

A Tale of Fair Women.

Mr. GRIP has great pleasure in giving to the public the following letter from Miss Susan St. Clair, as well as the stanzas of her friend, showing as they do the sentiments of Canada's fair daughters on the importation of their European sisters to poach, so to speak, on what they consider very justly their own preserves.

Piche Island, Co. Kent,
Jan. 18th, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP:—

I, among the other young ladies living "west of Chatham," feel indebted to one of our own ex who, in a letter to the *Mail* of the 14th instant, under the *nom de plume* of "An O'd Maid" gives a piece of her mind regarding the presumed exodus of the surplus female population of Great Britain to this country as a "promised land" for their matrimonial ventures. This invasion of unmarried young persons is, I believe, encouraged by no less a personage than our own Governor-General, and a horrid rumour is afloat that the Dominion Government is to grant aid to this scheme, which is directly antagonistic to the vested, or shall I say vestal rights of our own young women, who certainly, according to the spirit of the National Policy, ought to be protected from the foreign market. I send in its entirety a few stanzas written on the subject by a young lady of my acquaintance, and which I hope, with your well-known gallantry and sense of justice, you will publish in GRIP, that terror of evil-doers.

Yours patriotically,

SUSAN ST. CLAIR.

P. S.—I am only eighteen myself.—S. ST. C.

A Modern Girl's Ideas on Female Emigration.

What is all this talk about emigration
That Lorne is making "over the sea,"
If I understand the situation,
I think he had better just let things be.
"Women are scarce"—well, I'd like to know it,
Here we are, numbering seven to one;
Our chances of husbands are slim—I can show it,
And will be slimmer if this thing goes on.

Here are we maidens lingering, sighing,
"Wasting our sweetness on desert air,"
And for all our scheming, and all our trying,
We can't get husbands our lot to share,
It isn't that we're useless—we know our duties,
We can cook and wash, can scrub and sew—
We may not be rosy like English beauties,
But we've style and accomplishments—that I know.

Don't we take interest in all around us?
In Churches and Sunday-schools, missions and such,
Why, if men were so plentiful, they would surround us,
And force us to marry—but do they?—not much.
And as to these pioneers out on the prairies,
Who are dying for wives—I know it ain't so,
Why don't they ask us, they've no cause to fear us,
Let them say "Come along," and we'd willingly go.

Now let me advise all my fair English sisters
To calmly reflect ere they cross o'er the sea,
They are just as well off in the pay of their masters,
With as good chance for husbands at home as have we,
No, no, let us girls have a chance first to marry,
Then bring out your shiploads if girls get scarce,
But talk of that now—every Tom, Dick, and Harry
Knows perfectly well that the thing is a farce.

ALMIRA.

Chatham, January 7th, 1882.

The Heathen Chinese.

We are advised by newspaper paragraph, that a poor heathen who had come to London, Ont., and settled down there with the intention of earning an honest livelihood by laundrying, has been jeered at, hooted, and stoned out of that Christian, church-going, law-abiding city, and was fain to escape with his life to Toronto, all of which is coolly recorded by that enlightened and liberal instructor of public opinion, the daily paper, without one word of protest or disapproval therefrom. GRIP has hitherto

been of opinion that it was the dark places of the earth, yeelpet heathendom, which were full of cruelty. That a moreiless crowd of lawless loafers should be allowed by Christian citizens to persecute and hound a poor inoffensive laundryman out of their city, for no other offence than being an emigrant from that land to which we are implored in Macedonian accents to send missionaries in order to convert them from the evil of their ways, is an anomaly anything but pleasing to contemplate. It strikes GRIP that that paragraph, descriptive of the stoning of a lonely and defenceless foreigner, if translated into Chinese, and sent to the flowery land, might form an appropriate text wherewith to illustrate to the worshippers in the pagodas, the evil effects of that Christianity which is sought to be disseminated among them, and might perhaps induce them to subscribe funds to send missionaries to convert the unbridled youth of the Forest City to the gentler, unoffending manners of the Celestials. It is to be hoped that Toronto, to which he has fled as to a city of refuge, will act consistently with her reputation as a city of churches and missions, by showing this stranger and sojourner, this representative of a people we are so anxious to convert, that in this city at least he shall be protected with the strong arm of Christian justice, in his humble endeavours to earn a living, and to owe no man anything.



THE MUNRO DOCTRINE.

YOUNG CANADA.—That doctrine of yours is sound, Sam! This continent is intended to contain only one nation. The question is:—which of us is it to be!

Goodwill among Men.

A CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL AFTER THE MANNER OF THE OTTAWA "CITIZEN."

The London *Advertiser* is a nasty, scurrilous sheet, whose editor delights in falsehood, slander and vituperation. In his issue of Thursday he called Sir Charles Tupper a "sea coast snorter." How elegant! how dignified! He then goes on to charge this distinguished and able gentleman with being "a bully and a coward." What very abusive and disgusting language. It is simply horrible to think of the manners of these Grit hirling sheets that are ever ready to belch forth their spicen against their enemies. But Sir Charles Tupper is not a coward; it is Blake who is such, and not only is he a coward, but a mean, miserable poltroon as well. Who but a coward would make a boast of stabbing under the fifth rib, and kicking out Alexander Mackenzie with a "speak

now" letter? Coward, indeed! Blake is the biggest coward in the world. As for a "bully," look at Cartwright, that wretch Cartwright! Was there ever a greater specimen of bullying than the way in which he left the Conservative party and joined the Grits? The miserable mixer and muddler, the nasty, crawling, cringing bully! But language utterly fails to adequately paint these besotted cowards and bullies of the other side. When will the time come when personalities will be banished from Canadian politics?

Johnsoniana.

One evening at Lady Beauclerc's, Garrick, Gray, Walpole, Wilkes, and others of the *virtuosi* being present, Boswell, in order to show off to his noble hostess the large and comprehensive knowledge of the sage regarding the public men of the time, asked the great man, "Doctor, what is your opinion of Baxter?"

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, looking sternly at his questioner, "do you mean 'Saints' Rest' Baxter?"

"I crave your pardon, sir, most humbly," explained the obsequious 'Bozzy,' "I made bold to allude, sir, to Baxter, one of the greatest of our retired City Fathers."

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, turning fiercely upon his follower, "why do you worry me with such puerile and semi-idiotic questions? What have I to do with City Fathers? I know nothing of them except from their indifference to my impetuosity and callousness to my extreme indigency during my sojourn in Grub Street. Sir, you're an ass! However, to oblige my Lady Beauclerc, I will say that Baxter is the double quintessence of a rhetorical ward politician, obfuscated with the protuocance of his own corporosity."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Lady Beauclerc.

"Now," said Dr. Johnson, "I'll take a waltz down Fleet Street."

"Oh, sir," said the faithful Boswell, "may I, with humility and a thorough appreciation of your valuable time, ask you as an especial favour to Lady Beauclerc, to condescend to give us a gentle synopsis of your opinion of Blake?"

"Who? Admiral Blake?" roared the great lexicographer. "Madam, he is an infamous son of a sea cook, and should be keelhaunched under his own flagship."

"Sir," exclaimed the frightened Bozzy, "I allude to Blake, the leader of the Opposition."

"Ned Blake, sir," said the great Doctor with great deliberation, at the same time inverting one of her ladyship's candles to make it burn brighter, and spilling the melted wax on the carpet, "Ned Blake, sir, is an Irish Red Shank who would be better riding steeple chases over the stone walls and through the sodden bogs of his ancestral Galwayan deserts, than endeavouring to act the part of a statesman. He is a *doctinaire*, a visionary and a dreamer. Sir, Ned Blake is a nefarious nisi priusified popinjay, belcaugered with the bulkification of is bulldosed bri eosity."

"Do tell!" said Lady Beauclerc.

"Now, as I said before," said Dr. Johnson, "I'll take a skip down Fleet Street."

"Not, I hope, before giving me your opinion of Sir John, Doctor," said her ladyship, with one of her most bewitching smiles, that always subdued and mollified the roughest moods of the ursine pundit. "I would like so much to hear your opinion of Sir John!"

"Madame," replied the Doctor, "if your Ladyship wishes information as to Shakespearean characters, I must take the liberty of referring you to Mr. Garrick, whose vagabondish so-called profession obliges him to read of such. My opinion of Sir John Falstaff—"

"I beg your pardon, Doctor," interrupted her Ladyship, "'tis not about the wicked Falstaff, but of Sir John the Chieftain and Pre-