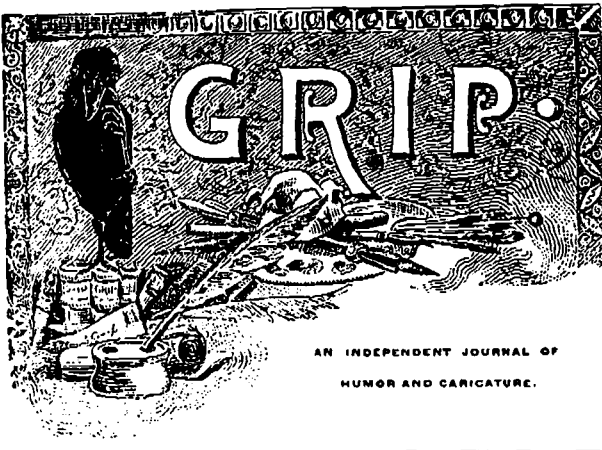


The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.

THE GHOST AT THE BANQUET.
 QUEER SHADOW CAST BY A HIGHLY CONSERVATIVE DIPLOMAT WHEN HE AROSE TO SPEAK AGAINST UNRESTRICTED RECIPROCITY.

WITH next week's GRIP we will present, as a supplement, an excellent portrait of E. F. Clarke, M.P.P., and Mayor of Toronto.



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Comments on the Cartoon.



LIGHT ON AN OBSCURE PASSAGE.—There is a passage in the Old Testament referring to the insatiability of the horse-leech and its daughters, which has puzzled a good many Bible-classes. Whatever may be the precise meaning of the figure, the people of Canada cannot fail to recognize it as a very apt illustration of the C. P. R. syndicate, which, having already absorbed millions of our hard-earned money, is reported to be on the point of applying to Parliament for another sop. This time the application is to be made for a mere trifle—some \$10 000,000 or thereabouts. We are inclined to credit this report, because its truth has been vigorously denied by high-up representatives of the Railway. It is not to be

a gift or a loan this time, however, but a fair exchange of lands and privileges (which Parliament should never have given away) in return for solid cash. Need we say that this application, in whatever form it is put, will be granted? We needn't. Let us get what consolation we may from the reflection that this is the final, ultimate, and last time of asking.

THE GHOST AT THE BANQUET.—Did any of the guests at the Chamberlain banquet notice the peculiar shadow on the wall cast by the Right hon. gentleman, when he was on his feet orating so eloquently against Unrestricted Trade? It may have been only MR. GRIP's imagination, but the shade seemed to be that of a great big Radical, and the gestures were just like those which in Birmingham accompany denunciations of the idiocy of Protectionism in all its forms, and the especial silliness of Tariff walls between nations geographically connected. And yet this shadow was cast by a Diplomatist, who was at the moment showing that Free Trade between Canada and the United States meant ruin to Canada and dismemberment of the British Empire.

THE Citizen who Knows It All was around bright and early on the morning of the 3rd, explaining with his usual lucidity the reasons which had led him to regard the defeat of Mr. Rogers as inevitable. His expositions of the philosophy of the situation were as profound and convincing as they always are, and did credit to his Great Head. The Citizen who Knows It All generally forgot to state, however, that he lost a few trifling wagers he had placed against Mr. Clarke.

* * *

AMONGST the elements which contributed to the result, according to the post-election philosopher, was the fact that the workingmen's vote went solidly for Clarke. So it did—in the philosopher's mind—but not in the ballot-boxes. There is no more reason to suppose that the workingmen voted as a unit than that the idlers did so. Both Mr. Rogers and Mr. Defoe got a fair share of the vote in question. The day is happily past for solid labor votes in contests which do not involve any principle to make such solidity rational.

* * *

THE Board of Trade banquet to Rt. Hon. Joseph of Birmingham, proved a very grand affair. Joseph surpassed himself in the matter of eloquence, and a few of the local guests, who, happily, were called upon to speak, got rid of a quantity of pent-up loyalty which, had it been restrained much longer, would undoubtedly have caused a disastrous explosion. The Commercial Unionists got little comfort from the guest of the evening. He diplomatically frowned upon the scheme as a short cut to annexation; and, as a counterblast, he sounded the praises of the Grand Old Land. Joseph's cry was as of old—There's corn in Egypt yet!

* * *

NO young man ever had a finer opportunity to do a good thing for himself than Mr. Edward F. Clarke has this blessed day! How many an earnest, struggling, brave-hearted student has dreamed—and dreamed in vain—of having just one such golden chance to show the world his mettle! Edward Clarke, like a favorite of Fortune, has been lifted gently to a position which many a worthy man would think an ample reward for years of earnest toil and care. The momentous question—important for the city of Toronto, but all-important for our young Mayor himself—is: What will he do with this splendid opportunity?

* * *

O, EDWARD CLARKE,
 Give ear and hark,
 Strive manfully to make your mark!

There, our thought is out! It was too deep for expression in mere prose. Yes, Edward, make your mark! You can make a great record in one short year if you start right and keep straight on. What the people of Toronto delight in after all is a man of sterling principle, and a clean, honorable and successful year in the civic chair means for you a seat in the House at Ottawa, or any other honor it is in our power to give you, or which you may wish to receive.

* * *

BUT better and higher than any outward reward, however enviable, is to have your name enshrined in the heart of the people, and no man ever yet achieved that honor except by a display of the virtues and graces which make up a true manhood. Look at William H. How-

land. All good men in Toronto may not agree with him in matters of policy, but all esteem and respect him, and most love him. Why? Because his honesty and sincerity are transparent, and the whole force of his character is in the direction of right.

* * *

THERE is no reason why Edward Clarke should not step from the civic dais at the end of 1888 wearing the white flower of the people's approval. Win that reward, Mr. Mayor, if you lose everything else! Don't be ashamed or afraid to keep that golden text on the office wall. It is not cant, if your rule is in accordance with it, and it is a significant notice to all and sundry, the would-be boodlers and heelers. Cut them dead, Edward—cut them dead. Ever remember that the square and right-minded people are in the majority in this city, and you are their chief magistrate now.

* * *

HERE endeth GRIP's little sermon, which he presents with his fraternal blessing and good will.

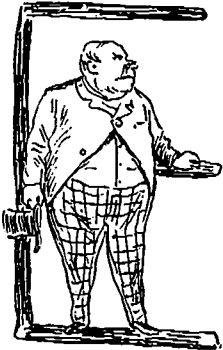
1888.

THREE little eights in the date are we,
It's eleven years more than a centuree
Since such triplets old Time did see—
Three little eights so gay!

Three little eights with waists so taper,
Write us all at one twist on paper;
It's rarely a date will permit that caper—
Eighteneightyeight!

A PRIVATE WARNING FROM MR BLOOMING-NOZE PUFFER.

RUM VALLEY KORNERS,
Dec. 10th, '87.



DITOR GRIP,—I hear that old Pete Puffer (he's my brother) has tuk to ritin' letters for GRIP. Pete imagines he's got grate genius and ekspekts to be apinted professor in sum colege yet. He's the biggest blowhorn I know of in the country, and mighty sharp after money. How he ever got the Pufferville apintment is more than I kan imagine. He haint no book-learnin' like me to speak of, and never was considered over honest at home.

I know twenty men a good deal better and abler men than Pete who were after that Pufferville church, and yet Pete outgeneralled them all. He would have made a grand pollytishin, Pete would. I'm sorry he didnt choose sum honest profession like mi own (salune bisness), but I spose there was no skope for his pekuliar tallents.

Pete always got the best of everything when we were boys together. Why, he'd start in the morning without a marble or a nikel, and before night heed have everything out of my poket, and everything too by fair swap-pin'. He ekspekts to get a D.D. soon.

But I almost forgot what I started to rite about, and that is that Pete Puffer will bear a lot of watching. If you don't look sharp he'll be financial manager in GRIP pretty soon. Keep an eye on Pete.

Yours lovingly,
BLOOM PUFFER.



JOINT action—carving.

Grate famine—no coal.

The chief Date in the year—Palm Sunday.

What was the magnet that led Maurice Bernhardt to the Pole? Money or title?

Several persons have been frozen to death in Austria—chestnuts! What's the matter with Winnipeg?

The Servian ministry has resigned. On their handing in the portfolios King Milan remarked "Servia right."

Severe snow-storms are being experienced in the south-east of France. Invalids are not getting the usual Nice weather.

Was Mr. Chamberlain's speech at the Board of Trade Banquet Jo-cose? If not, was not the audience mostly Board?

Will the new President of the French Repub c be able to hold the reigns of power as long as Grevy? We think he Carnot.

Dr. Wild is reported to receive a salary of \$5,000. It is nowhere recorded how much any of the original apostles received.

Lord Salisbury states that England will stand by Turkey. She always does about Xmas; but the gobbler is usually gobbled.

A newspaper had the following startling piece of news for sailors the other day:—"Heavy gals are doing great damage to ships."

Another military rebellion has been started and stamped out at Honolulu. It is evidently Hawai they have in the army over there.

The steamer "Newcastle City" was lost the other day; but her crew sought refuge on the light-ship off Boston. They were evidently in *lux* way.

ENTRANCE SONG FOR KO-KO KLARKE.

TAKEN from a county lodge,
By a set of curious chances,
Into Mowat's House I dodge
Under lucky circumstances:
Then I tackle 'Lias Rodge,
And into Howland's chair I prances;
Whereupon each beery podge
Whoops 'em up and gaily dances—
(Tho' they'll find I'll never budge
From the Right for all their glances).
Surely never man, I judge,
Had so many glorious chances;
Now I feel stern Duty's nudge,
Which my high resolve enhances.
Fairy-lore is simply fudge
When compared with such romances!

FOLLIES OF THE ANCIENTS.

COME, listen, my son, while I tell you what I know
Of some singular people who lived long ago
In a far-distant country, whose ways were so queer
That I'm sure you'll be glad there are none of them here.

These people, like us, lived by labor and toil,
By working the mines and by tilling the soil ;
If no one had worked they would quickly have died,
For only by labor their needs were supplied.

This being the case, anybody might think
That those who worked hardest would have meat and drink,
Good houses to live in, good clothing to wear,
And be free for their lives from all trouble and care.

But these curious people had curicus ways,
Though the blessings of labor full loudly they'd praise,
Yet those who worked hard for long hours every day
Were forced to exist upon very poor pay.

They were sometimes half starved, and the fact must be told,
They even have perished with hunger and cold ;
For the most part they lived on from cradle to grave,
Enjoying but little, nor able to save.

But many of those who did no work at all
Had fine houses, fine coaches, and servants at call ;
In pleasure they lived on the fat of the land,
For the products of labor were theirs to command.

Some other strange laws had this nation of yore—
If a man killed another or plundered his store,
The shedder of blood on the gallows was hung,
And the robber in jail for a season they flung.

But the man who made killing a regular trade,
And marched out with others for battle arrayed,
Was reckoned a "hero," got money and fame,
The more that he killed, why, the greater his name.

And he who by smartness was able to steal
Not one dollar, but millions, by some tricky deal,
Was honored, respected and hailed with applause,
And sometimes elected to help make the laws.

I couldn't begin to tell all the strange ways
Of the people who lived in those barbarous days ;
Their customs and laws were decidedly queer.
Now, isn't it good we have none of such here ?

THE OPERA HOUSES.

"THE QUEEN OF SHEBA," Goldmark's new opera, given at the Toronto Opera House on Wednesday evening, proved to be one of the greatest treats Toronto has ever enjoyed. The music was magnificent, and the caste was worthy of it, as also were the scenery and stage settings. The "Temple" was indeed about the finest piece of stage art we have ever had in this city. The present attraction at this popular house is a superior melo-drama of mining life. At the Grand, Messrs. Barry & Fay, the popular Irish comedians, are presenting "McNally's Flirtation."

"BEACON LIGHTS" which is now being played this week at the Toronto Opera House, is a beautiful picturesque play and played with a very strong company. The *Philadelphia Record* says "'Beacon Lights' is a drama new to this public, in which a company of excellent actors, headed by George Learock, appeared last evening at the National Theatre. The play was liberally treated in the matter of stage mounting, and the excellent acting of Mr. Learock and others of the company won frequent applause. The drama is romantic and well written, and produces interesting effects in an original fashion."

PROF. JOHN REYNOLDS, the greatest living mesmerist, opens a season of twelve nights with Saturday matinees, at Shaftesbury Hall, commencing Monday, January 9.

"AND A GOOD JUDGE, TOO!"

HON. JUSTICE FALCONBRIDGE took his seat on the Assize bench for the first time on Wednesday of last week. He received a warmly congratulatory address from the Bar, to which he responded with his customary felicity. Mr. GRIP, who counts the worthy judge amongst his friends, arrived a little too late to read the following neatly-worded and beautifully-embossed remarks :

My lord : It occasionally happens that members of the legal profession are raised to the Bench by Her Majesty without consultation first held with the undersigned. The consequence is that sometimes Her Majesty's choice is not of the most felicitous kind. In the case of your lordship, I am happy to say that, although the consultation was as usual omitted, Her Majesty has made a distinct hit. Had she come to me about the matter, I would assuredly have handed her your lordship's card. No doubt the keen instinct with which womankind is said to be endowed guided her in this particular case. A good scholar, a good lawyer, a good citizen and a real good fellow ought to make a good judge, and so we all expect your lordship to worthily adorn a Bench which is the pride of our country. Respectfully submitted,
(sig'd) GRIP.



UNCLE SAM'S DUMPING GROUND.

ON THE NEW CHURN-AL.

OUR new contemporary, the *Empire*, winds up an enumeration of its efficient and talented staff by the announcement that "Mr. Cheesman, late of *The Dairyman*, will conduct the agricultural department." Seldom has the fitness of things been better recognized than in this selection. Mr. Cheesman, if admitted to the confidence of the party, can be depended on not to give it a whey. Dairy betray his trust even if so disposed? Naturally he opposes a milk-and-water policy, but however thoroughgoing in his views, a hint from headquarters to "cheese it" will doubtless suffice to prevent his going too far. Anyhow it's a mitey good appointment.



FALSTAFF DISMISSED.

FALSTAFF—My King! My Jove! I speak to thee, my heart
 KING—I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers.

* * * * *

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace,
 Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
 For thee thrice wider than for other men!

—Henry IV. Scene V, Act 5.

WHAT THEY SAID AT THE BOARD OF TRADE DINNER.

(By our special reporter.)

RGT HON. J—SEPH CH—MB—LAIN—If you wish to have a thing there is no reason why you should not have it. Mind, I do not say that you do want anything. I am here on a mission of such extreme delicacy that I am absolutely forbidden to say anything in the least approaching definiteness. But if, for instance, you want your tariff (that is supposing you have a tariff, for I would not be understood on any account to say that you have a tariff), but supposing that you have, and wanted it lowered. (Now remember that I don't say that you do want it lowered), but if you do, then there is no reason (so far as I can see), why it should not be so lowered. (Loud cheers.)

Hon. O. M—w—T.—We are doveted to Queen and country—especially to country—our own country I mean, and just as long as the red, white and blue of old England

floats over us, why—just so long as that happens we are under the red, white and blue of old England. (Loud cheers.)

Hon. G. W. R—ss.—The Canadians are an outspoken people, and when they say a thing they mean it, also when they don't say a thing they mean that also. In regard to annexation, C. U., and all that, whether they have opened their mouths about it or not, of one thing you may be sure—they meant every word of it. (Loud cheers.)

[Your reporter thinks these specimens sufficient to shew the diplomacy that characterized three of the chief speakers; and, on the principle that enough is as good as a feast, your reportorial reporter reports no more. E.. G. D.]

THE priests of Montreal presented their Archbishop with a \$1,200 chair on New Year's. Asinus says such expensive gifts should be sat upon.

SWASHBUCKLER DENISON.

Piff! paff! pouff! Tara para poum!
I am ze general Boum! Boum! —Grand Duchess.

SWASHBUCKLER DENISON rose at the board;
He laid his hand on the hilt of his sword,
(Poetical license), and loud he swore
That his "fighting men" would shed seas of gore
In many a battle and many a raid,
Ere Canada should with the Yankees trade!

With many a pompous pot-valiant brag
Of "loyalty" to the "good old flag,"
He curled his moustache and pawed the air,
As he execrated the Yankees there.
Had the U. S. army been anyway near,
The bravest had trembled with abject fear.

Oh, he is a terrible, terrible man!
This martial chief of the Denison clan;
"He was nursed in a buckler and fed with a blade,"
And war since his boyhood has been his trade!
He reckons his victories up by the score,
And quenches his thirst with his enemies' gore!

Rings the world with this hero's fame?
Do the Yankee children dread his name,
And cower and quake if perchance is said
By nurse or mother that word of dread?
Is his prowess written in history's page,
With the mighty deeds of the present age?

Pshaw! Swashbuckler Denison ne'er has stood
Where the field was reddened with hostile blood!
He conquers foes whom he never saw,
With the big "prave 'orts" of his mighty jaw!
No spurs were ever obtained in fight
By this swaggering, blustering carpet-knight.

Swashbuckler Denison—soak your head!
Though ancient Pistol is long since dead,
In your braggart speeches we seem to hear
The voice of that revenue-patriot near.
"Fighting men"—Bah! Put your brains to soak!
Such rant's too stale to be even a joke.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

THE following letter will be of interest to our readers. How it happened to miscarry in the mails and fall into GRIP's possession need not be stated, but the fact that it never reached its destination will, perhaps, account for its never having been answered by the American President:—

[Private and confidential.]

OTTAWA, Jan. 1, 1888.

G. CLEVELAND, Esq., *President United States:*

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who has been spending a few days here, informs me that you have from time to time expressed to him a feeling of warm friendship toward Canada, and that you would be happy to do anything in your power by way of demonstrating this neighborly regard.

I am also made aware, through your late message to Congress, as published in the Ottawa papers, that you are at the present time greatly troubled over a difficulty caused by the superabundance of surplus stowed away in the coffers of the National Treasury. Being myself a statesman of the practical type, I apprehend that you will be grateful for a suggestion which will solve the difficulty just referred to, and at the same time afford you the opportunity you are seeking to display your kindly feeling for this Dominion. It is, in short, that you reduce your surplus by the proposed \$150,000,000, by sending your cheque for that amount to me. It providentially happens that I have a deficit on hand, instead of a surplus, at present, and the plan I suggest would nicely restore the equilibrium, and make us both feel better.

It occurred to me that the New Year season would be peculiarly appropriate for the carrying out of my suggestion if you find it convenient. If not, the lapse of a few days beyond that happy period will be overlooked by the well-disposed people of Canada.

Hoping to hear from you shortly, I remain,

Yours in profound sincerity,

JOHN A. M.-CD.-N.-I.D.

PROMINENT TORONTONIANS.

WHO that casts an observant eye on society can fail to remark in the gatherings of beauty and fashion those prominent, if young, men known as bank clerks and law students or fail to see what a leading part they take in all entertainments. The two classes of youths, wide apart as the church and the world, like those respective institutions have striking similarities, but they do not love each other. They are both numerically strong, and individually and collectively have a good opinion of themselves. To the thoughtful mind the presence of so many young fellows devoted to money-holding firms suggests that we must be in a flourishing commercial condition did not the equally large number studying the intricacies of Blackstone and Coke force the thought that they are preparing themselves for colossal law-suits in the future. But why speak of the future. In the impassioned time of life when young fellows choose a career, can it be expected of them that they will sit down and study the working of theories that insist on demand regulating supply, or take the advice of old fogies who have only managed to get a modest living by dint of hard work. Indeed having before them the brilliant success of a few men it would be too utterly sad to hint that they can't all go and do likewise; and by their manner of taking care of themselves at present one feels sure that they'll manage to scabble along some how or other as years go on. To better describe their several characteristics, we shall take them separately and begin first with

THE BANK CLERKS,

not to make any invidious distinctions between these rival society-goers, but because of the alphabetical lettering of their titles. They are generally distinguished by their fine clothes, elegant manners, and their great admiration for *bric-a-brac* things, also people. Since Her Majesty's regiments were ordered from our fair Canada they have striven, not altogether unsuccessfully, to take the place of the officers of other days in social matters. They are not as a rule marrying men, for though their daily task is to handle the wealth of the country, their share of it is somewhat limited, but they are splendid at getting up tennis, yachting, toboggan, and other parties, and are glad of any opportunities to don clothes more becoming than the everyday costumes of men about town. They have a gentle feeling that they are superior to the rest of the world,—a feeling which awakens the complete contempt of

THE LAW STUDENTS,

who own to no more worthy members of society than themselves. Brains are what they think most of, and they are very proud of the fact that they have to study for five years before they can be full-fledged lawyers. Their parents may be proverbially dull, but they are always the clever ones of the family whose wits are to make them brilliant legal lights. Older people of different professions may fancy they are not altogether ignorant and behind the age, but depend upon it if you don't know what the law students do, it isn't worth knowing. These young men are somewhat given to literary work, chiefly of a comic nature, presumedly to lighten their heavy reading, although they are not averse to politics and the questions of the day, and don't require much pressing to air their opinions. One of the most noticeable traits common both to bank clerks and law students is the way they take possession of any house whose hospitality they are partaking of. Look about the rooms and you see them everywhere, leading the dance in the

centre of the ball, in the corners where the comfortable chairs are, on the stairs with your best-girl. How often has it happened that when you were on the point of asking the belle of the evening for a place on her programme, a supercilious bank clerk or an irrepressible law student has elbowed his way between you and marched off with the young lady before you had time to remonstrate, though you caught a gleam in his eye that said plainly enough—

“Has any old fellow got mixed with the boys,
If there has, cut him out without making a noise.”

This sort of thing may annoy you, but moderate your wrath, and remember that they have to be under orders all day, and that though they are irritating they are otherwise harmless, and that we needn't be a litigious people or invest our money in unsafe banks merely to support the large class of youths following those callings.

J. M. LOES.

SUKSESS IN THE MINISTRY; OR, HOW TO GET THE BEST KALLS.

BY THE REVEREND PETER PUFFER, WHICH GOT THE APPOINTMENT TO PUFFERVILLE CHURCH (\$2,000 AND 2 MOS VAKASHIN.)

PUFFERVILLE, Dec. 20th, 1887.

TU GRIP,—Leters and epissels from the preachers keep flowin in daly, expressing thare liveliest gratitude for the grate benefits derived from mi instructions. Nearly all the kountry preachers hev resolved to becum city pastors next yere. Foreteen expects to go to the Metreapollyten—18 to Wesley church, Hamillton, and 27 to Queen's ave., Lundun. One pint a grate menny bretherin want instructions on, is: *How to becum poppuler.*

Now, I hold that every preacher can becum poppuler if he knows how to do it. I prepose in this lesson to show the *modus aperandy.* Let mi poor week bretherin remember that poppularity and notoriety are the same, and they both mean kash to a Methodist parsen.

(a) *Always keep yure name afore the public.* The sukseessful preacher must teach modesty and leave his people to practis it. Everyone knows that the ministereal bizness to-day (whatever wuz dun in Paul's time), is run on kommershel prinsipels. You, mi bretherin, possess certen talents, naturel and akwired, wich the churches must hev or go down. It's yure dooty to make the most out of yure tallents, and not sell them too cheap. You have goods to sell wich the churches must buy, and you hev a moral rite to bull the ministereal market and get yure prise. Advertizin creates a demand and runs up the prise of good preaching, and a minister must either blow his own horn or get sum one to do it.

Whi shood the childern of this world be wiser than preachers who hev to make a living out of their mouths? Whi shood Warner with his safe kure and Ayr's with his pilz, and all the hare die men make forchins out of thare wares and preachers remane poor? Keep your name afore the public constently like these great advertisers, and you'll sukseed.

I used to selekt the most excitin subjeks and advertize before hand. Then ide get a flamin report uv it, and send marked copies round to other papers and to quartely konferenses, and leadin men, where I wanted to go. So neerly every day something wood kum out about the Rev. Peter Puffer, and thus I becum poppuler.

I always give mi people sumthing entertaining and agreeable, so Ive herd lots of 'em remark on leavin

church: I engoi Puffer's preeching as much as enny show.

(I shell trette of "Star preeching" in a seperate diskourse.)

(b) You must praktis the "Give and Take" Principel with utber preachers, *i. e.*, you must say a good wurd for Brown, if you want Brown to say a good wurd for you.

Let me illystrate this remark. In '78 I wanted to go to Scrubville church, whare Bro. Sniffles wuz stashed, and Sniffles wanted to go to Hardscrabble. So I managed to get in a Sundy at Hardscrabble, and in preeching on future rewards, I remarkt: Men did not always get justis here. Thare wuz Bro. Sniffles of Scrubville, a most eloquent preacher, a first-class skoler, and a good averag Christian too, preeching in that small place. He wuz fit tu fill the best pulpit in Kanady, and if peepel knew his abilities he wood be kalled to the very best churches. Next week the Scrubville daly *Comet* had the following notis of myself (furnished by Sniffles):—"One of the gratest divines and orriturs of the century has lately appeared in the Hardscrabble Methodist church. His sermens were moovin, soothin, and satisfyin. The enlitened readers of the *Comet* need not be told that we refer to the Rev. Peter Puffer, who is egerly sought after bi all the churches."

Next week a depptytashin from that plase wated on me, and I got there, and Sniffles got to Hardscrabble.

Abowt two pages of the *Guardian* is devoted every week to this kind of nooz. The real wide-awake bretherin rite, or get sum one to rite about "crowded houses," "eloquent sermens," "yunanemus kalls," et settery, &c., and this helps on the kall bizness.

Dere bretherin,—

Let us then be up and dooin,
With a hart for the biggest church,
Advertizin, blowin, wire pullin,
Lest we may be left in the lurch.



A WARNING SIGNAL

PLANTED IN TORONTO BAY FOR THE SPECIAL BEHOOF OF THOSE WHO CUT ICE FOR CITY CONSUMPTION.

EVER since W. D. Howells began to boom Tolstoi, Tourgenieff and Dostoyosky, business in New York society circles has been Russian.

MRS. SNOGGLETHORPE'S SALON.

IN THREE SCENES—SCENE I.

MRS. EUPHRASIA SNOGGLETHORPE was ambitious and somewhat romantic in her ideas. She had frequently read in the French novels, which formed her favorite literary pabulum, of the glories of the Parisian salons—of the way in which the political and social life of the gay capital centred around the brilliant receptions of female notabilities. The society of the town of Barkerville, where she lived, was unspeakably dull and prosaic. The men were immersed in business and interested in nothing but the price of real estate and the state of the grain market, and the ladies talked of little but fashions and the everlasting servant girl question. She longed to introduce something of the brightness and vivacity of Parisian social intercourse into this staid humdrum existence, and already fancied herself a De Stael or Recamier, the centre of a circle of *littérateurs*, philosophers and wits.

"John," said she to her husband one day, "I would like to have a *salon*."

"What!?" said John, "a saloon! You must be crazy. You was always down on liquor the worst way. I don't mind taking a drink now and then—kinder helps business, you know—but darn me if I ever —"

"No, no, no! John," she interrupted, "you don't understand; not a saloon—a *salon*, like they have in Paris, you know. It just means giving regular receptions, where all the clever and intellectual people meet and talk about books and politics and philosophy."

"Oh," replied John, "that's a horse of another color. I don't know as I've any objection, if it don't cost too much."

"You see, John," she resumed, "we ought to do something to keep up our social position. The Fakersons and the McSorleys have been giving parties lately, and everybody knows that Fakerson's new house is mortgaged for more than its worth, while the grocer says that he can't get a cent out of McSorley on a bill that has been running for a year and more. Anybody who has a house over their heads and can get credit can give a party. But a *salon* is ever so much more *recherché*."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied John, dubiously.

"You see, it isn't all eating and drinking; you surround yourself with people of *esprit*, and create an atmosphere of culture and *bon ton*. I wish to invite men of intellect, who are conversant with the great political and philosophical questions, and those who have made their mark in literature. You must help me to secure a few at least who can give tone to the affair by that—that *je-ne-sais-quoi*, so to speak, which characterized the famous *salon* of Madame Recamier."

"I don't exactly seem to catch on," said her husband; "I suppose you want to get all the smart people—fellers that kin talk."

"That's it exactly."

"Well, lemme see, there's old man Hendershot, they call him the Rag Baby crank. When yer git him wound up he's good for an hour straight along about the bloated monopolists and usurers. I guess he's the nighest you kin come to a philosopher in these parts, unless it's Uncle Jake Bradley, who's got a notion that the earth is flat. Between 'em they'd keep a *salon* in talk for the whole night."

"But that won't do, you know. They musn't talk too much; others must be considered. You must give them a hint not to be too diffuse."

"I guess you'll have to time 'em, as they do at the debating club. But folks can't talk and eat at once, so p'raps you can choke 'em off if they get too long winded by bringing on the eatables. Then about literary men. There's Jinks, the editor of the *Highflyer*—they say he does most of his talented editorials with a scissors and paste-pot, but he's about the only specimen round here. Oh, I forgot Reginald D'Evlyn, the poet. He used to be Mike Devlin when he clerked in Finnerty's grocery, but one day he wrote a piece and sent it to a New York paper and they give him a V for it. The feller got so blamed conceited over it that he quit clerking and went into the poetry business, and I don't believe he's earned a cent ever since. He writes pieces for the *Highflyer* sometimes."

"Is he a man of polish?"

"Well, he's got a darned sight more polish on the knees of his pants than on his shoes, I notice. He'll jump out of his skin if you give him an invite, and bring along a roll of manuscript that will just paralyze the crowd."

"We must have some political notabilities, you know."

"Now you've got me. I guess you'll have to send to Toronto or somewhere. There aint even a member of the Legislature within twenty mile of here, and I don't suppose they'd come from a distance unless you was to pay 'em mileage."

"But there must be somebody who is well informed on political affairs."

"Yes, there's Philander Morgan—used to keep the store opposite Snyder's place, but went stumping the county for the Tories last election, and neglecting his business, sheriff sold him out last fall, and he's waiting till Sir John gives him an office. He's a hustler, I tell you. About the only man that's a match for him on the stump is Lawyer Gassin. Put down them two and you've the best political talent in town."

With the addition of the names of the leading families in the place, the list of Mrs. Snoggletorpe's guests was made up, the day fixed and the invitations duly sent.



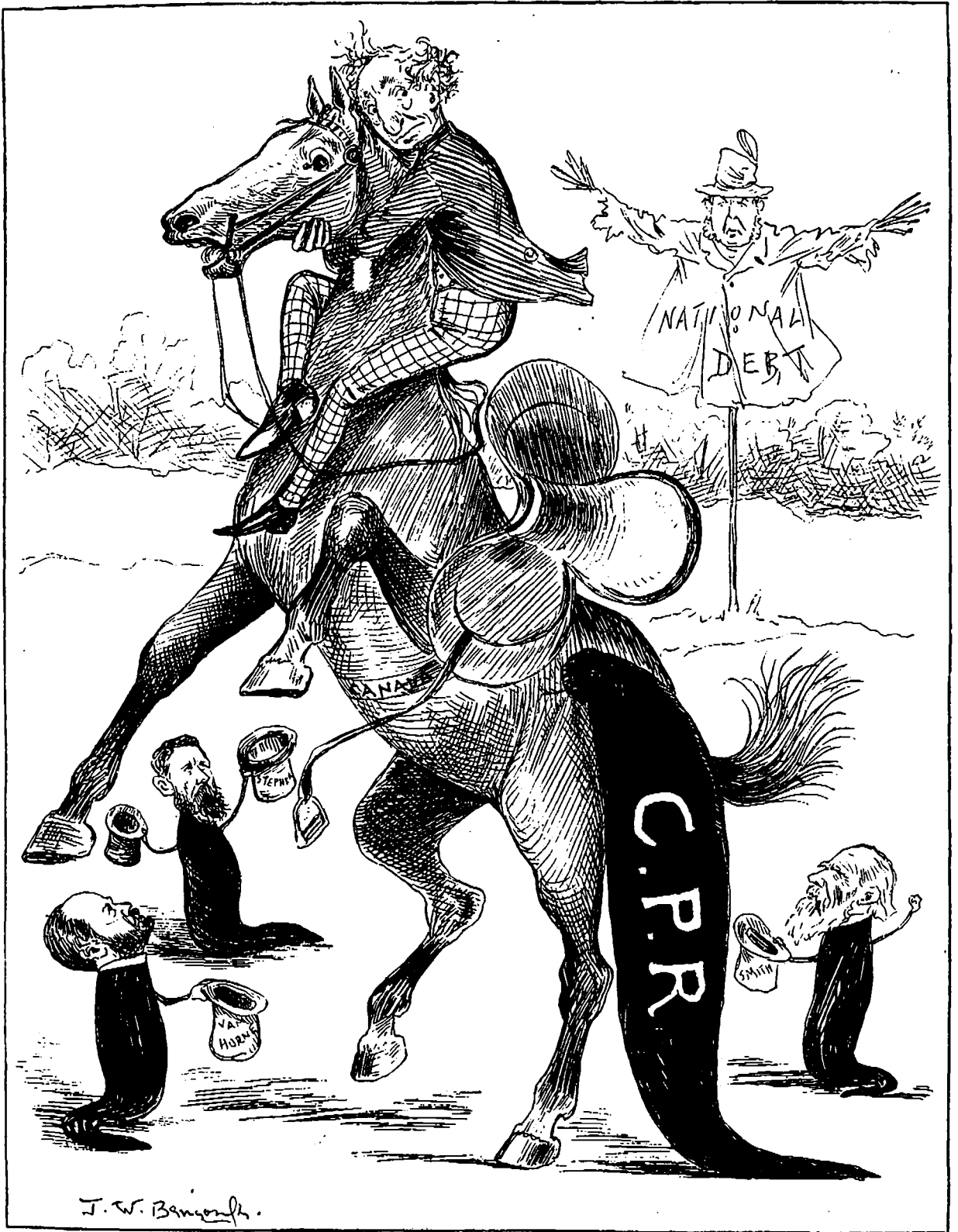
MORAL REFLECTION.

(Thirty minutes after giving his order.)

Well, I haven't made a very brilliant success in my career so far, but still I never thought I should spend the greater part of my life as a mere waiter in an eating house.

NEDDY BLAKE, Nedly Blake
Ye may earnestly spake
Agin Delmege abroad if ye want to,

But evictions are done,
Yes, many a one,
As cruel right here in Toronto!



LIGHT ON AN OBSCURE PASSAGE.

"THE HORSE-LEECH HATH TWO DAUGHTERS, CRYING GIVE! GIVE! THERE ARE THREE THINGS THAT ARE NEVER SATISFIED."—Prov. xxx. 15.

AN OYSTERISH ORGY.

BY A MONTREALER.

It is that mystic hour which occurs immediately After the Play. The laughter of the last giddy young thing in the chorus is echoing through the lamp-lighted distance. The "gods" are fled, the garlands dead—sent to the Windsor in a cab—and all but you departed. You are six. With singular unanimity you hie in one direction. That is to say you try to hie. You don't hie as a matter of fact. It's a physical impossibility over the winter ways of this great city. The only way to hie successfully here is to do it in a cab. Your basement dining-room is reached. Around your oysters lie the weapons by which they are to meet their fate, wooden-handled, short and dull, like the tools of aborigines. A saline atmosphere pervades the room, and the table is further garnished by several large kitchen towels. And the hearts of the assailants are cheered with bread, butter and beer.

Nobody says grace, not even the oysters, whom the family tradition of the Malpeques has taught to die before seeing—or striving either, for that matter. It is your first oyster-party, and you long for distinction here as in every other department of human achievement. You are instructed and fall to. It is as simple as possible—a little tact in finding the oyster's side door, a little dexterity in the insertion of foreign influence there, a little firmness in pressing your claims, and presto! the villainous deed is done, and the entire establishment of the confiding bivalve is at your disposal. May you open one for Cynthia, who sits next to you, all in the blue glory of her theatre-gown, and applauds your enthusiasm? Certainly you may; and the smile with which your desire is rewarded is as the dew of Hermon or the bead of Guinness to your soul. Inspired, you seize a bivalve in the lily-white hand, that has done nothing but count bank notes, belonging to depositors, all day long. It is grimy, shiny, obdurate, and sullen of aspect, and wears two inches of mud as a clinging garment. You place it firmly in position for slaughter, and it darts down your sleeve with sudden playfulness, and nestles there. You draw it forth, and the next time it bounds across the table and upsets the vinegar cruet. Captured once more, your knife slips and wounds your gentle forefinger as might the dagger of a foe. Time also slips away while you bind up the gash in your handkerchief, and so does the oyster. After much bumping and grovelling, you finally discover him in ambush under the table. Then you begin to hunt for his vulnerable point. He has a contemptible way of duplicating his means of entrance and exit all over him, and you may strive many an anguished hour to insert your knife in an imitation crack, which is really steel-lined and burglar-proof inside. At last, however, weary of dallying with his fate, the bivalve succumbs, yields to your persuasive steel, yawns in your face! Triumphant you offer him to Cynthia, into whose silken lap he immediately precipitates himself.

But once a conqueror always a conqueror, and after this experience your victories are easy. The slaughter gains zest for you; your broad expanse of shirt-front is flecked with traces of the fray. You wave your towel hilariously after a time, and in apology to Cynthia for neglecting her, declare that you are a shell-fish creature. You laugh, and are unable to explain the cause. It is infectious; the more you laugh the more you want to, and the more everybody else wants to, and in the general cachinnatory convulsion even the remaining oysters feebly smile. The effects of hasheesh are insignificant

compared with the delirium of shelling oysters for private consumption, and consuming them while they are yet in perfectly sound bodily health. If you have any doubt upon this point at the time, it is sure to be removed before morning. For the way those oysters get together afterward and discuss old times on Prince Edward Island, is only to be fully understood by people who have given them the opportunity.

G. G.

THE SNORE.



THIS is the spiral-twist, circular snore,
A gently-emitted, continuous bore,
Now swelling out, anon drawing mild,
Like the wail of a desolate, hungry child.



This is the sort we call solid and square,
Well fitted to make the neighborhood swear;
A heavy, harsh sound that sets in at night,
And lasts till the breakfast gong puts it to flight.



This is the ragged edged, rip-tearing kind,
And the very worst snore you are likely to find—
A gurgling sob, then a strangling snort
Then a horrible twist and a blood-curdling snort.

The snore and the snorer are nuisances much,
And should be abated by by-law as such:
Be it simply enacted that women shall keep
Their mouths closed, if possible, while they're asleep.

INDIGNATION.

We have received the following from Dr. Campbell, of Seaforth, the well-known author of "The Land of Burns":—"To the Editor of *The Globe*:—"Hale be his heart, hale be his fiddle."—*Burns*. Dear Sir,—You will find enclosed the sum of five dollars for the testimonial to my old friend McLachlan, the Burns of Canada. Many a pleasant hour I have spent over his poems, some of which I had the pleasure of reciting in "the Land of the *Heathen*." Yours truly, J. CAMPBELL.—*Globe*, 26th ult.

THE laun' o' the Heathen? Losh sakes alive, mon, wad ye daur to ca' Scotland the laun' o' the *Heathen*?—the kintra that has mair o' Christianity in't than a' ithers together! An' ye're name's Cam'ell too? It's no possible! It maun be some blasphemous deevil o' a proof reader that's made ye say this!

It is not long since the Mikado reigned supreme in social circles in New York; now it is the Czar. The great advantage of a Republic is its ability to change monarchs.

G. G.

LESSONS FROM LIFE.

A GREAT NATIONAL CALAMITY—WHAT IT TEACHES.

THE last few years have played sad havoc with many prominent men of our country.

Many of them died without warning, passing away apparently in the full blush of life.

Others were sick but a comparatively short time. We turn to our files and are astonished to find that most of them died of apoplexy, of paralysis, of nervous prostration, of malignant blood humor, of bright's disease, of heart disease, of kidney disease, of rheumatism or of pneumonia.

It is singular that most of our prominent men die of these disorders. Any journalist who watches the telegraph reports, will be astonished at the number of prominent victims of these disorders.

Many statements have appeared in our paper with others to the effect that the diseases that carried off so many prominent men in 1887, are really one disease, taking different names according to the location of the fatal effects.

When a valuable horse perishes, it becomes the nine days' talk of the sporting world, and yet thousands of ordinary horses are dying every day, their aggregate loss is enormous, and yet their death creates no comment.

So it is with individuals. The cause of death of prominent men creates comment, especially when it can be shown that one unsuspected disease carries off most of them, and yet "vast numbers of ordinary men and women die before their time every year from the same cause."

It is said if the blood is kept free from uric acid, that heart disease, paralysis, nervous prostration, pneumonia, rheumatism, and many cases of consumption, would never be known. This uric acid, we are told, is the waste of the system, and it is the duty of the kidneys to remove this waste.

We are told that if the kidneys are maintained in perfect health, the uric, kidney, acid is kept out of the blood, and these sudden and universal diseases caused by uric acid will in a large measure disappear.

But how shall this be done? It is folly to treat effects. If there is any known way of getting at the cause, that way should be known to the public. We believe that Warner's safe cure, of which so much has been written, and so much talked of by the public generally, is now recognized by impartial physicians and the public as the one specific for such diseases.

Because public attention has been directed to this great remedy by means of advertising, some persons have not believed in the remedy. We cannot see how Mr. Warner could immediately benefit the public in any other way, and his valuable specific should not be condemned because some nostrums have come before the public in the same way, any more than that all doctors should be con-

demned because so many of them are incompetent.

It is astonishing what good opinions you hear on every side, of that great remedy, and public opinion thus based upon actual experience, has all the weight and importance of absolute truth,

At this time of the year, the uric acid in the blood invites pneumonia and rheumatism, and there is not a man who does not dread these monsters of disease; but he need have no fear of them we are told, if he rid the blood of the uric acid cause.

These words are strong, and may sound like an advertisement, and be rejected as such by unthinking people, but we believe they are the truth, and as such should be spoken by every truth-loving newspaper.

THE New York World has a special lunatic engaged to write for its columns. In this way it hopes to compete with the Sun. —*Detroit Free Press.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—A NEW TREATMENT.

SUFFERERS are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made once in two weeks by the patient at home. Send stamp for circulars describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.



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SIXTY DAY SALE.

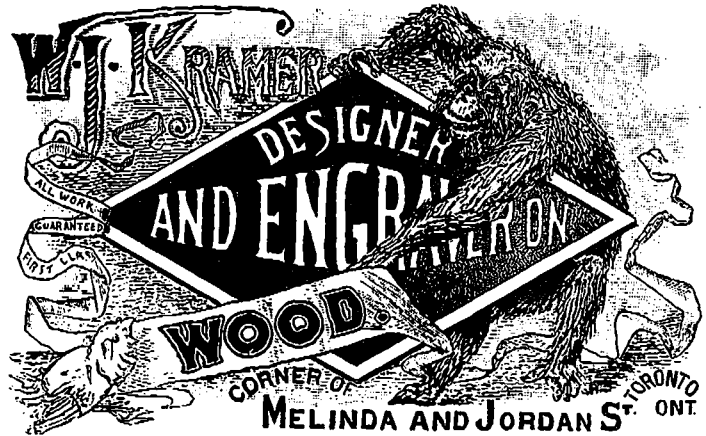
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These coats are not made up in the careless manner which characterizes so much of the Ready-Made Clothing sold here—and everywhere. THEY ARE FINISHED COATS, all of them—have corded edges, quilted satin linings and velvet collars. No ready-made look about them. For Boys, all sizes—\$4.50 to \$8, less ten per cent discount. For Men, all sizes—\$7 to \$13.50, less discount.

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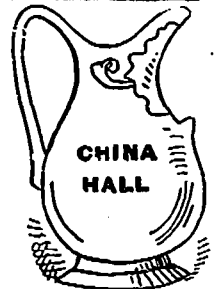
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THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

Wife—Well, after long seeking, I have at last found a maid who is exactly what I would wish.

Husband—Then by all means engage her.

Wife—Unfortunately I can't, she is much too large for the servants' bed-room.



LAWSON'S CON-
centrated Fluid Beef
—this preparation is a real
beef food, not like Liebig's
and other fluid beefs, mere
stimulants and meat flav-

ors, but having all the necessary elements of the beef,
viz.:—Extract fibrine and albumen, which embodies
all to make a perfect food.

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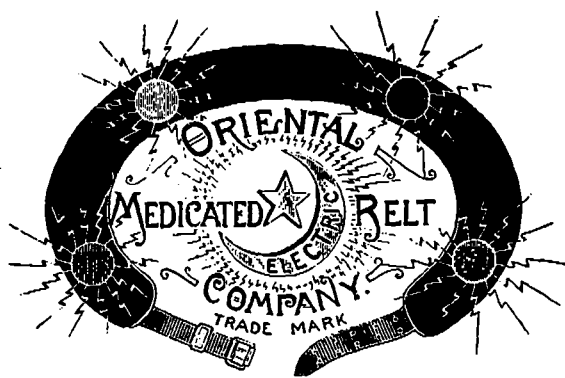
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Medicated for the cure of all diseases of the blood and nervous system, such as Weak Back, Lumbago, Weak Stomach, Dyspepsia, Headache, Liver and Kidney Complaint, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Pleurisy, FEMALE COMPLAINT, Loss of Manhood, SEMINAL WEAKNESS and General Debility, etc.

Medicated Electric Belts, \$2 to \$3. Medicated Electric Lung Shield, \$3. Medicated Electric Shoulder Pad, \$3. Medicated Electric Knee Pad, \$3. Medicated Electric Suspensory and Belt, \$5. Medicated Electric Legging, \$3. Medicated Electric Armlet, \$3. Medicated Electric Stomach Pad, \$3. Medicated Electric Children's Teething Necklace, 50c. Medicated Electric or Insulating Insoles, 50c. per pair. We guarantee our Medicated Electric Belts and Appliances to be equal to any \$10 article.

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Has also secured the control for the Dominion of one of the greatest inventions of the age, viz.:

ACTINA, The Great Cattarrh Remedy and Eye Restorer.

ACTINA is not a medicine or a disgusting lotion or powder, or inhaler, but a Self-generating Vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places. It can be carried in the pocket and used by any member of the family.

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- ACTINA No. 2 quickly relieves and thoroughly cures throat and lungs.
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Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Treatment and consultation free.

All correspondence strictly confidential. Call and be convinced. Belt patented Feb. 26th, 1887.

TO THE ORIENTAL BELT CO.
This is to certify that I was for nearly nine months almost helpless with Rheumatism in my arms and shoulders. During that time I tried many highly recommended remedies, but all failed to give even temporary relief; at last I was induced to try your Electric Belt and Shoulder Appliances, which in a few days helped me, and after two months wearing the appliance, I am happy to say that I am almost well. My case I believe to have been a stubborn one, but finally yielded to the treatment, which is simple, without deception or humbug. You are at liberty to use this statement in any way you think proper, hoping that it may come to the notice of some unfortunate afflicted as I was. You may also refer any one to me who may want more particulars about the cure effected by your treatment.
J. McCUAIG, Grain Merchant,
56 Front and 53 Wellington St. East, Toronto.

TO THE ORIENTAL BELT CO.
I desire to thank you for the great benefit received from your Electric Belt. For ten years I have suffered untold agony from Nervous Headache and General Debility. My headache came regularly every week, often lasting two days, rendering me unfit for business. I have tried every known remedy, and several of the best physicians here and elsewhere, but with no relief. After wearing one of your Belts and Bands for four (4) weeks am happy to say I am like a new man, and my general health is better than it has been for ten years. I will gladly give more minute information to any one who may call on me. You are at liberty to publish this above my signature.
S. B. MACKAY, Tobacconist, 104 1/2 Queen Street West.

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ERMINIE.

BY E. JAKOBOWSKI.
VOCAL SCORE, \$1.25. PIANO SCORE, 75c.
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Waltz, 60c, Lancers, 50c, Gavotte, 40c,
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SEPARATE SONGS, EACH, 40c.

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WANTED.

We want a copy of Alex. McLachlan's Poems, all editions published prior to 1874. Will friends having any of the different editions kindly communicate with us, as to date of publication, condition of binding, and price asked. Address: Grip Printing and Publishing Co., Toronto, Ontario.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN, ETC.

Mr. Jobbles—I've lost a clean \$10,000. The cashier has embezzled and skipped, and the bank has been placed in the hands of a Receiver.

Mrs. J.—A Receiver! Why; don't they know that the receiver is as bad as the thief?

COMPOUND OXYGEN.

Treatment by inhalation. Both office and home treatment. Manufactured in Canada by me for over four years. It is genuine, the same as sold in Philadelphia, Chicago and California. Trial treatment free at office. Send for circular. Home treatment for two months, inhaler and all complete, \$12. Office treatment, 32 for \$18. Mark it; no duty! I am now in my new Parlor Office and Laboratory at 21 KING STREET EAST. MRS. C. STEDMAN FIEROE, late from 73 King Street West, Stackhouse's Store.

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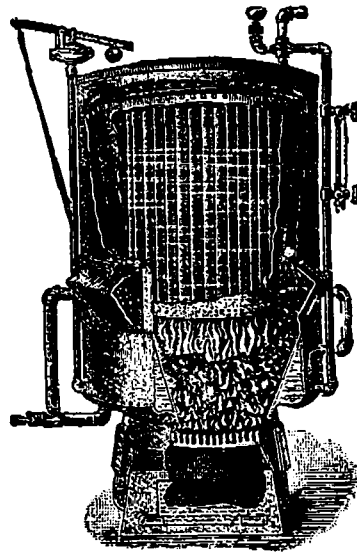
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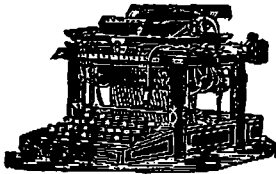
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535 Yonge Street, - TORONTO.



'OUT OF THE FASHION OUT OF THE WORLD.

Maid (knocking at her Mistress's door)— Madam there is a lady here who would speak with you.

*Mistress—*Is it any one of importance?

*Maid—*She wears no—*lounure.*

*Mistress—*Oh then, let her wait.

INVARIABLE INDICATIONS.

If you have Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, rising and souring of food, wind in the stomach, a chocking or gnawing sensation at the pit of the stomach, then you have sure indication of Dyspepsia, which Burdock Blood Bitters will surely cure. It has cured the worst cases on record.

The Standard Piano of
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Mince Meats (Prime).

Entrées, ready for the range.

Individual Ices.

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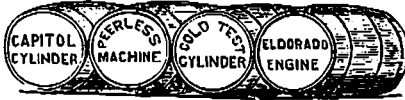
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