



## EXPLICIT.

*Mother.*—Danny, have you gone to sleep?  
*Danny.*—Yes, mother, I've gone, but I haven't got there yet!

## A FEW THINGS THAT ARE RATHER PECULIAR.

That the majority of the professional men follow suit.

That such men should get on to the Aldermanic board at all;—but they do, don't they?

That a clergyman fancies it is wrong to work on the Sabbath day, and yet does his hardest day's work of the week on that day.

That out of about fifty million editors, each one imagines himself to be the individual who has his hand on the lever of the world—or sun—whichever moves.

It is rather peculiar that the Treasurer of a council of the Knights of the Legion of Honor, himself of course, being brimful of honor and integrity, should abscond with the funds of his council; *vide* newspapers.

That a physician accounts for his charges by saying that his education and the expenses thereof must be taken into consideration, and then shows how much he has profited thereby by writing a hand that a five year old shoe-black would be ashamed of.

That a man who has been known all his life as an addepaten noodle, should, when he persuades his confiding fellow citizens to boost him into the municipal council, be expected to discourse eloquently and sapiently on any matter that comes up at the meetings of said council.

That about this time of the year, when it has been discovered that your name is on the voters' list, a number of men who have always happened to be looking for the comet when you passed them on the street before, find out what a good fellow you are, and what a lively interest they take in your family.

That a plumber should be made the butt of a lot of would be funny people's alleged jokes, because he charges for articles in his bill for which he has to pay himself, whilst a man who writes M.D. after his name merely writes "professional services and medicine," and tacks on a sum big enough to pay fifty ordinary plumber's bills.

That you find out, when you have a fortune left you, that you, the hitherto despised and down-trodden drudge, are suddenly "a man the city is proud of, sir!" that you possess "sterling qualities and brilliant talents rarely united in one individual," and that you have about ten thousand relations you never heard of before.

SWIZ.

## A SONG FOR THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

*Rev. Canon Wilberforce, in a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, as President of the Church of England Temperance Society, has just put forward the fact, which neither the Archbishop nor any one else has disputed, that the Church of England, who with her enormous accumulations of property is the richest land-owner in England, is also the principal owner of houses where drink is sold, and that a large part of the immense incomes of her clergy is derived from strong liquor! It seems to us inconsistent for a Church which claims to preach temperance to continue to derive her revenues from such a source. The Church authorities make no sign of remedying this scandal; perhaps a little salutary ridicule may stimulate their sense of right. The Bishop of London alone, in the short drive from his magnificent town house to his palace at Lambeth, passes over a hundred liquor shops which help to support his splendor.*

## I.

A most noble institution for decreasing inebriety,  
Is what is called the Church of England Temperance Society,  
Though our ardent Prohibitionists scarce think themselves the gainers  
By a temperance scheme which blends the "moderate drinkers" with abstainers!

## II.

At its head the "Lord Archbishop" of the See of Canterbury  
Doth encourage "moderate drinking" of good beer, or port, or sherry;  
He was a poor head master once in Rugby teaching scholars,  
But now his yearly income is seventy-two thousand dollars!

## III.

For England's Church of millionaires is richest in the nation,  
To her the dead men left their lands in hopes to buy salvation.  
She kicked the monks out from their homes, a fate perhaps they merited,  
And making gain of godliness, their good fat farms inherited.

## IV.

And England's Church has been accused of strange proceedings sinister,  
Which scarce permit her thus to pose as Temperance's minister;  
If much of all her wealth is paid from dens where vice carouses,  
And no one else in England owns so many public houses!

## V.

When London's Bishop takes a drive from his town house to his palace,  
A hundred dram-shops he must pass where strong drink crowns the chalice;  
His Lordship is the landlord of them all, it would not answer  
For him to trench too roughly on the city's curse and cancer.

## VI.

And through the land every hand, do rector, dean and vicar,  
Make fortunes still by those that swill each vile debasing liquor  
And selling rum is thought by some a spiritual profession,  
Well handed down with bands and gown in "Apostolical succession!"

## VII.

Then talk no more of Temperance lest godless folk cry "gammion—"  
Don't vaunt so much of serving God while slaves to vice and mammon!  
Shut up the liquor shops if ye would prove to us your piety,  
And till you do, shut up the Church of England Temperance Society."

LAV I. Cuss.

## ENIGMA.

DEAR GRIP,—Surely everybody is acquainted by this time with every passage in "Marmion" since Crooks & Co., have advertised it so extensively, so here's a little riddle *apropos* of that noble poem:—

Were I in noble Stanley's place,  
When Marmion urged him to the chase,  
What fragrance round would be diffused  
By me, beloved, tho' oft abused.  
The warriors, with emotion deep,  
Would turn their crested heads to weep.  
Yes, I could make the haughtiest cry,  
And bring a tear to every eye.

ANSWER.—ON-I-ON.

Yours, etc.,  
DADDADACK.

## THE BARBER'S GHOST.

Before our scientific sages  
Had thought of "broad or narrow gauges!"—  
When ev'ry light or heavy load  
Was carried on a turnpike road,  
Commercial men were wont to go  
Their journeys in a chaise, called "po,"  
Or else some trusty "hack" would straddle,  
And do the distance in a saddle.

One morn', in boots and riding coat,  
The hero of this anecdote,  
A genial spirit and a wag,  
Jack Barker, stood beside his "nag."  
With "nose" and "bill" his saddle lin'd,  
His pack of samples strapped behind  
(That in the journey his back bolsters),  
Then put two pistols in his holsters,  
Sprang lightly from the frozen ground,  
Politely bowed to those around  
(Like knights of old did at a tourney,)  
And started on his tiresome journey.

Now, when he'd calied at some few houses,  
Some bargains made and some carouses,  
'Twas growing late, but not before  
He'd gone some twenty miles or more;  
But as his devious way he'd wended,  
Had longer stopp'd than he intended,  
And found that tho' the "glass" beguiles,  
And "moments" kills, it does not "miles."  
So somewhat late, 'midst wind and snow,  
He'd still a dozen miles to go.  
But Jack ere he'd gone half the distance  
Was sore in need of some assistance;  
His hands were chilled and numb'd his feet,  
He felt half-frozen in his seat—  
He sought in vain some welcome light,  
And shelter from the bitter night—  
When, lo! there smote upon his ear  
The sound of muffled voices near,  
He paused—and found the wordy din  
Proceeded from a wayside inn;

'Twas long ere Jack to see was able  
The outline of a house and stable—  
The place look'd wretched, dark and poor,  
But Jack soon thundered at the door,  
Which someone opened from a passage  
Dark as a tomb, for then the gas age  
Had not made ev'ry roadside station  
Ablaze with bright carbonization.  
To questions Jack replied, "Of course,  
Why, shelter for myself and horse,  
For both, my buck, need bed and board;  
The rest I'll tell you 'when I'm thawed.'"  
The landlord growled, "There's little danger  
Of table bare or empty manger—

Your horse a rooney stall may keep,  
But where the deuce are you to sleep?  
You've made a most unlucky call—  
My house, you see, is very small,  
And extra guests to-night it harbors,  
There's not a room, except the barber's."  
"All right," said Jack, "then please convey  
My compliments to him, and say  
That Mr. Barker waits below,  
"Lathered" from head to foot in snow,  
And would his snug dominion share  
So shield him from this 'cutting thair."  
"Tell him yours'lf," replied the host;  
It ain't the barber—it's his ghost!"

"I'm not particular to-night,"  
Said Jack, "I'd sleep with ghost or sprite:  
Rather than face this storm's fierce revel,  
I'd share an attic with the d—l."  
"Enough," said Hodge, "then pray retire,  
I'll send you faggots for a fire."  
"Ah! do," said Jack, "and landlord, mind,  
A something that will cheer a body—  
In fact the requisites for toddy."

Here, reader, I'd remind you that  
A gentleman from boots to hat  
In those days was—I scarce can tell,  
But nothing like a modern "swell."  
They used to wear top-boots and breeches,  
And coats that stuck as tight as leeches,  
With collars that just reached their noses,  
(How changed the cut of Lynes and Moses!)  
Moustaches then were seldom worn,  
And chins were most demurely shorn;  
A single hair on lip or chin  
'Gainst etiquette was quite a sin;

In fact the only whisker crop  
Allowed was that called "mutton chop,"  
So he who then forebore to shave  
Was thought a "mossoo" or a knave.  
Hence gentlemen who rode for days or  
Weeks took with them strop and razor.  
Now what I would impress is this—  
That on the journey Jack had his,  
Now when he'd made a roaring fire,  
Enough to grill a heifer's sire,  
And drunk sufficient scalding grog  
To—"rather vulgar,"—said a hog,  
"Let's see," he muttered, "by-the-way,  
This room is haunted, so they say.  
By Jove I 'twould startle guests and host  
Were I to play this shaving ghost!"

No sooner said, than Jack began  
At once to carry out his plan;  
With shaving brush from ready case  
He thickly lathered half his face,  
His stalwart form from head to feet  
He shrouded in an ample sheet,