

Anyway, Chris. and his crows went ashore in their steam launches, and were banqueted by the distinguished men of the country. Each sailor got from Chris. his promised bottle of brandy. Who says that liquor has done this country no good? Why, if it hadn't been for brandy we Americans would be still roaming through dense forests and over trackless prairies waiting for someone to come and discover us. Chris. cabled home his safe arrival, and sent Queen Isabella marked copies of the papers containing accounts of his reception, and woodcuts of his ships. He shortly afterwards returned home—but not before he had established a roller rink and taught the natives the art—and he took with him specimens of grain, wood, minerals, natives, and other products of the soil. The natives were looked upon with much interest by the queen, who hadn't seen many of them before. This was the first time that Americans were presented at court. They've grown quite fond of it since then.

The Spanish nation played a mean trick on poor Chris. They accused him of embezzlement and threw him into prison, where he was treated as if he was a defaulting bank cashier so great were the indignities heaped upon him. He was afterwards liberated, but he had got tired of the Spanish nation, and he refused to speak to it when he met it in the street. The real continent of America was discovered by pilots who were not related to Columbus.

C. M. R.

WOULD YOU?

I'd rather be a brewer's horse
For the space of half a year,
Than be in fact a brewer's mayor
For twelve months, and let beer
And whiskey interests boss the town,
And have things their own way,
And shake and tremble at their frown,
With not a word to say.
I would not care to be a mayor
On such conditions—No—
And stand in fear of bulge and beer,
Oh no, no, not for Joe.

—B.

ALL WRONG.

"I never could understand broad Scotch," said Perkins to his friend, Hector McTavish, the other evening as they sat together over a flowing bowl in a magnificently appointed lush drum.

"It canna be expected o' ye, Pairkins. That's but ane nation i' the world wha can. Mebby ye'd tell me in what partecular yer deefinitely lies?"

"Well, Hector, what do you mean by the expression, 'Brawly, I thank ye kindly for speerin'?"

"Oh! Pairkins, Pairkins, and d'ye no ken the moania' o' thou? Why, it's a simple recognition of frandship."

"Well, that's all right, Hector, but 'brawley' and 'spearin.' Now, my idea was that it was trouble, for, see here, Hector, brawls and spears, spears and brawls! Why, it is so suggestive that really I thought it was a challenge to fight."

"Hech, mun, ye're daft," said Mac, and with a look that might darken the sun, and leaving his glass unfinished, he left his chum alone and strode out of the saloon like a disgusted Roderick Dhu.

B.

A HALIFAX NUMSKULL.

As a general rule stupid people do not read GRIP. The paper is not intended for such; being a political edge-tool it cannot be safely trusted in the hands of children and fools. The editor of the Halifax Herald clearly belongs to one of these classes, and how he came to get hold of a GRIP and hurt himself so badly with it we can't explain. But perhaps a stray nun, or goes to that office by way of exchange. Now, just observe how he handles it (Dec.

10th). In order to keep up the reputation of the Herald for prejudice and partizan spleen, he begins in this way:—

GRIP has long ceased to be anything but a mere pictorial echo of Globe falsehoods. And since its relations to the Ontario Government have come to light, no surprise is excited by its pronounced partizanship. But it seems at last to have become even more grotesque in its misrepresentation than the most violent of its Grit conferees.

This is the regulation parrot-talk supplied to the small fry by the Mail. But we must really thank the Herald for its admission that "at last" we are leading and not following the Globe. Then he goes on:—

This in its last issue every one of its so-called cartoons conveys a false suggestion, for which there is not even a particle of foundation in fact.

Of course the Herald is going to prove this, and we append his criticism as a unique specimen of stupidity. Of all the readers of GRIP we venture to say this "so-called" editor is the only one who failed to see the point of the first-page cartoon, of which he says:—

In one alleged cartoon [why "alleged"?] the Indians are represented as demanding immunity from punishment for their race, though it is notorious that no such demand was ever made by the Indians, or by any one entitled to speak for them. The only men in Canada to make such a demand were the editor of the Toronto Globe and Senator Trudell, who are suspected of having done so from the basest of motives by which human beings can be actuated.

Every other reader, of course, understood the meaning of the picture, which was that it would be just as reasonable for the Indians to take that position as for the French. But perhaps this "editor" couldn't translate the title under the cut, "Reductio ad Absurdum." Next he takes up cartoon No. 2:—

Another picture represents Mr. Farrer, of the Toronto Mail, on "the Protestant Horse," implying that the Mail has been seeking to arouse the Protestants against their Catholic fellow-citizens.

The implication was that the Mail was appealing to the Orange element, and so it notoriously was. Again:—

And, lastly, we have Sir John Macdonald represented as being in London without knowing what he is there for—as if the object of Sir John's mission was not thoroughly understood, and frankly avowed.

This was a joke at which we venture to say Sir John himself would laugh—he not being a stupid ass like some of his "so-called" friends. Nobody, excepting this thick-skulled editor and a few others like him, believe for a moment that the diplomatic reasons given for Sir John's hasty departure were the real and only ones.



ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime," etc.

Editor of G—e.—That's right, sonny, be a good boy; be industrious, steady, temperate and truthful, and you may yet become, like me, the editor of a great French journal!

PROF. DAVIDSON, Chiropodist and Manicure, Corner King and Yonge, over Ellis & Co.'s jewellery store. Finger nails beautified; corns, bunions and in-growing nails, cured at once, without pain. A perfect cure guaranteed.

A FAMILY JAR.

Tim Flaherty (very drunk and unsteady, has just come home with a jar).—Murther and taxes! the divil the bit ken I git off me boots. Be gobs! I thowt I'd have a hard job wid thim, fur me cap wud hardly come off.

Bridget (crying out from her bed)—Ye ould bashte! 'ave ye jist come home? I'l taych ye blaggards to come home like a whiskey barrel. F'what d'ye mane, oi say, comin' home at this 'our rollin' around—as if ye were on the big say—

Tim.—Now, Biddy, dear! does as I bid'ee—kape quite—sure, didn't ye call me a whiskey (hic) barrel?

Bridget.—I did, ye thafe.

Tim.—Well, how in the divil cud I come home if I didn't roll (ha! ha!)?

Tableau.

Bridget (beating him with the broom, exclaiming, "I'll swape ye off the irth.")

Policeman (enters).—Stop this, come with me. I'll take you both. He breaks the jar. (End.)

PORK.

CAUTION.

Any liniment or other medicine that cannot be taken internally is unsafe for ordinary use. Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the prompt pain reliever, is safe and reliable for all aches and pains, and can be swallowed as well as applied.

The Frenchman's former address to Sir Hector and Sir Adolphe was: "Good Sir Knight"; now it is: "Good night, sir."

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SONS' Ordered Clothing Dept., and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

If 100 cats can catch 100 rats in 100 minutes, how long will it take half a cat to half-catch half a rat? It half depends upon the hole.

LUXURY ON WHEELS.

The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets, and 20 York Street.

"Aw, Bunting, what has taken Sir John off to Hangland again?"

"Relaxation, my dear fellow."

"Aw! I thought it was the boat; good day."

"The autumn winds do blow,
And we shall soon have snow."

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of WM. WEST & Co.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

The man who made "a bootless attempt to kick his opponent" is hereby advised to try again with his boots on. We do not see how he could otherwise bare-toe kick the other fellow.

Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.