

**Advice to the Inexhaustible.**

LANGTRY, J. LANGTRY, please give us a rest,  
Your letters have grown a great bore,  
We'll even admit you're a "priest" as you claim,  
If you only won't write any more!

Your columns of drear Anti-Protestant prose,  
With "priestly" presumption so bold,  
Are simply disgusting to all earnest minds,  
For a man should be hot or else cold.  
Go home, go home, to Rome;  
J. LANGTRY, dear LANGTRY, go home!

**Alliteration's Artful Aid.**

BY THE TELEGRAM'S YOUNG MAN.

Alliteration's Artful aid  
My mind does occupy;  
Methinks that vim's to news conveyed  
By it—(I wot not why.)  
My dictionary hence each day  
I con in study brown.  
That I by rich recurrence may  
Tee-titillate the town—  
For Telly goes and ever shall  
The *holus bolus* animal!

My *Bumptious Bosnia* surely is  
Deserving of a cheer;  
My *Cable Clicks*, too, boys, I wis  
Sound natty to the ear;  
My *Cells' Collection*, whoop! Hoo-roar!  
You can't beat that, by gum!  
To show the *Losel Loons* before  
Toronto's Beak who come.  
For Telly goes, etc.

When *Sol's Sharp Scimitar* does go  
Death-devastating round,  
While wailing widows wan with woe  
Groan, gaunt on gruelous ground,  
You know that *Fetid Fever Fell*  
Does fright the Southern land,  
And Telly also you can tell  
Has got the tale in hand;  
For Telly goes, etc.

I calculate the chaps to please  
My *City Chips* can't fail,  
Which our 'reporters'—*Busy Bees!*  
Pick up—(in *Globe* and *Mail*)  
*European Etchings* lads! they are  
The tuneful sort of thing,  
*Shee-caw-go Scrapings* too have rare  
Approximative ring  
For Telly goes, etc.

My *Harassed Haggler*, (which of course  
Is Turkey) can't be beat;  
My *Haggravating Hailstones'* force  
I reckon too is neat;  
But chief my *Hymen's Hoop*, I 'spex  
Did win the palm of fame—  
When ARTHUR GODFREY did annex  
To ELLEN C. his name.  
For Telly goes, etc.

Alliteration's Aidful Art  
My muse must magnify.  
Though eager envy sling its dart  
And dub it all my eye;  
Yah! *Hideous Horrors* in my page  
With *Miscreant Murderers* jined,  
And *Flaming Fire Fiend's Ruby Rage*  
Shall fetch the feeling mind.  
While Telly goes, etc.

Tremendous trade to Telly thus  
Shall sartin surely spring;  
I care not for each cynic cuss,  
I'll do the tuney thing!  
Avant each *Scaly Scallawag!*  
My dictionary slick,  
I've took and nailed thereto my flag,  
And firm to it I'll stick.  
For Telly goes and ever shall  
The *holus bolus* animal!

**"The Montreal Pulpit"**

GRIP, having taken a violent fancy to the literary style of *Quien Sabe*, the writer of the articles on "The Toronto Pulpit" in recent numbers of *Canadian Spectator*, has engaged that brilliant individual to go to Montreal and write up the "Pulpit" of that city for this journal. Everybody will be proud of our enterprise in this matter; everybody will be delighted that we have sent *Quien Sabe* to Montreal—if he only stays there permanently. Naturally our gifted commissioner has made the Zion Church Pulpit the first subject of his pen, and we have therefore the felicity of presenting our readers with a sketch, in genuine *Quien Sabe* style of

THE REV. ALFRED J. BRAY.

Zion church, as everybody knows, stands on the beautiful slope of Beaver Hall Hill, just above Victoria Square. It is a respectable looking edifice, but owes all its renown to the magnificent talents of its pastor, my dear friend, ALFRED J. BRAY. Mr. BRAY, as the name implies, is a rather ostentatious personage. He came out from the United Kingdom some few years ago, after taking an affectionate farewell of his Manchester congregation, and getting his life insured against bears and Indians. His ostensible object in thus exiling himself from the bounis of civilization was to preach the gospel; though there is good ground for believing that his real purpose was, firstly, to get more room for his amplitude of hair than the British Isles could afford; and secondly, to teach the Canadian colonists how to conduct a high-class newspaper. As a preacher he is very effective—in fact it might be said, in theatrical parlance, that his discourses are given with all the striking and original effects. Perhaps his most prominent fault is his extreme modesty. This is not only very conspicuous in the pulpit, where he has been known to refer to himself as a brilliant orator, but crops out also in his editorial work, where he writes all his leading articles in the first person singular. Mr. BRAY, indeed, may be briefly described as, in his own opinion, the First Person Singular of this Dominion. His singularity is apparently a thing which is very dear to his heart, and which is studied and elaborated with the most laborious care. He utters unorthodox ideas, and says and does eccentric things, in a strictly artistic manner—just in the same way as LAWRENCE BARRETT presents the words and acts of *Hamlet*. It is as an editor of a High Class Weekly Newspaper, however, that the Rev. gentleman is seen at his best. In starting the *Canadian Spectator*, he did not, of course, mean to imply by the title that the paper was to be a colonial affair; it was intended to be and therefore is, a *Pall Mall Gazette* published on Canadian soil. It ably sustains its character as an Old Country journal, by writing absurdly on Canadian topics—in the First Person Singular. Mr. BRAY's editorial instinct is wonderful, as he proved by engaging me to write up Toronto clergymen and their wives. Few respectable editors would have thought of this sort of thing, but it took well, and made the paper sell amazingly. I must finish this sketch, as there are several other Montreal Pulpits to be attended to. In conclusion I may say that Rev. ALFRED J. BRAY is by all odds the cleverest preacher, profoundest thinker and most Addisonian writer in the Dominion—in his own opinion.

QUIEN SABE?

[NOTE.—This is the only article of this series we intend to print. With a sketch of the Rev. ALFRED J. BRAY the subject of the "Montreal Pulpit" may be fairly considered to be exhausted.—ED. GRIP.]



THE Stratford *Herald* is publishing a story entitled "A Monstrous Wrong." It doesn't refer to the result of the late elections.

THE *Globe* says JOHN A. is going to throw \$27,000,000 into the Pacific Ocean. Will Mr. BROWN please let us know (confidentially) the exact locality where this trifle is to be dropped?

IT is now the fashion to put the portraits of pretty actresses on cigar boxes—on the principle, perhaps that the "puffs" the actress has received will assist in "puffing" the cigars.—*London Free Press*.

An actress appreciates this action of the cigar men. She would be badly off if she didn't Hav-ana tobaccker.

YOU cannot always tell by the way a person dresses whether his pew is paid for.—*Berlin Daily News*.

SO says PETER X, whose initials, everybody knows, are P. E. W. Is this intended as a gentle hint to some of his subscribers to pay up their printer?

MR. WILLIAM HEENEY, of this city, is at present detained in New York. While running after a street car a few evenings ago, he slipped, with the painful result stated.—*London Free Press*.

IT may not be so painful to Mr. HEENEY to stay a few days longer in the wicked city of New York as it would be to the truly good man of the F. P.