



**Taffy for the Senate.**

Editor *Globe*, (log.) :—

DEAR OLD MADAME.—Pardon me, not *old* if you don't like that expression—but, dear dignified and wise madame, I pray you hear me. Please do not imagine that I have ever said anything really disparaging about you; I assure you I have a very high regard for your respectability and utility. In fact I don't think the country could get on at all without you, and I would as soon think of discharging my Bidolph portrait engraver as of abolishing you. You have an important place in our economy, and heretofore I do not hesitate to say you have performed your duty fearlessly and well. Some of the politicians have spoken very impertinently about you, but you have a true friend in the *Globe*, a friend who will never go back on you. Oh, if you would only assure me that my ardent affection for you was reciprocated, even in the smallest degree. I do really love you ever so much. Mrs. Senate, and I have unlimited confidence in your profound sagacity and immaculate honor. If anything could increase my esteem for you it would be your willingness to grant me a little favor: and if you deigned to be so sweetly kind as to express your willingness to do so, I would make bold to ask you—pray don't think me too extravagant in my request—to throw out John A's St. Paul Syndicate Bill!

The dead body of a negro, in a good state of preservation was lately found in a large hog-head of molasses at Meaford, Mass.—*Exc.* Judging from the section of country this happened in, it is astonishing that the Yankee finder did not first sell the molasses before making the discovery public, and then put the dead negro on exhibition.



**"Cultivating a Street Acquaintance."**

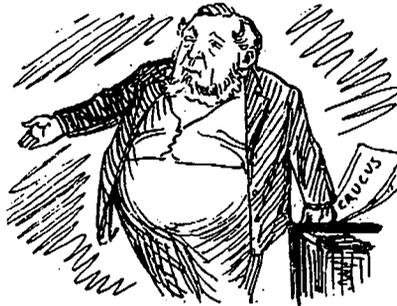
**"Remember the Poor."**

Those of our citizens who have been blessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods, and who may feel disposed to help their more unfortunate neighbors, cannot do better than send their donations to the society represented by Messrs. Patrick Hughes, John Monaghan, and John Kelz, of this city, who distribute relief to the deserving poor without any reference to religion or nationality. The bounty given is in the shape of bread, fuel, etc.

**An Egotistical Senator.**

It has often been affirmed by the opponents of our Upper Chamber that the Senate possesses dangerous prerogatives, but we never before knew of a member of that Chamber arrogating to himself the attributes of the Russian Czar. Hon. Mr. Power writes a letter to the *Globe*, in which he says that there *must* be some "supreme and sole governing Power in the State." What egotism!

Sir John says *Hind* is only trying to make game of the public with his buck-olic charges of corruption. *Deer, deer!*



**Mr. Baxter's Views.**

MR. MAYOR.—With reference to wot 'as fallen from you about interducink of party politics into the City Council, I 'ave simply to say I consider it all rot. I do not deny, of course, that the citizens of Toronto condemned the machine at the polls, and declared plainly that they wouldn't 'ave this partyism any longer; but I would ask, in the words of George Washington, "Wot are you going to do about it?" We are *in*, and they can't put us *out*, and that settles the matter. Wot do we care for public opinion? Wot, sir, we 'ave a *majority*, and it is a rule of the British constitution that a majority always does wot they likes. We don't see fit to give the Grit aldermen any of the chairmanships or other offices, and I don't blame them for squealink about it; but again I beg to enquire, in the words of the late Mr. Twocd ('oo was his-olf a alderman lko we are), "Wot are you going to do about it?" Them's my sentiments, Mr. Mayor.

**From the Inimitable Robert.**

The editor of *Grip's* Almanac had hoped to number the celebrated *Hawkeye* man amongst his contributors of replies to the question, "What is the best resolution to make for the New Year?" The following note, just received in reply to our circular, will explain why that genial journalist's pen was absent:—

"CINCINNATI, O., JAN. 16, 1881.

"DEAR GRIP,—It is hard to keep up with a man who is lecturing six nights a week. This has just caught up with me, and the right to say anything about New Year resolutions has now expired by the statute of limitation.

"Fraternally yours,  
"ROBT. J. BOUQUETTE."



**Nearer the Truth than Intended.**

Scene.—A Fashionable Drug Store in the Forest City.

POLITE CLERK.—Take a seat beside the Refrigerator, Miss, while I make up the prescription.

**A Denial.**

Mr. Allan Pringle, a leading light amongst the Free Thought advocates of this country, sends us a copy of a pamphlet which he has recently written, on "Ingersoll in Canada." In this work he does us the honor to mention *Grip*, though, we regret to say, in a not over flattering manner. Referring to a cartoon representing "Archbishop Lynch strangling the Free Thought Serpent," Mr. Pringle says that *Grip*, in this sketch, "cowardly crystalizes the Archbishop's base assertion that 'a person who disbelieves in the Ten Commandments, in hell or in heaven, can hardly be trusted in the concerns of life.'" Not at all, Mr. Pringle. *Grip* knows that Freethinkers are, in the aggregate, just as good as other people so far as their conduct as citizens is concerned, and we gave no endorsement to the Archbishop's dictum as above. Mr. Pringle is not devoid of wit, and he should have seen that *Grip* was merely representing the Prelate's position on the question as seen from the standpoint of St. Michael's Palace.

**Latest from Ottawa.**

The game is up! The new Syndicate is smashed to smithereens. It was, as our Chief-tain said, a contemptible and flimsy trick got up by wirepullers to save several millions of the country's money, and to prevent the Government from hanging a mill-stone around the neck of the Dominion; but the people fortunately saw through it in time, and our country is safe—in the clutches of St. Paul monopolists.



**The Prodigal's Return.**