

P. QUILL'S POLITICAL STAND.

LET party organs libels write,
It is their nature to ;
Let Grits and Tories growl and fight—
With that I've naught to do.

If Meredith at Mowat rails
Or Cartwright squibs Sir John ;
To neither wind I trim my sails,
But steer my bark straight on.

I do believe in truth and right,
And take no stock in lies ;
Nor see things black instead of white
From soreness of my eyes.

I don't believe in Popish plots
Got up to stir the land :
Nor hypocritic cries, nor lots
Of party contraband.

I do believe that honesty
Will in the long race win,
No matter what's the policy
Or which the party in.

I don't believe in figures much—
It's hard to keep them straight ;
But surpluses are matters such
As don't do up the State.

I do believe that facts are facts
And don't tell double tales ;
But tricks and lies and double acts
Is where my nature fails.

And most of all I do believe
That honest people will
Endorse these sentiments that leave
The pen of Peter Quill.

RARE BEN.

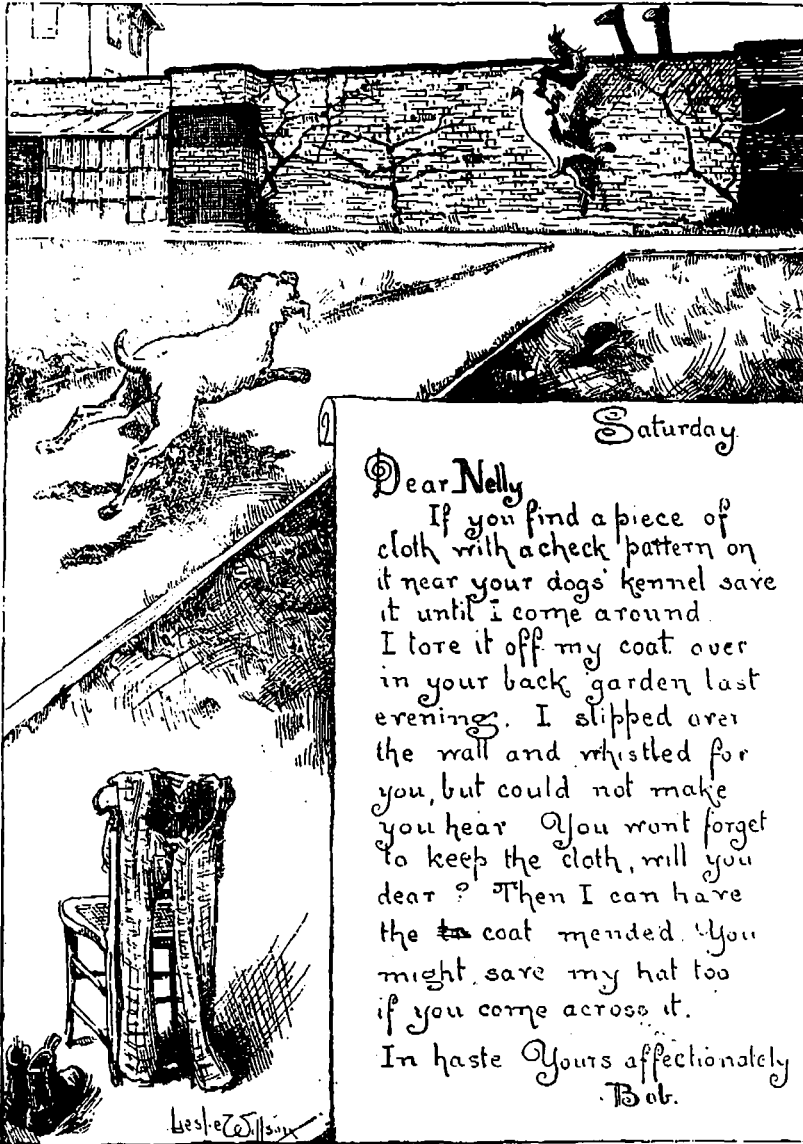
THE artists love Ben Butler. He is to them a perpetual joy. He is never in politics without ideas, and he loves to place himself in the most unexpected of political places. He is always a sweet surprise when he is to be seen, and a source of sorrow when he is in retirement. When shall we see another face like his? When shall there arise another man who knows so much and places it to

such small account? Ben, rare Ben! remain with us always. A dozen men to make up for your departure would breathe an atmosphere of loneliness and bring despair.—*N. Y. Judge.*

The cartoonists of New York are green with envy of Mr. GRIP's list of available character faces, and would give almost anything for a phiz like John A's. Ben Butler is the only good subject they have left—and he is no circumstance to our "old man."

FROM AN AMERICAN-CANADIAN.

MANKATO, Minn., Dec. 28, '86.—Your last number of GRIP is "immense." That hit on Blake is good, and I am sure will be appreciated by friend and foe. Barney O'Hea's piece is extra good, and McLachlan's poems are grand, and Scottie Airlie is a "pawkie chiel" beyond all criticism. We have laughed more over his productions than any other Scotch writer. Long may he drive his quill is the wish of
T. McTUFF.



Saturday

Dear Nelly

If you find a piece of cloth with a check pattern on it near your dogs' kennel save it until I come around. I tore it off my coat over in your back garden last evening. I slipped over the wall and whistled for you, but could not make you hear. You won't forget to keep the cloth, will you dear? Then I can have the ~~to~~ coat mended. You might save my hat too if you come across it.

In haste Yours affectionately
Bob.

God! an' not a bit av flesh on the head av it, only a big mouthful av teeth grinnin' at me an' the oyes av it all eaten out wid the wurrums, and it walks up to the table moanin' an' groanin' an' wid two human hands it tuk the apron off the goose an' walked out av the back dure wid it, an' through the hole in the fince, into Misthress Richard's back yard! But Misthress Burke couldn't be persuaded by no manner av manes to ivir cum back to that house again, an' that's how she cum to live wid me—an' that's how her New Year's goose was cooked.

JAY KAYELLE.

WE offer a prize of \$1,000 or its equivalent, viz: a bound volume of GRIP for 1886, to any person, no matter of what creed or nationality, barring Archbishop Lynch, who will prove to our satisfaction that there was no connection between the fact of Jim Hughes being away from home on the spout, and the bursting of the steam pipes in one of our city schools.