

The Medical Tennyson.

Take, take, take
All my physic and pay my fee,
And you may pull through; if you don't, why you
Will never return to me.

And some of my patients are gone
To the graveyard under the hill,
And oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
With the money to settle their bill.

And it's well for the fisherman's boy,
As he sings with his sister at play;
And it's well for the sailor lad,
For they never need travel my way.

The Possibly Coming Duet—Sir John and G. B.
Il Penseroso.

BOTH.—Oh how dear to the mind are the times long departed,
SIR JOHN.—When I grabbed all the fat.

G. B.—And my party I led,

BOTH.—And alas, what proceedings have lately been started,
SIR JOHN.—Under **CARTWRIGHT** I'm flat.

G. B.—**BLAKE** has knocked me quite dead.

BOTH.—Shall we e'er see once more former glories appearing,
SIR JOHN.—When the Treas'ry I had?

G. B.—Testimonials I?

BOTH.—We're apart; but if joined, all would then be plain steering,
SIR JOHN.—Wouldn't **BLAKE** just be mad?

G. B.—That inclines me to try.

BOTH.—We have coalesced once, with results that were splendid,
SIR JOHN.—To Protection he led.

G. B.—What's Free Trade to revenge?

BOTH.—With discriminate duties our war might be ended,
SIR JOHN.—**BLAKE** and **MILLS** 'twould knock dead.

G. B.—As the rocks of Stonehenge

*They weep, embrace, draw up scheme of Tariff, and keeping step
badly go arm in arm to dinner.*

The Forthcoming Novelty.

THE theatre managers have great pleasure in informing their kind patrons that they have arranged, at immense expense, a new piece for the holidays. It is called the Holocaust, and is replete with the most startling effects. The feature of complete freshness on which they pride themselves is thus carried out. At a given signal, the whole inflammable mass of wings, flies, drops, painted scenery, wooden machinery, canvas, oil and cotton employed in mechanical effects, will burst into flame. The audience will then rise *en masse*, and rush frantically towards the doors. Those in the centre will be unable to leave. The masses of burning machinery will be precipitated among them, igniting their dresses, and fracturing their limbs. The shrieks of tortured hundreds will fill the air. The wildest confusion, the most appalling incidents, will accompany the entire progress of the piece. Men, women and children will be hurled promiscuously down flights of stairs, and piled in masses at the foot. The citizens in the streets surrounding are expected to heighten the effect by the most animated actions and expressions. To conclude with the burning of the entire theatre. The managers believe that they can confidently state that in sensational histrionics this piece has never been equalled outside of Pandemonium, and to it they confidently call the attention of their patrons.

A Butcher for Mayor.

(To the Editor of Grip.)

SIR,—I am a butcher. It is proper that we should have one for Mayor. Yearly, you let a Corporation of amateur butchers loose upon the city resources, and the shameless way in which they haggle the business shows you need the professionals. Let us in. We will undertake it jointly, skin your ratepayers, cut up your streets, seize the stakes you have in the country, dress your policemen, carve the salaries, chop up the finance, manage the scales of justice, and send the bills in regularly. If we couldn't every year make a better Christmas show than the present managers, sell us out for offal.

Yours puffingly,

Toronto, December 6, 1876.

HARRY HEAVYCHOPS.

The Question of the Day.

But stay, through the fast flashing mud of the street,
Who is he that towards me comes frantic and fleet?
'Tis an alderman, oh! most prodigious of cheek,
Who approaches, and unto me ventures to speak;
Wants to know, as he's only half ruined me yet,
If he won't get my vote—and he won't, you just bet.

The Unhappy Cartoonists.

Is there no law in Canada to protect the innocent? Even into private life does the barbed arrow of journalistic vengeance penetrate, and transfixes the unhappy victim who vainly thought to escape from publicity. No sooner did **GOLDWIN SMITH** retire from Canadian Politics, than the *Weekly Globe* seizes the occasion to print a villanous portrait of **GOLDWIN**. If **MR. SMITH** looks half as bad as the picture represents him he ought at least to be banished for life, and if the Minister of Justice ever sees the engraving he will never commute his sentence. Ever since **GRIP** became so popular, and its cartoons so celebrated, the *Globe* has been jealous of it, and last year commenced a series (very serious indeed) of cartoons, to which no one can see any point. They always consist of one figure, and no one could tell what is meant, but for the sign in large letters, as in the present instance "**GOLDWIN SMITH**." We assure the *Globe*, in a friendly manner, that its cartoons lack point; but what they require on that head is more than made up in maliciousness. **G. SMITH** should get a "writ of attachment" or *habeas corpus* or something on **G. BROWN**, and stop this work of hatred. Prose sufficeth not to express our feelings at this outrage, and we breaketh fourtheth into rhyme.—

G. BROWN, why can't you let your old
Dislikes at rest remain;
And ne'er revenge yourself on **GOLD-**
WIN SMITH, M. A., again?

Croaks and Pecks.

(Not) **BLAKE'S** Byword.—"Oh, hang it."

Building railroads is very de-grading work.

Getting into a Scrape.—Purchasing Road-Scrapers.

When people swap horses without boot, are they Free Traders?

What the Government says to the British Mail.—"Go to Halifax."

They should *shove* business in that Big Push letter case, or else letter alone.

GEORGE BROWN had better be *chair-y* how he uses the *Bench*, before it is *stool* late,

Many persons think that **VENNOR**, the Canadian weather prophet is a *Vennor-able* fraud.

This cold weather makes even Free Traders come out strong for Protection.—Overcoats and such.

IT is better to be a horse than a man of genius. **GOLDSMITH** made less money than *Goldsmith Maid*.

Victoria village desires annexation with Fort Erie. We told you so. This is the result of **MILLS'** election.

The reformers have won **Bothwell** and now they are after **Cardwell**. Well if they play their **Cardwell**, they will be **Both-well**.

Haldinand would rather have many **D(r)unkin** Acts than one **Dun-kin** Act. It seems they **Hal-dimand** whiskey in that country.

ONLY one Pope at Rome, while we have *two* Popes in the Dominion Parliament!! On, Ghost of **GUIDERD**! whither are we drifting!!

Belfords' Magazine starts out with the story "What he cost her," by **JAMES PAYN**. If **JAMES** has ever had any **Pay'n** to do, he would have the title, "What *she* cost him."

They are getting out a writ of attachment against **GEORGE BROWN**, for what he "writ" about Judge **WILSON**. He must be a strange person who has an "attachment" for **GEORGE**.

Belfords' Magazine. Shake. We hope that unlike your namesake, a powder Magazine, you will not "blow up" and end in smoke; but like a powder Magazine you will "go off" well, and be of good "report."

LAST week the *Globe*, in an editorial headed "The Insanity Craze," says:—"We are apparently in a fair way of having it established that we are all as mad as March hares." Now **GRIP** admires such frankness.

The Central Committee of education has had its color changed, as the Government has added new **HUGHES** to it, and as **MR. HUGHES** is a champion at Lacrosse, the Government, fearing that he would lack-**ROSS**, kindly appointed **MR. G. W. ROSS** of Lambton also.

Dear Mr. Grip.—I notice in your last issue that you are at a loss to know why the London papers are divided in their opinion on your last cartoon. You ask "Why do they Vary?" might I suggest, for *Vari-ous* reasons?
A SCOTCH READER.

"British Columbia ships hops to Europe."—*London Advertiser*. Where's your grammar, Brother *Advertiser*? you should say "British Columbia ships *hop* to Europe." Rule.—Plural nouns require a plural verb. We never heard of ships hopping before; but strange things hop-pen now-a-days.