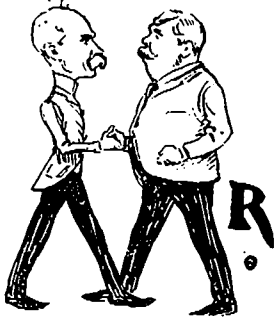


KENNEDY'S LOST OPPORTUNITY.



MAYOR KENNEDY has been condemned by some and applauded by others for his refusal to extend civic courtesies to the License Holders' Convention, which met in Toronto last week. His reason for refusing to perform the duty—for in view of the many precedents it seems to be among the duties of the office to give a reception to every convention that

comes to town—was the strong position he holds on the Liquor question. He declined to act the hypocrite in extending a "welcome" to people who, from his point of view, were *not* welcome. Either his consistency or his courtesy had to go, and he preferred to sacrifice the latter. But he might have saved both, easily enough. Had Mr. GRIP been Mayor he would have invited the delegates to assemble in the Council Chamber, and after a nice little luncheon of sandwiches and ginger ale, and a short season of social intercourse, he would have mounted the dias and made a polite address,—something to this effect:—

Gentlemen,—I am no doubt known to you as a thorough-going prohibitionist, so you will hardly anticipate any words of sincere welcome to an audience of License Holders; but I also trust you will not expect a display of hypocrisy on my part. You came to our city as a body of men representing two distinct interests, viz. hotel-keeping and liquor selling. As hotel-keepers I extend to you a most cordial welcome. You are engaged in a most useful, nay, an indispensable business, and as a body I do not know of any class of the community more genial, kindly, whole-souled and generous, than our hotel keepers. You have my heartfelt wishes for your prosperity as such. I trust the result of your deliberations as a convention will be greater attention to the important details of that business, to wit, good meals, wholesome cookery, prompt and polite service, clean rooms, good beds and peaceful rest at night for your guests. As Liquor Sellers I have no words of welcome for you. Your otherwise respectable and useful houses are only cursed by the attachment called the bar-room—a thing which has no more necessary connection with a hotel than with a butcher shop or dry goods store. I regard it as the open gate of hell, a pit-fall for youth; a sink-hole of all villainy and corruption. Some of you, I regret to say, look upon it as the chief portion of your business. So long as there is money in the bar, you care little or nothing for the hotel department, and hence we have more filthy and ill-kept houses than the public ought to put up with. As liquor sellers I despise you, but not more, I believe, than you despise yourselves. You must feel pretty mean to be taking the money of your fellow men in exchange for that which can only curse and degrade them—and I tell you plainly, whether you like it or not, that the money in your bar-room tills is stained with blood, and you will be held accountable hereafter for every drop of that blood and for every tear your liquor is causing. My advise to you is, clean out your bar-rooms. You may make less money, but you will enjoy more respect, and the public will enjoy better hotels. Gentlemen, I have no more to say.

"THE SPOILT CHILD."

THE spoilt child of the Committee, Harcourt said was Clancy;
 "Spare the rod and spoil the child,"
 Was a maxim of Aunt Nancy.
 Now, if the Committee would save
 This wayward member, fickle,
 They'll try Aunt Nancy's remedy
 With a stout rod in pickle.

THE KILTIES.

HAVE ye seen the Kilties?—Have ye seen *the lads*?
 Have ye seen the pipers, and the philabegs?
 Have ye seen them marching out in this cold weather?
 Are not they the dandies—the lads frae o'er the heather?

Have ye seen the Kilties?—Have ye seen them muster?
 Sergeant Graham drilling—isn't he a "buster"?
 Have ye seen 'em parading—stepping out together—
 Wi' bonnets and wi' tartans—the lads frae o'er the heather?

Have ye seen the Kurnel—wi' his sword and sash on—
 How grand he wore his bonnet—in right Highland fashion,
 Ramsays and McPhersons, Scotch bairns a' together,
 The officers who lead the lads frae o'er the heather.

Let us toast the Kilties—long live the Hielanmen,
 Their dads have shown a prowess they can show again;
 No fear that in the battle they'll show the craven feather,
 For always in the van march the lads frae o'er the heather.

TIM O'DAV.

BINDER TWINE!

I WENT to the House one fine afternoon,
 To hear all I could of the spouting;
 "Binder twine!" "Binder twine!" that was the tune,
 Both sides kept lustily shouting.
 "Binder twine!" "Binder twine!" waste and expense!
 The Opposition kept bawling;
 "Not at all," said Hardy, with excellent sense,
 "Hemp for prisoners is no new calling."

AFTER THE CONCERT.

"How did you like Miss Squawk's high notes?"
 "Not very much, old fellow. But I think we all liked
 them a good deal better than she did—to judge by the faces
 she made taking them."

SHE GOT EVEN WITH HIM.

HUSBAND, — vituperatively—"I was a fool when I married
 you, Mary!"
 WIFE,—quietly—"Yes, Tom. I knew you were!—But
 what could I do. You seemed my only chance—and I
 thought *then* that you might improve a little with time?"

FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



FOR PARTICULARS ENQUIRE AT INGERSOLL, ONT.