

## A NEW YEAR'S RETROSPECT IN THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

MR. GRIP, like a wise and sensible bird who has a due regard for his own health and the well-being of the people who prosper by his sage advice, retired early. He went to his comfortable roost, not above the study door, where that omenous raven, we all wot of, was wont to perch and croak his dismal "Never more," but on the back of a most luxurious office chair. How long he had thus thrown himself into the arms of Morpheus, he cannot distinctly and certainly say, but his bill was resting in the soft feathers of his sympathetic breast, and his eye winked at the dying embers in the grate, when he became conscious of a presence.

It was that of an old man with long silver locks flowing down his shoulders, his loose garments gathered about him, a scythe in one hand and an hour-glass in the other. He had little strength left, and on his forehead he bore in luminous characters, 1887. It was the Old Year come to say good-bye.

GRIP—(trying to look cheerful and blinking with one eye).—"Hello, old fellow, you here?"

OLD YEAR.—Yes! I'm going, old friend, going the way we must all go when our time's up, and I've come to say good-bye. We've had many a crack together, we have, and I'm sorry to leave you.

GRIP.—Don't be down-hearted! Cheer up! You leave a warm remembrance in my heart. I've watched you from the cradle to the grave, and you seem like one of my own children.

OLD YEAR.—Watched over me? I should think you did. Not a fault escaped *your* eye. And how you made me laugh! How you gave it to Sir John and Tupper, and how you twitted Edward about his little weaknesses! And what fun you poked out of old Sir Richard, with that wicked pencil of yours! Ho, ho, ho, ho!—and here the old man fell into a fit of laughing that nearly finished him before his time.

GRIP.—Even thus we must perform our duty as *censor morum*, holding up to ridicule the faults and foibles of mankind.

NEW YEAR.—Yes! They all have to take their turn. I've just been making old year calls on some of them.

GRIP.—Then you called on Tupper. What was he doing?

OLD YEAR.—Reading GRIP. He was quite bright. Said you gave him credit for looking after the interests of Canada in the Fisheries Commission, and keeping Chamberlain straight. Used to think you were all for the Grits, but believes you do justice to the Tories after all.

GRIP.—Whom did you call on next?

OLD YEAR.—I skipped over to Ireland and said good-bye to Edward. Found him reading the year's file of GRIP. He said it was good for his political soul, but not exactly comforting. He said, "Old Year, GRIP was right! I was too weak and had no policy. I'm going to commence life over again with GRIP as my guide."

GRIP.—Did he offer you any refreshment?

OLD YEAR.—No; he only pulled his hat over his eyes and buried his nose in GRIP.

GRIP.—On whom next?

OLD YEAR.—On Sir Richard.

GRIP.—And what was he doing? Looking over the expense account of the Kingston election protest, I suppose?

OLD YEAR.—No, he was reading the Christmas number of GRIP. He said it was splendid. So you see,

they all study GRIP. What grand opportunities are yours during the coming year! Good-bye. Do as you have ever done. Be unsparing, but in truth and good humor, and may your shadow never grow less.

He was off, and GRIP slumbered peacefully till the break of day.



## THE ALLEGORICAL vs. THE LITERAL.

She—It is a great expense trying to repair an old house, don't you think?

He (*interested*)—Er—why? Are you not feeling well?

## SHE DIDN'T TUMBLE.

THEY were walking home from the lecture, discussing the merits of the able and scholarly discourse to which they had been listening.

"'Tis seldom," said the young lady, "that I have been so carried away by a speaker. He was so logical—so clear and convincing. Don't you think so?"

"I do, indeed," replied her escort, "and furthermore, it is not often that you find a man with such a perfect and ready command of language. It was a treat not soon to be forgotten."

"Yes; he talks like a book."

"That is not at all surprising," the young man went on to say, "because he is a-tome on the subject."

"Just so, quite at home on the subject as you say."

"Yes, at home—a-tome! ha! ha! Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see; you mean he is thoroughly acquainted with what he was talking about. But I don't see what there is to laugh about it."

He gave a despairing groan and lapsed into silence. He has since been heard to remark that a woman never can catch onto a joke anyhow.

Who says the "growler" isn't a popular institution? We use 1,000,000,000 tin cans in this country every year.

Two Philadelphia hotel clerks have discovered a cure for red noses. Improvement in every branch of business seems to be the order of the day.