

Stories are current to the effect that several Grit Members owe their landladies yet for board last session. This is tough!

A new office—that of Inspector of Suburban Post-holes—has been created in order to find places for unemployed relatives of Tory members. There will be one Inspector for each township, salary \$5,000 a year and the services of a resident Deputy.

Two members failed to get their copy of GRIP on Saturday. A threat to bring the matter before the House resulted in the discovery of where the papers had gone to. A minister whose name will be sent you privately had bribed a page to steal and destroy all the GRIPS he could get in the Post Office. This shows the desperate condition of the Government.

I am glad to learn that one flow, at least, of sessional extravagance, is to be summarily checked. I refer to the practice which so many country members have been indulging in for years back—that of confiscating sessional stationary and selling it to travelling peddlars at home. In this connection I might also state that instructions have been issued to the city bookstores prohibiting the purchase of postage-stamps in large numbers from any person not having a sale permit from the Government. This will catch the Grit members, at any rate.

An ugly scandal is going around to the effect that a well-known representative of a Western constituency, and a bosom friend of Sir John, was detected at a select dinner the other night in the act of pocketing two silver napkin rings. I shall have a talk with the man before giving his name.

It is amusing to hear the stories about the vacant Senatorship which misinformed correspondents are reporting. Mr. J. J. Hawkins gets it, of course.

As the despatcher of this telegram is weak—from deciphering it, I guess—I shall close.

Send me another \$1,000 secret service money.

THE GRIPPER.

SONG OF THE GLOBE REPORTER.

DEDICATED TO THE HON. MEMBERS FOR RUSSELL.

Poor Robillard's bosom has suffered a wrench
By reports that appeared in the *Globe*,
So he "downed" its reporter in excellent French,
While the House showed the patience of Job;
For from French into English and English to French,
Is like breaking a journalist's neck,
But it don't help Ontario's bills to retrench,
Whatever it may do in Quebec.
So now, *prenez garde, mon cher Robillard*,
For this fact you should certainly know,
That your course of procedure is rather *trop tard*
And won't do here in On-tay-ree-o.
Don't act in your speech like a "pug" on his muscle,
My Hon'able member for Russell.



A DIVORCE DEMANDED.

Whom the Devil hath joined together, let every man put asunder.

STOP IT.

GRIP was very much astonished the other day to receive the subjoined telegram from a prominent news-bealer in Podunk, Mass. It seems by an explanatory letter afterwards received, that the dispenser of intelligence had got hold of a *Mail* of the 7th instant, and was imbued with the idea that in a land where "British tyranny" rules, all telegrams should be sent in cipher. Unfortunately he forgot to send the "key," hence GRIP's amazement in getting the following message:—

PODUNK, Feb. 10th, 1884.

To the Editor of GRIP.

Tom cats reposing in Cathedrals, swine-coops all around. Will you have yours hot, with vanilla? General Andrew Jackson at Thunder Bay. Stole his comrade's soap. How warm it is. Old time rocks. My love is like a beer barrel. Give three cheers and jump overboard.

SNOVENBURG & Co.

The expert of the *Mail* has kindly furnished us with the translation at follows:

PODUNK, Feb. 10th, 1884.

To the Editor of GRIP.

Why this delay with GRIP. People are waiting. Send 1,000 by mail here at once. The town is an uproar and a riot is expected. So don't neglect, or probable bloodshed. Have received letters from all quarters as to paper, and feel much annoyed.

"GOLDENHEIMER & Co.

It is unnecessary to say that GRIP does not sigh for any more messages of the sort, as they are rather too suggestive of Guy Fawks and O'Dynamite Rossa. So GRIP would take it as a kindness if all foreign newsmen unacquainted with the laws and customs of the country would wire their orders in the usual manner.

THE YOUNG MAN OF GREAT BRAIN POWER.

When a *Globe* reporter starts out to write something he just means to write something, so he does. The other night one of them started out to write something. It was about a temperance lecture. This is a part of what he wrote:—

"The speaker denounced heavily the liquor traffic which has slaughtered and ruined numberless men and women, and urged that as Christian people they should oppose it."

The hidden beauties of this extract are best revealed to one whose intellect has been trained in metaphysics and all other abstruse sciences—the same as the reporter's intellect has.

In the first place, notice the fact that the liquor-traffic was denounced "heavily." This, possibly, is intended to convey the idea that the lecturer was no light-weight champion of the Temperance cause. The occult significance of this method of description could only have emanated from a Person of Great Brain Power. But, on the other hand, a shrewd suspicion may have possessed some readers that another meaning was sought to be conveyed in concise shape, namely, that the lecturer "heaved" his denunciations, as it were. Still a third impression that may have been made on some minds is, that the able lecturer spoke in broken accents, or rather broken-winded accents—that he appeared to have "the heaves,"—if the expression be kindly permitted,—so to speak. But, at all events, in whatever light you regard this adverb, the entire originality and adaptability of the word in the connection in which it is employed must strike you with the purest admiration.

Observe, in the second place, that it was "the liquor traffic which has slaughtered and ruined numberless men and women,"

that was "heavily denounced." No other liquor traffic was meant. No other must be confounded with this one. The precaution taken to secure a perfect understanding on this important point attests at once the forethought and unobtrusive ingenuity of the Young Man of Great Brain Power.

Now, in the third place, reflect for an instant on the careful association and order of the words "slaughtered and ruined." A reporter of less Brain Power would have hastily written "ruined," and never given a thought as to the additional eloquence and force gained by the employment of the other word, "slaughtered." How smoothly and aptly the two verbs flow and fit, when you come to really regard them critically. It is a scientific fact, upon which the casual reader perhaps very rarely meditates, that no person has ever been actually and unmistakably "ruined" before being positively and unquestionably "slaughtered." How powerfully and yet withal delicately is this great truth conveyed by the Young Man of Great Brain Power! The reader's admiration irresistibly intensifies, does it not, as he continues to grasp the sublime ideality of this little excerpt?

Fourthly, and lastly, let us dwell a moment on the fervor, force and finish of the concluding nine words—"urged that as Christian people they should oppose it." It appears to us that "slaughtered and ruined" men and women never had advice more soberly and succinctly tendered them. "As Christian people" both "slaughtered and ruined," they are urged to opposition! Does the mere fact of a rather uncomfortable condition deter them? Will they reject the advice? Can they—in the very face of the moving manner in which the *Globe* reporter expresses, or rather compresses, the lecturer's thoughtful counsel?

In conclusion, there is a Grand Future awaiting the Young Man of Great Brain Power. The *Globe* is to be envied the possession of him. It should never allow him to go—loose.

A HOWLING EVIL.

FRIEND GRIP,—Why, oh kindly tell me, why is the large gang of ragged, cursing, on-scene and thievish "hoodlums" allowed to hold their nightly orgies on the side walk in front of the Grand Opera House. This aggregation of young ruffians dance, howl and blaspheme like very imps of Satan, and would disgrace the surroundings of a Bowery variety snap. When the policeman on duty makes his appearance, they scud away in all directions, only to reappear at the vanishing of the "Cop." Ladies are horrified and respectable men disgusted whenever they patronise this theatre. Could not the gentle Sheppard who runs the affair devise some scheme to obviate the nuisance?

MARY JANE.

LOST LOVE.

BY A SNIVELLING CYNIC.

I like to see the snow so lovely falling,
I love the icy blasts that sweep so rude
Among the squalid news-boys, loudly bawling
Ar and the bob-tailed jacket of the du e.

I gaze with rapture on the barren branches
That stretch their frozen arms from the trees,
And point to where in noisome wretched ranches,
The sturdy emigrant sits down to freeze.

I love to see the ai y, fairy maiden,
Facing her homeward way, her eyes in tea s,
While she with parcels has both arms o'erladen,
Can't use her hands to warm her freezing ears.

Why do I love these scenes, devoid of pity?
Why do I like these scenes replete with woe?
Is it because my love has stripped the city,
With a rich Yankee off to Buffalo?

Yes, so it is, because I've lost my true love,
That I have turned into a heathen crank;
So be s look out and see the girl that y u love
Don't ski the country with a lanky Yank.