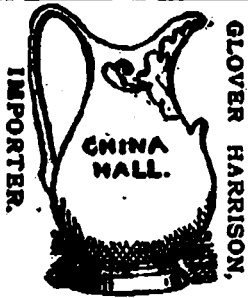


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VOLUME XXI
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Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
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All business communications to be addressed to
S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.

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

We have received several responses to our appeals to subscribers for their subscriptions, which, while they enclose the very necessary lucre, omit to give the equally necessary information as to where the money comes from, several parties having signed their names only and given no address. If any subscriber who has remitted during the two weeks previous to the 27th inst., fails to perceive the alteration on the address label of this week's paper, the mistake will probably be in consequence of his being one of the above-mentioned parties.

— THE —

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OF TORONTO.

Capital \$50,000.00

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OFFICE OF "GRIP."

TORONTO, Nov. 17th, 1883.

We are making special efforts to increase the already very respectable circulation of our paper and we have decided to make a special offer to our present subscribers, as we believe they can very materially assist us in this matter.

To every present subscriber who sends us the name of a new subscriber and the amount of subscription for one year, we will send, post paid, a copy of MRS. CLARKE'S COOKERY BOOK, handsomely bound in cloth, which retails at \$1.00 per copy, or we will allow a discount of 50 cents in cash, i.e., we will send GRIP for one year to any new subscriber, sent in by a present subscriber, for \$1.50.

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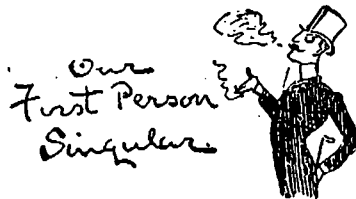
Will you be one of the illustrious number?

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The establishment of a straight out Democratic daily in this city is the latest sensation in journalistic circles. The programme of the *Daily News* appears to find favor with a large section of Canadians, while its dashing style is, even to those who do not share its opinions, a grateful relief from the monotonous dreariness of the party papers. The *News* would be still more acceptable if the man who runs the scissors had more regard for decent readers. Mr. Sheppard would do well to admonish this grubber after criminal sensations.

FIRST PAGE.—The fact that the Federal Government (of which Hon. J. H. Pope is a member) has granted a large sum of money to aid in building a railway (of which Hon. J. H. Pope is the principal owner), was stated some time ago by the Grit press. We have waited patiently for a denial from the Government organs, but none is forthcoming. On the contrary, a Government paper in Montreal frankly admits its truth. So now GRIP puts the fact in picture form to let the people see just what it looks like. Most people will agree that to say the least it looks scaly — without taking into consideration the further facts that this railway of Mr. Pope's runs through the *State of Maine*, and that it is intended as a competing line against the *Intercolonial*, a railway which has cost the people of Canada millions of money!

EIGHTH PAGE.—If you want a good illustration of the idiotic drivell which party editors are capable of writing, we commend the *Globe* of the 8th and the *Mail* of the 10th to your calm consideration. In the former, in an article on "Ottawa Interneddling" you will find a reference to Tilley as "the only one of the Federal Government who is, even in appearance, virtuous and good." To this very childish stuff the *Mail* baby retorts by attacking the personal appearance of Blake, Pardee, Hardy and Mills. We commiserate subscribers who pay in advance for such rot.



A real eye-sore—A stye.

The blind man may be said to belong to the feelin' race.

"Words are things"—to the newspaper advertising clerk.

Love may be life, as the poet tells us. But assurance companies don't risk anything on it.

That negro minstrel who offered a big thing for an approved new joke daily—hadn't he better try India. There's the Punjaub District forsta nce.

"The corset must go!" peremptorily declares Dr. Dio Lewis. And so it is going—going to waist, as it were.

The young man who boards at a hotel instead of with a private family explains that he acts *pro bono publico*.

Red being the fashionable color this winter the lobster-nose is going to have a chance. The gentle barkeeper will please pass along that mug of Tomanjerry.

A country exchange copies a long editorial about Hudson Bay. The editor is full of true solicitude for his readers and means to do his best towards making up for the lack of home-made cold this winter.

Talking of Evacuation Day puts one in mind of the anniversary of it in Ireland. Somehow they don't appear to get along very well with its celebration in Ireland. And they don't spell it exactly that way, either.

The tall, thin young man saws away evenings industriously on his fiddle at "Sweet Violets." The tortured old party in the next bedroom vainly burrows under the bed-clothes waiting till the Sweet Viol-lets up. The term "sweet viol" he varies to suit his emotions.

A Paris, Ont., editor is shocked at the discovery of a townsman who does not invariably "distinguish between *meum* and *teum*." It is now in order for townsmen to be pained at the instance of an editor who does not invariably distinguish between plain English and bad Latin.

When a cat crosses the track the superstitious engineer anticipates a calamity unless he draws up, gets off and rubs the rail with a rabbit's foot. In ordinary, every-day life when a cat crosses your track it's the cat itself which anticipates the calamity—and generally gets it, if the fates are propitious and a nice brick is handy.

It required, we are told, a special meeting of the Lindsay Town Council to decide whether the Chief of Police should have a red stripe down his trousers or not. This, presumably, did not worry the chief. But his anxiety must have been killing during the long, long nights of heated debate on the question as to whether he was to get trousers to sow the stripes on.

The Niagara Falls hackman has capped the climax of his audacity. He said to an innocent tourist the other day, "Why is the new bridge like a chap talking with his lawyer about getting a divorce." The unsuspecting victim thoughtlessly interested himself in the problem, and was finally informed in a cold voice that it was because "it is a can't-I-leave-her affair." The tourist's friends have been notified.

An observant barber has discovered that the brain is the source of the hair's nourishment. He says:—"The brain is in the skull close to the roots of the hair; it is a soft substance, percolates through the skull and nourishes the roots." Bald-headed persons are worthy of all sympathy, after this. But, of course, they will declare that this is a base attempt to create a boom in wigs and hair-restoring stuffs.

"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion."—Day's Business Colloge, 96 King St. W., Toronto.



THE BU-TI-UFFELL SNOW.

He ambled up the sanctum way with weary feet and sore,
He paused an instant ere he pounded on the panelled door.
"I have a little piece," spake he, "but woe is me, aye,
If you won't buy it—read, it's on the Bu-ti-uffell snow."
The editor sore vexed was he and reached out for his gun
To show the bothering bard that his wild race of life was run.
But suddenly he stayed his hand, he'd let the poet know
One chance to live was in his poem on Bu-ti-uffell snow.
"Hast mention made in all thy rhyme—thy metre—man-
gling mush—
Of certain words that seem to me the sloppiest kind of
slush?
"If 'Virgin White' do not occur I think I'll let you go,
And for a museum buy your swash on Bu-ti-uffell snow."
He straightway waded through the stuff, but vainly did he
scan
For ought save "pure as bridal cake" or "pale as milk-
full pan."
Then shook he warm the poet's hand, and chirped all
sweet and low,
"You've 'scaped the tomb, here's fifteen cents for Bu-ti-
uffell snow."

TONALD McSNEESHIN ON TA NORSE- WEST.

TEAR MISTER GRIP.—She'll pe sittin' toon
to'll wrote you ta trooth apoot ta Norse-
West. She'll pe 20 years of olt leevin' in On-
tario, ant she'll pe nefer once pefore areaty a
complaint. But when she'll pe make an oxen
for sale ant selt her two white-faced waggins
ant harses ant one cooking stoves for twelve
months' currency to'll go till Manitopa, she'll
pe make a fool for Tonal. Ta Manitopa is ta
peast place in ta Tomension for ta lant, put
how for why tus ta Government make ta
speculashun of ta lant so mich pefore areaty?
Ta lee of ta noosepapers is tolt tat ta farmers
is make all ta rich moneys. She'll pe ta owners
for two hundred acres on ta tense contenshuns
of ta Saskatchewan, ant she'll nefer since pe-
fore grow so mich wheat. But how for what
was ta use of ta grains if ter'll pe no ones till
puy it? She'll pe vera mat tat ta Pacesfic
Railwats is make, for took so mich lants.
Santle McTougal, frae Glengary, was her
neepor nearest ta souse, ant he'll pe twenty
miles jist away. All ta lant of ta rest between
was pelong to'll ta railroad. Tis make ta long
of ta roat too mich to'll porry Missus McTou-
gall's strainer, ant her wife was make for
strain ta mush troo her dochter Maggie's peti-
coat. She must spoke apoot ta proteckshun
of ta Norse-west. What for why tus ta tuty
of ta Government put on ta porritch ant hags,
ant who for what don't they protect her from
ta railroad monopolies ant ta utilization so-
cieties? She'll pe spoke for ta meetin' at
Branton apoot ta proteckshun. She'll pe tolt
ta farmers tat they must pe got indigent, ant
make for focht any man of ter own olt or ter

own heavy, ant make ta Government put ta
tuty of ta tariff on ta plizzarts ant ta Chinese
man.

Yours as nefer was since pefore,
TONALD McSNEESHIN.

HIRAM HOMESPUN'S IDEAS ON HARD TIMES.

"Hard times, come again no more," is a
prayer that has often been prayed. It has been
prayed in church and outen church. Preachers
has prayed it, farmers has prayed it; lawyers
has prayed it; thieves has prayed it; politici-
ans has prayed it; rogues has prayed it;
everybody has prayed it. If ever a prayer
should have been answered on account of the
impertunity of those offerin' it, it was this one.
My wife Nance and me was talkin' over the
the matter 'tother day. She acems bent on
thinkin' we haunt got no hard times. This
idear has somehow gotten hold of a good many
people. But I can see into a millstone as far
as any one. Old hard times is loasin' round
at the edge of the clearin'. But what's the use
of prayin' "hard times come again no more,"
an' at the same time keep sendin' the old
tramp scented invitations to come outen the
bush. Maybe folks don't think they are
a-doin' of this. But they are. I was sayin' to
Naybor Skinner 'tother day that we as in-
dividools was in a measure responsible for
fetchin' the hard times. When times is good
an' money as plenty as ticks on Skinner's
sheep, we re apt ter be a lectle too extravagant
and hopeful, never once stoppin' to think that
perhaps next year there'll be a potato blight, a
short bean crop or a decline in stock. Prosper-
ous times is exceedingly favorable to the
growth of the tall, rank weeds of speculatin'.
These weeds, if we aint awful careful, is sure
to spread so fast as to choke out the crop of
legitimate business transactions. Even as com-
munities the speculatin' fever has considerably
redooced our resources. In our township last
summer the Council guv seven hundred dollars
for a boat race prize, and this winter the trus-
tees in three or four sections is goin' to reduce
the schoolmarm's wages. This isn't right.
It's jist the same as Naybor Skinner payin'
three hundred dollars last year for a new
patent self-actin' pig trough, and this year dis-
chargin' his wife's help. It aint fair. If a
farmer can afford ter have a steam manure
fork, his wife should persist in havin' an
electric cow-milker, and a hydraulic scrub-
bin' brush. Yes, hard times is a good deal of
our own bringin'. Not altogether, though.
Politicians is some to blame. I aint much of
a politician, an' don't allow the party noose-
papers to do my thinkin', but at the same time
I'm convinced that a government can so trim
the load of taxation that it will bear jist as
heavy on the off hoss as on the nigh one.

A SURE SIGN.

The goose-bone may occasionally appear to
lose its cunning; but when you see a wood-
pile and a schoolboy in planetary conjunction
about 4.30 on a November evening, you may
safely conclude that the goose-bone still has its
grip.—(See *Mose His Oates*.)

Old Winter lingereth long!
He stands us off without a care
That Koal Kings tremble as they sniff the air,
And tailors sing sad song.

But he's upstairs, I ween,
His toilet troubles—at a shirt
He talks, 'twixt jabs—(anon they hurt)
"—button ever seen!"

And soon down town he'll tend
"To invoice items—"snow ex this."
And "wind ex that"—nor slush he'll miss
In carloads without end.

How know I this? you ask.
Look! see yon schoolboy slim!
He stands in backyard recess dim—
Oh! soul-corroding task.

Let dirgeful winds all sigh!
A hunted look is on his face—
See buck-saw, wood-house, pile in place!
Cans't doubt me now?

BECAUSE HE CARRIED THE BAG.

FIRST ELECTION AGENT —

"Now is the time when our cunning dexterity,
Waiters on Providence such as we be,
Brings a return with exceeding celerity—
Paying return both to you and to me."

SECOND ELECTION AGENT —

"Ah, how dull must it be in the stiff Mowat
legions,
Preaching of reason and talking of right!
All our arguments come from quite different
regions,
Arguments solid and arguments bright."

FIRST AGENT —

"What if we have no sound statement po-
litical,
Teaching what measures are good for the
land?

Those we appeal to are not quite so critical,
Not through the head we convince, but the
hand."

SECOND AGENT —

"Plans patriotic may be the Grit factors—
Means for securing the multitude's vote;
Ours we find in the bags of contractors,
Means, too, which save one much stretching
his throat."

BOTH —

"We must steer clear of all proved illegality,
That is the rock which dull fellows split on,
But you must not expect any over morality,
Out of the question—we follow Sir John."

TRUE COURAGE REWARDED.

A MORAL TALE FOR THE YOUNG.



O, I will not!"
It was a boy named
Algernon St. Albans Miff
who said this. He was
so-lil-o-qui-zing. This big
word, children dear, means
talking with one's mouth
to the person one most
likes.

Algernon St. Albans was
a bright lad who worked
in a nice stove store. He
often had a great smut on
his nose. But his good
employer would never
charge him with the stove
polish. He would jist
say to him, "You boy,
go and wash up! You
look like a half-grown
coal-heaver out of a job!"
And Algernon St. Albans,
like the obedient boy he
was, would fill the wash-
basin, and lose the soap down the sink-hole.

But one day he would not obey his good em-
ployer. He had been told in a gentle voice to
carry up town a beautiful Slop-pail. Now,
his good employer did not intend to be unkind.
He did not really think that it was mean and
wrong to ask Algernon St. Albans to do this.
No one had ever told him that his bright shop-
boy was called "tinker" for short by his little
play-fellows, and it never occurred to him that
they would likely after this change the name
to "chamber-maid."

However, my young friends, Algernon St.
Albans know a thing or two. He could tell
the Right from the Wrong. And, with tears
in his eyes, he resolved to do the Right. It
made no difference to this brave little man
when he had to mind the baby at his good em

ployer's house, or mix the black-lead for the colored stove-polisher in the back shop. He could not easily get out of these jobs, even if he so wished. And then, children, none of his little play-fellows could see him at it, you know. But he drew the line at carrying beautiful Slop pails.

So our young hero gave Jim, the apprentice lad, a five cent bit to deliver the beautiful Slop-pail for him. The poor apprentice lad, dear little readers, had a darkened mind; per-



haps it was from smelling so much charcoal. He did not have a noble spirit like Algernon St. Albans. He only cared to work hard and save all the five cent bits he could get.

Now, pretty pets, all that I have been telling you happened a great many years ago. It was long before young men on bicycles, with thin legs (that is, the young men, dearies) were invented.

Yet both Algernon St. Albans and the apprentice lad, Jim, are alive. Jim, poor fellow, owns the nice stove store. He has to pay all the hands every Saturday night himself now, and he has also to hire a man to drive him to his gloomy office every morning.

But Algernon St. Albans—the brave, noble boy who had the spirit in him! Pay close attention, little ones, while I tell you of his grand career!

Algernon St. Albans has risen to be poor Jim's book-keeper. He sits on a real pretty high stool, and if he works only twelve hours a day he can earn as much as seven dollars and a half a week, and enjoy all the rest of the time with his six sweet children.

There, my birdies, is True Courage rewarded!



Always happy to meet friends—butchers.

"WOMAN'S SPHERE."—"O aye!" quoth a worthy Elder o' Auld St. Andrew's to one o' new St. Andrew's, "gin the women folk get in to the pulpet, it wull no be the Gospel they'll gie us—but the gossip-all!"

"You can get first-class board in Philadelphia for \$2 a week," said Trilobite. "No!" replied Crinoid, amazed. "Fact," insisted Trilobite, "wash-board." And then he curled up and petrified himself.

THE WAR CRY—A HAMILTON DITTY.

We're bound to heat 'em hevery time,
No mattah wot yer say, sir;
We'll kerch the devil by the 'awns,
And 'ang 'im by the tail, sir.

It's rub-a-dub, a-rub-a-dub-dub-dub!
And douse and swing yer powder,
And its wot! wot! (rub-a-dub) woot!
But the 'osses plunge the 'arder.

It's up the street and down the street,
The drum goin' rattle-bang, sir;
The boys a shoutin' at our 'eels,
And peltin' mud and slang, sir.
"Oh you can't be a lover!" no "you can't be a lover!"
And 'Appy Jack a dancin' to the tune, sir;
And it's "Glory!" "Allelujah!" to the jockey tune of
"Do-dah."

And every one a tramping like a loon, sir.

Small boys as plays upon the streets,
They hoot us without fail, sir;
But Jack he grabs 'em by the neck,
And runs 'em inter jail, sir.
And if he can't get bail, he 'as got to rot in jail,
Though his mar may cry her eyes out fur her boy,
sir.
But when our Captin' he was fined—he paid him "in
his mind,"
And when that there fine is paid, we'll wish you joy, sir.

Now hevery 'Amiltonian
Just please to clear the way, sir,
The 'Ahmy going to march the street
In spite of all yon'll say' sir.

And its rub-a-dub (wo-oh!) rub-a-dub (woh!)
And make a jolly racket and a row, sir.
We've got to be protected, and it aint to be hex-
pected
We're a goin' to be considering of yeon, sir.

GETTING PLUMB LEVEL.

What caused the door to open was not discovered by the advertising clerk until he leaned over the counter and caught sight of a soap-haired boy, of the dwarf variety, having a gaunt dog in tow—and pretty nearly in two also.

"Much 'll it be to git this put in the paper?" the small object queried anxiously, while the dog also seemed to evince a profound interest in the question.

The man of few words (at a cent a word) by the aid of a powerful imagination translated the manuscript thus:—

noTus
people is notty fide By Me that i H int workin no Mor
fur squir ross, outen marKkam
TownShip
but it was Me gin him the Sack

cos he was N. G.
boys better Not hir with this ole pigin tode Pelikan fur
Heel starv em and Uang em Around and funk on
Whackin up Sa Terday nites Wen he kin

sined By
MISTER JIM POOLE.

"You see," he piped, while the clerk was sizing up the announcement. "me an' the squire was good frens till last night. I come to town yesterday an' this dawg follered me out to the farm. I layed out for to keep him, but the squire got mad, chased him off with a dung fork an' gimme a clip with a cow-halter cos I tole him he was no kinder a man to slam round a poor orfan an' his oney true fren an' protector. Then I threw up my job right on the spot. I could a' set fire to his stable or pizened the pigs or taken it outen that flat-footed son o' his. But this scheme sorter struck me. Much 'el 't be to print that good an' big on the first page?"

The amount startled him.

"Sixty-three cents is high to a man outen a job," he mused, tightening his grip on the dog's string, as he prepared to go. "But fifteen cents is a start, an' I'll score up the rest if I have to hire out in a coal yard. Keep that prokelmashun an' wen I call agin, I'm agoin' to shove up 'nuff to top her off with the pictur of a humpbacked cripple feedin' rotten turmita to four scrawny calves. What I'm after is gittin' plumb level with a mean ole man. Come, Lion!"

Morning, noon and night of Thanksgiving—
gobbler, gobbled, gobblins.



SIR JOHN'S LATEST.

INEXPERIENCED STATESMAN.—*Apropos* of of this Pope railway matter, what about the Independence of Parliament Act?

STATESMAN OF EXPERIENCE.—Well, I don't see how any act could be more independent of Parliament.

"NOT EVEN ACT A LIE."

(A TRUE INCIDENT.)

Three children on their way from school
Kicked heels up—like the sportive mule
When toying with contiguous man—
Rules all forgot—and rulers, e'en tatan.

"A coin I've found!" cried one in glee:
"A silver piece worth pennies three!"
But ah! like those who fondly dream
A restaurant ice has ought of real cream,

A passing man pronounced the coin
A counterfeit. Forthwith they join
In lamentations at the thought,
"What taffy (literal) mightn't it have bought!"

But one spake out—would I might tell
Unheeded his suggestion fell—
"Let's pass it on good Mrs. Cox!"
Nor thought he of collection box.

The little shop soon entered was,
"Please give us taffy"—then a pause—
A stammer—flush he could not hide—
"For—this—bad—piece—we—found—outside!"

A story lives in history
Of boy, small axe, and cherry-tree:
This hero well with that may vie,
He could not even act a lie.

HER COMPLEXION.

The other day a rather green-looking young fellow—though he evidently lived in the city—went into a dry goods store and walked up to one of the lady clerks; the following conversation occurred:

"I want to get four yards of wide ribbon for a girl."

"All right, sir. What color do you want?"
"I don't know. I just want four yards of ribbon, that's all."

"Yes, but we ought to give her some color that will suit her. Is she a blonde or brunette?"

"She ain't neither; she's a hired girl."—
Evansville Argus.

"Love's sweetest meanings," says a writer,
"are unspoken." Exactly; no eloquence can compare with caramels and gum drops.



THE JOURNALISTIC COWBOY.

GRANITE HEART;
OR, PENELOPE PERKINS ON SKATES.
A TALE OF TORONTO CITY.

CHAP. II.

Week after week flew by, and on every available opportunity our four swell friends found themselves in the Chateau Perkins. A certain coolness was now quite perceptible, and no wonder, for when did rival lovers ever love each other? Each one had made up his mind to propose for the lady's hand, and each made up his mind to pop the momentous question on a certain evening, and the same evening, by a "circular circumstance," was chosen by all. The first who obtained a fitting opportunity to try his luck was the Hon. Hardy Kanute. He described to her his great prospects, and showed her a map of his genealogical tree back as far as the first invasion of Britain by the Romans.

"Can you skate?" enquired the lady.
"I feel that I must confess to my ignorance of the divine art, but, dearest—"

"I assure you," answered the determined Penelope, "that I deeply feel the honor conferred upon me by your proposal, but, at present, at least, it is altogether out of the question, for I really could not make up my mind to marry a man who can't skate? Seventeen suitors have I already refused on the same grounds, and that is the reason, from my supposed insensibility to the tender passion, that I am called Granite Heart."

Poor Kanute departed with a saddened heart, muttering, "Confound it, I thought Granite fewefew to the Granite Wink!"

Castletoddy, Tentacle, and McMurdo all followed suit with their proposals, and all received the *conge* on account of their ignorance of skating. Still a faint hope was left them—they might learn to skate. McMurdo, however, as he bowed himself out of the room, said, "Dinna forget the kindred game!"

It was a pitiful sight to see the unfortunate rejected ones in their attempts to master the slipping art on the rink. Nothing but the fond hope of ultimately gaining the lady's hand would have carried them through the frightful ordeal.

Such slipping and sliding and ground and lofty tumbling has been seldom witnessed, and their unfortunate bodies were black and blue from head to foot, and, alas, after all, their efforts to skate were in vain, and they gave up the attempt in despair. In the meantime, McMurdo had joined the Curling Club, and practised steadily one very opportunity, and at last the day on which a Grand Bonspiel was to be played arrived. His three bosom friends were there, likewise the adorable Miss Perkins, who gave Mac an encouraging glance as he proceeded, broom in hand, to the field of action. Mac was determined to do his best, and win the admiration, at least, of the girl he adored, and well he played his part; he sent the metal-handed stone gliding on to its goal with marvellous precision. Such shouts of "Soop her up" and like expressions from the "brither Scots" made the rafters of the Granite Rink ring again, and McMurdo was applauded by all the spectators, not forgetting the charming Penelope Portia, who busted a pair of fourteen buttoned gloves in her demonstrations of satisfaction at Mac's success. That evening Mac was borne bodily to the Queen's Hotel, and was regaled with haggis, cauld kail, bannocks, scones, champagne and other Scottish refreshments until he could hardly walk home to his lodgings.

CHAP. III.

The next evening a select family party met at the Chateau Perkins. It was Penelope's birthday. Messieurs Tentacle, Kanute and McMurdo, and Lord Castletoddy were invited. Penelope Portia was delightfully sparkling and vivacious, and sang the Song of the Rink in

beautiful voice. Never did the fair creature seem so happy, or show to such advantage. At the supper huge flagons of Burgundy, Moselle, Champagne and *vin de Gooderham* were drunk by the anti-Crooks portion of the company, while the opposition deluged themselves with new cider, pop, and the sometimes treacherous raspberry syrup in her honor. Everything went as merry as a marriage bell, when to the unbanded surprise of the whole "pairty," Miss Penelope Portia Perkins arose and addressed the assemblage thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am aware that it is unusual for a lady, especially an unmarried one, to arise and address an audience, however distinguished it may be, and I have no hesitation in saying that a more distinguished one than the present has seldom or never been gathered together in Toronto. (Hear, hear.) But, ladies and gentlemen, it was not to praise our noble selves that I felt called upon to arise and speak this evening (no, no), but to state a fact that doubtless has escaped the attention of most of the honorable members of the present company, and likewise to remove a great weight of anxiety from the minds of four of the most excellent among us. These four honorable gentlemen I allude to have severally proposed for my hand, and to each I replied that although sensible of the great honor conferred on me, I would never, never marry a gentleman who could not skate, and that I would defer my decision until a future occasion. In the meantime these gentlemen have tried their utmost to skate and have failed, but one of the number proving himself such an expert at the noble and roaring game of curling, I retract my former resolution, and accept the hand of that gentleman; need I say that the gentleman's name is McMurdo?" (Loud and continued cheers from everybody except the rejected ones.)

Mr. McMurdo arose and took the young lady's hand and addressed the company thusly:—

"Leddies and gentlemen, I now claim the young leddy's hand, which I have won, as she says, by display of agility in the Roarin' Game, but notwithstanding her preference to skating she does na forget that curlin' is a kindred game, and I now propose that we drink to the united sports of SKATIN' AND CURLIN', and to the leddy with the GRANITE HEART!"



A fine collection of works by members of the Ontario Society of Artists is to be offered for sale by auction at the rooms, 14 King-st. W., on Saturday, at 2 p.m. This will be a fine opportunity to secure at very moderate figures some of the best efforts of Canadian art.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolie, says: "I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia; Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King-st East either for a pad or for a treatise, etc.

In Italy it is customary for three or four married women to drag a bride to her would-be-husband. She pretends to struggle desperately to get away. A wise journalist points out that it would take all the married women in the country to hold back an American girl who had concluded to enter the conjugal state.

THE LABORING MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY T. M'UFF.

I'm a poor laborin' man, my livin' I win
By the hardest of all kinds of work;
At sunrise my manifold toils begin,
And often extend until dark.
Yet I'm happy the while,
Though idlers might smile.
To see me laboriously plod
On the weary gangway,
'Neath the sun's burning ray,
Horne down by the weight of a hod.

When bright summer comes with its skies of blue,
My heart then is lightsome and gay;
For work there is plenty, and wants there are few,
And my day's work commands ample pay.
But when autumn is sped,
And all nature seems dead,
My soul then is burdened with care:
And when winter's fierce storm
Chills my lightly-clad form,
My heart then grows black with despair.

For my little ones have to be clothed and fed,
And I've small means to do it upon,
For with rent, and taxes, and fuel, and bread,
The mite I had saved is soon gone.
And poor is the fare
With so many to share
Our frugal and scanty repast,
What with less'n'g store
And the wolf at the door
I look on the future aghast.

I strive with my feelings, when want makes me ask
My rich neighbor over the way,
For something to do to lighten life's task
Ere the cold winter passes away;
He replies with a smile
As he points to a pile
Of cordwood under his shed—
Half price I will give,
You may cut it and live,
For I know that the poor must be fed.

Our good parson tells us of mansions above,
Far, far beyond the blue sky;
There angels are waiting with hearts filled with love,
To welcome such toilers as I.
Yet I've thought 'twas a pity
That in that bright city
Those cherubs alone should appear:
How much better 'twould be
For such poor folks as we
If they had an abiding place here.

A "NEWS" EDITORIAL.

We like the style of the *Morning News* editorials.

They are written in very good English, and fed to the public in the form of chopped stuff. So that they are easy to read and digest. They are also vigorous and democratic. And patriotic.

And something entirely new in the sleepy journalism of Canada.

Why doesn't the *Globe* go in for this most excellent style?

People would then, seven times out of nine, read the *Globe's* leaders.

Which at present they do not.

And why?

Because they are so long, solid and dry. Now, don't you see the beauty of the *News* style?

The reader starts off and says to himself, "I'll just read a paragraph or two while I'm waiting for the supper bell."

So he starts.

And the first thing he knows he has read a dozen paragraphs.

Then the bell rings.

But the reader doesn't throw the paper down.

He says "I'll just swallow a few more paragraphs."

And before the bell stops ringing he has gulped down another dozen.

Then the bell stops.

And the reader lays down the paper.

But he has read the whole article.

And digested it.

The *News* style is a big scheme.

It is popular.

And effective.

And nineteenth centuryish.

And don't you forget it.



SAVED BY STRATEGY;

OR, THE RUINED MERCHANT'S RATTLING ROSE.

CHAP. I.

Two hours after midnight in a gorgeous jewelry establishment.

Two figures flitting about stealthily in the dim light of a carefully shaded hand lamp—the same as you may have perhaps noticed after seven o'clock Saturday night, you forget just where.

Biff! Chung!! Bang!!!

"That settles the safe door, pard!" It was the smaller person who spoke as he laid aside the big sledge hammer. "Now, if the hole in the cellar is ready we'll yank all these boxes of stuff down, carry 'em away, and the job's done as slick as soap-grease. We're 'ruined' for sure, and you can bet your livor-pad about ten cents on the dollar will clear us and give us a fresh start. Ha! ha! ha!" the man laughed low and diabolically.

But his companion did not echo the ghostly gurgle. His face was pallid even by contrast with his white shirt-sleeves, and his black brows contracted as though he were in perplexity or the victim of a tight collar.

"It's a great scheme, cully, I 'low. But—won't some one tumble to the racket? That's what bothers me. Here's a moonlight night—a business street—a watchman on the go—our bunks upstairs—and this safe cracked in no burglar sort of way. Ain't this burgle fake just a trifle too gallish? Cully, I tell you I'm scared."

His fears seemed to check the other's jollity, for, setting down the bottle without taking an abnormal pull at it, the small man looked anxiously at his partner. But only for a moment was the look maintained and the liquid refreshment slighted.

"I have it!" he suddenly exclaimed gleefully. "Follow my directions and we are safe. Will you?"

"I will!" was the reply, and unconsciously the speaker passed over his hand for the demi-john.

"The directions are these: Let no reporter have a look at the premises, if one should hear about the affair. Don't telegraph our loss, so to speak, to the creditors. Leave the rest to me."

CHAP. II.

The next morning at 10 a.m. The ruined jewelers in confab.

"Now, what was your racket, Cully?"

"Pard, I've given the whole thing to the detectives, and they say they have a fair clue!"

"By the jumpin' giraffe, I never thought of that! Cully, you have a great head. We are saved!"

ENQUIRERS' COLUMN.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.

HISTORICUS wishes to know where the prophet Jeremiah was buried. Certainly, H., we shall give you the desired information, which cost us five cents a little while ago. This is how we got our knowledge: Elbowing our way into the tabernacle of another prophet one afternoon, we found ourselves solidly wedged amidst 999 other hungry and thirsty souls, all intensely eager to know what responses the oracle would vouchsafe them upon that particular occasion, when, luckily for you we pocketed the very knowledge you seek for. We had heretofore been under the impression that the prophet Jeremiah was buried in Egypt, but not so, my friend. The oracle assured us that his bones moulder in the green isle, probably under the "ould" hill of Tara, about the location of which we were, as upon your query, heretofore in the dark, as (instead of being in royal Meath) the oracle popped it down in Connaught. Our eyes were further opened on learning that the Romans had destroyed the city of Tara 155 years after they had given England their parting blessing for ever. Wonderful man! said we to ourselves, as we dived into the nethermost recesses of our b—no, p—pocket (by the same token it would almost take a search warrant, signed by the Colonel, to discover one) for a five-center, deeming it a suitable reward. Wonderful man! who not only penetrates the mysterious recesses of futurity, but also unravels the intricate web of antiquity, and all

By the wave of the wizard-y wand
That tickles the ears in the street called "Bond."

of course we took the knowledge *cum grano salis* (that's Latin), but as it costs you nothing, you can swallow it without the salt.

*

"What is the meaning of the motto 'Herrin' go brow,' of which the Irish are so fond? Does it refer to the fish, and if so, is it of the Loch Fine species?"—McHEATHER would like to know.—We are indebted to Mr. Riley Madigan for the following answer to Mr. McHeather's question:—The ignorance of some people is astonishing; but who besides a Scotchman could ever mistake the glorious old watchword "Erin go bragh" for a hungry man's praise of a commonplace herring? and the pride of Loch Fine, indeed! Poor old Erin! But her day is coming, and honor is paid to her at last. Her very potato is that "thing of beauty which is a joy for ever." Only think; to take it from its mother earth, the proud Sassenach, not long ago, sent horse, foot, artillery, kettle drums, and even ambulances, all of them armed to the teeth! A corporal's guard to lift one of her cabbages, and a troop of lancers to pile up a haycock. Many an Irish gentleman, like a Lord Mayor or a prince of the blood, has an escort as a life-guard, and the Chief Justice himself daren't wag his tongue, nor the peeler say, "black is the white of your eye," against the noble sons of Erin. Can any Scotchman say as much? Allow me to ask if the fine old mealy potato isn't a more intellectual diet than porridge is? and good belly bacon superior to Finnan haddie?

*

"I should be obliged, Mr. GRIP, if you would tell me the meaning of the terms 'bummer,' 'beat,' and 'bloke?'" writes CURIOUS. In "Denison's Skillagallier," under the caption "Pestiferous Parasites for Peeler's Pulling," recently revised by the eminent jurist Judge Sinkiller, these subordinate classes of the human genus are thus described: "Bummer: One who is always ready to drink, but seldom or never pays. His time is employed in looking in at hotels, saloons, and other places of the

kind. If he sees a man standing at the bar he salutes him, and uses the formula, 'Ah! don't care if I do; beautiful day; little soda with a dash; well, now, as you are so pressing, gin and bitters; well, a little old rye; by-bye.' Leaving his victim to settle, he darts off for a new pasture. He manages to dress and live on his wits, and wishes to be recognized as a gentleman. His kindred is generally respectable; dodging debtors is one of his peculiarities. Beat: A contemptible fellow who sponges on his friends, lives on innocent hotel-keepers and widows who take boarders. He lies adroitly, and leaves with every tailor who will trust him his autograph, as a lasting souvenir. A favorite pastime is to hire a vehicle, alight at a front door, depart from the rear, and enjoy from a secluded spot the sentimentalism of the tricked Jehu. Kickings and cuffing do not at all lower his self-importance. His repertoire of butchers', bakers', fishmongers', and grocers' bills would form lively reading for the uninitiated; should he ever acquire property, he makes it over to his wife: We have heard it asserted that not one of his class is to be found in our city. Bloke: This character differs from the others, as he will work sometimes. He will get drunk too, whereas, the above-mentioned never do so, not possessing sufficient brain for the beverage to operate upon. The bloke is partial to gutter swathing, and spends a percentage of his time in durance; he invariably thrashes his wife, and votes the grit ticket. Enthusiastic teetotalers with praiseworthy belief of indestructible good in man, pick him up, wash him, clothe him, feed him, pet him, employ him and mourn over him every three months in the year. He delivers his experience with the most vehement uncton, and takes a pride in telling his admiring audience what a thorough scoundrel he has been. All these people are omitted from the list of "good citizens."

OSCAR, Kingston.—Verily you seem to be, if not an accursed thing, at least a very unfortunate one. The poem you sent, "Address to the Dying Year," and respecting which you write to enquire, was destroyed in the flames a few weeks ago when our offices were burned. Strange to relate, though your noble stanzas were in a pigeon hole with several other contributions, the greedy, though discriminating, Fire Fiend selected the "Dying Year" as his own peculiar prey, demolishing its noble fabric piece by piece, and leaving the rest untouched. However, as you had made "bouquet" rhyme with "O. K." and had spelt it without an "u" in the first syllable, perhaps it were better thus.

SOUTHRON, Fergus.—In reply to your request that we should give you the translation of the Gallic poem which appeared in the London 'Times,' about a week ago, and entitled "Muile Nam Mor Bheanu," we beg to say that it would take up too much space; the poem is the lament of one Mac Moke over the failure of the bean crop in the island of Mull. The title may be freely rendered in English, "No more beans for the mule." The dirge is very beautiful and affecting, though the full effect is weakened by translation into the language of the Sassenach.

Said a self-satisfied young man: "Really, I don't know what I shall do with the girls all after me so. A fellow can't be absolutely rude to them, you know, even if they do follow him up and constantly force opportunities to propose, you know. I really can't marry them all, you know, and what can I do, old boy?" "Easy enough; skip to Utah and telegraph for the whole gang," answered his practical friend.



PHYSIOGNOMY AS A FACTOR IN POLITICS.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

- A key-light—the sun.
- Everybody's favorite—8
- Always in use—The letter s.
- A cooling ember—November.
- A toute force—A cornet band.
- A nod thing in bonnets—A sleeping beauty in church.
- A sign of an early fall—A bar of soap on the cellar steps.

FINE ARTS.

Highly Important SALE of Valuable Original Paintings on

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EXHIBITION ROOM, S

14 King St. West, when the

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Will offer to public competition about One Hundred and Twenty-Five OIL and WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS. Every painting is guaranteed to be the original work of the artist whose name it bears, and his or her own personal property at the time of sale, and will consist of some of the best works of the following well-known and popular artists:—Mrs. Schreiber, Messrs. Baigent, Bell-Smith, Cox, Coleman, Gagen, Griffiths, Hansford, Harris, Matthews, Perre, Reford, Revell, Shrapnell, and Watson.

The pictures will be on exhibition at the above address on next Thursday and Friday, open each day from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Lovers of art and the public generally are cordially invited to call and examine these pictures. Admission and catalogues free. Sale at 2 p.m.

JOHN M. McFARLANE & CO.,
Auctioneers.

Courting is sometimes called sparking because the real fire doesn't commence until after marriage.

An Ohio postmistress has resigned to get married. Poor thing! She'll have often to wait for a delayed mail.

There is a man up town so fond of "flash" literature that he won't read anything but a powder magazine.

Says Hans, the barber, "Shust sit down— I gif you one clean shafe, mine front."
"I've just been getting one, said Brown."
"Quite clean, at twenty-five per cent."

A jolly old uncle had been relating some incidents of his earlier life to his nephew. "Of all the women you ever met, uncle," said the young man, "by which were you most struck."
"By your aunt, my boy, by your aunt," replied the old gentleman, dropping his voice and feeling the back of his head tenderly.

There was a young lady named Hannah,
Who pratised upon the piannah
So loud and so long,
So fierce and so strong,
That her beau broke his arm in this mannah:
He'd fan her,
This Hannah,
When at the piannah,
With his twenty-five cent red bandar.dah.

A beautiful young girl was about to be married to a bachelor 70 years of age, but very rich. On the eve of her marriage she learned that his wealth had been suddenly swept away, leaving him a penniless old man. Did the noble girl desert him in this his hour of trouble? She did, indeed, and her parents helped her, too.

She was talking over the fence to a neighbor: "I shall never forget," said she, "how funny it seemed when I was first married, and how half-ashamed I was to take it, when my husband offered me money, but I soon got used to it, for he was very generous." Then, discovering that her husband was overhearing her and looking pleased, she hastily added, "but 'twan't any funnier in those earlier days than it is now, it's so mighty seldom he offers me any."

CATARH.—A new treatment. Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. **A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.**

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CHEAP

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To all Points on the Line; also to Ottawa and Midland Railway points.

XMAS. AND NEW YEAR.

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