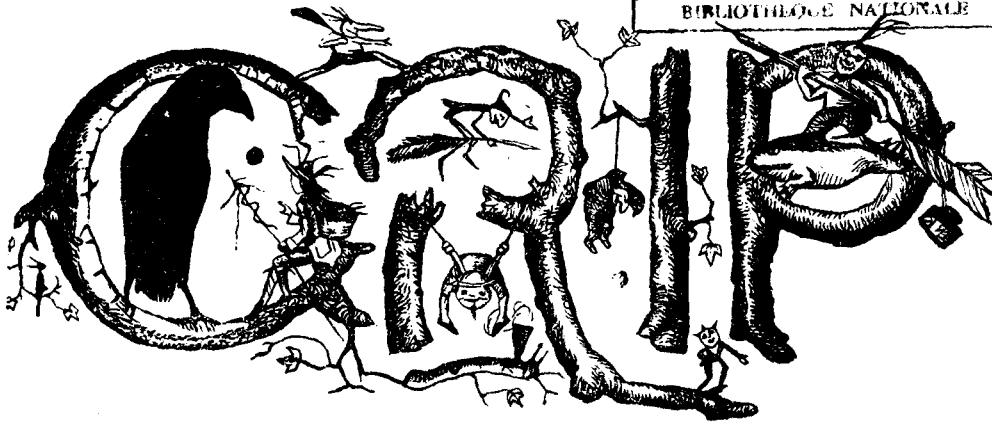


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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

BENGOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XVI. No. 10.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1881.

\$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.

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COAL AND WOOD,

THE BEST QUALITY. AND LOWEST PRICE.

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

The Hungarian band has returned to Paris.

Mr. Candidus and Frau Wilda have been singing in "Aida" at Frankfurt.

Madame Schumann played at the Schumann concert at Stuttgart, Nov. 23.

Salvini is to return to New York after the run of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Booth's Theatre.

E. E. Rice will take out "The Original Evangeline Company," starting from Boston, Jan. 15th.

La Gazette Musicale gives the full list of Offenbach's 103 operettas, from "Pascal et Cambord" to "Les Contes d'Hoffman."

Herr Albin Schroder, a violoncellist, made his debut at the seventh Gewandhaus concert at Leipzig, Nov. 25th, with fair success.

J. G. Saville has taken out a company, playing "The Governor," in which Harold Warfeu is playing Theodore Macleagfield with much credit.

The 25th anniversary of the foundation of the Dresden Conservatoire was celebrated in January. Buch's Mass in B minor was performed.

Mr. McKee Rankin says that "The Danites" made a bad failure in Dublin, and that the Irish said they didn't know anything about Americans.

The 54th season of the Conservatoire concerts began at Paris last Sunday. The "Eroica" symphony was the piece de resistance, and there were no novelties.

On Dec. 6th, Madame Patti began with Nicolini and Verger an operatic engagement at Madrid. "Traviata," "Barbiere," "Somnambula," and "Lucrezia" will form the repertory.

Grand Opera House.—To-night, Salvini, the great Italian tragedien, appears in "Othello." There will be a good house to greet him, as seats are being rapidly taken.

Before it was produced at Madleburg, Wagner's "Meistersinger" had 179 rehearsals—that is to say, 17 with orchestra. 3 with *mise en scene*, 4 *d'ensemble*, 75 with the artists respectfully, and 80 choral rehearsals.

Royal Opera House.—During the week, "Drink" has held the boards. To-night, "Macbeth" will be produced for the Benefit of Rose Eyttinge. This talented actress deserves a full house. Next week the "Nip and Tuck" Combination will appear.

To do "Michael Strogoff" well will take a great deal of time and money, and it begins to thought advisable, both by Abbey and Coleville, to postpone the production from this season to next, in which case it would be the opening attraction of the season of 1881-82 at Booth's

The "Mapleson" season in New York closed on Friday night, and on Saturday and Sunday people left for Boston. Mr. Mapleson has made a gross profit during the season of ten weeks of close on to \$60,000.

Those desiring a hearty laugh, one that will drive away the "blues" and make a man feel good-natured for a week, should try Grip's almanac for 1881. There is enough of it, and of such a genuine humorous quality, as to well repay its readers. Toronto: Bengough Bros.—Goderich Star.

\$10 Outfit furnished free with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in the business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address *TREV & CO., Augusta, Maine.*

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34th SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELER'S INSURANCE CO.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1881.

Paid-up Cash Capital, \$600,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate	\$ 911,389 77
Cash on hand and in bank	217,216 09
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate	2,101,410 50
Interest on loans accrued but not due	51,314 61
Loans on collateral security	87,500 00
Deferred Life premiums	52,854 86
Premiums due & unreported on Life policies	34,844 80
United States Government bonds	281,520 00
State, county, and municipal bonds	393,200 00
Railroad stocks and bonds	670,240 00
Bank stocks	705,703 00
Hartford City Gas Light Co. stock	18,000 00
Total Assets	\$5,519,194 23

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, four per cent., Life department	\$3,454,212 00
Reserve for re-insurance, Accident dept.	369,562 72
Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities	227,818 00
Total liabilities	\$4,051,592 72
Surplus as regards policy holders	\$1,467,601 51

STATISTICS FOR THE YEAR 1880.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Number of Life Policies written in 1880	1,743
Whole number of Life Policies in force	11,914
Amount Life Insurance in force	\$19,098,632 00
Gain in amount in force in 1880	\$916,507 00
Total claims paid in Life Dept.	\$1,630,200 43

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number of Accident Policies written in 1880	73,241
Gain in Policies over 1879	\$254,758 91
Gain in Premiums over 1879	\$254,758 91
Whole number Accident Policies written	645,788
Number Accident claims paid in 1880	11,774
Amount Accident claims paid in 1880	\$544,171 67
Whole number Accident claims paid	53,366
Whole amount Accident claims paid	\$3,981,801 81
Total losses paid, both Departments	\$5,612,002 24

JAS. G. BATTERSON, President.
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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.

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

A half dozen American authors are reported as writing American Endymions. This is the worst blow of all, and stringent repressive measures should be used against them.

Puck now issues a monthly supplement in the form of a tinted caricature portrait of a distinguished man. The first, Gen. Garfield, is done in Keppler's best style—in other words it is simply inimitable.

The Globe has an addition to its editorial staff in the person of Prof. Wells, late principal of the Baptist Literary Institute, of Woodstock. The professor has had considerable journalistic experience, and will, no doubt, prove a valuable acquisition to the leading Opposition organ. We hardly expect funny articles from him, however.

Rev. Dr. Hill, of Halifax, entertained a St. John audience last week with a brilliant lecture on "The Pulpit, the Platform and the Press." In referring to the last division of his subject, the Telegram says he made a good hit by reading accounts of a Syndicate meeting from two rival party papers, and commenting on the 'custom' of misrepresentation.

We affectionately admonish our esteemed contemporary Chic to put a stopper on that individual of its staff who inspired the late Bernhard cartoon. That man has a downward tendency, and if not choked off will land the paper in the slums before long.

The Christian Reporter sets out on its useful and lofty mission with renewed energy for 1881. The January number is before us and presents a very neat appearance. The Reporter is thoroughly evangelical and deserves the warm support of all Christians.

Grip's almanac for 1881 will be welcomed by the Canadian public, containing, as it does, a complete and varied fund of information. The weather and other heavy themes are properly relieved by apt illustrations and mirth provoking passages. This unique work can be recommended to the public, and will take a high stand in the realm of almanacs. It is dedicated to the Canada Paper Company. Buy it, and you will be successful in 1881.—London (Ont) Advertiser.

The Traveler's Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., (whose advertisement appears in another column) have issued their 34th semi-annual statement. This statement shows the company to be in a most prosperous condition: the surplus as regards policy holders being \$1,467,601. The Travelers is one of the oldest and most reliable Life and Accident Insurance Companies on the continent, and are doing a large business, not only in the United States, but also in Canada and other countries. Any one wishing to insure, cannot do better than with this company, as all losses are promptly paid.

We have received Grip's Almanac for 1881. It is, if possible, an improvement on the one for 1880. The "Cosmopolitan Essays" are remarkably clever, and the different dialects are written in a style from which an example might be taken with advantage by the most celebrated of character actors. The little cartoons by Bengough, Canada's caricaturist, are admirable, and the accompanying verses contain decided and pointed hits at Canadian politicians and politicians. To review the work in detail would take up more space than we have at our disposal. Suffice it to say that if any one wants a hearty laugh, the best thing he can do is to subscribe for Grip's almanac.—Aurora Borealis.

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 See T. & B. on each plug.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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.

The Power of Grip's Pencil.

Grip is proud to have evidence that his pencil—always wielded in a good cause so far as he can discern the Right—is proving effective. This week he has been honored with two protesting epistles, one from Hamilton and the other one from Kingston. As the purport of both is the same, we lay before our readers the one from the east, together with the editor's reply sent to the writer by post:—

To the Editor of Grip, Toronto: Kingston, Ont., 17th Jan., 1881.

DEAR SIR,—I must ask you to withdraw my name from the list of subscribers to Grip. When I subscribed to your paper I did so assuming that it was the organ of no political party, and that its hits would be equally divided. The course taken by your paper for some time past, however, has been so very one-sided and so opposed to the principles I believe in, that I have very little pleasure in reading it. I regret very much having to give up what I used to consider a pleasure, but I see no use in paying for what is distasteful to me.

Yours truly, J. W.

REPLY.

TORONTO, Jan. 18, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—I do not usually reply by letter or otherwise to notices ordering discontinuance of Grip, but feel disposed to make an exception in your case, chiefly because you make a charge which I consider unfounded. You insinuate that Grip is the organ of a political party. I deny it. I hold that Grip has followed a course of pure independence, though I am free to confess that my idea of independence is not that namby-pamby-fence-riding-tight-rope-walking sort of thing which would "divide its hits equally" regardless of truth. I do not know which party you belong to, but I presume it is that one which has happened to suffer most in Grip's cartoons, and if so, it is the one that has deserved to suffer most. I have endeavored to stick to facts and reflect honest sentiment in my pictures, and I challenge you to put your finger upon a single cartoon of which you can truthfully say, that has no foundation of fact, or is in its nature malicious. If you allege—as you do tacitly—that I have favored the opposite party, I similarly challenge you to mention a single occasion, on which that party laid itself open to fair attack that I failed to take advantage of. By "the course taken for some time past," I presume you refer to our stand on the Syndicate question. If you are not satisfied with that stand it is simply because

you are so blinded with partyism that you cannot appreciate it. In opposing the expensive and ruinous bargain, and advocating the cheap and more satisfactory one, I have taken the only course worthy of a Canadian who loves his country. In taking the opposite course, you are playing the part of a traitor whether you are a Grit or a Tory. If it is in this matter I have "opposed the principles you believe in," I can only hope that you may soon provide yourself with a better set of principles. I have as much respect for the real principles of one party as another. I believe men's principles, if not morally wrong, ought always to be respected, and I have never attacked the principles of either party in this country. I concern myself with the public conduct of their representative men, but I know there are some followers behind both flags who are so blind or so craven that they cannot see any difference between these two entirely dis-similar things.

I hope you will take the earliest opportunity of bringing forward the evidence that Grip is a party organ, by showing where it has exhibited malice or concealed the truth—the infallible marks of the partizan. In the meantime your request shall be complied with as to removal of your name, the place of which I know will be quickly supplied by that of a man who subscribes more heartily to Grip's maxim—*Fiat Justitia.* Yours respectfully,

EDITOR GRIP.

Tierney to the Front.

WINNIPEG, Jan. 9, 1881.

GRIP, ME DARLINT,—Shure it's so long since the lasht toume I writ til yez that I thought if I didn't send yez a line yez might never hear from me agin, so I takes my pin in hand to let yez know I am shtill in the land av the livin'—bein' at the praisht toume in Manytohy. The land av the livin' did I say? Well, begorra, if the half I hear about that Swindlekate consarn is thure, it'll be hard to scrape a livin' out av it before long. But shurely they're foolin' me intiroly, sor? Yez don't mane to say me owld chafetain, John A., is the gossoon the Grits here is thyrin' to make out? Wan av thim says to me, sez he, Tierney, fhwat do yez think av that foine shlate-man av yours now, John A. I mane? sez he. Sez I, the same 'as iver—the cleverest owld bye av the whole av thim. Fhwat have you to say about him? sez I. Did yez rade that, thim? sez he, hamin' me a paper. I tuck it home an' I read it, an' I cudn't belave me eyes, harly. Be me sowl, if I have anny undthorshtandin' av the English langwiche, the Government in that paper agrees to give away the country, or the most av it, wid powers an' privildges fit for the Imperor av Rooshia, along wid barrels av money to the Swindlekate, for buildin' two bits av a railway! Whim I koun across that Grit agin I gev him back the paper. Well, sez he, wid a shty soort av a wink, fhwat's yer opinion av the grait John A.? It sez nothin' about John A. at all, sez I, its the doins av Tupper, and betune you an' me, I wudn't put it past him—I niver did belave in Tupper. We'll but, sez he, John A. is in the box, too, for didn't he make a spache the other day backin' up Tupper's bargin' an' goin' agin the offer av the new Swindlekate that wants to build the railway for less money an' no privildges at all, at all. He did? sez I. Are ye shure? I am, sez he. it's thure! Fhwat argymint did he bring agin the new Swindlekate? sez I. He said it was a Grit consarn, sez he. For the first toume in my loife I felt ashamed av John A., sor. I say that argymint is extramely thin. Av the min can put up their money and build us the road chaper than the other Swindlekates, fhwat business is it av moine or John A's whether they are Grits or not? I for wan am willin' they should remain in darkness, politically spakin', av they'll only be sound on the railroad buildin' question. Thruely yours,

TERRY TIERNY.

The Club.

The Punster Club met on Saturday night and after opening in the usual manner, the chairman announced that the subject for the evening would be "Fish."

No. 1.—"A very 'fishy' subject indeed." "That man deserves a Whale-in," shouted No. 2. "Mackerel pun will you?" said the chairman. "Oh, you feel great Perch-ed up there don't you?" asked No. 3. Chairman.—"Did you say that on Porpoise?" "Minnow a better one than that," yelled No. 4. "What is it?" groaned the chairman. "Did you ever see a Lam-prey?" said No. 4. "No, but I've come across a good many Suckers," roared No. 2. "One more such and I'll turn on my Eel and walk out," said the chairman. "Why is the first log of a tree like a certain fish?" howled No. 1. "I'll know before Oyster from this seat," said the chairman.

No. 1.—"Because it's a Hackbut." No. 3.—"Oh! I thought I 'Smelt' a pun in the air."

No. 4.—"What fish does the last speaker resemble?"—"A Shiner."

Chairman.—"Enough, enough. That will do. I do not want to act the part of the 'Carp'-ing critic, therefore I will only announce that the next subject will be the months."

"Jan-u-ary fool," roared No. 1. "F-I-be-ary idiot," howled the chairman. "Come, March out of this," said the janitor. "May I be hanged if I do," yelled No. 3. "Juic-o if you don't I'll make you," roared No. 2. "Ju-lic," shrieked No. 3.

"The first thing you know you'll be Kn-October," said No. 4.

Here the lights were turned out and the meeting adjourned.

An Allegory.

Mr. Bunting, managing editor of the Mail is in a very indignant frame of mind, and we think justly so. Mr. Bunting wished to purchase an additional press, and commissioned a certain broker to procure one for him. The broker accepted the commission and went to England to procure the press. Upon his return he announced to Mr. Bunting that he had been fortunate enough to secure one from a certain manufacturing firm, but upon the terms of the bargain being made known, they were found to be outrageous. Mr. Bunting was to pay about four times as much as the press was worth; to build about half of it himself, to allow the firm to enter his office and print whatever they pleased, without cost, and various other objectionable features. Upon Mr. Bunting threatening to repudiate the whole thing, the broker explained that though the bargain was not as good as he might wish, yet it was the best that could be made. Just at this juncture, however, a new firm opened communication with Mr. Bunting, and offered to sell him an equally good press for considerable less than the former offer and without any of its objectionable features. Mr. Bunting would have willingly accepted the new proposition, but the broker, being possessed of considerable influence, forced him to accept terms of the first bargain. Of course Mr. Bunting is indignant, and we heartily sympathize with him. To be the victim of such a barefaced robbery and swindle is outrageous, but still it is rather curious that Mr. Bunting should, at the present time, be assisting the Government, by voice and influence, in the perpetration of a still more glaring fraud, of precisely the same description.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the Eatble has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. It's a rich richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD-HEADED CANES. 50 Patterns. The Nobbiest Things in the Market. WOLTZ BROS & Co. 29 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



The Nigger on the Fence.

There's an African on the fence in this St. Paul Syndicate matter. Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper are both men of keen intellect, and yet in this affair they are acting like imbeciles. They are deliberately thrusting aside a proposal to save many millions in money, and many more in privileges to the country, and up to the present time they have offered no reasonable excuse for their conduct. Now, we do not believe that they are fools, therefore we reject the idea that they think they are doing this in the interest of the public; we do not believe they are dullards, therefore we cannot think they imagine it is good party policy; they have no reason to hate Canada, and therefore we do not believe they are propiously endeavouring to wound their country. They know as well as we do that they are doing a thing unworthy of their reputation as statesmen; they know it is a bad bargain, and every time they speak a word in its favor they inwardly despise themselves. Then why are they persisting? Why are they so anxious to compass the ruin of the fairest land on earth; and to sow the seeds of future disaster? There's a nigger on the fence, and everybody knows it!

In this merry season of Tom and Jerry you may meet many bowl-legged men.—*Modern Argo.* Eggs-actly; but what an egg-otistical wretch you are to perpetrate such heinous puns as that. We do not want to "hatch" any disturbance, but if we see any more of that "breed" we shall "lay" for you in a manner that will be "cackle"-lated to make you keep your "roost" for some time to come.



The Ontario Side Show.

O. MOWAT.—Walk up this way ladies and gentlemen... We haven't got so much canvas as the Syndicate circus, but we give you more for your money than they do there!

A New Business Idea.

The *Hamilton Spectator* of the 17th inst. says of the New Syndicate:—"Had they been in earnest they would have avoided giving it (their offer) the appearance of an attack upon the Government. They would have kept the Opposition finger out of the pie as long as possible. That would have been the policy of ordinary prudence, which no ordinary business man would have lost sight of." In other words, it practically says, that if the new Syndicate want to have their offer accepted, they must rely, not upon the economy and feasibility of their scheme, which should be its best recommendation, but upon their powers of cringing to the Government and, to use a homely but expressive phrase, "by keeping on the right side" of the politicians in power.

In the life of Hanlan, edited by Rickard K. Fox, Laycock is said to have been born in Pitt St., New South Wales. Ah, yes, now we know all about it. We were born in Essex St., British North America.



A Song for the Near Future.

Air.—"Britons never shall be slaves."
 When Britain first, by Heaven's command,
 Gave Canada, her child, home rule,
 She never thought that favoured land
 Would prove herself an arrant fool.
 But this was the charter—
 The charter of the brave—
 Canada's realm ne'er would know a slave!
 CHORUS.—Rule Britannia, &c.
 But traitors cursed that glorious land,
 And bartered all its hopes away
 Into Monopoly's grasping hand—
 Heaven make them for that treason pay!
 They broke the charter—
 The charter of the brave—
 That Canada's realm ne'er should know a slave.
 CHORUS.—Rule Britannia, &c.
 Go see the toiling pioneers,
 Groaning beneath the Syndicate,
 And nursing still for future years
 The awful legacy of hate.
 Then sing the charter—
 The charter of the brave—
 Canada's realm ne'er should know a slave!
 CHORUS.—Rule Britannia, &c.

Dobbs, an artist of our acquaintance, can paint a fragment of orange peel so deftly on the pavement, that if you put your heel upon it, and don't fall, it's your own fault, not the orange peel's.



Poor Thomas White.

Grip extends his sincerest sympathy to Mr. Thomas White, M.P. That gentleman, though a brilliant and rising legislator, and a very popular member of society, is a fair subject for any superfluous pity the public may have on hand. It is not because he is obliged, by circumstances over which he has no control, to represent a backwoods constituency instead of a division of the commercial metropolis, that Grip pities him, nor is it because the Grip papers have been pitching into him in a violently personal manner about his recent Syndicate speech. No, it is because being intuitively cleanly in his habits, he is nevertheless obliged by "exigencies of party" to befoul his fingers with journalistic dirty work. We are not stating this as a charge against him, but simply as a lamentable fact. The phrase is merely a quotation from Mr. White himself, for as everybody must know by this time, he recently stated, through his newspaper, by way of apology for the filth of falsehood with which he had bedaubed a certain man, "that the exigencies of party compelled editors to do such things." It is a great pity for Mr. White. He is intelligent, educated and gifted, and has the makings of a really decent fellow. It is a thousand pities that the "exigencies of party" should compel him to act like a rowdy.



Too Late! Alas! Too Late!

LITTLE BOY BLAKE.—Hi there! mister, you have dropped nine millions of money in your hurry!
 GREAT STALSMAN.—It's of no consequence, sonny! Never mind it now, it is too late!



"BETWEEN THE D— AND THE DEEP SEA!"



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

There is an oyster in my soup," shrieked a man at a restaurant. "Don't pay for it, then," said the man next to him.—*Sunday Breakfast Table.*

An arrow minded man—the toxophilite.—A private box—a prize fight on the sly.—A complaint and its cure.—ache o'night—Aconite.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

He was making considerable noise rehearsing his part of Othello, when a dog silenced him by his howling. This the star actor became a cur-hashed tragedian.—*Whitehall Times.*

"Is this our crowd?" asked a couple of agents, as they joined a party at a lunch counter. "No," replied one person, "this is not sauerkraut—it is ham."—*Sunday Breakfast Table.*

"Proposals for carrying the mails," mused Miss Mary, aged 36, looking up from a newspaper. Then she cried, in stormy tones, "I'd like to know who's to carry the females."—*Sunday Breakfast Table.*

Why is the meat in your sandwich like the large middle class of society? Because it lies between the upper-crust and the under-bred.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*—And is more use than both together.—*Philadelphia News.*

When you meet a man with a fancy pair of scissors in his vest pocket, you may set him down as a dry goods clerk or an editor. If his clothes are fine and fashionable, you may know he is not an editor.—*Waterloo Observer.*

A derrick is a bivalve, because it is a hoister.—*Whitehall Times.* The above paragraph explains why no man has ever been known to swallow a derrick while eating oyster soup. It wasn't there.—*Sunday Breakfast Table.*

A man wanted to buy a dozen of eggs from a market woman, but had no money. A bright thought struck him, and he asked her to lend him the price of the money. She agreed, remarking, "An eggs sell lent idea."—*Sunday Breakfast Table.*

A hang-up business—shooting glass balls in the air.—Great, lumbering fellows—the male inhabitants of Stillwater, Minn.—The farmer's favorite vest—harvest—*Agent's Herald.* The speculator's favorite vest—invest.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

Yesterday we observed a man dipping a piece of list into the bung of a whiskey barrel, after which he would withdraw it and then chow upon the woolen strip with great satisfaction. The fellow, no doubt, was of the spirit-chew-listic order.—*Whitehall Times.*

No, Sarah, you cannot make good pie out of pike rust.—Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of you.—Between Mary and the lamb there existed a strong friendship.—In an active career there must of necessity be great back-tivity.—When old Sol wishes to shave his face, he uses a sun ray sir.—*Whitehall Times.*

The story is told of a Williamsport young man who went to the Black Hills to seek his fortune, and wrote back to his father that he had done well, but added: "I will be home on Wednesday evening. Meet me at dark, just out of town, and bring a blanket or a whole pair of trousers with you. I have a hat."—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

The world should give us our daily bread for the world doughs us a living.—*Whitehall Times.* Kreet, and if some people "dough" a little work and not "loaf" around so much they would find no trouble in getting their daily bread.—*Cohoes Daily Register.*

There are two newspaper men in this State whose combined incomes amount to a trifle over \$400,000 a year. James Gordon Bennett's is \$100,000. Modesty forbids us to say more.—*Yonkers Statesman.* Ah, brother, we are glad that your modesty prevents you from "giving us away."—*Whitehall Times.*

Many sailors have their hands and arms marked with India ink. Some of this work is very fine, and the sailors exhibit it with pride, thinking it cannot be excelled. Yet almost any snare drummer can beat a tattoo.—*Rome Sentinel.* Many young ladies tat—who cannot crochet, and some can tat two collars while one is being knit.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

Conductors do the fare thing and masons the square thing.—*Erratic Enrigue.* And editors the write thing.—*Pocahontas.* The young Indian girl who saved the Smith family from being knocked into Smithereens.—"I never saw the beat of him," as the old gentleman remarked,—speaking of a policeman who was never on hand when wanted.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

A New York church choir is on a strike, owing to one or two of its members getting disliked by the others. You seldom find harmony in a church choir, anyhow.—*Norristown Herald.* There is an excellent city in New Hampshire for choirs who disagree. The singers there are always in harmony,—or Concord, which is the same thing. Capital joke, eh?—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

There is nothing like taking the conceit out of a young man. When young Ragbag put his flyer at his best speed, driving up Columbus avenue, and then hauled up to a policeman and asked: "Is it against the law to drive fast on the avenue?" The officer replied: "Yes, young man, and I'm glad you have taken care not to break the rule." And Ragbag felt awfully embarrassed.—*Boston Post.*

A matter of course—a horse race.—*Meriden Recorder.* Rather a matter of courser. We don't charge cent for the correction.—Rabbit hunters should always see that their rifles and shot-guns are provided with hare triggers, before joining in the chase.—"Though art so near and yet so far," sighed the shop girl, when a lady with a seal-skin cloak took a seat beside her in the horse car.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

South end maiden asks: "When a young man comes twice a week with a carriage and takes a young lady to the theatre and a supper afterward and makes her magnificent presents, what does it indicate?" It indicates, dear ma'am, that he has got more money to fool away than we have.—*Boston Post.* More frequently it indicates that he is spending what little cash he has laid up and after marriage his bride will have to take in sewing to get money to buy cooking utensils.—*Philadelphia News.*

Although there is no regular association of cooks in Boston, they are, as a class, governed by certain bile laws, to which they are obliged to conform.—"I presume you understand my business," said the con-us taker to the acrobat. "I merely wish to know your occupation." "Oh, yes! I tumble," replied the acrobat.—Eighty million dollars' worth of hogs have been sold to Europe the past year.—"Lardy dah."—*New Haven Register.* Weaver notion that the Register "tried" this pork kind of a pun to bring out "scraps" from the rest of the boys.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

The train had run into a snow-drift, and the engine was butting its head in vain against a six-foot bank.

"For once the iron horse appears to be beaten," remarked a fat woman near the centre of the car.

"You shouldn't call it an iron horse," mildly reproved a solemn-faced man across the aisle.

"Why not?" asked the fat woman in some surprise.

"Because it's block tin," softly murmured the solemn-faced man, as he gazed out the window and across the wintry waste with a far-away look in his eye.

The fat woman gasped, while the conductor was astonished to such a degree that he went out of the car without slamming the door.—*Rockland (Me.) Courier.*

The other night as the Buffalo express was whirling off the Erie, a queer looking old man, who might have escaped from the curiosity department of the Historical Society, got up from his seat in the sleeping car and shouted: "Is there a doctor in the car?" Commotion and excitement immediately ensued, and as there was no medical man in that particular car, several passengers hurried through the train, and finally found one. "What's the matter?" he said to the little old man. "Nothing," said he, "but in case I'm sick and yell out like thunder in my sleep, my bunk's No. 20, now, don't forget it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

What makes a paling fence pale?—Lapland ought to produce good pedestrians.—There is only one married State—Mrs. Sippi.—Snow shoes, indeed! They are better things than shoes if they are to come down to us that way.—Does the Water Department use paper with a water-line? Here's a chance for an investigation, Mr. Caven!—The people of Santa Fe, New Mexico, are rejoicing over gas-light. When the three month's bills are presented, they will think the gas is heavy instead of light!—A boy in London, Canada, swallowed a goose-quill, but, instead of being all write with him, it was all wrong.—[Ex. In other words, he made a goose of himself!—Tennyson is losing his popularity: his poetical productions only command penny-a-liner prices.—[Ex. He ought to change his name to Pennyson, then.—Who is the greatest liar? He who speaks most of himself.—[Ex. If this is accepted, we suppose the greatest truth-teller is one who is perpetually lying about somebody else!—*Philadelphia Item.*

It was just three o'clock in the afternoon—just the hour when old soakers put down their mid-watch dram. Seven or eight men were seated around the stove when one of them suddenly remarked:

"There comes Jim. Poor fellow, I feel sorry for him."

"What's the matter with Jim?" asked two or three at once.

"He swore off on the first, and he seems bound to stick to it."

"Swore off, eh? He doesn't look as if he had the sand to stick to it."

"Oh, but he has. It would make him feel awful bad to be invited up to the bar, but Jim is in earnest this time."

Jim entered the place, nodded to all hands, and was warming his toes when one of the men moved over to the bar, winked at the rest, and said:

"Er? Jim—take sunthin' with me?"

Jim sauntered over to the bar, poured out a stiff glass of whiskey, and sent it down without a sigh. The other looked at him for half a minute, and then asked:

"Didn't you swear off on New Year's?"

"Yes."

"On what?"

"On drinking water!" replied James, as he calmly wiped his mouth on his elbow.

Our Grip Sack.

A back-biter—a F—a.

A tale-bearer—a kangaroo.

A counter irritant—a saleswoman.

Economy—the art of living on nothing while doing a good business.

Political economy—the art of always keeping on the right side of the party in power.

Social economy—The art of living off someone doing a good business, without doing any business yourself.

Now is the time to find out the exact width of a man's property,—by the length of sidewalk he shovels the snow off.

Too many irons in the fire. The man who substituted the ramrod for a bullet and burst his gun in the attempt.

Haverly's big minstrel troupe is called the Black Hundred. It don't resemble the charge of the Light Brigade when they come on the stage.

Smifkins, who is a tailor by trade, got married lately. He says now that before he was married he had only one "goose," but now he owns two.

What is the difference between a black boot and a negro boot black? One blacks the boot and the other boots the black. It's a dark subject anyhow.

The play of "Drink" holds the boards of the Royal this week, and all the toppers in the city were hanging around there. Your funny contributor went himself.

The attorney for the defence of the arrested Irish Land Leaguers has so arranged the evidence that it will require about two years to finish the trial.—Is this a case of Boycotting the judge and jury?

"What is there" howls an orator, "more cheerful and homelike than the hum of a sewing machine?" Hum—wonder if he ever came home at 2 a.m. and found his red-headed wife waiting for him with a club?

"Ewe get out," as the farmer said to the lamb in his corn.—Toronto Grip. "Ewe try to drive me out and I'll lamb you!" as the lamb said to the farmer.—Salem Sunbeam. "I'll see wether you will or not," replied the farmer.—Yavocob Strauss. Its sheer nonsense to waste time on such sheep puns.

Lushington, after reading in a book of travels that snakes never went over a piece of matting on account of the irritation it produced on the surface of their stomachs, lined his boots with the same. He said, "I just want to make the acquaintance of any snake who will dare to inhabit my boots in future."

The greatest joke of the day—"It is abundantly clear that their (the Government's) insight is clearer and stronger (on the Syndicate question) than that of the Opposition."—Hamilton Spectator. They see at once that the new Syndicate's proposal is much worse than the old terms. There are no exemptions or monopolies; not even the smallest thing to make it a good bargain.

Walter Matlack, aged 14 years, John Burns, aged 17 years, and John Boyle, aged 12 years, were arrested, and this morning held by Magistrate Reilly to answer at court the charge of breaking into and robbing residences in the vicinity of Broad and Poplar.—Philadelphia Sunday Item. Well, Reilly; it seems to us these boys are on the Broad and Poplar road that leads to a place where they Boyle and Burns, and where they Mat-lack the opportunity of more robbing.

The Statesman's Grief.

I.
Mackenzie bowed his head and wept,
His heart was filled with gloom;
The tears coursed down his rugged cheeks
And trickled round the room.

II.
His sobs rose thick with choking sound,
His bosom heaved with sighs;
In fact his utter hopeless grief
Burst forth in smothered cries.

III.
He did not weep because the lead
Was taken from his hands;
The tariff did not cause his grief,
It was the Railway Lands.

IV.
And even then his grief did not
Relate, as you'd suppose,
To that enormous grant of land
The Ministers propose.

V.
"Ah, woe is me!" Mackenzie cried,
"And woe is Edward Blake,
"It ears me greet to mind the rash
"Wild speeches we did make!"

VI.
"Oh, why did we run down those lands,
"And call their value nil?
"When they would be so useful now
"To hurt this little bill!"

VII.
"Oh, why did we declare that they
"Were not a dollar worth
"Per acre; praising up the white
"That foreign Texan earth?"

VIII.
"And when Sir John an acre said
"Was worth two and a half,
"Oh why shewed Blake and I such scorn
"And why did Cartwright laugh?"

IX.
"A little calculation, too,
"We'll make, and try to count,
"What's lost us by our foolishness
"In arguing amount."

X.
"25,000,000 acres at
"\$1 it is clear
"\$25,000,000
"(Even that we thought was dear.)"

XI.
"But 25,000,000 acres at
"\$2.50c.
"Makes 37,000,000 and
"500 difference."

XII.
"Great Caesar's Ghost! just think of this,
"Alas! alack-a-day,
"If only I had held my tongue
"There'd be the device to pay."

XIII.
"But now I can't attack them thus,
"This wretched speech of mine
"Will be brought up against me, sine,
"The days of auld lang sime."

XIV.
But here I left the wretched man,
His grief so force did get,
And if he hasn't read the Globe
He may be weeping yet.

JA KASSE.

Capt Tom's Meditations.

Old Tom came in smiling, and the boys immediately stopped all conversation and gave him the floor. "Boys," said he, "why was that mayoralty election like a regular old-fashioned nigger fight?"

"I doand gan dell," said Gollieb, "was it because those Conservatives was so dick skulled?"

"Not by a long shot," said Capt. Tom.

"Be jabbers thin it was bekaese thim Tories went into it hid first and came out av it all strucked av a heap," said Pat.

"Yer wrong my Italian friend," said Capt. Tom.

"I kalkilate its because it was a 'arnation Closa affair," said the Yankee.

"Perhaps it was because the Conservatives got a regular old-fashioned thrashing," said the man on the biscuit box.

"No," says Capt. Tom, "I'll tell yer. It was because the hull thing were done by Close-Buntin'."

They cacchinated in chorus, and then Capt. Tom resumed—"Boys, I want ter say a few more words on this Pacific Railway bizness I'm feelin' good over this new Syndicate. It's just boss yer see; there makin' government a mighty good offer, an' the people know it. Tupper an' his crowd was sayin' all along that if the bargain they had made was not a good 'un, it was the best wot could be had, but now that game is busted. The new Syndicate do the work a mighty sight cheaper than the old 'un, an' they don't ask fur none of them cussed exemptions, 'un monopolies, 'un all that other trash the others was goin' to git. There's one thing, if their offer isn't accepted, they've let the country know what is trump, and then Conservatives will git beat next election as sure as my name is Capt. Tom. I've laughed considerable too over the way them Conservative newspapers is takin' it. Fust they said it was an election dodge, but the Syndicate men come down and deposits \$1,300,000 as security, an' offers ter deposit \$2,000,000 more if the fust wan't enough, an' that stops their chatter mighty quick. Now they're howlin' around that they will only build the prairie section an' not the eastern section. That's a lie an' they know it. Tory Governments don't make bargains with what they consider Grit companies, so loose that the company can do as it pleases about carrying it out. Not by a good big pile they don't. It's only their friends wot git sich bargains as that, an' I know it. An' they don't believe wot they're writin' either. They know the new offer is a long way the best an' they only come down ter sich low mean little tricks ter serve their party. But I must be goin', so good-night boys, an' we'll hear more of this thing before it is finished."

TIMOTHY.

A Pathetic Sketch.

BY AN HUMBLE ADMIRER OF "KERNI-KHAN," OF THE *World*.

He was dead. My true, sweet friend had breathed his last and had stopped breathing altogether. He was dead. We had loved each other as brothers, and often and often had he wept on my shoulder over the pathetic sketches I wrote in the *World*. I never could tell whether he was weeping for me or for the *World*. But he was so tender-hearted. The tears welled up into his fair blue eyes and trickled down his alabaster brow whenever anything lacerated his feelings and my pieces in the *World* always did. Alas, he is dead. Also buried. We loved two sisters,—beautiful, sweet gazelle-eyed gnyrels, they were. He loved one and I loved the other. We didn't both love them both, nor did he love the other, nor did I love the other. I did not love his, and he did not love mine, but we each loved our own—he the one and I the other, though sometimes I would love the one and he the other. When he died I called to see the gnyrels, and I found one weeping on the other's breast. It was his one. She clenched my hand with an iron grasp and said in a harsh, hoarse voice, "He is in the cold ground, go to him at once, go!" My gnyrel also told me to go. I went to the graveyard and felt the sweet shoulder and the curve of the noble form of the dead youth, and came back. I told the sisters he was warm in the ground. But they kept on weeping as if their hearts would break. Then I took out a copy of the *World* and offered to read them my latest pathetic sketch. They wept louder and louder. Then I said I would refrain from reading it and their weeping moderated somewhat. At last I promised that I would never write any more maudlin twaddle in the *World*, and they at once ceased to weep and began to look joyful. They will never weep again.

For a GOOD SMOKE

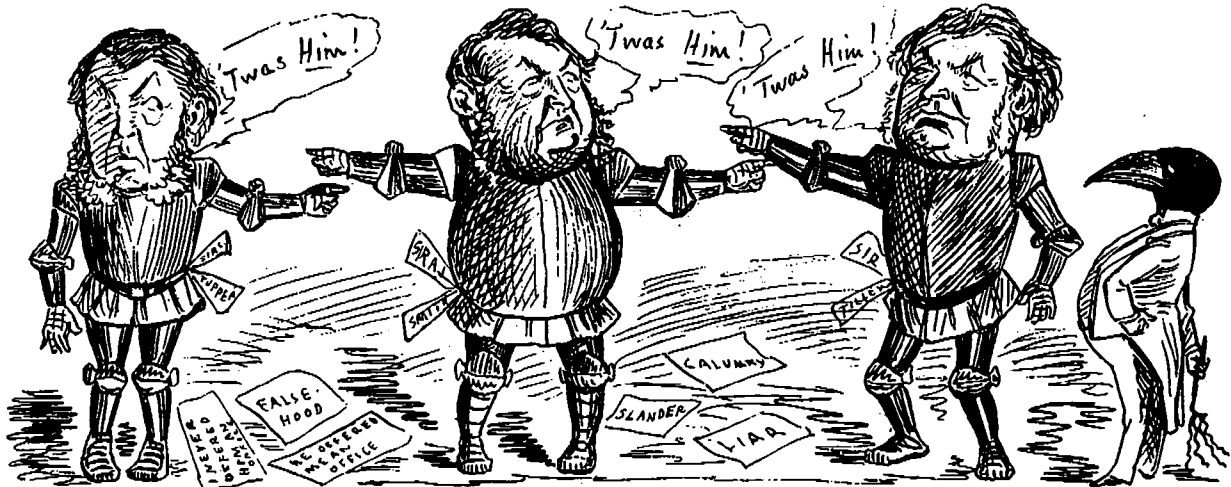
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