



CHRISTMAS BEEF.

Bird's-eye view of a fat procession which halted in front of Mr. GRIP's office the other day, to enable that distinguished patriot to comprehend what Mr. G. F. Frankland and Ald. Mallon are doing for the cattle trade of this Province.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SYMPOSIUM.

The first gathering of the members of the Social Club a day or two after the opening of the session was characterized by all the old-time hilarity and *abandon* of these cheerful occasions. About thirty of the members were present, Wood occupying his place as Symposiarch.

"Well gents," briefly observed the Hon. Treasurer in assuming his post, "you probably all remember the rules. Each one is expected to contribute his share towards the entertainment of the company either intellectually—or—or—"

"Or spiritually," interposed Ferris.

"Precisely. We'll begin with you."
 "Take the gentleman's orders, waiter."
 "Hot with sugar for me," said the Treasurer, "and while 'the cup which,' etc., is in circulation, I shall call upon Brother Creighton for a song."

Taking down his trusty lute from where it had hung silent on the wall since the last gathering, Creighton, after a little preliminary fingering, warbled in a clear contralto voice the following ditty:

MOWAT MUST GO.
(AIR—"Long, Long Ago.")

Long have we struggled for office in vain,
 Mowat must go—Mowat must go!
 Surely at length we our object shall gain,
 Mowat must go—he must go!
 Hardy and Pardee and Fraser must get,
 Spite of their teeth we shall euchre 'em yet;
 This time we Tories will scoop 'em, you bet,
 Mowat must go—he must go!

Onward we sweep with the favoring gale,
 Mowat must go—Mowat must go!
 Shouting the war cry composed by the *Maid*,
 Mowat must go—he must go!

If we persist in repeating the phrase,
 Quickly the public will follow our ways;
 Thusly the prestige of victory we'll raise,
 Mowat must go—he must go!

Oh, if Sir John will but come to our aid,
 Mowat must go—Mowat must go!
 Even the gods will assist in the raid,
 Mowat must go—he must go!

With him to Bacchus, by Jove, we'll succeed,
 Apollon-gies we no longer shall need;
 Juno I think we shall conquer indeed,
 Mowat must go—he must go!

When we have captured the enemy's spoils,
 Mowat must go—Mowat must go!
 Then we shall find sweet reward for our toils,
 Mowat must go—he must go!

Mowat and Co. will be laid on the shelf,
 Meredith, Lauder, and Bell and myself
 Then will come in for our share of the pelf,
 Mowat must go—he must go!

Mingled applause and laughter greeted this effusion, at the conclusion of which numerous criticisms were passed on the rendition.

"I admired the refrain particularly," said Young, "so much so that I wished there was more of it. In fact it struck me that if Creighton would warble less and refrain more, or even refrain altogether, it would be an improvement."

"You are too much of a sarcasm, Young," said Hardy. "The rendition was excellent. As to the sentiments—well, don't holler till you're out of the wood, that's all."

"It's you who'll be out of the Wood before long," suggested Metcalfe, with a significant nod in the direction of the Symposiarch, who forthwith called on him for a joke.

"Let me see," replied the member for Kingston, meditatively. "Ah—um. Why is Sir Leonard Tilley's policy sure to suit the farmers?"

"I could tell why it don't," said D. D. Hay, "because it goes against the grain."
 Every one gave it up, and Metcalfe, being called on for the answer, replied,

"Because he is a pharmacist."
 Solemn silence.
 "Explain yourself, please," said the Symposiarch.

"Well, Sir Leonard was a druggist—a druggist is sometimes called a pharmacist—*farmer-suit ist*, don't you see?"

"Balfour, let us hear from you."
 "Eh—ah—Why is a—that is to say—What is the reason that, Well, come to think of it, it's a long time between drinks, and you may as well fill up."

The beverages having been replenished the Treasurer called on another new member, McAllister, of North Renfrew, to explain his anomalous political attitude, which he did in the following charming madrigal:—

THE INDEPENDENT MEMBER.

I'm the Independent member
 Who was chosen last November,
 And both from Grits and Tories I can always take advice,
 But when it comes to voting,
 Or my attitude denoting,
 I'm just as Independent as the merry hog on ice.

I'm a patent combination,
 Who attained my present station
 By assenting to the parties' most ingenious device;
 The fence I'm bound to straddle,
 And my own canoe to paddle,
 And I'm just as Independent as the merry hog on ice.

I'm free from all dictation,
 And have no affiliation
 With either of the parties, and I own I think it nice;
 On no caucuses attendant,
 I am free and Independent,
 Yes, just as Independent as the merry hog on ice.

"Our friend from North Renfrew," said the Symposiarch, "promises to be quite an acquisition to our festive board. He has a fine tenor voice, and the liquid harmony of the notes of his upper register is particularly noticeable. I think we may fairly say that he has created a *role* for himself. If he would try a duet with Bro. Creighton, now—"

"Don't du-et," interrupted Boulter. Cries of "Shame!" groans, etc.
 "Such interruptions are unseemly," continued the Symposiarch, "and if the gentleman who made that remark is possessed of the right feeling with which I have always credited him, he will tender the usual *amende*—and this time, waiter, you needn't put in quite so much sugar, and see that the water is hotter."

It was in vain for Boulter to attempt to expostulate, so he submitted with as good a grace as possible, and after a nightcap had been partaken of and charged to "unforeseen and unprovided for," the party broke up.

SCENES AT THE DEMI VICE-REGAL SHOW.

THE GOVERNOR.

Here comes the Governor out in full fig,
 Here come the horses attached to the "rig."
 Here comes the coachman so healthy and fat,
 Here comes the aide-de-camp's big bearskin hat.

THE "HOUSE."

This is the house built of pretty red brick,
 In a quite early year of the reign of "Queen Vic"
 That is its moss-covered roof, which, perhaps,
 Will come down by the run on the Parliament chaps.
 These are the desks where the members all sit;
 These are the walls just as flat as their wit;
 That's the big chair, like a potentate's throne,
 And this is the speaker, who sits there alone;
 On his right is what's known as the Treasury side,
 And the left is for those who their measures deride.
 And—Oh, gracious me! there's a rat or a mouse,
 So I'll say no more of the Parliament House.

THE GUARD OF HONOR.

Cavalry.

See the cavalry bold, with their helmets so bright,
 How gaily they light up the scene!
 How proudly they prance (when they're not very tight,
 And their chargers excessively green);
 Observe their keen scimitars hanging straight down,
 While their "carabines" point to the sky.
 You'd think that the rain would the bold fellows drown,
 Yet I'll bet all the troopers are dry!

Infantry.

See the gallant Queen's Own boys,
 One hundred altogether;
 They have marched with drumming noise,
 In spite of rainy weather.
 They're standing now at ease,
 While their clothes the rain is drenchin',
 I rather think they'll freeze,
 When the Captain cries, "Attention!"
 Each wields a falchion true,
 Does the gallant Guard of Honor,
 And if he'd run it through
 Your corpus—you're a goner!

The Dread Artillery.

Now then you'd better scatter—see
 Here comes the bold Field Battery.
 Gunner No. 2
 Doth daub
 With his swab,
 His uniform quite new.
 He is No. 2
 On the gun—
 No. 1
 Says fire! at the officer's desire,
 Bang!
 And the loud report doth jar us,
 And frightens all the sparrows.
 And at the last report,
 Away to the old Fort,
 Trots the gang.