

PHRASES ILLUSTRATED.



"OPEN TO CONVICTION."

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

The subjoined memoranda, in the shape of a diary, was picked up by a GRIP reporter on Wednesday morning on Court-street. The little notes speak for themselves and may go to show the potent effect of licensed 'vitals' on the callow youth or old time caller. The eloquent and exhaustive sermon of the Reverend Canon Farrar, lately preached in St. Paul's, London, tells the tale no plainer.

Jan. 1st 1884. 7.30, arose and braced—B. and S.—B.—bad, S. flat; don't seem to work as it used to. Braced again, same result. Memo.—Don't think drinking material good as of yore.

8 a.m.—Go to breakfast. Ligneous steak, murky coffee. Decline former, bolt latter. Where shall I call? Memo.—Leap year, look out.

9 a.m.—Look over visiting list—take another brace and sally forth.

First Call.—Call on the Miss MacIntoshes, old maids, Scotch, great friends of relatives, hence call. Both ladies receiving. Am offered pound cake and 'Scotch cake,' likewise scones and attenuated lemonade. Wine tabooed an' 'sinfu.' Rev. Angus McTavish calls. Good exit cue, take it and go.

Second Call.—Call at the Smithtons, old English family, four daughters, jolly girls, all blondes. "Ow do you do—what'll you 'ave? Will you 'ave pawtor some spirits and wataw? Sweet smiles from all ladies, take some S and W. (very light), charming girls the Smithtons, —especially Emily. Forgot Leap year, by Jupiter, might propose, couldn't refuse, shake hands and git.

Third Call.—(between calls)—Meet friend, suggests call on Pat Flynnagan's. Pat keeps a boozen ken. Try some of Pat's Dunnville, very potent—Pat sets them up again—more Dunnville, won't do. Fresh air, exit with friend.

Fourth Call.—Call on the O'Callaghan's. (Memo. for joke, O'Callaghan, O'Call—again. See?) Jolly Irish family, barrels of beer, dozens of wine, whiskey galore! Old man an alderman (memo, cadre of joke here). Miss Honora, plays 'sonata of Beethoven. Miss Marianna, gives fantazia on harp. Take another glass of wine. Try, on special request of O.C. pere, a 'small drop of the native.' Young ladies sing in chorus, Tara's Halls, or Derry Walls, forget which, something Irish anyway. Take a 'doch in dorrish' to the prosperity of Ould Arin, and go forth.

Fourth Call.—Call on the Doolittles. Doolittle's Yankee family, daughter's name Ruth, nice girl, brown hair, don't care much for 'Canady' and thinks people slow. Old man Peabody goes into Yankee politics, don't like But-

ler, don't like Arthur, or Logan or Schultz. Reverses the memory of Horace Greely—strong Republican—born on farm down East—spoke of good old times. New Year's eve, hickory nuts and cider. Gets prosy—Offered cider and pumpkin pie by Ruth, take modicum of latter, don't work, 'stone fence,' don't agree with system, compliments and exit.

Fifth Call.—Met Jack Beverly. Jack—good boy. Jack says he was up all last night, looks it—will I call with Jack on some friends—cert—Jack's friends are my friends—call on widow lady, widow well made up. Widow says Jack's 'had enough'—Jack disputes, gets demonstrative—pulls table cloth and surmountings on floor; widow angry, and requests us to go—go.

Sixth Call.—(between calls) Jack in bad humor, suggests Pat Flynnagan's. Try some Dunnville, try some more. Jack pulverized.

Last Call.—Try to see Jack home, Jack obstreperous—call cab. Jack insists must go to club, and drive to club. Jack won't pay cabby, neither will I, cabby drives to No. 1 Station. —Police officers go through us, tumble us into the cells, nice company, six vags, all drunk—women in adjoining apartment screaming—Had a good time though, don't care anyway—make it all* * * * *

BARREN TENNYSON.

[The following parody was written for GRIP three weeks ago, and long before a similar screed was reprinted in this country from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. We make this explanation in justice to the author, who might otherwise be open to the imputation of copying.—Ed. GRIP.]

I.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
Through this you will not win renown;
You have but married a high repute
For empty title from the town.
Why so have smiled, and then, beguiled
Into this folly, have retired?
Founding a line of fifty ears!
Will cause you not to be desired.

II.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
I know you—proud to bear the name—
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Its chief concealment whence you came.
False to its wend, you would congeal
A heart quick touched by truer charms;
Have scions of your house be taught
To list of blazoned coats of arms.

III.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
Some kinder critic you must find!
Not to be lord of all that is
Had I dragged down so great a mind!
Perhaps you'd crave that I should waive
What's here presented for reply—
The lion on your own stone gate
Rebukes you full as much as I.

IV.

If I've let fall a bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear,
I've manners lacking that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.
Your muse held course with subtle force,—
You made us trust in lyric worth,
And *note*, drawn weakly to the glare,
Repose you in your noble birth!

V.

I ear me, Alfred Vere de Vere,
You'll pine among your halls and towers;
Or unto meditation void
Devote the weary, rolling hours.
Enjoying wealth, with failing health,
No distant victim of disease;
'Tis pity that to smooth your path
You needs must act in scenes like these.

Brantford, Dec. 26, 1883.

J. B. M.

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

THE BURNING QUESTION.

SCENE Montreal. Mr. Geo. Washington Stephens seated in his library chatting with Mr. Andrew Allan. The shades of night falling.

GEO. W.—What ho! without! Lights, I say!

[Enter Menial with coal oil lamp.]

ANDREW.—Bless my soul, George! You've surely not come to this!

GEO. W.—Yes, sir! And I shall come down to tallow dips before Jesse runs my gas arrangements!

WORSE THAN A FARCE.

How many citizens of Toronto read the police reports in the daily papers? Very few. Still fewer ever grace the dingy and sootid hall of justice with their presence unless the inexorable demands of business compel them.

Hence it is quite likely that the public is practically unaware of the style of thing which is in vogue at Court-street on these blessed holiday mornings. The prevailing impression is that Col. Denison's time is occupied in listening to and deciding upon cases of a more or less criminal character, from the ordinary 'drunk' up or down—to grand larceny and murder. This idea is somewhat astray. It is true the gallant magistrate does still adjudge upon such cases when they come up, but the time so occupied is trifling when compared to that occupied in disposing of 'Vagrants.'

The persons so described are not as a general thing the disreputable characters the title would imply, but men whose principal crime has been to believe the lies of emigration agents. The cases are all pretty much alike, and the regulation scene is about as follows:

THE MAGISTRATE.—Who is this man?

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR.—William Colborne Brown, your Worship.

THE MAGISTRATE.—Ah, yes, here it is (glancing over the 'information'), Brown, you are charged with vagrancy.

PRISONER.—Yes, your worship, I suppose that is what you call it.

THE MAGISTRATE.—The policeman says he found you on Front-street 'sneeping behind a packing box.

PRISONER.—I wasn't sleeping, your worship, I was only trying to. It was too cold to sleep.

THE MAGISTRATE.—You look like a respectable man. Where do you live?

PRISONER.—Well, sir, I hardly know how to answer that. I only came to this country a few weeks ago. I was told there was plenty of work in Canada and good wages.

THE MAGISTRATE.—Who told you that?

PRISONER.—The emigration agent, sir. He induced a whole crowd of us to come out. As soon as my bit of money was done I found myself on the street. I couldn't find any work, and, sir, I don't know what is to become of me.

THE MAGISTRATE.—How long do you want in gaol?

PRISONER.—Well, sir, I would take it as a favor if you would give me three months, to put me over the winter.

THE MAGISTRATE.—All right.

Now GRIP says this is all wrong. Our gaol was not intended as a refuge for the unfortunate, nor are our already over-burdened people willing to be taxed for the support of these strangers. It is hard to see how to remedy the difficulty, but surely it is high time the authorities took the question in hand.

Meantime an effectual stopper ought to be put on those lying sneaks who are primarily responsible for the present state of affairs.

Though an acronant may not make his accents for wages, he certainly goes up for higher.—*Life*.