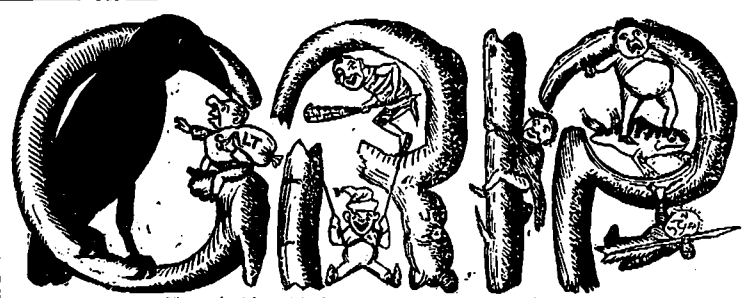


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The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.



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VOLUME XVIII.  
No. 2.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1881.

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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.

To Correspondents.

A. M. T., Clinton.—Will probably appear next week.

J. B. S., Marchmont.—Accepted. Send along the remainder.

T. W. H., Chicago.—Thanks for favours. Your request will be duly attended to.

R. W. B., Montreal.—Capital. Shall be much pleased to hear from you again.

A. B., Chatham.—Sketches acceptable. Just about right in length. Will write you.

J. H. C., Riverside, Cal.—Glad to hear from you. Will publish the "Moral Tale" next issue.

M. L. S., Port Hope.—Light society sketches, if not too long, are always welcomed to our columns.

J. K. L., Hamilton.—Will publish "Underground Theology" consecutively on receipt of remaining instalments.

Farmer.—You wish to know the best way to feed cows. If turnips, you might use a knife and fork, but in case of a bran mash or provender of that class, a spoon should always be used.

Young Housewife.—You want to know how to dress turkeys. That depends altogether on the turkey. If the turkey is a young female, we think a neat suit of blue serge would be very becoming, a porcupine hat and feathers, of course. As to the other sex, you might leave it to himself, especially if he is an old "rooster."

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Conservative Party in Convention assembled have enthusiastically endorsed Sir John and the Government; it would have been surprising if they hadn't, for the Conservative Party as a whole is a little wooden jumping jack in the hands of its leader, and never fails to respond to his pulling of the strings. No fair-minded, candid man can deny that there are certain things for which honesty demands that the Government be condemned, however many other things there may be for which praise is due. No words of the faintest reproach were heard; on the contrary one would imagine that the ministry was absolutely perfect and their past course without a flaw. This is the sort of thing that GRIP lives to laugh at; it is, in the expressive language of the day, "too funny for anything." No doubt a Convention of the Opposition party would be a similar exhibition of maudlin rhapsody over nothing. A plague on both your houses! Never mind! The World is getting up a third Party; that's the one Mr. GRIP will support—if it is not made up of idolators, like the Tory party, or do-nothings, like the Grits.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The market is already well stocked with Christmas Cards from the busy studios of many firms—a splendid collection being the production of our esteemed friends, Rolph, Smith & Co. The design and execution of the work is highly artistic, but the cards as a whole are objectionable from a patriotic point of view. They are almost exclusively winter scenes, and serve in no small measure to perpetuate the outrageous notions which are held abroad respecting Canada. GRIP would advise all who propose sending cards to friends at home to make their selections from the assortment on our eight page, as these are warranted to be perfectly harmless.

FRONT PAGE.—The land question is coming well to the front in England, and John Bright puts it in a nutshell in this way: If the landlord persists in high rents the tenant cannot improve the land; if the land is not improved the distress will continue. On the other hand, the soil of England is capable, if properly worked and improved, of making the people independent of outside food supply, or nearly so.

The Marriage Law Reform Association of Montreal are bestirring themselves in view of the approaching session of the House, on the subject of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The object of the Association is to promote the passing of an act to legalize such marriages, and the probability is that they will soon see that object realized.

The Emerson International welcomes Mr. GRIP's entrance into the Manitoba battle as "a mighty reinforcement to the ranks of those arrayed on the side of what is right and fair," and this feeling is evidently shared throughout the provincial parts. This gallant and flattering reception is highly grateful to us, and we only hope that our efforts may help to bring about some practical form of justice to the Prairie Province.

But Manitoba is not the only Province that has a right to complain. Just now Ontario is patiently suffering a great wrong at the hands of the Dominion Government, in the matter of the Boundary Award. The conduct of the Premier in this affair is incapable of any explanation compatible with the hypothesis of honesty or statesmanship.

It is not true that the ticket agent of the Northern R. R. at Orillia bit the head off a commercial traveller the other day. He only snapped at him.

Just the Man.

LIVE MAN—TO SELL HARDWARE—AND stove-dealers; best selling article in Canada; large profits; no competition; first-class parties only need apply. Box 163, Globe Office.

HANLAN'S POINT, Nov. 18, 1881.

Mr. Box 163, Globe Office: DERE SUN,—Seem' your advert, in the "Globe," and bein' a kind o' half-live sort of a feller I would ancer it to wonst.

I obsurv you have Hardware and Stove-dealers to sell; now I haint no punkins a sellin' hardware, but if you are over-crowded with a good-lookin' lot of stove-dealers and want to sell em why I'm right thar. I know they are about as good a sellin' article as thare is in this Kanada of ours, cos they sell (you) every time when you buy a stov from em and don't u forget it.

I haint no manner of dout about the profits bein large, if I can only buy em at my own price and sell at thares and that's the only way you and I can trade.

As to thare bein no competition, why that's nuthin, I dont care if there aint, the more the merrier.

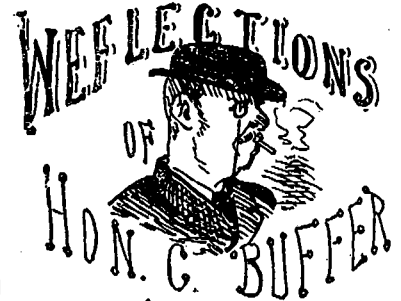
I can sure satisfy you that I am a first-class party becoss I made an agreement with a man the other day about tradin' horses and the lawyer put it down on the writin that I was a party of the first class and if I had you here I could show you to it.

Of course I haint no need to apply only I just kinder thort I would like,

Yores respectfully

SNAPPIN TURTLE.

My references are Mr. Darwin, Mr. Frank Buckland, and—any small boy.



D'ye know I actually imagine that there is a mysterious and suphernal pwoperty appertaining to the site of Towonto, which manifests itself in aw—aw—most unaccountable manah, at all times, whethah the gwound is occupied by Indian twails, or covah'd by block pavements. Whateveh othah condition it may be in, whethah called Little Yaak or Towonto, the chief chawactahistic is mud. London, the metropolis of wo'ld, is celebawated faw its fogs, Cologne for its peculiar od'ahs, Naples for its beggahs, Wome for its wmins and antiquities. All cities have theah peculiarities, and that of Towonto is mud. Yeahs ago, when its name was changed from its present one to that of Yaak, the pwefix "Muddy" was attached as a—aw—natural consequence. Many imagined that when it assumed the—aw—dignity of a city with Aldehmen, et cetewa, with stwheet commissi-sionehs, that it would be wedceded from its pwimitive state, suggestive of a swamp or morass; but no, to-day the stwweets aw as muddy as they weah when the Americahns occupied the place in the begining of the centawry. It stwikes me as a vewy stwange thing indeed—vewy stwange. The—aw—people are gwumbling at the amount of taxes they pay (of caws, ye know, people always gwumble, though); but still the stwweets are in a most disgwaceful condition. D'ye know, I've been to Detwoit and other places in the United States, and the compawison between their stwweets and owahs would be indeed odious. Yaws. I cawnt but think there is some suphernal agency at work in the mattah—I cawnt, indeed.

One of the last articles that the late President Garfield held in his hand was a fountain pen—probably one of the McKinnon pens.



**HELP! ROBBERY!!**

This daring robbery has not yet actually taken place, but Mr. Grip has reason to believe that it is now being planned, and he takes this means of bringing the matter under the eye of the authorities. Where are the police?

**Lost Sir Missingbird.**

BY JAMES PAIN, AUTHOR OF "A BEGGAR ON STILTS," "WHAT SHE COST HIM," &C.

**VOL. I.**

Edward Missingbird, my room-mate, foster-brother and fag at Eton, had frequently pressed me to "know him at home" by spending a summer at the close of our school life with his father, Sir Missingbird Missingbird, a Slopshire Baronet who had left England, being invited to do so by a distinguished and affable personage high in office in the Dominion Government, who offered him a large estate amid the lovely scenery of Lako Scugog, Ont. The object of this affable personage was to import a real, live English Baronet as a model of deportment and otherwise to titled Canadians, especially to such as had not the advantage, like himself, of frequent trips to visit England's proud aristocracy, at the expense of humble, but grateful Canada. Beside the junction of Scugog with Mud Lake arose the Baronet's baronetorial mansion. Our last term at Eton closed without the gentle-minded Edward being subjected more than five times to those public birchings which in Old England's noble school traditions are held so invaluable for promoting the dignity and self-respect of grown-up schoolboys. Our passage to Canada in an Allan Liner was only varied by the occurrence of a peculiar form of fever indigenous to the charming lake regions where Edward's youth had been passed. The surgeon of the Allan ship knew nothing about this sort of fever; he was a Cockney who had been conched up to get a diploma at London; for it was well known that the Allan Line directors, though not too proud to make their bread in Canada, have a proper aristocratic contempt for all things Canadian, and never, never, never appoint a Canadian surgeon to their ships. Not "All our appointments are made on the other side of the water." In consequence Edward got dosed with calomel till he would have died, but that just then the ship arrived at Quebec, and Edward had the benefit of a Canadian doctor

in place of the Allan Line Cockney practitioner. As soon as he recovered we arrived at Port Perry, and got a conveyance, one of the three which that flourishing town boasted of, over the mud-bridge to Scugog Island, and so on to Missingbird Vale.

**VOL. II.**

Missingbird Vale was a huge gloomy building, all the materials of which had been brought at vast expense from Slopshire, England. The stone work was that of Sir Missingbird's ancestral hall. All the servants were English, which was as well, for few Canadian serving men or hired girls have sufficient respect for the "upper classes" to induce them to submit to being snubbed, scowled at, and sworn at, as was the noble baronet's habit with his household. Nothing Canadian was tolerated by him. No Canadian journal was allowed to pollute his mansion, except the Conservative Toronto Mail, which was taken in for the benefit of the servant's hall.

Sir Missingbird spent most of his time in riding about his estate on a huge full-blooded black horse, which he had brought from England. His delight was to take flying leaps over five barred gates which he had specially provided, at the entrance of his park, and at other places for that purpose. Now it happened that Edward and I were out walking, when we heard two loud screams from a field on the other side of the park gate. We saw two beautiful young ladies, one of whom wore a scarlet underskirt. This had excited the wrathful attention of a ferocious English bull, who, tossing his head, was preparing to rush after the girls. Stopping forward, Edward opened the gate and drew the fainting damsels within. "Blame the horrid beef critter!" they exclaimed in sweet low tones. Just then the bull came up to the gate roaring with baffled fury. They were so. The scarlet-skirted one proved to be Jessie Jarvis, daughter of a leading dry goods merchant of Port Perry. Her companion was Millie Davis, whose pa was an opulent lumberman of the

same place. Edward proposed to see Jessie safe home, I to do the same for Millie. We had a good time, and had reached the front gate of the park, when we saw the threatening form of Sir Missingbird high in the air before us. He was leaping the gate. He shook his whip, scowled and swore at us. We went on however, took tea at Jessie's house, made love to the dear girls, and did not give ourselves away to the Baronet by going home till the hour when we knew that two quarts of English port-wine would have made him too sleepy even to swear.

**VOL. III.**

Next day I had business at Lindsay, Edward went with me. We went early, not sorry to escape the Baronet. At Lindsay we found that the dam had burst, and that much of the Port Perry region would be flooded. When we returned, Sir Missingbird was nowhere to be found! We searched everywhere but could hear no tidings, except that there was a *spook* on a haunted island used once by the Indians as a burying place.

Sir Missingbird had gone out duck-shooting. The flood had come on suddenly and swept his shooting-punt beyond his reach. He passed two days on a small island, without food, shouting "dam has burst" as long as he could. The first word only was heard by the boys, who being scholars of the Methodist Church Sunday-school at Port Perry, thought it must be a spook. Just when the Baronet was about to perish, two beautiful girls, (need I say they were Jessie and Millie?) appeared in a dug-out, in which they had gone fishing for snuckers. They rescued the Baronet, who immediately became a changed character. Edward and I were married the same day. The Baronet was induced to read GRIP'S ALMANAC, the varied wit, pathos, ideality, and knowledge of the world displayed in whose pictured pages so delighted him, that he at once subscribed for all the leading Ontario journals, and paid frequent visits to Toronto, where Mr. GRIP and his young men were the recipients of his gorgeous hospitality.

C. P. M.

**Elegy.**

IN A SOLDIER'S GRAVEYARD

(Near the Old Fort.)

DEDICATED TO THE MILITARY, CIVIC AND ALL OTHER "AUTHORITIES."

Almost within the shadow of the walls  
Where he with musket walked his "sentry go,"  
Or paid obedience to the bugle call,  
The soldier in unhallowed grave lies low.

The stone that stood above his lowly head  
The desecrating vandal has knocked down,  
The city urchin scampers o'er his bed—  
Receptacle of rubbish of the Town.

One time perhaps at Alma's bloody Heights  
He faced the Muscovite with bayonet bright,  
Or at "the Mutiny" has seen the sights  
That filled the British Empire with affright.

At Balaclava's charge he may have rode  
With the light horsemen 'gainst the Russian line,  
A subject for a Poet Laureate's Ode  
Immortalized in syllables sublime!

Now here he lies, forgotten and despised  
Among the people for whose cause he fought,  
Could better way or plan be ever devised  
To show his services have gone for naught?

Yes, let the cattle tramp upon his grave,  
Let swine turn up his grassy coverlid,  
And let the MITHRAS FLAG OF ENGLAND wave  
To show its love for what the soldier did.

**Manitoba Safe!**

Trembling patriots may dismiss their fears of the ruin of Manitoba by the giant monopolies. Grip is now sold on the streets of Winnipeg, and goes off livelier than corner lots. For this boon the Prairie City public owe thanks to Messrs. Russell Bros., the enterprising news-dealers.



HAPPY THOUGHT!

Advice to a certain "most unwilling witness" who expects to be called in the Burnt Contract case. "Become an Agnostic, my dear sir, become an Agnostic, right away!"

**The Latest Freak of Fashion.**

The sanctum on Adelaide-street was the scene of a most amusing episode the other day. Mr. GRIP had just dropped off in his usual afternoon siesta, which he generally takes perched on the bust of Minerva, behind the sanctum door. Standing on one leg, his eyes closed, his beak comfortably buried in the back of his neck, he was drifting luxuriously through dreamland, that land where politicians cease from troubling and weary editors are at rest. In fact, he was in the heart of the great modern Babylon, seated before a blazing fire in the cosy private sanctum of his venerable relative Mr. Punch, where Mr. John Bull had incidentally dropped in. The great Cruikshank, Leech, and several other artists who had revisited the glimpses of the moon in honour of Mr. GRIP's visit to England, were also present, a goodly company, discussing literature and art in general, and Mr. Goldwin Smith in particular. Mr. GRIP had just remarked that "Smith was earning anything but Gold in opinions just now," when he was startled by what seemed a peal of distant thunder. The end of the world being due just then, according to the savants, all known feats of electricity were instantly eclipsed by the suddenness of his transit to Canada, where, cautiously drawing his beak half way out, and opening one eye, he waited with palpating bosom for the second peal. Which came instant in the form of a tremendous knocking at the sanctum door. Relieved of immediate anticipation of the crack of doom and the consequent wreck of worlds, he slowly let down his second leg, which in truth was somewhat stiff, yawned refreshingly, and preening his glossy coat a little, he gravely hopped down and out, towards the chair editorial. Having seated himself with the air of a man who was too deeply engrossed in a profound article to heed the first knock, he hastily stuck a pen behind his right ear, and bawled "Come in." Immediately the door opened, and an elderly gent, with an air of great trepidation, stood before him, industriously mopping a rather bald forehead.

"Mr. GRIP, I believe!" Mr. GRIP's obony beak disappeared between his talons in a profound bow.

"I am in great trouble, sir, great trouble."

"Great trouble?" echoed Mr. GRIP.

"Yes sir. Observe my head," said the visitor, beuding low. Mr. GRIP turned the side of his

head, and bent one eye towards the cranium of his visitor.

"That head, sir," he resumed, "now bald, thinly covered, and straggling, was once a luxuriant mop of auburn curls. That was when I was a young man, before matrimonial talons,—but I anticipate. When I inform you that I have been married these twenty years to a lady, a fashionable lady of—a—rather peculiar temper, to put it mildly, you will at once perceive the cause of this lamentable falling off. Tho past, sir, the past I will condone, but the future! No sir! it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and it is the last claw—well, never mind. Do you know," he continued, coming up close to his astonished listener, "do you know that the latest freak of fashion is the cultivation of 'long-pointed finger nails'? Finger nails, sir!" he thundered, bringing his fist down like a sledge-hammer on the editorial desk, and making the cover of the inkstand dance like the lid of a boiling tea kettle. "Think of it! As if it were not enough to stand them as they are, pared and smoothed off, but they must set to work, my wife and daughters, and all the rest of the female race, to cultivate talons! How, sir, do you suppose I am to get these girls off my hands if they persist in following such a horrible fashion? Do you suppose for one moment that any sensible man will ever propose to a woman who wears talons? I put it to you, Mr. GRIP, honestly?"

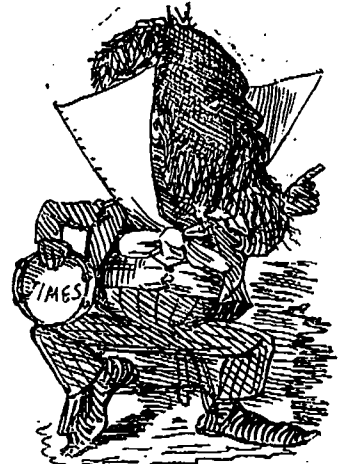
Thus adjured, Mr. GRIP replied that "While for his own part he would have no objections to a talon-ted partner, certainly all experience proved that gentlemen, as a rule, rather inclined to the softer and less decided feminine character. He thought talon-ted ladies would be more likely—" Here the entrance of the devil clamouring for copy put an end to this remarkable interview, the present description of which GRIP forthwith wrote out and consigned, per Diabolus, to the tender mercies of the printer, which are generally allowed, especially by poets, to be cruel.



BRAVA, BRAVISSIMA!

There! ladies and gentlemen, what do you think of that! The great feat of balancing the receipts and expenses of the Intercolonial Railway was one which the former Ministry was unable to perform, but the present clever actor,

Signor Tupper, has not only done that, but now you see him in the act of holding up a surplus, much to the amazement of a certain interested on-looker. This is a very effective performance, but it required long and patient practice, and the careful assistance of Mr Pottluger, Mr. Schreiber and all the other officials of the road to make it a success. That a great reduction in the expenses of the national road has been secured without affecting its character for safety and efficiency is something the country has reason to be thankful for, and Sir Charles Tupper claims that this has been done—nowwithstanding the clamour of certain Opposition papers to the contrary.



BRUDDER GARDNER'S CONUNDRUM.

Brudder Gardner, of the *Hamilton Times*, has taken his seat on the end in the political minstrel company, and propounds a conundrum which nobody seems inclined to answer. Of course the conundrum pertains to coal, and what Brudder Gardner wants to know is why the con-umer—or rather why the coal tax; no, but why the duty on—oh pshaw! it's quite slipped our memory, but we'll find out what it was when the *Spec.* answers it some of those fine days.

**A Great Canadian.**

On Monday night Principal Grant, of Queen's University, lectured to a large audience at Shaftesbury Hall. A member of GRIP's staff being present reports the lecture as an unusual intellectual treat. The lecturer, a native of Nova Scotia, said that in a new country like Canada no effort should be spared by individual Canadians to strengthen the ties that knit our Province to all the others of our Confederation. On this ground he claimed the sympathies of those present for Nova Scotia, and for Joseph Howe, her greatest intellectual representative. A rapid survey was given of Joseph Howe's boyhood, which was passed "before competitive examinations were held for babies," but had the advantage of several valuable educators—nature, good books, hard work, and a good Christian father. His political career was then reviewed. It was to be regretted that he had said hard things of opponents. But that was a fault in Canadian politics which every one could do something to amend. As it was, any one desirous of convincing the English that Canadian politicians are only fit for the penitentiary, need only send home a selection of newspapers on both sides of the House. The lecturer was frequently and warmly applauded. And Vice-Chancellor Blake expressed the feeling of all present when he said at its close, that proud as they were of the dead statesman of Nova Scotia, they were equally proud of her living representative who stood that day amongst them.



# "UNITED AND HARMONIOUS!"

SIR JOHN (to the Jumping Jack).—NOW, IF YOU HAVE THE MOST UNBOUNDED CONFIDENCE IN ME, THE MOST UTTER, REGARDLESS AND UNLIMITED CONFIDENCE, HOLD UP BOTH HANDS. (Pulls the string.) THERE! (to the Grits) WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT FOR SPONTANEOUS ENTHUSIASM?

\* See comments on page 2.

**The Joker Club.**

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

**A Modern Primer.**

(Denver Tribune.)



See the Lamp-Post. By its Dim Rays you can behold the Electric Light across the Street. There is a man Leaning against the Lamp-Post. Perhaps the Lamp-post would Fall if it Were not for the Man. At any Rate, the Man Would Fall if it were not For the Lamp-Post. What is the Matter with the Man? He appears Disquieted. He is Trying to Work his Boots up Through his Mouth. He will have a Head-ache to-morrow and Lay it to the Climate.



II.

The Girl is Scratching her Back against the Door. She has Been eating Buckwheat Cakes. Her Beau thinks she is Delicate, but he has Never seen her Tackle a Plate of Hot Cakes on a Frosty Morning. Cakes had better Roast High when she is Around. If we Were the Girl we Would wear Sand-Paper lining in the Dress, and not be Making a Hair-Brush out of the Poor Door.



III.

Here we Have a Baby. It is composed of a Bald Head and a Pair of Lungs. One of the Lungs takes a Rest while the Other runs the Shop. One of them is always On Deck all of the Time. The Baby is a Bigger man than his

Mother. He likes to Walk around with his Father at Night. The Father does Most of the Walking and all of the Swearing. Little Girls, you will Never Know what It is to be a Father.



IV.

Behold the Printer. He is Hunting for a Pick-up of half a Lino. He has Been hunting for Two Hours. He could have Set the half-Line in twenty Seconds, but it is a matter of Principle with Him never to Set what he Can pick up. The Printer has a Hard time. He has to Set type all night and play pedro for the Beer all Day. We would Like to Be a Printer were it not for the Night Work.



V.

This is the Man who had a Notice in the Paper. How Proud he is. He is Stepping Higher than a Blind Horse. If he had Wings he would Fly. Next week the Paper will say the Man is a Measly Old Fraud, and the Man will not Stop so High.



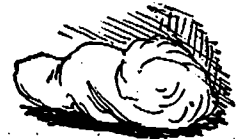
VI.

This sorry Spectacle is a Plumber. He is Ragged and Cold and Hungry. He is Very, very Poor. When you See him Next Spring he will be Very, very Rich, and will wear Diamonds and Brondcloth. His wife Takes in Washing now, but She will be able to Move in the First Circles by the Time the Weather turns Warmer and the Pansies Bloom again.



VII.

Here is a Castle. It is the Home of an Editor. It has Stained Glass Windows and Mahogany stairways. In front of the Castle is a Park. Is it not sweet? The lady in the Park is the Editor's wife. She wears a Costly robe of Velvet trimmed with Gold Hair. The editor sits on the Front Stoop smoking an Havana Cigar. His little Children are Playing with diamond Marbles on the Tesselated Floor. The editor can afford to Live in Style. He gets Seventy-Five Dollars a month wages.



VIII.

Here we Have a Piece of Chewing Gum. It is White and Sweet. Chew it awhile and Slick it on the Under Side of the Mantle-Piece. The Hired Girl will find it There and Chow it awhile Herself and then Put it Back. In this way one Piece of Gum will Answer for a Whole Family. When the Gum is no Good, l'ut it in the Rocking Chair for the Minister or your Sister's Beau to sit Upon.

**A Fresh Tragedy.**  
IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

SCENE.—College corridor. Revealed, a gathering of Seniors, in gowns, whose countenances are clouded with wrath and grim resolution. Time.—Friday morning.

1ST SENIOR.—No longer, men, can we endure the check  
Which these precocious freshmen show to us.  
Their Seniors both in years and wisdom vast.  
It grows apace and threatens to uproot  
The deep foundations of our ancient laws,  
Which, though unwrit, have lived in great respect  
To guide the mighty men within these walls,  
For many glorious generations past.

2ND SEN.—We'll have their blood, the vile mosquitoes.  
3RD SEN.—Nay,  
But that would be a sorry way to take  
The colour from their check. We must resort  
To some more deadlier means of making firm  
Our dignity, and wiping from our midst  
The awful freshness that pervades First Year.

2ND SEN.—In my nocturnal amblings down  
The street, last e'en, I did behold a sight—  
But no! Were I to tell what struck me dumb,  
And seared as with a brand my balls ophthalmic,  
Your blood would boil and murder fill  
your minds.

CHORUS OF SENIORS.—Tell us, What was it?  
2ND SEN.—A thing most horrible;  
And if you've tears, prepare to shed them now,  
For, mates, I saw a freshman sport a case!  
(Groans.)

4TH SEN.—And I, collegians brave, the night before,  
Did gaze upon another first year imp,  
Who dared the awful task of seeing home  
A lady, young and lovely as a rose.  
(Greens and gnashing of teeth, mingled with yells of "Check, check.")





ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.

The Orange Society, whose members are banded together to revere the glorious pious and immortal memory of King William, and to march through the mud once a year, has been declared illegal in the Province of Quebec. This is a grant set back to loyalty, but it will also be the means of avoiding a certain amount of skull-breaking in the future. Mr. Gurr, therefore, bows resignedly to the majesty of the law as embodied in the manly presence of Mayor Beaufort.

the "good men and true," who, like faithful henchmen, in the days of the "amphitheatre" roared, shouted, and howled for the Chieftain, now seem to have lost all of what an eminent coloured lecturer of Gurr acquaintance would call "dar onthusimasam." They say they will no longer support the present administration. Mr. Gurr will give his readers a synopsis of their alleged reasons, and the real causes of their recusancy.

Mr. A. Alleged reason.—Does not like the Syndicate monopoly having control of so much land ; doesn't like the Boundary Award, nor the Streams Bill. Real reason.—Didn't get an office.

Mr. B. Alleged reason.—Doesn't like the coal tax ; doesn't like Sir John's calling around him the old Pacific scandal gaug. Real reason.—Didn't get an office.

Mr. C. Alleged reason.—Don't like the employment of Chinamen and English navvies on the C.P.R., while Canadian working men are going around barefooted ; don't like the way working men are treated by any means ; object to scales being imported. Real reason.—Didn't get an office.

Mr. D. Alleged reason.—Objects to the fiscal policy of the Government. Too much surplus ; only sufficient needed for the wants of the country. Real reason.—Didn't get an office. And so on—and so on. Now then, gentlemen, what are you going to do about it? Can it be possible that you are going over to the odious Grits? Don't do it. Stick to your colours, and console yourselves with the reflection that there are plenty of disappointed Grits as well as Tories.

A Prophecy Sure to be Fulfilled.

I had just been to hear the Oracle and my "prophetic soul" was burdened, and I went into the Queen's Park and cried aloud—

"It's coming on the Hills of Time,  
And this old world is growing brighter ;  
We may not see its dawn sublime,  
But high hopes make the heart thro' lighter ;  
We may be sleeping in our graves  
When it awakes the world in wonder.  
But we have felt it coming round  
And heard its voice of living thunder.  
It's coming! Yes, it's coming."

"What's coming? What's coming?" cried a thousand gentle voices all at once. Why, Gurr's Comic ALMANAC for 1882. And don't you forget it.

Mr. Lauder's Concert.

Mr. W. Waugh Lauder made his debut as a pianist, at the Pavilion on Monday evening, before a large and critical audience and scored a pronounced success. Speaking of his technique first, he has brought it to the highest state of perfection in all kinds of passages, scales, and chordarpeggios in every shape or form ; double notes, trills, interlocking runs and octaves were all played with a velocity, equality and ease, whether loud or soft, that showed a perfect mastery of the piano. This is a great deal to acquire, although only the groundwork of a great pianist. But Mr. Lauder has not stopped there, and uses his great powers with a judgment and finish that shows he has studied the higher department of his art with great success. It is easy to understand, then, that his rendering of the different numbers of the programme was highly artistic, and that he proved himself to be a pianist of the first rank, and one that Canada, or any country, might well be proud of, and in wishing him every success, we are sure we are expressing the wish of everyone present. The programme was a trying one to listen to for those who were not up in piano-forte music, but from the hearty applause he was greeted with at the end of each performance, we would judge there was a thoroughly appreciative audience present, and that all will be glad to hear him again. Miss McCutcheon,

1ST SEN.—'Tis patent to you all, my learned friends,  
That the hour hath come when patience is  
a vice.  
This very night must we take steps to  
quash,  
With our overpowering might, the haughty  
spirit  
Of these uncouth obstreperous rebels.  
Of their vile band let the four worst be  
brought  
Before the Mufti's throne at 2 p.m.,  
On the snow-clad banks of classic Taddle's  
stream,  
And there, beneath the beech's spreading  
limbs,  
That awful Judge will try them for their  
sins.

CHORUS.—Woe to the freshmen.  
(*Excant singing "Litoria," "We'll hang the Globe Reporter," &c., and other martial strains.*)

ACT II.

SCENE.—College gate, Queen's Park. Time.—Saturday morning. Enter two shivering freshmen, casting trembling glances behind at every step.

1ST FRESHMAN.—Good morn, mon ami chere. Thou art pale to-day.  
2ND FRESH.—Eheu! me miserum! Will the woes and ills

Of freshmen never cease, or are we doomed by sundry genuflections and restraints To bear the weighty burden of respect To these august, lore-crammed Sens., Which they with bitter yoke do lay on us?

1ST FRESH.—The vernal month of May will set us free, And open the gates to those radiant upper years,  
Whence, basking in the sun of our conceit, We, too, may downward look with righteous frown Upon the blooming freshman's cheeky cheek.

2ND FRESH.—What if we're plucked?  
1ST FRESH.—The Heavens forbid.

2ND FRESH.—Verrily the freshman's life is not a happy one. But, comrade, hast thou heard of the awful deed Committed since last midnight's solemn hour?

1ST FRESH.—No. Was it very awful?  
2ND FRESH.—Ay! A crime

Of darkest dye, that made the black-robed sky Seem white beside, and Taddle's murky wave Assume the pale and ghastly hue of fear. And I, a forced spectator of the act, The while did sit upon my chilly perch, And groan with a soundless groan at what I saw

For you should know that after the debate Last night, a fascination upon me seized, And lingering round to see what I could see,

I saw from the College rear a band emerge, I knew of yore their tattered senior gowns, And made a bee-line for a tree, and there Amid its icy, leafless branches sat While round, beneath the senior, demons ran.

I guessed their biz; nor was I wrong, for soon Before a throne of crape—dread Mufti's seat—

They dragged in chains three freshmen brave. Their doom was sealed ere they were tried, but trial

There was, and that most diabolical. The terrible charge was "Cheek in the first degree,"

And five score seniors swore to its utter truth. The implements of torture bring they forth, The stake, the rack, the boot, and boiling tar,

That almost choked me from my perch, and all The infernal tools and stinks, that science men,

Or classical, were able to conjure. The execution then began with shouts Of elee and mingled groans, till nature failed

And, faint with horror and with cold, I reeled  
And tum—

SENIOR (entering).—What want ye, freshies, here. Begone.  
(*Excant freshmen like greased lightning.*)

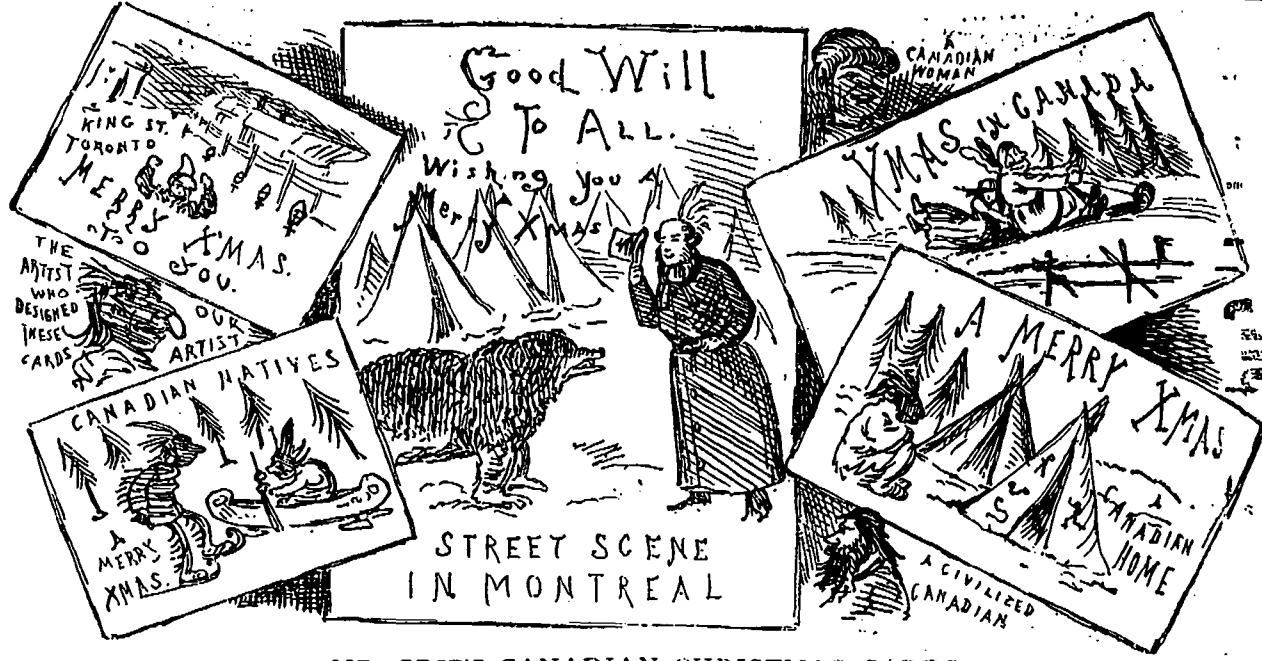
The Recalcitrant Tones.

What is the matter with the Conservatives in Toronto? Is it possible that dire mutiny has reared its horrid head among them? Many of

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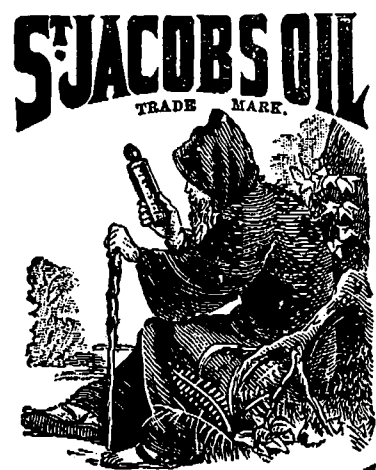
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who played a Duo Concertante with Mr. Lander, acquitted herself with remarkable ability. To introduce the different difficult passages she had to play with the other instrument with the exactness and precision she did, was a difficult feat, but this young lady accomplished it admirably. Mr. Worthington played his part of the "Kreutzer" sonata remarkably well, and showed himself a good violinist. Mrs. Bradley sang the difficult scene and aria from Oberon—"Ocean, thou mighty monster"—with great *ecclat*, and received a hearty encore, to which she replied. The other vocalist, Mr. Warrington, was in good voice and acquitted himself with his usual ability.

There was a large and fashionable audience present, showing that Canadians are fully alive to native worth and would not willingly allow any talent that showed itself to be unappreciated. This is as it ought to be, and the raising of a native pianist such as Mr. Lander is must add to the renown of Canada, and prove that we can hold our position even in this respect with older countries, although, no doubt, much of his education was acquired abroad.

**How an Artist Treated his Visitor.**  
*To the Editor of the Salem (Mass.) Register:*

I would have accepted your kind invitation to visit you in your new quarters with pleasure before this, had not my old enemy, Mr. Rheumatism, pounced on me so suddenly. He arrived last Friday, and without stopping to send up his card, rushed in and grasped me by the hand with such a grip that in a few hours my hand and wrist were so badly swollen and painful that I felt as though one of Mr. Hatch's coal teams had run over me. Mr. Rheumatism has been a constant visitor of mine for several years; always swells and puts on a great many airs and makes himself at home, devouring my substance and leaving me poor in flesh and pocket. Last winter he came and staid two months. I then made up my mind that the next time he came I would change his diet, as he has always gobbled down everything set before him. I was somewhat at a loss what to feed him with, but finally concluded to give him three square meals a day of St. Jacobs Oil—morning, noon and night. This fare he is disgusted with, and is packing up his trunk and will leave by to-morrow or next day; says



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he cannot stop any longer as he has pressing business elsewhere. He is a tracherous fellow, and I have no doubt he intends visiting some of our Salem friends; if he does just give him the same fare that I did and he won't stop long.  
J. S. LEFAVOUR.

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DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.  
Toronto, 6th October, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that, under an Order in Council, Timber Berths in the undermentioned townships in the Muskoka and Parry Sound Districts will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Department of Crown Lands at twelve o'clock noon, on

**WEDNESDAY, the 6th Day of December, Next,**  
viz:—Townships of Mowat, Blair, McConkey, Hardy, Atterson, Mills, Sinclair, Bethune, Proudfoot, Gurb, Maehar, Strong, Joly, Laurier, Pringle, Lount, Nipissing and Hinsworth.

The area to be disposed of in the above townships as timber berths is upwards of 1,400 square miles, and to suit all classes of purchasers each township will, as nearly as practicable, be divided into four berths.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of sale, with information as to area and lots and concessions comprised in each berth, will be furnished on application personally or by letter, to the Woods and Forest Branch of the Department, or to the Crown Timber Offices at Ottawa, Belleville and Quebec, and the office of T. E. Johnson, Esq., Parry Sound.

T. B. PARDEE,  
Commissioner.  
N. B.—No advertisement will be paid for unless previously ordered by the Department.

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