



MASTER MOUSSEAU'S CHRISTMAS PIE;  
(A REWARD FOR BAD BEHAVIOUR.)

#### ONLY.

Only a brandy blossom,  
Only a bloom on his nose,  
Showeth that liquor doth boss him,  
Shows where his money all goes.  
Only a night in the station,  
Down in the dirty damp cells,  
Only a lost situation,  
Is what that bright blossom tells.  
Only a face smeared and dirty,  
Only a shirt far from clean,  
Only a sentence of thirty  
Days to inhabit Fort Green.  
Only to buy a big collar,  
To place 'neath the barkeeper's chin,  
Only to spend your last dollar  
To buy him a bright diamond pin.  
Only, oh can it be only,  
For the sake of a prisoner's home  
You leave wife and family lonely:  
"Twere better you never were born,  
And he who the poison dispenses,  
Who doses out whiskey and gin,  
Some day he'll be brought to his senses,  
Remember the "Wages of Sin."

#### AN OPEN LETTER TO AN EMINENT PERSON.

DEAR GRIP.—As open letters to eminent persons seem to be the order of the day, especially in the new departure or Democratic portion of the press, I take the liberty of sending this epistle to you, to GRIP, the unerring monitor whose warning croaks cause the unthinking to pause in their wild career and reflect on the possible result of their intended actions, ere they make fools of themselves to be pointed at by the finger of scorn of the populace whom they desire to serve. These remarks of course apply to public men, especially to callow tho' ambitious parliamentary members or aspirants for that somewhat questionable honor. To GRIP, the deadly foe of snobbery in general, and Canada snobbery in particular, I address this open letter—So hero goes—

You, who were supposed by the people of this great Dominion to be, notwithstanding your playful satires, lampoons, and cartoons on and descriptive of our public men, the great conservator of the rights we have enjoyed

and still enjoy under the mild and peaceful sway of that Government whose flag I need not remind you has for one thousand years (be the same more or less) braved the battle and the breeze, seem to have turned recusant and gone over to the enemy. What did you wish to insinuate by that cartoon depicting a slouch-hatted border ruffian riding a mustang and blazing away with his revolver to the consternation and confusion of everybody else? Your representative of popular government on the mustang seems quite jubilant. He has downed Goldwin Smith, Jack Robertson, the fiery Griffin of the *Mail*, the *Globe* man flies at his approach, and even the great and undaunted Boyle seems to turn pale as he waves the *Canadian* banner defiantly to the breeze. The unterrified democrat on his fiery mustang seems to have everything his own way, and the whole situation is very romantic and makes a very lively and thrilling picture, indeed. But surely, most excellent GRIP, you are not going in for cow-boy rule, for elective judges who sit with the feet on the desk before them during a trial, or gentlemen "learned in the law," who occasionally trouble him for a "chaw terbacker," for sheriffs who may get their positions through the vote of the criminal classes." I trust not, I hope, and in fact, feel assured that you are no such a bird. The people in our section are very much exercised at the thought of your supposed backsliding. I write to you in a friendly spirit and with the sincere hope that you will explain your position and the stand you are about to take in these portentous times when veiled treason stalks abroad, and quiet the minds of your numerous readers and admirers around our clearing, and set at rest the perturbed spirit of your erstwhile contributor,

GUSTAVUS SLASHBUSH.

Tamracville, December 17, 1883.

[Friend Slashbush, "don't take on so" about the cow-boy picture. GRIP is as of yore the sturdy friend of his countrymen and loyal to the core. Yet he is independent, and careth

not particularly whose ox is gored by his playful delineations. GRIP will continue to flap his wings in the face of the American eagle, or peck at the irate snout of the roaring lion of Great Britain just as the occasion warrants. If it is any satisfaction to the good people in the vicinity of Tamracville to know the fact, you can assure them that personally, a cow-boy is not GRIP's *beau ideal* of an executive officer. So

"What's a' the steer, kimmer?"

[Ed. GRIP.

#### FAIR GEMMA SERENA AND THAT POOR TELEPHONE.

A charming young maiden I know very well  
Whose real name is—Oh, no! I never will tell.  
But she oft visits friends  
And her sweet presence lends  
An influence wielded alone by a belle.

At one of the houses made bright by her stay—  
They are pretty well up to her dear little way,  
For they perfectly know  
She's not only *one beau*—  
As they listen oft times to her Telephone play.

Yes—Gemma Serena has many young beaux,  
And how she assort them—nobody knows,  
But she'll sit there alone  
By that poor Telephone—  
And bring them on separately—all those beaux!

I cannot remember one-half of their names,  
And as for a list of her innocent games—  
It is known alone  
To that poor Telephone  
The list of her games and her "followers' names

And so it continues the live-long day,  
Though what on earth they can all find to say!  
Well—I pity alone  
That poor Telephone  
Who does all the work—and gets none of the pay

She comes from a town which is not over gay—  
But home she must go—even fixed is the day,  
So she says (with a sigh  
And a tear in her eye),  
"My dear Telephone—it will soon be 'Good-bye' "

But her visit must end, she is sorry to part  
With relatives kind—but she must make a start;  
So she makes up her mind  
To be tender and kind  
And calls for a "muster" of every sweetheart!

Her relatives sit there and stare aghast  
As she settles her ear after ringing a blast—  
Till there issues a groan  
From the "head" Telephone  
Who "Hellos" and roars in his rage at last.

But Gemma S. sticks to her dear Telephone,  
And sighs to her sweethearts—"I'm all alone—  
And going home one day  
Especially Monday  
Oh! won't you all come? Answer—by Telephone!

"My dear native village is awfully quiet,  
But I promise you all a most excellent diet—  
I will rent the Town Hall  
For a Bachelor's Ball  
If only you'll come to my village so quiet."

Her relatives wildly screech, "Hold on! rash girl—  
You'll put all their brains in a terrible whirl,  
For all are invited  
And you'll be indicted  
Burglariously breaking some hearts—cruel girl!"

"There's safety in numbers," says lovely Gemma,  
"By favoring all I avoid dilemma,"  
So she Telephones dozens  
Of—not her cousins,  
Still I strongly suspect there's a favorite with Gemma.

Oh! ye Telephone owners read this and beware  
Of young lady visitors spoony and fair—  
Who will ring on their beaux  
Until the day's close  
Never thinking of Telephone wear and tear.

If Gemma Serena these lines should detest,  
I beg her royal pardon—but I've done my best  
To make her atone  
To that poor Telephone  
By giving the instrument some little rest.

"Her father is a pirate?" "Aw, ya-as,"  
"Why, what are you talking about? Old  
Pinfeather is no pirate." "Why—aw—ya-as.  
He's a regular freebooter. That's the reason  
that I quit going to her house."