



THE N. P. IN HAMILTON.

Mr. Plumb will no doubt be surprised and delighted to see the N. P. elephant's familiar form in these pages again. We feel compelled to trot him out *appropos* of the scrimmage which has for a long time been going on between the Hamilton papers. Notwithstanding the hot weather the scribes of the *Times* and *Spectator* continue day after day to tug and pull at the tail and trunk respectively of the huge critter, much to the amusement of their readers. The *Spectator* man undertakes to prove that the N. P. elephant has been a blessing to the country, especially Hamilton and vicinity. The *Times* man denies the allegation, and proceeds to prove that the N. P. is and always has been a fraud. Grip is not disposed to join in the ruction; he finds it more comfortable to lie down in a cool place and laugh at the show.

Our Trip to France.

Said Senecal to leave Chapleau :
 "Across the ocean let us go—
 "For going I've reasons not a few,
 "And you have 'fourteen thousand' too;
 "With he jib and fortune 'twill agree
 "To see our *banquiers* a Paris—
 "I think that I'll require Faucher,
 "You'll bring Mathieu—What do you say?"

Said brave Chapleau : "I am your man,
 "I'll close the House soon as I can;
 "I'm weary of this long debating,
 "I hate to hear those Rouges prating;
 "For not a feather in my hat,
 "(Although that's what I'm driving at),
 "Can I tuck in while Joly's there,
 "Who baits me as a dog a bear :
 "Then Irving, watching every turn :
 "And Mercier, with his words than barn :
 "Punning Mathieu and Langelier,
 "Who keeps old Robertson at bay;
 "Meikle, and Watts, and all the rest,
 "To drive me mad they do their best;
 "McShane, and Nelson, Lovel too,
 "And all their hateful "Liberal" crew,
 "Fierce Gagnon, "Montmorenci" Charles,
 "With jibes, and bites, and growls, and snarls—
 "Even placid Ross, in doggerel rhyme,
 "Accuses us of many a crime,
 "But Timonorez will do the job :
 "Il passera tous ces gueux au bob,
 "Then, when the atmosphere is clear,
 "We'll take our pleasure far from here.
 "An *plus content* we'll fly away,
 "For every dog must have his day,
 "And wag his tail—or else they say,
 "His tail will wag him quite away."

Do we require to be magicians,
 To guess what these two politicians
 (In the *Rouge* mind) will seek to do,
 When they have crossed the briny blue?
 The one will try his best to get,
 As much at least as friend Paquet;
 The other fight to get the share
 Of plunder left by Wurtele there.
 (They'll take it *without indignation*,
 Nor once think of their lofty station.)
 If conscience rouses sad reflection,
 Mathieu will *move the precious question*;
 If any scamples rack their brain,
 Mathieu will make all matters plain,
 Just as the *influence* unfolds,
 When seen from different points of view,
 To "Reds" appears abomination;
 To "Blues," the saving of the nation.
 They'll try to sell our railway too,
 (That elephant for "Red" and "Blue.")
 So sure the object of their mission,
 Would they refuse a fat commission?
 "Ah! *L'est-ce voir s'ils viennent, Jean*,"
 They'd grab it *immuablement*.
 And all the time that they're away,
 They'll leave the reins with Loranger,
 While Ross, and Robertson, and Flynn,
 And Lynch (perhaps) will all join in
 A hymn of praise to leave Chapleau,
Premier Ministre of grand *bonheur*.
 We'll have reports when they return,
 From which their enemies shall learn,
 That all the bargains Chapleau's made,
 Have left poor Joly in the shade.
 Spite of their waste and deficits,
 (Which Langelier throw into fits)
 They'll milk the poor Canadian cow
 Until she's dry—then make their bow.

Black-Balling Barristers.

The R. C. Y. C. held an "At Home" at their new Club House on the Island recently and their guests, especially the ladies thereamong, report having had a really "scrump-tious" time. From all accounts there is no way of getting into the aforesaid Club, just now, except at entertainments of the above description. For some reason or other the "legal" members, whose number is somewhat large, have taken to black-balling nearly every candidate for admission, unless satisfactory evidence is produced that he is either fully or in embryo a "limb of the law." And so, it is said, the work of rejection goes on, with little or no prospect of the nuisance being speedily abated. It occurs to us as almost a pity that Gilbert had no foreshadowing of this state of affairs when *Pinafore* was under construction. What a suggestive little addition could have been made to Sir Joseph Porter's celebrated history of his early life and advice as to the best plan to be pursued in order to secure a Lordship of the Admiralty! As everyone of course remembers, Sir Jo-eph, in reciting his training as an Attorney's clerk, pointed out the advisability of any pushing person's sticking to some such pursuit, and keeping religiously away from the salt water, if he desired to become a celebrated naval commandant. And to-day he might add that, if one seeks the membership of the R. C. Y. C. it is not his character as a gentleman that is looked into—certainly not his acquaintance with yachting as an art; but his association with and progress in mastering the profession of shady transactions, and the successful trickery which has attended his practice at the "Bar," the latter (it may be) in more than one sense of the term. Mr. Grip would advise the legal luminaries on either side of the Bay to "let up on this *Pinafore* business," and restore the dignity and respectability of an erstwhile irreproachable club.

Canada First!

"I have read," said Mr. Wiseacre, meditatively, "with a bursting heart, of the man who brought a panful of earth from the 'ould sod,' and sat down in it every St. Patrick's Day. But in enthusiastic love of country he does not equal the Canadian who had a farm left him in England, and who took with him a large box of choice Canada thistles, which he planted in his front garden. This was, indeed, the acme of patriotism!"

To the Sparrow.

You noisy, belligerent sparrow!
 Why do you our feelings so harrow?
 To wake us from sleep,
 With your discordant cheep;
 Methinks I could choke you, sweet sparrow!

A Charge on the Church Brigade.

BY A. TENNYSON, PORT-L'IRATE, HAMILTON, A.D. 1881.

Half a block, half a block,
 Half a block downward;
 All adown Main street,
 More'n a hundred,
 Stood the church-door brigade,
 Watching the dress parade,
 Watching the woman show.
 More'n a hundred.

Brainless church-door brigade
 Was there a swell dismayed?
 Not though the fools well knew,
 People dumfounded,
 Asked what they stood there for,
 Glowering like idiots, or
 Grinning at girls that pour
 All in review before,
 More'n a hundred.

People to right of them,
 People to left of them,
 People in front of them,
 Moved and meandered.
 Frowned at by beau and belle,
 Shameless they never quail;
 Lounging *en route* to hell.
 More'n a hundred.

Was there a head once bare?
 One "Christy-stiff" in air?
 Not if they knew it! while
 All the town wondered;
 While the low ribald joke,
 All through their ranks bespoke,
 Caloot and Jackass,
 Clothed in religious cloak,
 Of rye and tobacco smoke
 Redolent, while murmured
 Folks, "Such a crowd to pass,
 More'n a hundred!"

Parents disgraced by them!
 Deacons ashamed of them!
 Preachers, well-knowing them,
 Why don't you thimble
 Words hot as shot and shell,
 Weapons you use so well
 When you're depicting hell?
 Go for these gaping gawks!
 Go for these loafers there!
 More'n a hundred.

When will the scandal cease?
 Oh, the disgrace it is!
 City ambitious!
 Honor the by-laws made!
 Charge the church-door brigade
 Obstructing the Sunday streets,
 More'n a hundred.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE. (A LIFE STUDY ON YONGE STREET.)



AT FIRST IT IS "HIS WAY,"



BUT THIS IS HOW IT ALWAYS ENDS.