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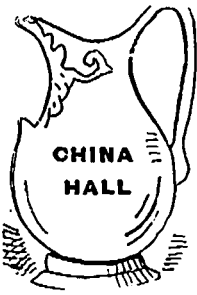
CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1887.



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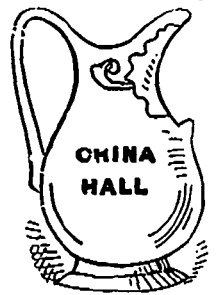
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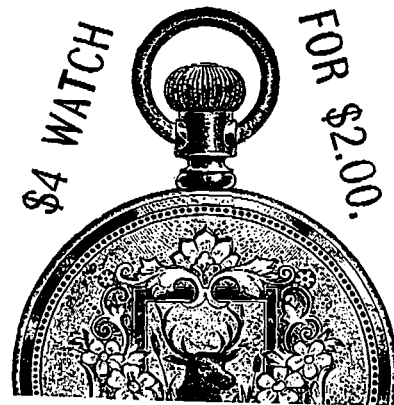
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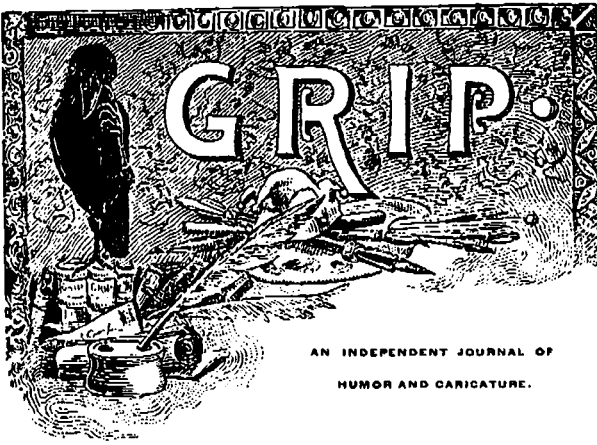
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PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

RENEW your subscription to GRIP for 1888.

Then induce a friend to subscribe.

This Christmas number will be sent to all new subscribers for 1888, but as the edition is limited, we would like to have the order at once, so that there may be no disappointment.

This Christmas number will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

The edition of Grip's Comic Almanac for 1888, is nearly exhausted. Price 10c.

Comments on the Cartoons.



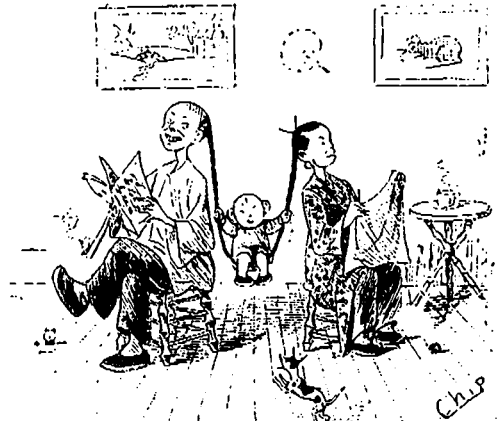
THE JUVENILE XMAS PARTY.—In honor of the glorious Festival of Christendom, GRIP blooms forth in colors. He hopes Old Santa Claus and his votaries will be reasonably well satisfied with the result. For any shortcomings in it—and there are a good many to the critical eye—he trusts to the indulgence of readers always good natured, but at this blessed season, it is to be assumed, particularly charitable. Everybody will admit, at least, that our colored work is decidedly in advance of any former attempt; and we can confidently promise that on the next special occasion we will as decidedly excel this. As to the Christmas Party itself, it would ill become Mr. GRIP to comment upon it as an instance of

his princely hospitality to the boys of his pencil. Poor little chaps, they really deserve some recognition—they are very useful throughout the year. Mr. GRIP doesn't know, indeed, what he would do without them! May they all, and everybody else, see many a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

THE IGNORED STOCKING.—The Fishery Commission at Washington has adjourned over the holidays. Just what caused the sudden suspension of their labors seems to be unknown to the outside world. One thing, however, is clear, that there is as yet "nothing in it," for either of the parties to the Conference.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.—"Peace on earth and good will toward men!" is the angelic message which just now echoes throughout the world, and the nations of Europe illustrate the sentiment by brushing up their armaments and glaring at each other across their narrow borders. On this side of the Atlantic President Cleveland probably wiles away his Christmas Day in reading over the Retaliation Bill. A nice state of affairs, surely, for the last quarter of the nineteenth century of the Christian era!

THE ONLY PRICE OF OUR FISHERIES.—It is reported that the adjournment of the Fishery Commission was brought about by Sir Charles Tupper, who wished to have an opportunity of consulting his colleagues upon a most vital point. The story goes that Mr. Chamberlain had agreed to a settlement of the question, which practically amounted to a surrender of the Canadian fisheries—the so-called *quid pro quo* offered by the American representatives being far from an equivalent. If these are the facts we are very glad that Sir Charles balked in good time, and we trust that his colleagues will distinctly instruct him that nothing short of unrestricted Reciprocity will be accepted by Canada as a price for our fisheries. Less than this will be a surrender which, in the words of the Committee of Council laid before the Government last February, "will certainly be visited with condign punishment upon those guilty of such a serious breach of trust." The Americans will not make a fair money payment for fishing privileges, nor will they agree to Reciprocity of natural products only, but it is probable that they would agree to the best thing of all—Commercial Union. Let us, at all events, ask for it.



HOME LIFE IN CHINA.

—N. Y. Life.

CLEVER SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

AN enterprising Boston paper has conceived the idea of publishing, in its Sunday issue, the bright sayings of children. It requests fond parents each to send in one or more of the latest *mots* of their darlings. This is what we may expect:

"Johnny is a bright little darling, two and a half years old. The other morning he came down stairs, and to the surprise and delight of all said, 'See Johnny's new toos.' The dear little fellow meant the new shoes which his papa had given him."

"We have always considered Edith a particularly clever child. I do not know that it was so much from what she said as the real cute and cunning way she said it. But she got off a very bright thing at supper last evening. There was a lull in the conversation when she looked up and said, 'Baby like tugar.' The dear little angel of course meant sugar. Wasn't it clever, Mr. Editor? I thought you'd like to have it for your Sunday column. I don't expect to see many brighter sayings there."

MONOPOLY is an all-absorbing topic.



COMMENDED TO REV. D. J.

Wife—You miserable creature! Tell me, in heaven's name, what pleasure you find in this everlasting drinking!

Husband—Oh (*hic*) no; I'll not tell you (*hic*) that, or you would be drunk (*hic*) allertime yourself!
—*Flegende Blatter.*

THEY WERE SHOPPING.

"WITH each return of Christmastide
I feel," she gushed, "just like a bride;
My love toward you thrills;
I wonder why it is, my dear?"
"Why?" echoed he—"to me it's clear—
I settle all the bills!"

SEPTIMUS SMITH'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.



SEPTIMUS SMITH was a man of business, or rather of several businesses, in the town of Pokerville. Septimus Smith built houses, kept a varnish and paint-shop, held auction sales, dealt in horses, old pictures, curios and, in short, whenever there was an opportunity of making money, S. Smith made a grab therefor, and usually seized it. Strange to say, Septimus was always "hard up." He owed large sums of money to all the leading tradespeople around him, and though he had started in business two years before this particular Xmas, had never paid a debt. He had boarded, lodged and clothed his family of two persons entirely on credit, and, had it not been for combined remonstrances and threats on the part of his twelve creditors, would have continued to do so. His motto was that his word was as sterling as gold and his promise to pay as good as a bank note. His creditors had accepted this motto for two years; but now desired a conversion of his word into cash. Septimus Smith delayed payment as long as possible by various excuses until the crisis arrived, and his creditors declined to wait another week. A meeting was called and Mr. Smith was sent for to assist in a settlement. When Septimus arrived he jocularly remarked, after counting the scowling tradesmen, that thirteen at table was unlucky; but that he was

happy to state he had good news for all. He produced a letter from a lawyer in England announcing that he had been left heir to a large fortune, of which particulars were given, the necessary documents would be forwarded to Mr. Smith's solicitor as soon as his address was received, and the estate would be at once disposed of according to Mr. Septimus Smith's directions. That gentleman made a short speech to the now smiling creditors, in which he told them that he had been expecting this for some years on the death of his old uncle, but had not mentioned it for fear they should think him guilty of deception and desirous of obtaining their goods under false pretences; that he had always known his word was as

good as cash, and now that this good fortune had at last arrived, they would find him not at all ungrateful for their past kindness and confidence. Septimus Smith proceeded to state that, as they saw in the lawyer's letter, he would at once be placed in affluent circumstances and, of course, should immediately give up business and take his family to England. Before doing this he desired to celebrate his good luck in an emphatic manner. He intended to give a large Christmas banquet, such as the town of Pokerville had never heard of in its social life before; but which would be on the broadest lines of good old English hospitality. "I have engaged the town hall for the day and night. I shall have it decorated and furnished as handsomely as we can do it here in Pokerville, and I now beg, gentlemen, that you will all honor me with your presence at a good old English dinner on the afternoon of Christmas Day, bringing with you all your wives and families and such friends as you care to invite. Money is no consideration in the affair, for as this will be the last opportunity I shall have of doing anything in the dear little town, I intend to spare no expense, and, gentlemen, you will be pleased to hear that your accounts, which have been so long outstanding against me, will be settled in full on that occasion, with the addition of ten per cent. interest on the total amount for the past two years. It is my intention to make a few small gifts to Pokerville after I reach my long expected but newly found home in Sussex; amongst other things I may mention confidentially that I intend to build and fit out a public library and reading-room which shall be worthy of the place. Now, regarding this Xmas banquet, I know that it is an occasion when all houses have quiet family gatherings, and I wish to ask you to do just as you would in your own homes and make this a large gathering of united happiness. It will be the proudest day of my life if my proposition is accepted, and I beg you will let me know your decision as soon as possible, in order that I may make all necessary arrangements." The effect of these announcements was electrical; everyone

rushed to congratulate Septimus, who remained dignified and proudly happy. The next day and during the following week it was one prolonged reception on the part of Mrs. Smith, for all the wives of the invited creditors called to congratulate her on her good fortune and assure her that only domestic duties and not want of friendship had prevented them from paying their respects to her before. Each one told her how highly they had thought of Mr. Smith; some adding that they always knew he was considerably below his position, as anyone could see how superior he was; a few asked if there was any title with the estate, to which Mrs. Smith replied with a modest evasion that almost at once made her a duchess; whilst others hinted that they had been the quiet means of preventing their partners from pressing her husband to pay their accounts. as they always knew his word was as good as gold. But all accepted the Christmas invitation and offered all assistance to Mrs. Smith in the huge undertaking. So the time went on till the week before Christmas, and all Pokerville raged with excitement at the great social event. During this week Septimus Smith gave large orders to all his old creditors, and unlimited supplies of every possible kind were sent. He declined to deal with any one else, he said, as they had trusted him so long and faithfully and he could not forget their kindness. Mrs. Smith received lists of guests from each family, and the total number reached to nearly 150 persons, old and young. The dinner took place at four o'clock in the afternoon, and was really a magnificent gathering. The various mothers vied with each other in the dresses of their families, and the town hall was splendidly decorated. At the dinner itself the tradesmen ate their own provisions and passed complimentary remarks on each other's supplies. Mr. Smith was especially loud in his praises of everything, and general happiness increased as the evening wore on. A cheque on a London bank, signed by the lawyer on behalf of the "Sir Theophilus Smith Estate," was found by each creditor under his plate on sitting down, for a round amount covering his account, with interest as promised. Later on, dancing and round games, card tables and music amused both young and old until long after midnight had passed, and at last group by group the hall was deserted and the Smith family alone remained. The Smith family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Septimus Smith only, and during the evening they had both expressed their envy of the possession of such fine families as they had entertained. Mr. and Mrs. Smith went home, apparently satisfied with their great Christmas party, and the town hall looked a picture of dissipated ruin. The next day the tired creditors called upon their host of the previous evening; but his house was not open. They did not disturb him, thinking after all the worry and excitement the lucky and benevolent couple desired and deserved a good rest. But the house was still shut up at night, and when at a very late hour two of the creditors climbed the back-garden fence and entered the kitchen, they were astounded to find painted in large capital letters on the entire side of one wall the following reminiscence of Mr. and Mrs. Smith:—

"Left for New York on the four o'clock train. Good-bye, sweethearts; good-bye! — Septimus and Sarah Smith."

The house was empty, and nothing but the unpaid for furniture remained. Mrs. Smith had taken all the unpaid for jewellery with her.

And then the twelve creditors again assembled and anathemized Mr. Septimus and Mrs. Sarah Smith in unmeasured terms as they realized they had been swindled not only out of their two-year-old accounts, but also out of the very wines and foods and Christmas presents they had all enjoyed on the previous evening at their own expense. All efforts failed to trace the authors of this exceptionally original Xmas party.

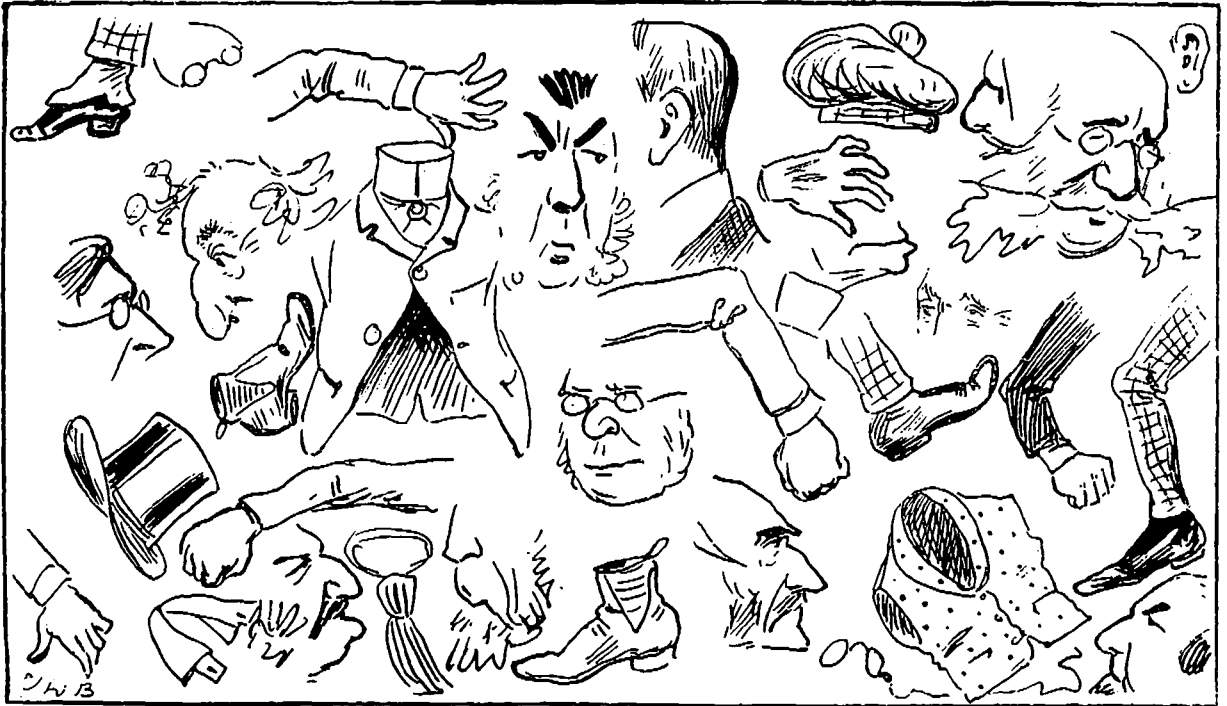


THOUGHT-READING.

ALONG the street this summer day
She trips upon her graceful way
A vision of delight;
With garments of brocaded stuff,
Trimmed round with fur to match her muf;
And smiling features bright.

That's all the passer by can know
The soul, the mind, the heart below,
At these he can but guess;
Yet it were safe to bet a cow
That this fair lady's mind just now
Is fastened on her dress!

THE Nashville preacher says dancing is not the proper caper.—*New Orleans Picayune.*



“GRIP’S” \$500 PRIZE CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.

NOT to be outdone by junior publications like *Puck*, MR. GRIP submits the above Christmas puzzle as an intellectual exercise for the holidays. It will also afford an easy and genteel way of making money wherewith to pay the inevitable Christmas Bills, as MR. GRIP proposes to pay THE SUM OF \$500 to anyone who will, from the above fragments, patch up a complete Canadian statesman who is sound on—well, let us say the Temperance question. Answers must be received at this office not later than the 1st of January, 1889.

THE BARD OF AMARANTH.

We, dwellers in this happy land,
Wanderers from Scotia's rugged strand,
Paused in our journeyings to hear
A voice that rang out brave and clear
From yonder woods of Amaranth.

Ah me! the dear old Doric strain!
How leapt our hearts to hear again.
The kindly tongue, strong as of yore,
Sing Freedom's songs on this fair shore,
Here, in the woods of Amaranth!

The singer, when we saw his face,
'Twas by the slanting, golden grace
Of long and lance-like beams, that lay
Across the path he trod that day,
Among the woods of Amaranth.

His face was grave, his hair grown grey;
Upon his breast his white beard lay,
And on his furrowed brow there shone
Light from a further sun-set thrown,
A-down the woods of Amaranth.

And as toward the western glow,
His footsteps wandered sad and slow;
Still from his lips poured forth a song,
No faltering strain, but true and strong—
It was the Bard of Amaranth!

The Bard alone, yet not alone;
For lo! a double shadow thrown
Back to the sunset's lingering glow,
Betrayed a presence dogging slow
The Poet's steps in Amaranth.

Ah! well he knew that phantom gaunt!
So deaf to our implore “Avant!”

That sleuth-hound step that brings despair,
That shadow of accursed care,
Falling on peaceful Amaranth!

Yet still he sang—though scarce a word
Betrayed the inner minor chord,
We, listening, to each other said
“This irksome shadow must be laid
Ere sets the sun in Amaranth.

“His song hath pleased us. When he stood
For honor, truth, and brotherhood;
To him his song was more than pelf,
So singing, he forgot himself
Till care o'er-took in Amaranth.

“He, hearkening to an inner voice,
Amid life's work-day din and noise,
Pillowed his head in Nature's lap
And dreamed and sang. Best so—mayhap—
Though care *did* come to Amaranth!

“But we who love him and his songs,
To us the happy task belongs,
To banish care, and to indite—
'At eventide it shall be light'
For thee, oh Bard of Amaranth!”

HUGH ARLIE.

SOME NEW HISTORY.

SOMEHOW or other, the following interesting little passage has been omitted from all the current histories of the United States:

“The country was, about this time, invaded by an irresistible force under the command of Bugaboo, King of the Cannibal Islands. The descent of the invader was so sudden and unexpected that nothing was left to the

proud American people but unconditional surrender. King Bugaboo, having blockaded all the seaports and taken possession of the principal cities, gave free rein to his tyrannical instincts. He absolutely refused to allow goods of any kind to be brought into or sent out of the country, and the consequence was that the unfortunate people, being left to the mercy of those of their fellow-citizens who happened to be in possession of the native source of supplies were very soon in sore straits owing to the high prices demanded, while the edict forbidding exportations pressed most cruelly upon those whose industry was thereby rendered useless. Incredible as it may seem, this despotism very soon ceased to be hateful to the people of the young Republic. On the contrary, the majority shortly came to regard it as preferable to the state of liberty in which they had formerly taken pride. Some of the more stubborn—or, as we may say, patriotic—of the American public men did not hesitate to denounce King Bugaboo as a cruel monster, but these persons were sharply reproved by Congress, which passed resolutions declaring that he was the savior of the country. A great demonstration was made at Washington, under the direction of those who were supplying native made goods at exorbitant prices, and on this occasion King Bugaboo was publicly crowned with laurel and proclaimed the Protector of the Republic. In due time King Bugaboo died, and his army melted away. His memory is still cherished by the nation, however, in a document called the Tariff, and the descendants of those who approved of his style of government are to this day known as Protectionists."

This bit of history is, we believe, authentic, but the scholar who has favored GRIP with it has made a mistake in a minor point. It was not the Republic, but Canada that was invaded as described.

THE SOLUTION OF THE FISHERIES PROBLEM.

THE Annexationist's—Why limit the question to the right of fishing in our waters? What are paltry geographical lines of separation? By all means let the Yankees fish where they like. We live on one continent; let us be one nation.

The "Independence of Canada"-ist—Bosh; let the Yankees retaliate. What care we whether they shut off our trade or not? Is not Canada a nation? Is not the whole of the rest of the world open to us? The States will come round soon enough. Fish they want and fish they will have, and the lovers of herring are not going to be deprived of this article of diet by a miserable retaliatory act.

The Jingoist's—By Jingo, no. No retaliatory act for me. If they pass that act, say I, let Great Britain send her fleet to New York and blow the place sky-high. We'll teach the Yankees they have played the game of bluff too long.

THE CANDIDATE OF THE FUTURE.

If we go on as we are now doing in this highly moral Province of Ontario, the candidate's will not be measured by the amount of ability he possesses, but inversely by the amount of liquor he consumes. The total abstainer will of course have the first chance. The moderate drinker—well, whether the moderate drinker will have any say in the government of his country or the expenditure of its revenue will probably be the burning question of the future.



THE CHRISTMAS MANAGER.

LET'S see, now, what will I put on
To suit the Christmas season?
A most important question this
Whereon to think and reason.

Ahem! now, if I'm not astray,
The fact commemorated
Is that event in Bethlehem
From which our years are dated.

A great, profound, religious fact,
Yet full of joy and gladness—
To play a tragedy, of course,
Would be just simply madness.

The holiday is looked upon
Traditionally as "merry,"
And so a quiet comedy
Is inappropriate, very.

'Tis plain that what I really need
To catch the proper spirit
Is something bright and hopeful, yet
With high intrinsic merit.

I have it, yes! a *pantomime*!
A wild, fantastic revel,
With girls in tights, red glaring lights,
And imps and fiends and devils;

A mass of incoherent bosh,
Devoid of rhyme or reason—
A pantomime—the very thing
To suit the Christmas season!

"My cup of joy is very full," sings a poet. Well, let it be, gentle one. Don't try to change places with the cup.

THE OLD GANDER GOOSIE.

How dear to our hearts is the day of Thanksgiving,
The day when the turkey is eaten with joy;
What memories it brings of the time we were living
At home with our mother—a glad-hearted boy;
How she roasted the turkey,
The old gobbler turkey,
The red-headed turkey we used to annoy.

There was only one thing that we liked any better
Before we were grown to the stature of man,
And that was the goose that would fight when we met her.
Ah! we loved to see her frying-brown in the pan—
The Christmas-cooked goosie,
The old gander goosie
That pounded us once till we hollered and ran.

W. H. T.

AIRLIE CONCLUDES HIS NARRATIVE.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—In continuation o' ma last mischanter, as I telled ye last week, I just got by the licht o' the burnin' hoose a glisk o' a pair o' sharp shears lyin' on the bureau, when up I grabs them an' we a'e vigorous clip I divorced masel' frae ma wife—just comin' within a hair o' committin' murder, though, for the shears were sherp pinte, an' comin' doon wi' sic' force, they brocht up in Mistress Airlie's haffits no half an inch frae the jugular vein! Losh, mon, I can find the rope room ma thrapple yet when I think on't! But tae describe the torrent o' abuse she began to poor oot on ma devoted head at that 'oor o' the mornin' wad be past ma lingual pooers, in fack, I didna hear't, for by this time the reels were up afore the door an' the heat an' the crood was something awfu'. Sae gettin' on a wheen duds I hurried oot, just in time tae gie the firemen a canny hint that I wad see it wad be naething oot o' their pooch, if, afore they began tae ply on the fire, they wad just strone a wee drap ower on ma hoose tae keep the pent frac blisterin' like. I canna say but they treated ma request very ceevily; but the muckle cuifs, misun-nerstannin' me nae doot, turned the nozzle on *me* instead o' the hoose, an' losh! I thoct ma very head was blawn aff. Onyhoo, I fand masel' soomin' about on the sidewalk tae the onmitigated merriment o' the crood, though what they cud see tae lauch at in a fellow-bein' gettin' drookit tae the skin I canna mak oot.

I winna tak up yer time tellin' ye hoo I crap intae the back door an' shifted ma claes, an' hoo, after, I fell asleep wi' ma head in a bason o' warm water soakin' the mucilage oot o' ma hair; sufficee tae say I made ma ain breakfast that mornin', no daurin' tae wauken up Mistress Airlie, wha had gane back tae bed again after the fire was oot. Another thing ye may be sure o'—I wasna gaun tae let an onfortunate mistak prevent me frae usin' the hair dye noo after I had laid oot the bawbees on't; sae, takin' gude care tae see I had the richt bottle this time, I poors oot a gude sup intae ma lufe an' rubs the decoction weel intae ma hair an' ma whiskers. I rubbit, an' rubbit, takin' aye the 'tither slaik, till the result was a most beautifu' black beard an' moustache. I declare, I hardly kent masel', when I tuk the first squint in the gless. In fack, so youthfu' was ma appearance, that I began tae grue for fear I had, wha kens, through ma vanity, sold masel' tae the deevil, an' that maybe this was the first installment o' perpetual youth. No tae say that I had any objection to the youth itsel in a way, but there was ma bit laddie wad be growin' up, an' gettin' marrit, an' growin' gray like an honest mon; an' here wad be me, the auld grandfather, wi' ma hair as black an'

ma skin as fresh as a laddie o' nineteen, a livin' lee, wi' ma auld heart an' ma young face. Gude forefend! the mair I thoct on't the mair horrible the picter seemed, an' the mair I becam' convinced that this hair dye was a decoction o' the deevil's for the entrapment o' the vain. Sae mad was I at gein' the deevil sic a chance tae mak a caricature o' an honest Scotchman, that I tuk the poker an' smashed the bottle then an' there. Then kennin' confession was gude for the soul, I gaed up the stair an' made a clean breast o' the whole thing tae ma wife, an' tellin' her that what I had on ma beard noo, I wad let wear off by degrees; an' then, nae maitter hoo sair the years moulted their white wings doon on me as they flew ower ma head I wad never complain. Sae peace was restored an' awa I gaed doon to the warehouse whustlin' like a mavis. But gin a mon thinks he can escape the consequences o' his folly by simply sayin' that he'll never dae the like again he's muckle mista'en. For three days I sported ma bonny black beard, but on the fourth day it lucked say dingy greasy luckin', that after I had gotten the warehouse soopit up, I got a sowp o' warm water an' washed an' scoored ma head, determined ance for a' tae get rid o' the infernal stuff. I rubbed ma head weel dry an' tuk a keek in the gless—just a' e keek—an' fell doon onsensible. Hoo lang I lay I dinna ken, but when I cam' tae the hale establishment was gathered roon' about me, an' lauchin', every mither's son o' them, lauchin' in the maist inhuman manner! Chokin' wi' rage I scam-mel't tae ma feet an' said I wad really like tae see the p'int o' the joke. At that meenit Maister Tamson held afore ma face a sma' mirror—an' the next meenit I tore oot the back door amang roars o' lauchter an' the yells o' newsboys—an' makin' a dive intae the first barber's shop I beggit for mercy's sake for a clean shave head an' a' regardless o' expense. Sair, sair did I pay for ma folly, for ma hair was as green as grass! Yours baldly,

HUGH AIRLIE.

THE ANTI-FRENCH CRUSADE.

THE esteemed *Mail* patriotically continues to call attention to the great and growing evil of French aggression, and to point out that these evil-disposed people are settling in large numbers in Eastern and Northern Ontario. Our readers will learn with regret that not only do the invading Frenchmen persistently refuse to quit being French, as any right minded person ought to do under such circumstances, but they keep up the extremely reprehensible practice of having large families, so that in the future we Anglo-Saxons and Celts are likely to be swamped and out-voted by their teeming progeny. This is a bad state of affairs, but the *Mail*, while energetically drawing attention to the evil, has so far failed to indicate any adquate remedy. The practical question is, what are we going to do about it? Perhaps an Act of the Ontario Legislature of something like the following tenor might meet the case:

"An Act for the Suppression of French Canadians.

"Whereas certain persons of French extraction settled in Ontario have wickedly and maliciously neglected or refused to denationalize themselves and continue to bear French names and speak the French language, and whereas said persons are notoriously guilty of the pernicious custom of exceeding all reasonable limits in the numbers of their families, and whereas it is desirable that said persons should be assimilated to the English speaking people of this Province as speedily as possible, it is hereby enacted—

"1. Within three months after the passing of this Act every person of French origin resident in Ontario shall adopt an English name, learn to speak the English language, and generally demean and conduct himself in all respect as an English speaking person.

"2. The maximum number of children of a French Canadian family is hereby fixed at five, and in case this number is exceeded it shall be the duty of any Justice of the Peace or Police Magistrate on proof of the fact to cause any child or children in excess of that number to be drowned, for which he shall be entitled to charge a fee of \$5. All costs and expenses of the proceedings shall be paid by the father.

"3. Any person of French origin who shall maliciously persist in remaining French by refusing to change his name, continuing to speak in the French language, or conducting and demeaning himself generally as a Frenchman, after the expiration of the period mentioned may be lawfully shot by any person, and municipal councils are hereby authorized to offer rewards of not less than five or more than twenty dollars for the scalps of such persistent Frenchmen with the ears attached or other proof that the same have been satisfactorily removed.

"4. All bills of fare written or printed for any hotel, restaurant, eating house or hashery and all description of fashions and advertisements of dress goods shall be in the English language without the introduction of any French word or phrase under a penalty of \$20 for each offence."

It may perhaps be objected that some of these provisions are rather drastic, not to say Draconian, but desperate diseases require desperate remedies. If the *Mail* is not prepared to advocate legislation of this kind what is it making all the fuss about, anyway? It cannot suppose that the French Canadians are amenable to moral suasion in a matter of this kind.

A DICTIONARY OF MODERN TIMES.

BANK.—Anciently an establishment for the safe custody of money; but now used for the unsafest disposal of the same.

Manager.—He who manages to so dispose of it without the knowledge of the owners thereof.

Cashier.—So called (on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*; just as a locket is so called because it does not lock), because he cannot cash.

Director.—A vague term with a variety of meanings. Usually as indefinable as he is unfindable—when wanted.

Liquidator.—One who endeavors to gather up spilled milk or other liquids.

Creditors.—Those who cry over milk or other liquids thus spilled.

Stock.—Similar to space or time. The ignorant think it is infinite and exists everywhere. The wise know it exists only in the mind.

Broker.—He who has broken a bank.

Credit.—An extinct variety of an antediluvian bird of prey. The only proofs of its existence are the fossil remains of those it fed on.

Debit.—A voracious omnivorous animal, supposed to have caused the death and extinction of the bird of prey above mentioned.

T.A.H.

OBSERVANT BUT UNSCIENTIFIC.

First Connoisseur—Aw, don't these scientific chaps say that cold, aw, what is the word, contracts things, makes them smaller, don't you know?"

Second ditto—"Yes; and this Christmas season contracts my bank account, I know. The amount of shopping one has to do is fearful. But what makes you ask?"

First C.—"Well, aw, I have been noticing the, aw, what do you call them, fair damsels, you know, as they step in and out of their carriages and trip from shop to shop doing this shopping, you know."

Second ditto—"What has the contracting influence of cold to do with them?"

First C.—"Well, aw, oughtn't they to look *smaller* in winter than in summer? But seems to me the lower the thermometer (is that the name of the thing?) the plumper, rounder, fatter they look. Can't make it out at all."

Second ditto—"Hush; whisper it not in Gath. Flannels, my dear boy; under flannels."



THE PANIC.

Newsboy.—Globe! Mail! Grip! News! Papers, mister? Cent' bank bills took at par!

"THE GRUMBLERS' CORNER."

THE following are a few grumbles which our esteemed contemporary the *News* for some reason or other did not care to insert in the department specially devoted to the ventilation of the grievances of its readers:

Why do you keep continually reiterating the same stock abuses—howling dogs, street hoodlums, broken sidewalks, etc.?

Why do you allow correspondents to give those venerable chestnuts in the way of puzzles which used to amuse our great-grandfathers and were old then?

What is the reason that you put all your "Democracy" in your platform of alleged principles and none into any other department of the paper?

When is the editor likely to discover that there are a few other questions in addition to the mayoralty worth



A WAIL OF ANGUISH

Dedicated to the Toronto Art League

BY A NON-PROFESSIONAL MODEL

FOR 15 minutes I have sat
And brooded in this wooden chair,
Beneath my feet a crimson mat,
Above my head a yellow glare.

Although I suck my blackened clay
And lounge apparently at ease,
I dare not smoke, & sooth to say
I have a pain in both my knees

How long, O how I long, to stretch,
I'd give the world to scratch my nose.
To think that such a restless wretch
Should have to simulate repose.

Itch in here & there a spot
Yet may not scratch an arm or leg.
So hard is my unhappy lot
I cannot stir a single peg

Do fagging felons, may I ask
Who ceaseless climb revolving stairs
Get half so weary of the task
As I of mine? — I envy theirs.

Five awful minutes I must brook
(The anguish every minute grows)
For o! I weakly undertook
To do a 20-minutes pose.

discussing and one or two other deserving politicians besides E. F. Clarke?

And why don't you furnish each of your readers with a microscope so that they can read the fine print in which doubtless much interesting and valuable information is concealed?

PARKS AND DRIVES.

THAT the rich men will drive through the Rosedale ravines
And enjoy the fresh air and the beautiful scenes
Appears a strong reason—though strange it may seem—
To many for killing the Parks and Drives Scheme.
The defeat of the by-law the rich can endure,
They have spacious mansions and grounds to be sure;
They have yachts on the lake and abundance of means
For seeking their pleasure in far distant scenes.
With the poor 'tis far different—they cannot repair
To the ocean or mountains to get change of air;
They are pent the whole day in close rooms—more's the pity—
And their breathing spaces must lie near the city.
Should you vote down the Park scheme few years will pass over
Before bricks and mortar the landscape will cover;
Then the chance will be gone and the boon will be lost
Through pig-headed obstruction, like that which has cost
Nearly all our Queen's Park; and the over-worked drudge,
To reach open country, miles further must trudge.
Let us ask then the question—say is it worth while,
In order that rich men may not drive in style,
To say to the poor man, "Here you shall not walk?"
One almost would think so to hear some fools talk!

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

E. E. SHEPPARD'S new paper has made its appearance, and is without doubt the most handsomely printed and illustrated literary and society journal ever issued in Canada. Its 12 large pages, printed on fine paper, are replete with breezy editorial, lively articles, entertaining stories and humorous selections. "Widower Jones," Mr. Sheppard's last story, which has proven such a great success

in the *Fireside Weekly*, was begun last week in *Saturday Night*. Sample copies free. Two dollars per annum is the subscription price. Address your letters to the "Sheppard Publishing Company, 9 Adelaide street west, Toronto."

MISSED.

(SMITH is looking very melancholy. Enter Jones.)
Jones—Hallo, Smith, in the blues? What's the matter; have you lost your mother-in-law, or what?
Smith—Worse and worse! I have lost a magnificent opportunity. It might never occur again. Why, oh, why, did I not bank in the C—, I, overdraw my account for \$100,000, put all my property in my wife's name, and then whistle? There's Jobblekins, to whom nobody would have lent \$10, has done it, and now he's independent!

"DAYS OF GRACE."

A COMMERCIAL master in one of our Collegiate Institutes sends the following:—

I have noticed several samples of English as She is Taught in your publication, but few of them have shown more originality than the three following answers which I received from pupils of the Institute in an examination in Bookkeeping held a few days ago.

Question—What is meant by "Days of Grace?"

Answers—I. Days of Grace are the days on which stores are closed for the purpose of worship.

II. Days of Grace are days when the person does a large amount of business.

III. Days of Grace is the time when the business is prosperous.

I may mention that these answers were received a few days after Thanksgiving Day. J. N. MCK.

BAD BALLADS.

No. 2--THE SCREECHERS.

THERE was once a bishop named Cleary,
Who said to himself, "Deary! deary!
What a very rude country this is!
To flirt, stare, and scream,
Under full head of steam,
Is the style with Canadian misses.

"In street cars, on steambos, or train,
Their gabble distracts my poor brain;
They enjoy being where a big buzz is,
They are never at ease
Without some one to tease,
They are certainly hoydenish hussies.

"They kick up their skirts in the oddest
Of ways -which, to me, seems immodest:
In the presence of men they are fearless;
Even I have no power
With my frigidest shower,
To affect eyes so saucy and tearless.

"Their noise, and their capers and fooling
Arise from their shocking bad schooling,
Which is part of a huge goodless system.
Let Christians beware
Of the public schools' snare
And determine at once to black list 'em."

MRS. PENCHERMAN GIVES A FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

WHEN I am visiting, I keep my eyes open, and bring back all the ideas I can. Among other novel things I learned the last time I was in the city, was how to give a five o'clock tea, and I determined Rural Dell should have the benefit of my knowledge. As soon as I was rested from my journey I sent out invitations for an immense one. Being democratic, to a degree in keeping with a political family, I was delighted to be able to ask everyone who was in society, as well as the poor things whose right to tread within the charmed circle was less assured.

The afternoon arrived. Everyone came, all the old ladies with their cap-boxes and several with their knitting, and, as I very soon found out, prepared for the six o'clock sit-around-the-table tea (an hour earlier) they had been accustomed to from their youth up.

It was awkward. I didn't dare to tell them to keep their bonnets on. You can't offend people more than by letting them see you know more etiquette than they do. My superior knowledge over their ignorance elated my personal consequence, but my kind heart made me sorry that they should be disappointed, poor simple souls, of the vulgar tuck-in they expected. But social amenities are great educators I knew. As a leader of fashion I tried to put away the present embarrassment in view of future benefits.

"Goodness! Mrs. Pencherman," said Mrs. McStinger, one of my guests and a noted housekeeper; "how are you going to get a table big enough to sit such a heap of company to? I suppose you'll have a second one for the young folks?" Absurd as it may seem, I blushed at the question. Mrs. McStinger's ideas of the usages of polite life were so hazy, her conceptions of that great world so remote. She had never been to a Tea, one of two hundred odd guests. She had survived very few grand occasions in life. I felt I must elucidate things to her, so I sweetly replied in my most distinguished manner, "You

forget, Mrs. McStinger, this is a five o'clock tea." "No indeed, we haven't. You can't think what a fuss my husband was in to get here in time, for fear any of your cooking'd spoil," interrupted the lawyer's wife. My cooking! My thin bread-and-butter. I thought of its elegant inefficiency to satisfy the demands of upwards of a hundred people intent on a regular meal. I felt quite angry to think that Lucius wasn't at home to get up on the piano stool and explain that the joys of this tea were intended to be an ethereal fore-runner of a more substantial repast at their own homes. I wished I had courage to do it myself, but that was hopeless. In a few minutes everything was eaten up, and people asking for more, and I sent Tom off secretly to the town pastry cook's to buy him out.

It was a desperate act, the outcome of a forlorn situation. The tarts and gingerbread cakes he came back laden with had weathered too many suns in the shop window, and as in his hurry he brought them into the drawing-room in their paper bags, they were immediately recognized by every one, and that offended people, they said in whispers (which I heard, though) that I wanted to make them feel as if they'd been greedy.

I half repented trying to introduce a new idea to Rural Dell. An effort of the sort exhausts vitality so. But I called up all the patronage and condescension from the reserve supply I keep for emergencies, trying to be both deaf and blind to the holes in their manners. But notwithstanding the veneer of unconcern with which I veiled my face as a high-toned hostess, I felt as mean as a book peddler who, having rattled off the superiority of his wares, is shown the door for his pains, for I realised that I was misunderstood. That despite my efforts to pay a good many social debts in a nice, elegant and inexpensive way, every one thought I was stingy, and that my Tea would be the talk of the town next day.

What it is to live in an ignorant rural dell! You'd have thought that when I could only offer my guests smiles and conversation they'd have soon left for home. But they were afraid of hurting my feelings by going away early, and so they stayed on and on with ghastly politeness until hunger got the best of them at about ten p.m., when I was left in the bosom of my family with every nerve I had tingling. I am sure I should have had hysterics only for Molly's aristocratic way of despising the mistakes of our guests.

"Mad as they are to night, ma, they'll be madder still when they find out it was their own ignorance made them expect anything more. You'll see they'll copy this afternoon just to show they know all about the pleasures of the great world and what's what."

Little as you'd think it, Molly was right.

That was only a fortnight ago, and I have already three invitations for tea for an hour before six.

J. M. LOES.

WE'LL bet a solid central coin,
That Neddy Clarke will cross the Boyne.

HENRY IRVING and Ellen Terry may be perfectly respectable, but nobody can deny that they are a *First* couple.

THE power of pictures to entertain and instruct is remarkably exemplified in the growing circulation of GRIP. Another illustration of the fact is seen in the increasing popularity of the Cyclorama of the Battle of Sedan, which is now one of the standard attractions of Toronto.



GRIP'S POLITICAL JUVENILE FANCY-DRESS CHRISTMAS PARTY.

THE BUMMER'S WAIL.

It was a seedy, sad-eyed tramp
Who stood beside the gate—
In quavering tones he spake to me:
"Now is there in this town," said he,
"A whiskey candidate?"

"I take the elections in each year,
And always take mine straight;
I go the party ticket blind,
But vainly have I sought to find
The whiskey candidate.

"The temperance folks are raving round
About the drunkard's fate;
Of traps to catch unwary feet,
And fiends whose hideous howling greet
The whiskey candidate.

"And so your city up and down
I've walked from morn till late,
To help him down the temperance crew
(Perchance to down some liquor too),
But still alas he shuns my view—
The whiskey candidate.

"The poison-jerkers all refuse
To put it on the slate,
When I attempt a drink to get
By swearing we'll elect, you bet,
The whiskey candidate!

"Now isn't it a trifle rough
The would-be heeler's fate?
Whose former usefulness is gone,
As nobody will henceforth own
The whiskey candidate."

A QUEBEC MAN'S GOOD IDEA.

It is a mistake to suppose that the unmanly persecution of Mr. Sheppard meets with the approval of the people of Quebec outside of a narrow set in Montreal. The following from a resident of that province sufficiently attests this: "As a Quebecer I want to say that I am ashamed that he (Sheppard) should have suffered such persecution. Nor ought he to bear all the cost of the suit. Though a poor man myself, and needing more rather than having anything to spare, I will gladly give my mite—say \$1—towards a fund which will be at once an appreciation and a protest. It would be quite appropriate for *Quebec MEN* to make it up."

THE LOST TEN TRIBES.

REV. DR. WILD was summoned the other day by the ringing of the telephone as he was in the midst of the task of composing a brilliant sermon on the question, "Were the Ancestors of Cain's First Wife Cannibals?" Hastily proceeding to the instrument the following conversation ensued:

"Hello, doctor—hello!"

"Hello!"

"Is that Dr. Wild?"

"It is. Who is speaking?"

"S'me—David Boyle, Ph.B.—I have just thought of an important fact which confirms the theory that the inhabitants of the British Isles are the descendants of the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel—"

"Don't call it a theory; 'tis a demonstrated truth. But what is the point you have discovered?"

"It is this. Don't you know that the Highlanders call themselves the 'Sons of the Mist'?"

"Well?"

"The Lost Ten Tribes were missed, weren't they? and haven't they been missing ever since. Don't you see?—mist—missed. Now, if—"

At this point there was a sharp ring. The doctor had shut off communication. But the joke is no worse than a good many he works off in his able discourses.

PECKS.

"A BURDEN that one chooses is not felt." How about your hat?

"IN the deepest water is the best fishing." Not for brook trout.

"DELAYS are dangerous." Not when an express train is just at the crossing.

"WHO never climbed, never fell." Except the fellow that went down the well.

"A CLEAR conscience is a sure card." Not when a fool plays with a sharper.

"CUSTOM makes everything easy." Except smuggling goods across the frontier.

"THE nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat." Not on a chicken that has been cooked a week before.

COMMON FOLK STORIES.

3. JACK'S OPINION, ON BEING ASKED CONCERNING A WAR.

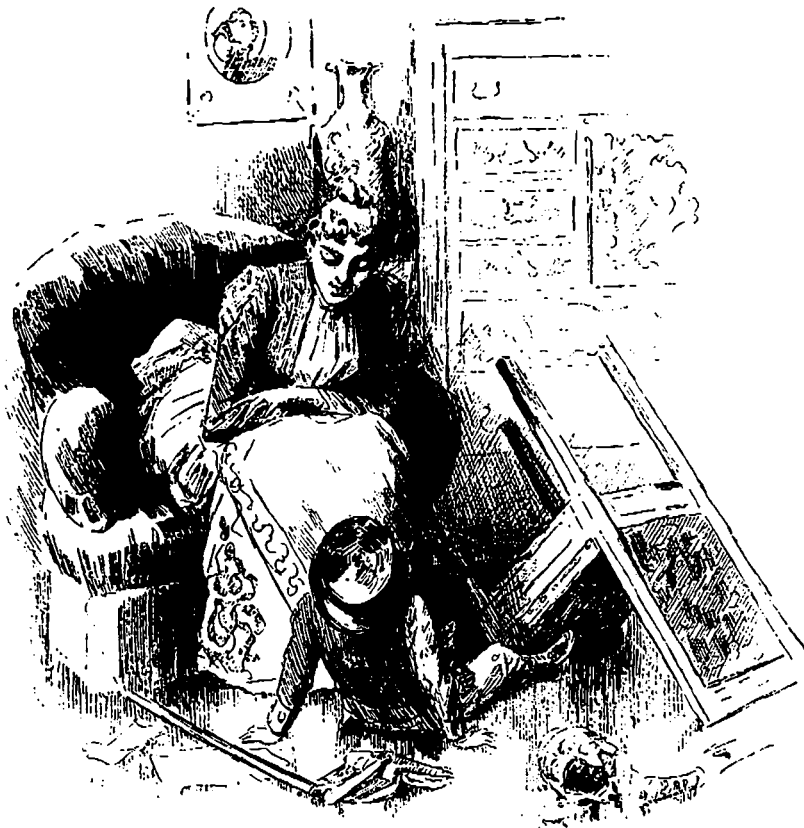
I AM only an old Jack Tar, my boys,
And my yarn it is short to spin;
But ye ask me about the war, my boys,
And who as I think will win;
And all as I know I'll tell, my boys,
Though it ain't very much I know,
For I served when Lord Nelson fell, my boys,
Which is many, many years ago.

We used for to sail in wood, my boys,
Not steam in your armor-plates;
And I reckon they were just as good, my boys,
For the likes of me and my mates;
We didn't think as much of the snip, my boys,
And fighting of the French was fun,
And didn't we hip, hip, hip, my boys,
When we made the foreigners run.

Let them talk of war as they like, my boys,
And run out all their guns for fight;
But if Britain ever has to strike, my boys,
She must do it with all her might;
She must do it with all her might, my boys,
As she did on that day gone by,
When we fought from morn till night, my boys,
On board of the *Victory*.

I have one dead eye, and the other one, my boys,
Is very near as blind as he;
And I never know quite what is done, my boys,
For no one ever talks to me;
And I don't know who's going to fight, my boys,
Or when they intend to begin;
But I know God defends the right, my boys,
And I think somehow we shall win.

For the same flag flies
'Gainst the same blue skies,
And the same British tar,
With his mates will stand
To protect his land
If ever we should go to war.



“ BROKERAGE.”

Aunt Maud—Why, Harry, what are you doing—making such a row, and breaking everything in the room?

Harry—I’m only playing “broker”; this is what pa and the other men do down town at the Stock Exchange.

TIMELY WARNING.

I beg to announce that unless there is a change in this matter I do not intend to pay my taxes next year, and I will advise all my brethren in the Protestant ministry to do likewise.—*Rev. D. J. Macdonnell.*

I WILL not budge an inch,
And unless Archbishop Lynch
Pays taxes on his income same as me,
I will not pay *mine* next year—
I *won't* pay it—do you hear?
You'll have to send the bailiff in, you'll see!

SUKSESSFUL PREECHERS;

OR, HOW TO GET THE BEST KALLS,

BI THE REVEREND PETER PUFFER, WHO GOT THE APPOINTMENT IN PUFFERVILLE LAST KONFERENSH
(\$2,000 AND 2 MOS VAKASHIN).

PUFFERVILLE, *December 20th, 1887.*

IN mi previous eppissels tu mi poor, weak brutherin in the ministry, I revealed two grate sekrets in ministereel suksess, viz., namely,

- (a) a singel aim (toward the biggest churches)
- (b) a ability tu trade serkets or swap appointments.

I might remark insedentally just here that letters kontinyoo to pore in bi the hundred entreating me to go on with mi diskourses on this subject.

One chareman writes: Yure letters in GRIP air meetin a long felt want on mi districkt. All mi preechers aspire to be sitty ministers.

Another chareman from the west rites: Yure letters in GRIP air egerly perused, I intend tu have 'em put on the korse in study fur yung preechers next year.

A layman rites yesterday tu say that every preacher on his distrikt has declared his intenshin of becoming a sitty preacher. Thay say if old Puffer kood get a kall tu the Pufferville Church whi kant we?

(Nothin sed, you notiss, about difference in nacheral ability, genuis, tallent, or edyukashin).

Then last week twenty kountry preechers wrote tu know if I wood swap appointments for one sunday (with a view to more permanent exchange).

Nineteen out of the twenty offered to vote for me for chareman next year if I wood use mi infloons, etc., and one rote me he kood pledge me ro votes wich he kontrollod in konferenSH if I kood get him into Pufferville Church.

I refused every one * * * *
(N.B.—I want to say tu every brother who like me has got a good kall—don't fool it away. *When you git there, stay there.*

This brings metu the subject I want tu impress on mi brethren.—*Takt.*

Some preechers set a big store on edyukashin some on sermonizing, some on piety, but for getting the best kalls give me *Takt.*

In this day of keen kompetition in the pulpit profession *Takt* is as necessary tu the preacher who expects to riz as advertizin is tu Barnum. The pollytishin might az well expect to get there without electioneerin, or the Alderman to be elected without kissin babies and soft sodder, as the preacher to rize to \$2,000 salary and two mos. vakashin without *Takt.*

What is takt? Why I shood say it waz: a ability, parshelly nacheral, and parshelly akwired bi which a man is able to bekum all things tu all men. It is prinsipelly needed in dealing with men—and more espeshnly with women. It konsists in knowing on wich side yure bread is buttered—and keepin on that side. It enables you tu diskover (bi instinkt—so tu speke) the leeding man in every church and pleze him, avoid steppin on his korns, and how to bekum, thro' his unffloons, solid with the quarterly konferenSH wich gives the kall.

(I know the world attributes most uv mi unparalleled suksess tu mi sooperier genuis, tallents et settery, but I owe a good deel after all tu *Takt*). I kloze with one illystration. I wuz preacher in — one year and had okkupide the best church (\$1,500), and wanted to get bak again. Their quarterly konferens and mi own were to meet one Tuesday evening, and they had resolved on kalling Rev. Perkins. I changed mi konferens tu Monday nite, got it tu kall Perkins and so I got bak to the best church. *Takt*, bretherin, *Takt* wins the day.

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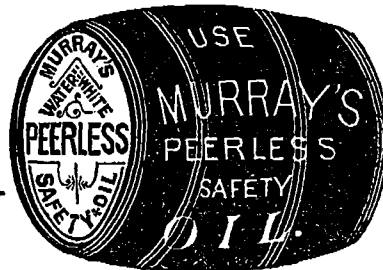
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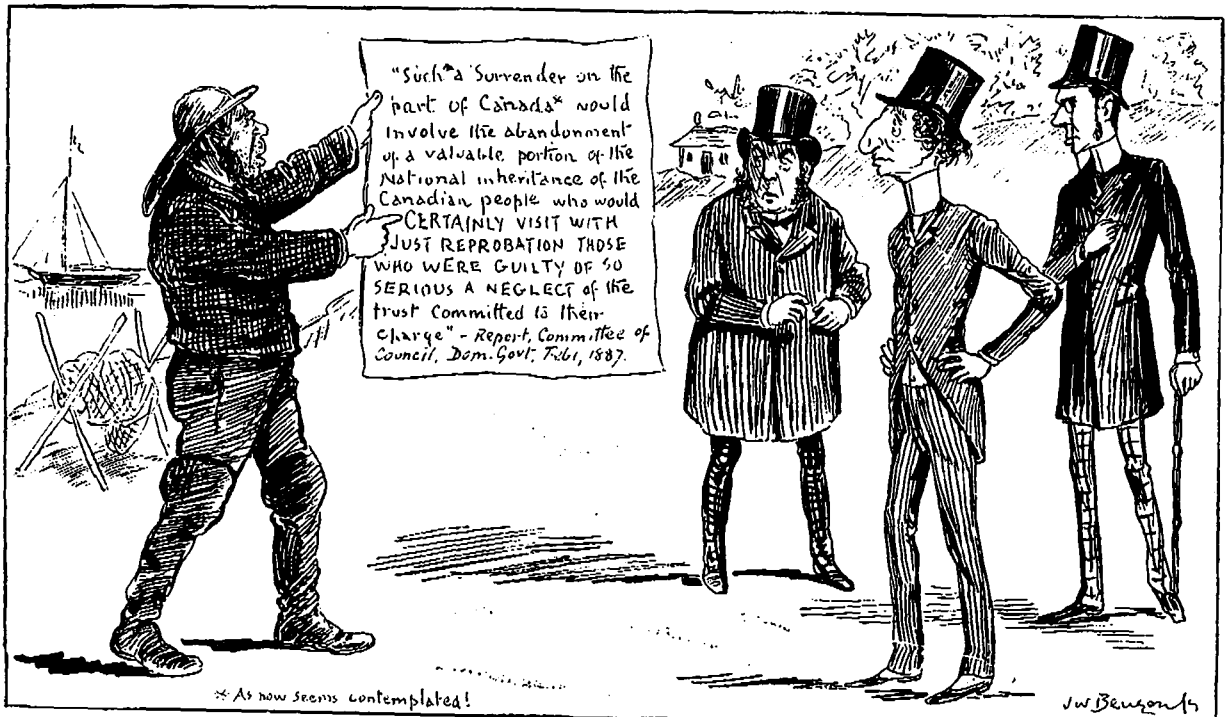
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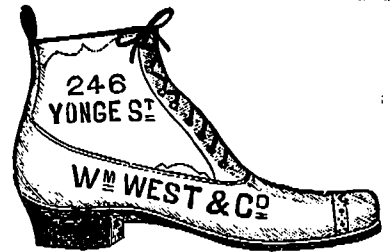
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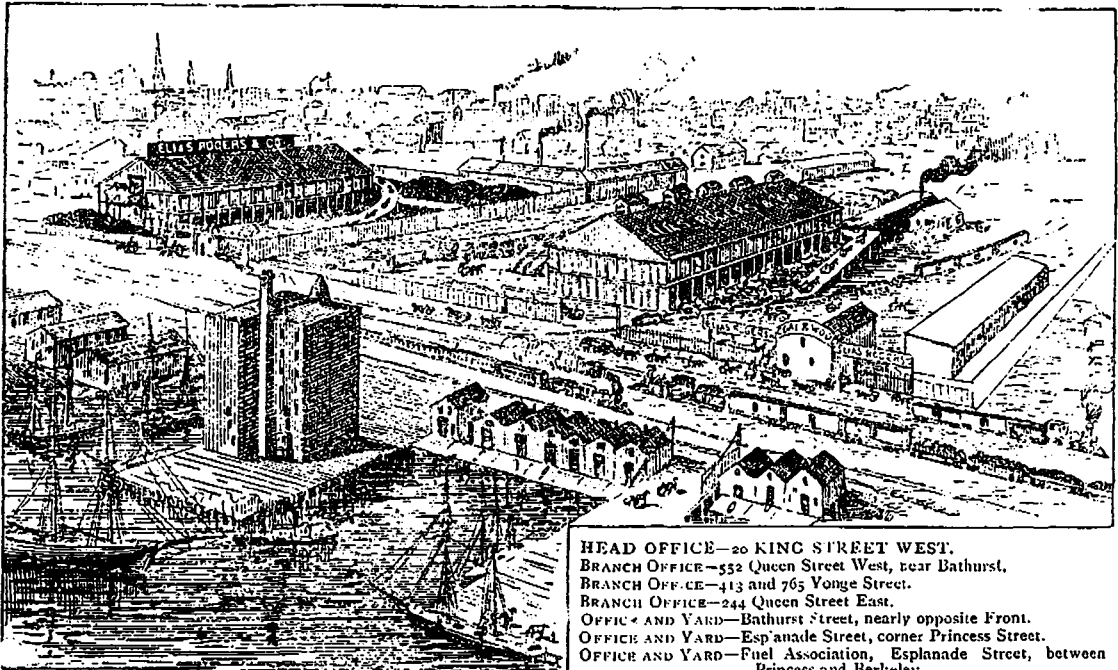
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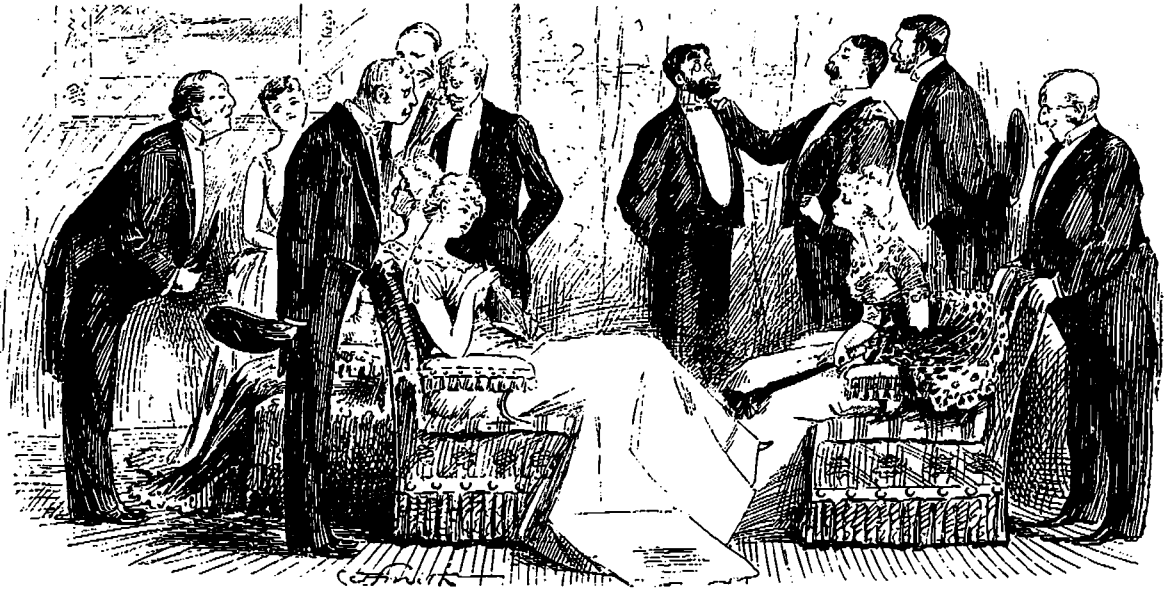
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