

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)



EDITOR'S NOTE.

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

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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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.

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Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE:—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care Grip Office.

Mr. Barney Macauley is at present the attraction at the Grand, in his popular impersonation of Uncle Dan'l. This role has taken a place amongst the standard characters of American comedy.

The Philharmonic Society's Concert at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening passed off with all the usual eclat. A very large audience was present, and the singers acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner.

Manager Conner having given his patrons at the Royal all the Drink that is good for them for a while, announces the reappearance of Harry Webber and his company in *Nip and Tuck*. The public is aware that this drama is highly amusing, and no doubt many will be glad to have the opportunity of seeing it again performed ably, smoothly, laughably, and simply as A B C.

In Hamilton, on a recent Saturday night Rose Eyttinge as *Lady Macbeth* was splendid, but when *Macbeth* appeared bearing on his shoulders, as a mantle, a piano cover—ye gods! *Macbeth*, from the dim historic days of old, arrayed in a modern piano cover! What wonder he could "sleep no more! no more!" If *Macbeth* be really your forte, don't ever again come before a discerning public under cover of piano.

To the Music Editor of Grip:—

Sir,—May I ask you to give the readers of Grip your opinion of Mr. Braybrooke Bayley's "Isobel Waltzes" as music. I read your critique of these compositions in a late number, but in that notice you restricted yourself to pointing out certain technical mistakes, which do not materially affect the musical character of the waltzes any more than grammatical errors would affect the merits of a poem. By devoting a paragraph to this in the next issue, you will oblige

AN AMATEUR.

We have received from the publishers, Duncan & Hall, Philadelphia, a copy of the latest satirical sensation, "Ye Barn Beautiful; ye Last Sweet Thing in Corners." It is a clever hit at those Intense people—the Decorative Art worshippers of our day, who carry their lobby to the verge of lunacy. The satire is in dramatic form, and is written with all the keen humor the subject is fitted to inspire. The author is Mrs. Florence J. Duncan, a lady well known in literary circles at Ottawa, where she resided as a newspaper correspondent during the term of Lord Dufferin, to whom, by the way, the brochure is dedicated. The binding of our copy is a Reverie in Brown, and the typography is at once Supreme and Utter. We will endeavor to live up to it.

Salvini's performance of Othello was very good indeed. If the reader will kindly accept this as the strongest superlative known to the English language, he will catch our meaning and save us a long wade through our big dictionary. In grandeur of conception, subtlety of expression, and artistic force—whether in the zephyrs of love or the tempest of passion, Salvini was perfect. His power in the final act not only entranced but appalled his audience. Had Shakespeare's day been blessed with a Salvini, that worthy poet might have had some adequate conception of his own powers. As our Italian education was somewhat neglected we failed to catch the tragedian's meaning distinctly in some of the sentences, but our friend Signor Peanutti assures us that his pronunciation was equal to his acting.

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Literature and Art.

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

Don't fail to see the last number of Grip. You'll laugh till your sides ache, and no medicine will be needed for a month.—*Elora Express*.

A New York publisher announces a new "political satire" entitled "Solid for Mulhooly." It is a satire on the Boss system of American politics.

Charles Barnard has written for the February *St. Nicholas* a full account of the obelisk—its history, and all about its great move, profusely illustrated.

The last issue of the *Turner's Falls Reporter* contains a history of the rise and prosperity of that town. Its growth has been remarkable. The editor says that where now he uses a steam press, nine years ago was a wilderness.

An insurance journal, with the title of *The Budget*, has made its appearance in this city under the management of Mr. W. R. Campbell. It is very neatly printed, and will, no doubt, commend itself to those who interested in the cause it advocates.

Scribner's Monthly will perpetuate its custom this year of issuing a "Mid-winter Number" of peculiar beauty of illustration and wide range of interest. The most artistic feature will be a richly illustrated paper on one of the most remarkable of American artists, John La Farge.

Mrs. Florence I. Duncan, author of "Ye Barn Beautiful," has written a novel entitled "Sir Lancelot," which will soon be published. A tender ballad from the same pen, called "Oh, Bonnie Seabird," (dedicated to Lady Dufferin) is set to a graceful method. Price 25 cents.

Grip's Almanac for 1881 is a capital thing, containing a good twenty-five cents' worth of honest, healthy laughter, but we confess to a preference for Grip itself. It seems to be getting better every week. It is as much to Canada now as *Punch* ever was or will be to England.—*Orillia Times*.

Freaks is the title of Philadelphia's new satirical weekly. For a first number it is very fair. The colored cartoons are good, and the paper is handsomely printed. It is too local, however, to secure a general circulation; but it may be the design of the editor to deal hereafter with national as well as Philadelphia abuses. The "second city in the Union" should support such a paper. Price, 10 cents per number.

New Music.—Received from I. Suckling & Sons, publishers, *Pioneers' Grand March*—by John Post. Although there is nothing grand about it, it may still take its place amongst the numerous common-place marches already published. There are several typographical errors, and the note type is not very good. *Nor-West Mounted Police Waltzes*, by St. Geo. B. Crozier, *Mus. Doc.* Rather pleasing and melodious. We object to the frequent following of the triad in the same position, as the disagreeable effect of the consecutive is not destroyed by the interposition of the octave in the bass, and is hardly what we would expect from a *Mus. Doc.* In Waltz 4, fourth bass staff, the C sharp would be written more musician-like if D flat instead. In the finale introduction to Indian hum there is a bar wanting to complete the rhythm. In the concluding chords the bad effect of the consecutive in the first one could have been easily avoided, and in the second one the same is too strong. It would have been better to have retained the same position, thus avoiding the consecutive and false relations that exist. We have pleasure in congratulating the publishers on the enterprise they show, and hope they will confine their publications to only what is good and correct. SHARP SIXTH.

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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.

Subscribers will please observe address slip on paper. Should the date remain unchanged second week after remittance please drop a postal card.

BENGOUGH BROS.

"Grip on 'Change"

Money is easy—much too easy—and so that useful class of men called brokers have been picking up little fortunes of \$30,000 and \$40,000 out of margins on stocks. You bet, none of them will say a word about the little fortunes they will lose in the "fall" in the "Spring." My son, don't you follow after them now. It is just when other people want to buy that you ought to sell. Soon, when they feel sold and want to sell, that is your time to buy. Let those who "carry" the stocks carry them still. After they have unloaded and you want a load to "carry," then is the time to pick it up and "carry" it till you feel it getting heavier. Solomon was never on the Stock Exchange; but if he had been that's probably how he would talk. He wouldn't have charged anything for the advice either; but then he was rich. Gurr sells his wisdom at two dollars a year, payable in advance, because his wisdom is always advancing. What? you say it's a little flighty? Well, of course; that's only bird-like. We must soar occasionally. So're all ravens.

The Merchant-Tramway War.

(By Special Despatch from our own Archibald Forbes.)

YONGEST., 21 Jan.

Last night I managed to send you word that a great battle was in progress at this point. I was only too thankful to get that despatch off, brief as it was, for in order to do so I had to make a hard ride over snowbanks to the nearest telegraph station, and the effort completely prostrated me—not to mention my horse. It greatly added to the difficulty and danger of my position to be obliged to stop and wait for the moon to rise. Your readers may not be aware that it is the custom in this part of the world to depend upon the moon when gas is high. However I got through (as I invariably do), and I congratulate myself that the episode will make a rattling good point in my next lecture. By the way, I do that sort of thing from a purely commercial motive; it pays to endanger your life once in a while for the sake of the financial benefits you may afterwards reap; and I don't know that it is any more risky than the stock exchange business. But I must come to the point and give you a description of the battle I have just witnessed. It began at early dawn, the first onset being made by a detachment of Tramway Foot, under command of Count Shoveloff. At the word of command the force gallantly charged along the line and began to throw up breastworks of snow on either side. This work had not progressed very far before

the enemy's pickets were descried, and shortly the main body came on at the double quick. The attack was led by Counterhopper Pasha, the right and left wings being respectively under command of Baker Pasha and Butcher Pasha. The opposing forces were alike armed with snow shovels. Without any preliminary skirmishing the engagement began with a vigorous assault on the breastworks, which were quickly thrown down. By a dexterous flank movement the Tramway force—which, by the way, was largely outnumbered—was completely surrounded, and their fate seemed sealed. But they fought desperately. Meantime reinforcements arrived for Counterhopper's men, and at once brought their arms to bear, sending in a continuous volley of balls upon the Tramways. Thus the battle raged for nearly half an hour, neither side appearing to gain any advantage. Then the attacked party received reinforcement in the shape of a detachment of horse—two horses and a car, which, on their arrival, were furiously assailed by Baker Pasha's men. During the engagement I occupied a position of eminence (and safety), and beside me I found a very fat aldermanic looking man, who appeared to take great interest in the military manoeuvres, which he viewed through a field glass. I think he said his name was Baxter, an *attache* of the City Embassy. He freely expressed himself as in sympathy with the Tramway forces, and upon my expressing astonishment that he should thus admit himself a traitor to those whose servant he was supposed to be, he gave me a knowing wink, and whispered something about "froc passos"—if I caught his words clearly. I asked him how long the engagement would probably last, and he replied with another wink,—“Just as long as the Tramway people outrage the terms of their charter, and the members of the City Council find it to their interests to wink at such outrage.” This being so, I saw it was useless to wait for the end of the battle, and so I started off at once. The fight is still going on.

A Book of Belak.

A CHRONICLE OF YE ANCIENT TIMES.

CHAPTER I.

It came to pass in these days that there lived a certain woman named Canadaisa. And she had great possessions, lands and sheep and oxen, and—asses, and for as much as the land was very rich, her children rose up before her, and said, Come, give us of the land that belongeth to us, that we may possess it, and make roads up and down in it. Then Canadaisa answered and said, Go to, the land is before you, make ye the highway with wood and with iron. And take ye the iron horse, oven Leviathan, the mighty, that he may carry the heavy burdens, the iron, the timber, and all manner of fruits of the earth, that the people within my borders may be fed. But some of the sons of Canadaisa said, Where-with shall we build this road, and whence cometh the wherewithal to hire laborers. Then said some, Let us hire the heathen, even the heathen from the far country, whose walls are round about it. But others of the children of Canadaisa waxed wroth and said, We will not have the heathen to labor in our land, for it shall come to pass, that the heathen shall multiply in the land, and shall cry, Give place, we will work for copper, neither will we take of your silver and gold, seeing we consume the rat and live in lowly places. So that it shall be that we and our children shall come to eat rats and live in lowly places.

CHAPTER II.

Now after these things there came a mighty man from beyond the seas, where there is gold in abundance, whose name was Syndicate, which being interpreted signifies, monopoly all

for one and one for all. And he spake privily unto the elders and rulers of the people, saying, Behold! the land is very wide, and the children of Canadaisa cannot possess it, seeing there is no highway through it. But if you will give me of your gold, thousands of thousands of shekels of pure gold, and a mighty portion of the land, even the heritage of her sons and daughters, and the roads they have already made therein, and shall give them to me to be mine by a covenant forever, lo! I will build a highway therein. But when the children of Canadaisa shall seek to go up throughout the land, I shall say unto them, Pay me tribute, and ye may go up and down on the highway, that I have built through the land which ye have given me, to be mine forever. Thus shall they go up and down in the land, but it shall be theirs no longer. And the Ankees shall buy and sell in your borders, and the heathen shall not eat rats in the land, but the rat and the mouse shall live all their days. Thus spake Syndicate, and the elders hearkoned unto his words.

CHAPTER III.

Now there was a certain man, of the tribe of Tbernites, whose name was Belak, the son of Belak, an elder and law-giver among the people. Now Belak, when he heard the words of Syndicate, rent his clothes, and ran and stood in the assemblies of the people, and lifted up his voice saying, Hearken not unto the voice of Syndicate, Oh! brethren and sisters, for he seeketh to make a highway in the wilderness that lieth by the north shore of the lake called Superior. But make ye a road from the lake which is called Nipissing, down to the highway of waters, that reacheth to the borders of the Ankees, towards the going down of the sun. And it shall come to pass that the Minnesotites and the Dakotites and all the other tribes of the Ankees from the far west, shall say unto you, Give us leave, we pray you, to journey over your highway with our merchandise, and we will pay you with silver and gold, for the way is short to the great sea. And when ye have multiplied and waxed rich, then shall ye build other highways from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, and your children shall possess the land, and shall say each to his neighbor, Blessed be our fathers who betrayed us not into the hands of strangers, nor sold our birthright for a highway through a barren and rocky wilderness.

CHAPTER IV.

Now it came to pass when Belak had made an end of speaking, certain mighty men of the land took counsel together and said to the rulers of the people, Behold! we ourselves will make an highway for so much less gold and so much less land, and we will give you twice as much of our substance for security thereof, and the lands shall be taxed even as the other lands of the people. Now when Syndicate heard these words, his countenance changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed and his knees smote together. But the people pondered the words of Belak, and the saying of the men of substance, moreover, pleased them. And they took a scroll, and gave it to a scribe and commanded him to write thereon, and they gave it to Syndicate. And it came to pass that when he opened the scroll he read these words: *Similia similibus curantur, di goui.* And behold! suddenly his jaw fell, and he gave up the ghost and departed.

THE END OF THE BOOK OF BELAK.

A Fact.

Scene.—Church Tea-meeting at village not 100 miles north of Toronto.

Celebrated lady singer and ambitious country lady discussing the singing for the evening.

Lady singer.—Are they going to have anything secular to-night?

Country lady.—Well, I can hardly say, I have not been down to supper yet.—Tableau.

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Tuffy for the Senate.

Editor *Globe*, (log.) :—

DEAR OLD MADAME.—Pardon me, not *old* if you don't like that expression—but, dear dignified and wise madame, I pray you hear me. Please do not imagine that I have ever said anything really disparaging about you; I assure you I have a very high regard for your respectability and utility. In fact I don't think the country could get on at all without you, and I would as soon think of discharging my Bidolph portrait engraver as of abolishing you. You have an important place in our economy, and heretofore I do not hesitate to say you have performed your duty fearlessly and well. Some of the politicians have spoken very impertinently about you, but you have a true friend in the *Globe*, a friend who will never go back on you. Oh, if you would only assure me that my ardent affection for you was reciprocated, even in the smallest degree. I do really love you ever so much. Mrs. Senate, and I have unlimited confidence in your profound sagacity and immaculate honor. If anything could increase my esteem for you it would be your willingness to grant me a little favor: and if you deigned to be so sweetly kind as to express your willingness to do so, I would make bold to ask you—pray don't think me too extravagant in my request—to throw out John A's St. Paul Syndicate Bill!

The dead body of a negro, in a good state of preservation was lately found in a large hog-head of molasses at Meaford, Mass.—*Ex.* Judging from the section of country this happened in, it is astonishing that the Yankee finder did not first sell the molasses before making the discovery public, and then put the dead negro on exhibition.



"Cultivating a Street Acquaintance."

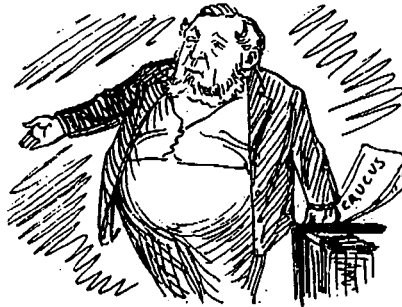
"Remember the Poor."

Those of our citizens who have been blessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods, and who may feel disposed to help their more unfortunate neighbors, cannot do better than send their donations to the society represented by Messrs. Patrick Hughes, John Monaghan, and John Kelz, of this city, who distribute relief to the deserving poor without any reference to religion or nationality. The bounty given is in the shape of bread, fuel, etc.

An Egotistical Senator.

It has often been affirmed by the opponents of our Upper Chamber that the Senate possesses dangerous prerogatives, but we never before knew of a member of that Chamber arrogating to himself the attributes of the Russian Czar. Hon. Mr. Power writes a letter to the *Globe*, in which he says that there *must* be some "supreme and sole governing Power in the State." What egotism!

Sir John says *Hind* is only trying to make game of the public with his buck-olic charges of corruption. *Deer, deer!*



Mr. Baxter's Views.

MR. MAYOR.—With reference to wot 'as fallen from you about interducink of party politics into the City Council, I 'ave simply to say I consider it all rot. I do not deny, of course, that the citizens of Toronto condemned the machine at the polls, and declared plainly that they wouldn't 'ave this partyism any longer; but I would ask, in the words of George Washington, "Wot are you going to do about it?" We are *in*, and they can't put us *out*, and that settles the matter. Wot do we care for public opinion? Wot, sir, we 'ave a *majority*, and it is a rule of the British constitution that a majority always does wot they likes. We don't see fit to give the Grit aldermen any of the chairmanships or other offices, and I don't blame them for squealink about it; but again I beg to enquire, in the words of the late Mr. Twedd ('oo was his-olf a alderman lko we are), "Wot are you going to do about it?" Them's my sentiments, Mr. Mayor.

From the Inimitable Robert.

The editor of *Grip's* Almanac had hoped to number the celebrated *Hawkeye* man amongst his contributors of replies to the question, "What is the best resolution to make for the New Year?" The following note, just received in reply to our circular, will explain why that genial journalist's pen was absent:—

"CINCINNATI, O., JAN. 16, 1881.

"DEAR GRIP,—It is hard to keep up with a man who is lecturing six nights a week. This has just caught up with me, and the right to say anything about New Year resolutions has now expired by the statute of limitation.

"Fraternally yours,
"ROBT. J. BOUQUETTE."



Nearer the Truth than Intended.

Scene.—A Fashionable Drug Store in the Forest City.

POLITE CLERK.—Take a seat beside the Refrigerator, Miss, while I make up the prescription.

A Denial.

Mr. Allan Pringle, a leading light amongst the Free Thought advocates of this country, sends us a copy of a pamphlet which he has recently written, on "Ingersoll in Canada." In this work he does us the honor to mention *Grip*, though, we regret to say, in a not over flattering manner. Referring to a cartoon representing "Archbishop Lynch strangling the Free Thought Serpent," Mr. Pringle says that *Grip*, in this sketch, "cowardly crystalizes the Archbishop's base assertion that 'a person who disbelieves in the Ten Commandments, in hell or in heaven, can hardly be trusted in the concerns of life.'" Not at all, Mr. Pringle. *Grip* knows that Freethinkers are, in the aggregate, just as good as other people so far as their conduct as citizens is concerned, and we gave no endorsement to the Archbishop's dictum as above. Mr. Pringle is not devoid of wit, and he should have seen that *Grip* was merely representing the Prelate's position on the question as seen from the standpoint of St. Michael's Palace.

Latest from Ottawa.

The game is up! The new Syndicate is smashed to smithereens. It was, as our Chief-tain said, a contemptible and flimsy trick got up by wirepullers to save several millions of the country's money, and to prevent the Government from hanging a mill-stone around the neck of the Dominion; but the people fortunately saw through it in time, and our country is safe—in the clutches of St. Paul monopolists.



The Prodigal's Return.



"TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS,"
OR THE "NOBLE ATTITUDE" OF THE OPPOSITION.



THE JOKER CLUB

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

"Bricks without straw"—rubrics.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

The man who missed his footing probably had his boots stolen.—*Boston Transcript.*

An equestrienne who can't hold her roan, should ride somebody else's sorrel.—*New York News.*

Some men are called nuffs because they are used to keep a flirt's hand in.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

Bernhardt is not a "girl of the period," but her resemblance to an inverted exclamation point is striking!—*Argo.*

Many persons will accept the olive branch only from such persons as they cannot lick.—*Prudent Wilkins.*

A Frenchman saw a negro smoking a new meerschaum. "Thunder!" he exclaimed, "why, the pipe's coloring him!"—*Ex.*

A gun is loaded with powder; a table is loaded with the delicacies of the season. Both go off, and both kill.—*Philadelphia Item.*

An exchange speaks of a pig born with a trunk. We suspected it all along, for we've seen them in the cars with a valise.—*Rockland Courier.*

"You can't come," she remarked to him, as he tried to snatch a kiss from her rosy lips, as they were out star-gazing the other evening.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

First despatch: "Think I will soon be a star actor." Second despatch: "I want to come home; please send me \$—; company 'b.?'"; s.?' 'e-d'" —*Gowanda Ent.*

The passenger elevator may be all very well, but the quickest and surest way of getting up stairs is to come into church late with a new and gorgeous bonnet.—*Stanford Advocate.*

What the ex-Secretary of the Navy likes about the isthmus canal is that it won't have any water in it until he is dead. That is the kind of a sailor the Secretary of the Navy usually is.—*Hawkeye.*

It is quite proper for every one to remark that this cold weather is hard on the poor. Some men might possibly be laboring under the idea that the poor had a soft thing of it.—*M. Quad.*

No more our darling Winifred
Will bang her golden hair,
A spell of fever left her head
As smooth as china ware.

—*Argonaut.*

Talk of fellows being born with a silver spoon in their mouths; there is a man in this neighborhood who was invariably spanked with a silver slipper embrovered with glass beads. Think of that!—*Wheeling Leader.*

Fond father.—What, more money! Why, Mary, I gave you ten dollars yesterday! Mary.—Yes, father, but I was robbed! Fond father.—What! How? Mary.—Why, I paid ten dollars for the articles, when I only ought to have been charged five! Fond father.—Explain, my dear. Mary.—Why, Sallie McKeever told me that they had charged five dollars for the goods, and five dollars to help pay the rent of the store! There! You see I was robbed! Fond father.—Oh! Well, Mary, here's ten dollars more, but please avoid rents in your goods in future!—*Philadelphia Sun.*

"What luck did you have fishing yesterday, Breckenridge?" asked a gentleman of a well known impecunious gentleman who owes everybody. "Splendid! While I was out on the wharf twenty men with bills called at my house to collect money."—*Salem Standard.*

Why should a woman stoop to concur?—A winter resort: blowing on cold fingers.—A steam propeller's engine is the champion screw-driver.—Funeral benevolence: "a dead give away."—Speak of a man as you find him. That is, if you find he is obfuscated, bluntly say to him, "Old fellow, you're drunk!"—*New York News.*

"Mother, may I go out to skate?"
"Yes, my darling Julia,
But don't you try the figure 8,
For it will surely fool you!
Just as you make the lightning whirl
To show your springy muscle,
The boys will see a foolish girl
Sleigh-riding on her bustle."—*Ex.*

Another one of Geo. Washington's servants died recently. George was always particular in choosing his servants. They were all long-lived. When the world comes to an end one of George's servants will pick it up and jump into space with it. This will exterminate that class of servants. Until then we expect to chronicle the death of at least one a year.—*Geo. E. Garrett.*

Dr. Schliemann says that he "did not even find the trace of a sword in Hissarlik." Will he inform us if he found the trace of a harness?—When a Boston girl asks for a fiddle string at a music store, she says: "Please give me an intestine of the deceased feline."—It is easier to get up early in the morning, when you retire at night, than it is when you wake up in the morning.—*Whitehall Times.*

A Colchester woman, who was crippled by a poor piece of road while driving, sues the town for \$10,000 damages. She got fifty dollars. The case was proven, but she was driving on Sunday, which the law forbids except when on an errand of mercy. She was not on an errand of mercy. Very much to the contrary. The moral of this is, that when you are looking for a lost dog on Sunday, send some one else.—*Danbury News.*

The ties on which the rails of business are laid—advertise.—Saturn is the ladies' favourite planet, because it wears such lovely rings.—What is the difference between a patriotic cuss and a cat-riot-ic puss? If so, why?—A man was arrested near here for stealing property over in Iowa. He will be tried for Iowa robbery.—A friend of ours who failed to take his girl sleigh riding says she treats him so coolly since that he is obliged to wear his ulster in the parlor.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

'Twas Sunday eve and the small boy stood
With his ear to the keyhole pressed.
And he saw his sister Bessie's head
On Mortimer Thompson's vest.

Then he ran to his parent stern and told,
And the parent stern replied:
"There ain't no harm in a vest; slide out."
But the lad refused to slide.

"There ain't no harm in the vest, I know;"
And his eyes flashed bright that minute:
"But isn't it dangerous, dad," he asked,
"When Mortimer Thompson's in it?"
—*Stanley Huntley in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mother Shipton's prophecy to the effect,
"The world to an end should come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one,"
is a barren ideality. Any man or woman in this or any other age who knows enough to know when the world is going to end knows enough not to make "come" rhyme with "one." Why didn't she make "potato masher" rhyme with "divine afflatus," and then people might have been deluded into the idea that she knew what she was talking about. Get out, old gal, you don't know the end of the world from the end of a clothes line, and you had better start an opposition prevaricating machine to Eli Perkins.—*Stuebenville Herald.*

Is it fair to say that a carpet is asleep because it has a long nap?—It is always advisable to have a good conductor on a lightning express.—Is it not time that Washington Cabinet Pudding was ditched up with Garfield sauce?—It doesn't always follow that the furthest tree is a fir tree.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

This is the week that Sitting Bull does not surrender. Last week was his week to surrender; but it stormed so, and he had already surrendered twice during the month, that he concluded to let the whole matter go over for the present, and start in fresh with the new year. It is just as well.—During the recent political campaign in Brazil, for the election of senators, thirty-five persons were seriously wounded. Going through a campaign in Brazil cannot differ materially from going through college in this country.—Dr. Felton, a congressman from Georgia, claims that there was fraud at the late election in his State. He was defeated.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

"Did you ever observe," said Col. Gilhooly to Major Spilkins, as they meandered down Galveston avenue, "did you ever observe, Major, how d' difficult it is to get a straightforward answer from people generally?"

"I don't think I ever did."
"Well, sir," continued Gilhooly, "I'll bet two schooners of beer that we can go into a dozen stores and ask if they have certain things, and if they have not got them the store-keeper will not say so plain out in one single instance."

Spilkins investigated his clothing, and finding two car tickets, it was a bet.
Then they strolled into a French or Italian fruit store, and Gilhooly asked:—
"Have you a nice green watermelon for sale?"

"Watermelon!" exclaimed the astounded foreigner, "zis is ze wintairo season."

"I didn't ask for any meteorological information. Anybody who pays \$10 a cord for wood is apt to suspect that summer is fading away; besides I have got an almanac at home. Have you got a green watermelon?"

"Here is ze orange, ze banana, and ze apple."

"Don't want lessons in Botany. Have you got a greca watermelon?"

"Ze green watermelon is not ripe."
"I didn't ask whether it was ripe or not; I merely asked you if you had one; but come, Spilkins, let's go. He will give us a lecture on the French revolution before he answers the question. Let's meander."

The next place was a millinery establishment.
"Madame," said Gilhooly, "have you a fried mule for sale?"

The lady got as red as a turkey gobbler, and craning her neck out, said:—
"Sah?"

"Have you a fried mule in your elegant establishment?"

"I've got a husband, sir, and brothers, who will protect me from insult."

"I didn't ask you for your pedigree, ma'am. I've got one of my own. There is no insult intended. I merely asked you a civil question."

"I've got a husband, John! Oh, John!"
"No need of calling him, ma'am. If you will say that he is a mule you needn't produce him. We will take your word for it."

"John! Oh, John! come quick, here are two galoots insulting me."

"Let's go," said Spilkins. "I'll pass an appropriation to pay for the beer."

"You might as well," responded Gilhooly, "for you won't get one to answer straight out. If you go into a drug store and ask for a cranberry pie, or some baled hay, or a copy of 'Poep's Essay on Man,' or an accordion, they will spring some new life-encourager on you, or a box of bunion eradicator."

And they went and got the beer.

Our Grip Sack.

Is Dick-tator a vegetarian?

A fitting person—a tailor.

A sound man—a bell-ringer.

Land agitation—an earthquake.

A pattern woman—a dressmaker.

A group of poachers—a basket of eggs.

If few persons board free, many sleep on tick.

The Bartlett pair (pear)—may their union be a fruitful one.

A victim to hard drink—a skater who falls and breaks a limb.

Animal transformation—when a man makes an ass of himself.

Does a man who rises with the lark thereby become lark-adaisical?

When you press a ten dollar bill into a man's hand, its an *Xpressive* action.

After a man has been swindled he should have a finely *chiselled* countenance.

When you put the peg of a hat rack through your new felt hat, its a case of rack-rent.

Darwin goes to bed at 10 o'clock regularly. No monkey-ing around nights with him.

When a crowd use eggs in a street fight you may conclude they are in an egg-cited state.

What did the antediluvian animals say on first meeting Noah?—Happy to make your acquaintance.

Lady Tilley's ball was given in the Geological Museum, at Ottawa. Prof. Dawson was not present but the upper strata of Canadian Society was represented, albeit with more or less of a grit admixture.

We learn from the *Printer's Miscellany* that a newspaper is to be started in the enterprising village of Tara. Dr. Wild is of opinion that if properly managed the proprietor will make a large a-mound of money.

Husband.—(Dreaming and talking in his sleep): "Kate, Kate, dear Kate!" Wife.—(Awakening him, terribly indignant and jealous): "What Kate is this your talking of?" Husband.—(Slightly confused): "Oh, honest, it's that infernal Syndicate."

Our funny contributor (who is absent from home just now) says that if any of his friends in Lindsay die and he is expected to attend the funeral, travelling expenses must be forthcoming. A simple intimation will not be sufficient. "A word to the wise," etc.

An enterprising citizen of St. John, N. B., charges the editor of the *Telegraph* with political crookedness, and is keeping his charge standing as a paid advertisement in the *Sun* until Mr. Elder admits the corn. That citizen should join the Syndicate; he evidently has unlimited capital.

Willy, aged eight, had just finished his prayer in which he had asked the Creator to give him a new heart, when little Stewart, aged five, who frequently has his brother's garments 'made down' for him, asked the following question: "Mamma, will I get Willy's old heart when he gets a new one?"

An exchange heads an article "Wat-or Spectacles." Why, you stupid old duffer, Wat-er question. Spectacles, old boy, are pieces of glass to assist the sight. Young men without brains often wear one piece. Old folks usually wear two pieces on the forehead. Don't hesitate about troubling us when you want information.

Annals in Ottawa.

(By our own Keyhole Reporter.)

SIR JOHN was heard to say:—

O fatal day when I allowed myself
By Tupper to be laid upon the shelf,
To think that he should run this Syndicate
Adown my throat. Fugh! How the dose I hate.
But I am getting old, I'll soon retire,
And then my colleague's "fat is in the fire."
The party who adores John A.—the same
Will cast him out, and thus increase my fame.

BLAKE said:—

O, how Sir Tupper foams, he's nearly wild,
And tries to father me on this new child,
Sir William's Syndicate. He vows a job
Has been "put up," fair Canada to rob—
Though none should be a better judge than he
Of jobbery and juggling. You will see
The people won't forgive this forced debate
To strangle a Canadian Syndicate.

TUPPER was pacing up and down his room much agitated. He broke forth thus:—

My head will burst, I must be going mad.
My game is spoiled. That rascal Blake has had
A hand in starting this new Syndicate.
My "cake is dough," and I will emigrate.
But first the House shall put my contract through,
And then—let's see—and then—What shall I do?
I have it now, my course I'll indicate,
I will retire and join the Syndicate.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT was alternately dancing round and writing the mystic number 1883 in large figures on a small blackboard. At intervals he "chorled" the following:—

Hurrah, it is too good! I'm filled with joy
To think that I and Blake should so annoy
The Government so with this new Syndicate.
Two years will see us in at any rate,
Then how I'll rend and tear their blamed N.P.
And lower duties down till they agree
With Bastiat and Smith and (honor bright)
The greatest of the three, Sir R. Cartwright.

JA KASSE.

Notes from Our Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP.—What is to be done about this cold weather? It's getting too much of a good thing. These probabilities that are shot out from the Observatory every morning are all very well in their way, but what is the use of them if people don't make preparations to receive them, or head them off? Here last fall due warning was given by the Observatory of every storm, yet no preparations were made. The storms came, and fine stately trees in our parks were blown down; roofs were torn off, and wharves and piers were battered about. Why could not the trees have been properly fastened down with ropes, and the piers taken in and packed away in cotton batting? Now, if you notice, all this cold weather we are having this winter is the result of blizzards from the North West. That is what we get for poking around that blessed country with railways and telegraphs and things. The more you stir it, the more it freezes. Then why persist in developing the blamed country, when all we can develop is blizzards of forty below zero atmosphere. If, however, we must rummage around this North West, why in thunder do our Governors perpetuate a land system which is resisted in Europe with gunpowder and steel? Has not our Government wit enough to understand that every man has an equal right in the land of his country, and that a Government has no right to sell that land to any individual for his sole uses? It should be given to individuals in trust for the people, and no individual should have more than two hundred acres entrusted to his care. If Jones tired of his trust, he might be allowed to transfer it to Smith; not sell it, mind; because Smith has just as much right to the land as Jones, but of course Jones would be entitled to receive from Smith the value of any improvements he may have made. But what is the use of bothering with such subjects, let's talk about something more agreeable. Something artistic, for instance. Yes. The other day a gorgeously painted sleigh glided into the main street at one side of a village. Covering the whole of the end board was a chromo illustration representing an animal that was some-

thing between a red lion and a blue wolf. An observing little pup noticed the new animal, and immediately chieved after the sleigh to investigate. A few paces further on two or three other dogs sailed in to see what was the matter, and then a big belligerent hound bounded in and, out of pure cussedness, struck No. 1 mid-ship and knocked him higher than N. P. pries, when he retired from the chase perfectly satisfied. This rose the backs of the other purps, and as the sleigh moved through the village the pack of purps increased. The result was—that when the artistic sleigh turned round a corner at the other side of the village, and slid out into the country, it left half the dogs of the place engaged in a regular old Irish free-and-easy. It is evident that the general taste for art want-elevating. Whether in the artist or the purp, is a matter for consideration. GADFLY.

John's Letter.

Toronto, Jan. 7th, 1881.

DEAR FATHER,—I got your letter all right, and I'm glad you're all well; which I am the same at present. I've had a purty good time ever since I came down to visit Marier's folks, and I expect to have lots of fun yet. Last Thursday mornin' Marier she says, "John," says she, "Parliament is goin' to open to-day, an' you had better go down and see the show." "Well," says I, "don't care if I do." So down I went. The Parliament buildin's is a long, low, ramblin' lot of brickwork, about as ugly lookin' as they could possibly make 'em. I went inside, into a sort of a hall, an' tried to go into the gallery. A feller standin' before the door says, "Tickets." "This ain't no wild beast show, is it?" says I. "No," says he, "an' we don't allow no wild beasts in without they have a ticket." "Well," says I, "I'd like to know if this ain't a free country?" "Perfectly free," says he, "but we have an asylum for lunatics." Then some of the blamed fools around there begun to laugh, an' so I walked off. I went outside as there was considerable of a crowd out there. All at once I heard a terrible noise, an' I asked a feller in the crowd what it was. He said it was a powder explosion, an' they all laughed agin. I asked him if his mother knew he was away from home, an' then began to look at some soldiers that was standin' down in front of the steps. Purty soon a couple of soldiers on horseback came gallopin' round the corner, an' then more of them, and in amongst them was a carriage with two men in it. One had on a fancy dress, just like them circus men had wot was up there last summer, and the other had a red coat and a great fur cap, like that feller in Haverly's Negro Minstrels, an' it covered him all up like an umbrella. They drove up to a side door an' went inside, while all the soldiers jerked their guns up an' down, an' the band played. I went inside the hall agin an' looked through the door, an' there was this feller with the fancy dress standin' on the platform an' readin' somethin' to the crowd. They called it the Speech from the Throne, only I didn't see any throne. There was some big chairs on the platform, but no throne. I asked one feller where it was, an' he said they always claimed it up down cellar when hayseeds came around. I asked him why, an' he said it didn't like pumpkins. I don't know exactly wot he meant, but I didn't like to appear ignorant before a crowd, so I said I s'posed it liked suckers better, at which they all laughed agin. Well, after that feller had done readin' his paper he got into his carriage agin, the soldiers jerked their guns around some more, the band played, an' away they went lickety splash, through the mud an' slush. I asked a feller where they was goin', an' he said they was goin' up to Harry Piper's Zoo to see the monkeys fed, an' said I had better hurry along or the biggest ape of the crowd would be missin'. That was all I saw about it, an' I guess this letter is long enough, so no more at present, from your son JOHN.

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