



For the Personal Column.

Scene.—Office of the Evening Terrible.

Lady of uncertain age.—“Say that True and Faithful would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony.”

Light Wanted!

BACKBOREYONT, HERCANA, Feb. 1st, 1881.

DEAR MAISTER EDITOR,

Gie me a grip o' yer han', a gude honest grip, just to convince me that I'm no dreamin'. Ye see I've been etlin' this while back to gang to the Nor'-West, in the notion o' gettin' a bit grund tae mak a tail yairdie. But last week, just as I was layin' my plans, in staps Sandie McWhustle wi' the paper in's hand. “I'll be hanged,” says he, “if that auld Myfistofeeles hasna' gane an sell't the kintra.” “Sit doon, Sandie, sit doon, sauld the kintra?” “Sauld her to the deevil, body an' soul,” he roared, bringin' doon his fist on the table wi a thud that made a' the dishes dirl. “The beautiful young kintra we were a' sue prood o' gein up completely to the tender mercies o' a curst monopoly that'll sook her like a vampire. It's no the siller I grudge, although, dear knows, they're gettin' twa'ree million ower muckle o' that; but it's the poorer, the awfu' poorer, it pits into the hands o' thae gusp'in' speekilators to do just what they like an' to let alane what they dinna like. Mair an, waur, to mak the tariff, and rule the roost ower a' the ether railways in the Dominion forsooth dictatin' tae a free people what they'll due an pay; an' veto everything generally. Lord sake, Tam! fancy anybody proposin' to sell Auld Scotland like that! Be thankit we can aye say “that is my ain, my native land.” I tell ye, Tam, thae feckless Canadians are the very Esnaus o' the nineteenth century, to sell their birthright for a mess o' parricht in the shape o' a railway that their ain folks offered to build for less siller an *nae monopoly*. Afore I wud gang tae the Nor'-West to be syndicated tae by a wheen irresponsible speekilators I'd bide whaur I am. But, its—

“Oh! for three-an-aichty Tam!”
 “Oh! for three-an-aichty Tam!”
 “The deil he'll fiddle, the T'ses'll dance!”
 “Oot o' that, in three-an-aichty Tam!”

An' wi' that Sandie danced oot o' the house, snappin' his fingers an' hoochin' like an incarnate reel o' Tullochgorm. Noo, my dear Gurr, Sandie's no a drinker ava, in fact he's a Scott Act man, an I canna account for the terrible misunderstanding he's under wi' regard tae this matter. Of course, you an me ken vere weel, the kintra would never submit to be shackled hand an' fit in this manner; but naething I could say would convince him like twa'ree lines frae you, assuring him that the whole thing was a lee, gotten up by an ill-natured Grit paper, to hurt poorer Sir John in his auld age. Noo, ye'll no' forget to seart a line or twa, to tell Sandie he's a' wrang, and that our adapted kintra is as frae as geiver she was frae syndicates. I am, yours sincerely,

TAMMAS GAGANNY.

Our Grip Sack.

Hard cash—silver.
 A blocked game—checkers.
 The weathercock is a vano bird.
 Wanted—a key for a canal lock.
 Our floating population—sailors.
 Laycock doesn't c-row so much as he did.
 Pen-sive slang—Well, I should ream mark.

A man of letters—J. B. T. Jr. Q. C. D. C. L. M. F.

Photographers take the world just as it comes.

Bakers are the most persistent loafers in the world.

Good name for a member of Parliament—Frank.

A paragrapher never died from sheer exhaustion.

The facetious individual is not necessarily a man of check.

A party we know in this town is “Thuratin” for newspaper fame.

Some of our M. P.'s are not over honest, but they are all extremely frank.

A New York candy manufacturer advertises that his goods are in everybody's mouth.

“What do you think anyway about the Canadian Syndi— Biff! Bang! Help! Police!”

St. Valentine day is followed closely by April 1st, and then the fools will have a good rest until next year.

Mrs. Garfield says her husband is obstinate. We suppose Jim learned this trait from the canal mules.

The *Mail* says Mr. Wallace is a man of “retiring disposition.” True, just before the vote on a main motion.

The jury has acquitted Carroll, but public opinion refuses to acquit the *Globe* for its share in the Biddulph atrocities, as exemplified by its ferocious “cuts.”

A New York physician has announced that sealskin saeques are the best lung protectors known. Since the announcement consumption has become epidemic among the females of that city.

The editor of the *Hamilton Times* clamours for “Honest milk!” This is very unflial on his part, and besides, we always thought the *Times* man had been weaned.

Mrs. Scott Siddons was recently thrown from her sleigh at Youngstown, O. Had it been Youngstown, N. Y., we should have thought that she was doing the “Falls” in winter. She is said to be recovering, but if she sees this she never will!

Theodore Thomas, in an excellently written paper in the *March Scribner*, after discussing some of the bad methods of musical culture in this country, says: I was once asked by a gentleman what he ought to do to make his children musical. He perhaps expected me to advise him to send the girls to Italy to study vocalization, and to set the boys to practicing the violin so many hours a day and studying harmony. I told him to form for them a singing class under the care of a good teacher, that they might learn to use their vocal organs, to form a good tone, and to read music; after they became old enough, to let them join a choral society, where, for two hours once a week, they could assist in singing good music; and, above all, to afford them every opportunity of hearing good music of every kind. This gentleman knew nothing of music, but thought the advice “sourd-like common sense.”



Mr. Mowat's Tactics.

Mr. Mowat, the Premier of Ontario, has never been compared with the Premier of the Dominion as a tactician, though if recent performances may be taken to settle the question, any unbiased judge would assuredly declare Oliver the winner. Premiers have resorted to many queer expedients in order to carry measures, but our local Prime Minister has hit upon one which so far as we know is unique and unprecedented, in connection with the Judicature Bill. The old plans for carrying such a measure were divers, such as buying up the opponents, talking against time, or “calling in the members.” Mr. Mowat's plan is much simpler and equally effective. It is merely to make the Bill so voluminous that the members on both sides will be only too glad to let it pass without a division. The task of reading such a Bill, much less mastering its details, is considered worth far more than the sessional allowance, and hence all the members vote for it. But of course this trick can only be played by a Premier whose character for honesty and ability is such that everybody can trust him.

The Canadian Navy.

QUEBEC, February, 1881.

MOX CHER MONSIEUR LE GRIP.—Une grande chance for les artists Canadiens is dis old sheep “Chrybdees,” dat is coming ver soon, ven de veuther is so fine dat she can sail on ze water. Un gentilhomme, he say—la belle Canadienne she say, “Vy don't you paint un grande picture? un grande tableau dat means someting?” Je comprend. “Pardonnez moi leste mees, eberyting is moueh nouveau. Dere is no l'histoire, no muratit, no meaning in anything in Canada. Vous paint and paint bons tableaux—ver good—but no tail, no anecdote, no noting dat is old.”

Den les bons Anglais, dey say, “Vat peety, de pauvres artists Canadiens haf no models de l'histoire, no old sheep to paint.” Den dey send dis “Chrybdees,” vat vous call “old hulky.” Ver ancienne—ver sad—toute rodens, going all to petits morceaux. So old they not sail her in de venter, ver mooch afraid she sink. She be goot modele a la old Temeraire for les pauvres artists Canadiens. Now dere will be less grande tableaux ven les artists come to paint “la Chrybdees” getting towed (vat you call) into port. Une grande idee! Vive l'art Canadienne! Les Anglais haf dere “fighting Temeraire.” Now de Canooks vill haf “la fighting Chrybdees” from le peeg-tale contree. Ah! Monsieur le Grip, l'histoire! le meaning! (vat you call) “intense,” dat vill be in les tableaux den. Les Anglais goot,—bons—ver goot to send “rotton hulky” glorieux, to les pauvres Canadiens who haf not anyting vat is ancienne. Twiguez-vous? Bon voyage “Chrybdees!” Monsieur le Grip, au revoir!

JACQUES LE COQ.

A sea-sick pugilist was never known to throw up the sponge.

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