



## TWO RECEPTIONS.

When the Premier arrived at Quebec,  
(See Grip's pretty sketch of last week.)  
He was met on the boat  
And the taffy he got  
Was enough to have made the man sick.  
But when on that very same day  
(Metaphorically speaking) John A.  
Passed beneath the *Globe* shops,  
He was doused with cold slops  
Which is quite in the usual way.

## The "Mail" on Principal Grant's Speech at the Exhibition.

"Yes, it was a fine speech, a patriotic speech, an elevating and inspiring speech, as you may see by our own report. And he did not pointedly recommend the Scott Act as the basis of the Temperance Colonization scheme, but we wanted a fling at the Scott Act, and being a Grit, Dr. Grant had to get one rotten egg at least from our side, if only a bantam's, you know, it wouldn't do to let him have it all his own way."



## OFF AT LAST.

Away o'er the broad ocean's foam  
I'm going away from my home;  
If you want to know where,  
I don't know, I declare,  
But I'm generally going to Rome.

Weekly returns. Stockings to darn.  
Of what fashionable occupation does vivisection remind you? Of crewel (cruel) work.

## An Incident.

(Sept. 25th, 1881.)

"Where ignorance is bliss," 'tis said,  
" 'Tis folly to be wise."  
And here's a tale of ignorance  
Beneath our sunny skies.

One Sunday morn two maidens fair  
Into St. James' did go,  
And entering a pew did make  
This speech—*nul a propos*.

They saw a box mysterious  
(Where pray'r-books are put by):  
One said, "What can this box be for?  
" This church is awful high."

Mayhap these sweet and simple girls  
Will mothers be one day;  
How wise their children ought to be  
With teachers such as they!

Oh! for a gleam of light upon  
This subject for the twain,  
Then if they less suspicious are  
I'll not have penn'd in vain.

CHARLIE JAY.

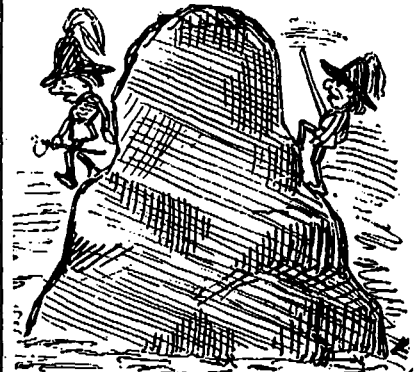
\* Fact.

## The Tramp.

I'm a tramp. I'm ragged and rough looking. Women turn from me in fear, and men look on me with contempt. The little children stop their play when I approach, and every dog has undeniable right to bark and bite where I get in his way. Yes, I'm poor and hungry and friendless, and alone in the great, wide, empty, mocking world; but I was not always so, and need not now be so. I, too, could have a home, I could be cooped up in the narrow city streets, and never see the light of day but through a smoky pall. I, too, could earn a living by the sweat of my brow, could talk of my neighbors behind their backs, drive a close trade, and always take a wide margin, and have a fashionable religion to lean upon when I starved my horse or cow, or robbed my neighbour's hen-roost. But such life cannot keep me. By day I wander along the free highway, no man to say me nay; by night the scented hay forms me a couch grander than which no prince reclines upon. And when the morning breaks, none but the tramp sees the full beauties of the glorious dawn. First the flashing light glints lovingly across the dull, grey sky. No sound to disturb at first the calm, holy beauty of the marital rites of night and morning. Quicker the flashes come, more silvery white the light, bathing the tree-tops in effulgent glory. In the shadows beneath the liquid blue of the lake seems but the dark shield of a gigantic warrior, thrown there to wait his pleasure. The light comes stronger. The babbling of the brook, falling merrily o'er the stones that bar its pathway, seems but to be Nature's song of wakening. But now the birds awake, and from every leafy bough, from every tufted knoll, the feathered songsters pour forth their songs of gladness. Faster and faster come the flashes, the shadows fly before, yonder little hill is clothed in a golden garment, the air quivers with light, till with a bound the great orb of day stands revealed. And what a revelation! It is the revelation of the All in All, of God in Nature. The little flowers, fresh from the vapour-bath of night, flash up a welcome to the morning's light. The brook still ripples on, but with what seems a more glad-some tune; each little blade of grass, loaded with its drop of sparkling diamond dew, seems but one of the many to offer up its incense to the God who rules; each rustling leaf looks forth upon a world that seems but to echo back the refrain of praise; even the discordant note of the wakened frog has yet a ring of joy in it, and the lake is now a burnished sheet of silver, its little waves kissing the shore their morning welcome.

You ask me why I am a tramp—that is why. Is not one such sight as this worth years of city pleasure? Then what are the many? No! I will not return; I will still commune

with Nature, and in the worship of Nature's God, find the consolation I do not find 'neath arched roof and in cushioned pew. You drive me from your door! The birds will bid me welcome, and the beasts give me companionship. I haste away. Adieu.



## THE GREAT "CIRCULATION" BATTLE.

My paper's circulation is by far  
The biggest—you deny it? you're a liar!  
I will smite you hip and thigh,  
For pronouncing such a lie!  
I will fix you soon, my lad,  
When I'm roused I'm awful bad,  
Very soon your boast will be the thinnest air!

So with these savage words the paper-knight  
Prepared him for the fierce and bloody fight.  
With dauntless front he marched right up the hill  
Then he came down—and everything was still.

## What the People Say.

That is has been a very hot summer.  
That they have "got a bad cold."  
That they would like clean water to drink.  
That they can't get it in Toronto.  
That four-foot sidewalks ought to be eight-foot within the city limits.  
That a street car route from Bathurst to Parliament streets through College and Carleton streets would pay public and proprietors.  
That the letter S makes all the difference.  
That they should like to know the truth of the matter.

That Baxter is wrong, and Ball is right about St. Patrick's Ward. Typhoid proves it.  
That they need more public schools and are willing to pay for them.



## A DEAD "GIVE AWAY."

There was a young sculler called Ross,  
Who had money he wanted to lose,  
So he put up his cash,  
Did this sculler so rash  
To row Edward Hanlan, the Boss.