

**The Dire "Necessity."**

TO THE EDITOR OF GRIP:

Sir,—Bein' dreadful desirous of the welfare of my country, which includes Devonshire in England as well as Albion's Corners in Canada, I allays studies with great intencness the questions which come up in the papers about what is good for her—Canada, I mean. I am therefore deeply impressed with all the argyments that have lately been a floatin' about on the necessity of the soshle evill. But, in a matter like this which aint pleas'n't to think on, I cudn't bring my mind to bear on the point at all, least ways about providin', for all my four gals is married and comfortable, and as for their purty daughters, there's Jane, a sight too purty an' modest to name on such things, and there's Viney, a smart little lass as'll keep some good man's house in order nicely at some futur' period. An' then there's Mary an' Jessiean' Kate, them's smart gals Lor' bless us, to think o' their innocet little faces ever gettin' what we used to call "brazen"—I don't know what it's the fashion to call it now—well, it was too much for poor old Granny, so I looks around at my neighbours' children, and there wasn't one as I thought ought to be devoted, as I hear the gals is in Japan—to this ness'ry evill. Somehow I cudn't stummach the idee, but praps that's because I'm so old-fashioned.

So says I to myself "they say as ravins is very clever birds, an' I'm sure our Jim's was—that was in Devonshire when I was a gal, for it used to sit on the gate and ponder by the hour, an' if we lost anything, say a silver thimble, or a spoon, or a mutton bone, we was sure to find it in Bob's sleepin' place, he were such a thief." So says I to myself, "I see a ravin on a paper, and as that means as the paper is wise, an' knows a thing or two as we used-ter-say, says I, I'll write and ask if they knows of anybody willin' to devote their gels to the supplyin' of this ness'ry evil that must be purvided. So, Mr. Ravin, if you knows of anybody, praps you'll let me know, just to set my mind easy about the comfort ness'ry to our poor young men bein' purvided for, and if you don't know of anybody, praps you'll enquire of your noomrus readers (aint that it?) and ask which on 'em is willin' to bring up their gels for this ness'ry evill supply. I never had no boys, and tell ye the truth I aint sorry now, cause I can't bring my mind to think as I should a liked them to a bad anything to do with such a sort of ness'ries.

Yours, dear Mr. Ravin,  
GRANNY.

**Christmas Books.**

No season has ever surpassed the present in the sumptuousness of its Christmas books. The esthetic mania has, at all events, done good in one respect—it has spurred up the publishers to almost miraculous efforts in the line of elegant volumes. To be convinced of this you have only to step into any of the fine stationery establishments on King-street, where art books are made a specialty—notably into the splendid premises of Messrs. Hart and Company, between Bay and Jordan-streets. Their shelves and cases are groaning in the proverbial manner with treasures of the publishers and picture-makers' art. One little volume is sure to attract special attention. It is a take-off on the esthetic craze, as good in its way as *Patience*. We refer to Josephine Pollard's brochure entitled "*The Decorative Sisters*," illustrated by Walter Satterlee Messrs. Hart & Co. are carrying on the good work begun by Hart and Rawlinson in the way of hand-painted books and cards—a line of work which not only affords remunerative employment for many talented ladies in our country, but evidently fills a "long-felt want," as the increasing demand testifies.



**A CHRISTMAS CAROL.**

(AFTER DICKENS.)

The Dean stood deeply pondering. "Please sir, would you spare a trifle to help the starving," said a poor weak voice. All around were tumble-down dens of Satan. And the good man still stood pondering. He might have been thinking of the long ago; he might have been ruminating on the chime of the Christmas bells. Or perhaps he was thinking how good it would be to devote some of the enormous income of the Rectorship of St. James to the moral and material improvement of Lombard Street, the reproach of the city though the property of the Church.



**"TIS HE!"**

Who marches up the streets at night  
And softly sings his chorus bright?  
Who fills the "peelers" with delight?  
The Student.

Who gazes in the peeler's eye,  
With timid glance and manner shy,  
And swears to "stick" to him or die?  
The Student.

Who doth the peeler's thoughts engage,  
And fill his manly breast with rage,  
Which nothing earthly can assuage?  
The Student.

Who goes into the "Golds" at times,  
And chants the quaint old College rhymes,  
Especially one called "Old Grimes"?  
The Student.

Who always pays his little bills,  
Who frequently has awful chills,  
Which nothing but hot whiskey kills  
The Student.

Who seldom drinks, or smokes, or swears,  
Or puts on houghty toighty airs,  
Nor finds it hard to get up stairs?  
The Student.

Who loves to square up with Nudel,  
Like anyone below loves?—(Well,  
The name of it I shall not tell.)  
The Student.

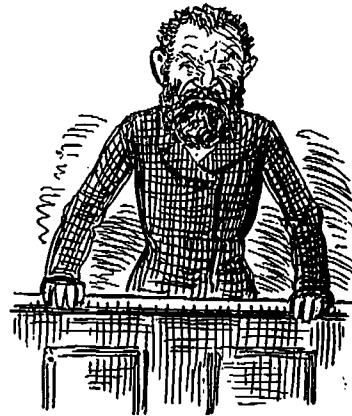
Who loves the "Globe" like lover true,  
And reads its columns daily through?  
There is but one 'tween me and you—  
The Student.

And who, like Trevvy Ridout, rates  
The "World," because it advocates  
Our independence which he hates?  
The Student.

Who is it seldom reads a book,  
Or at Curriculum doth look,  
If he can help, by hook or crook?  
The Student.

Who says this is not doggerel rhyme,  
But poetry inspired, sublime,  
And for it pays his half-a-dime?  
The Student.

JA KASSR.



**THE GUILTEAU CASE.**

THE CHIEF INSANITY EXPERT ON BEHALF OF THE DEFENCE.

Angelina—"I have been to hear Rev. Mr. Mistigush. He gave us a beautiful sermon. He is a very learned man you know." Frank—"What makes you think so, dear?" Angelina—"Oh, I know he must be, Frank. I couldn't understand at all what he was talking about. But it was a beautiful sermon.—*Boston Transcript.*