

Who he was, and What he said.

"Hi ham ere," he remarked, squatting in GRIP's big arm chair, and diffusing around an air of bad whiskey and inferior tobacco, "to hobserve the manner in wich the hinhabitants—the haboriginals—hif I may so hexpress myself without hoeffence to—"

GRIP assured him that nothing he could say would produce that effect. "To vun hof them, hi was habout to remark, hi ham ere to hobserve the style hof reception haccorded by the natives to hour Most Gracious hand Royal Princess, hand to communicate the same to er Royal—"

"JIM," cried a sharp voice, while a form in livery half-obtruded itself at the door, "hif master did give you half a day hout he didn't give you a ole one. Who's to clean hall them boots? Hif you don't come along—"

"JIM" absquatulated with the most lightning-like rapidity ever witnessed in the sanctum he had profaned by his audacious entrance. If he had not—! But GRIP draws a veil over his intention.

To Jonathan.

The time is comc. GRIP feels he can
To Washington afar
Call to his cousin JONATHAN
In his vernacular.

I swan! Old Hoss! Neow, yew air some—
Hev to the office went,
And fair and square to time hev come
And paid in every cent.

Hev proper satisfaction gin,
And passed along your pile,
And paid the fishin damage in
In most all-fired good style.

Neow stealin from your visage eout
GRIP satisfaction sees,
Which better is than stealin trout
Across your boundaries.

GRIP satisfaction superfine
Declares, and tells yew heow,
At yeur a-takin this new line,
He feels some punkins neow.

But GRIP has an idee most great,
Which he must neow express,
And will it exfunticificate
With most polite address:

Consoomin Eagle of the North,
Which yells defiance reound,
From top of Alleghany forth
To all on airthly ground;

Big Grizzly of the Boundless West,
Who bellers thunder tones
Of indignation fit to jest
Squash them as sits on thrones;

Great Screamin Alligator, and
Eternal Crocodile,
Look down in condescension grand
And smile on GRIP a smile;

Or, if yeur dander yew must rise,
And tear him limb from limb,
Jest hear one observation wise
Before yew gobble him:

Yew air a most tremenjjs hoss,
But yew'll dead spavin'd be
If the Eternal Track yew cross
Of Christianity.

Then, when yeur fishin craft yew tell
Along our coasts tew run,
Jist let 'em fish a six days spell,
And rest the other one.

Chacum a Son Gout.

COL. LITTLETON has formally notified the ladies that their dresses should be worn *decolleté* at "Royal" receptions, or "no admission." This, in the "hyperboreal regions of Quebec"—as the *Globe* used to call our sister Province—the ladies consider it giving them literally the cold shoulder, and is more than they will bare.

Unfounded Rumors.

THAT GOLDWIN SMITH pays the *Globe* for puffs.
THAT DR. TUPPER is fond of being interviewed by *New York Herald* fellows.
THAT MORRIS is popular with the Conservatives of East Toronto.
THAT JOHN A. is about to turn out the Marquis of LORNE and give the place to RUFUS STEPHENSON.

Rejoicè!

The CAMPBELLS have come, heigh ho! heigh ho!
Our creditors dun, heigh ho! heigh ho!
For the most noble Scot we're paying the shot,
It'll take all we've got, I know! I know!

The Indian Frontier.

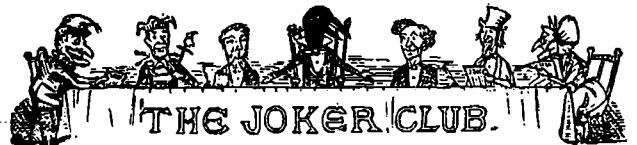
GLADSTONE TO DIZZY.

You say that they cannot invade us,
But "embarrasing us may, and distract,"
Now pray with your logic just aid us
And tell us why so it should act.

You explain your foe's strength so contracted
That invade you there's no chance he might,
Do you mean that you'll go quite distracted
When you see there's no hope of a fight?

And you say it needs rectification
For it's no scientific frontier,
But you mean just to rob the next nation
Of its acres—an intention clear.

But you'll be of all Britain the ruin.
You're a firebrand, a Ghoul, and a Jinn.
Oh, why do they keep any Jew in,
Oh, why aint they putting me in?



A VERY LOW IDEA.—Col. LITTLETON's idea of ladies' dresses.

HUSSELMAN, the Socialist, has been hustled out of Berlin by order of BISMARCK.

MR. TILLEY has not gone to England to negotiate a lone—having taken Sir A. T. GALT with him.

THE papers say the Marquis of LORNE excelled everybody in dancing the reel at Montreal. Now, if his head is as good as his heels, heel make a reel good Governor.

By the use of the Aurophone you can hear the rope walk or the butter fly.—*Free Press*. Or the fall of the year.—*Richmond Baton*. But you can't hear what the Government says about the hard times.

MR. JOHN MACLEAN's Tariff Hand Book is published, and copies have been placed upon the tables of the Ministers at Ottawa. Now look out for the National Policy.

We learn that in January the Prince of Wales is to shoot over Major De WINTON's estate. We hope the people on the adjoining lot have been warned to keep out of the way.

"Domestic Economy is at the root of the highest life of every true woman," said the PRINCESS, and forthwith Col. LITTLETON ordered that the upper portion of court dresses be dispensed with.

"Passing into Victoria Square, a fine bronze statue of Her Majesty came into full view, and excited a smile of grateful recognition from both the Princess and her husband." So says the Associated Press reporter; but how does he know it was a smile of grateful recognition? The distinguished couple being known *connoisseurs* of art, GRIP is inclined to suspect the smile was somewhat at the expense of the sculptor, if he recollects the statue aright.

EDISON's phonograph is to be adapted to Christmas toys, and pretty soon we will have miniature figures from whose mouths a stream of audable talk will issue at the will of the manipulator. Our Governor-General should at once give an order to have a figure of himself carved out and supplied with phonographic machinery that would deliver replies to all the addresses with which he is bored. He would thus save an immense amount of valuable time, which he might spend pleasantly and profitably reading GRIP.