

THE GREAT MONTREAL CARNIVAL.

FROM GRIP'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP,—By the time you reach this the great carnival and curling bonspiel, most appropriately so called, for I can assure you I saw many a bon spill executed by the performers, will be tottering on the confines of past and present. I would that space would permit me to throw my soul into a lengthy description of all that took place, for such a gathering of the *elite* of every place of any pretensions whatever, surely never took place before; and the scene, as viewed in the magnificent cooler, was gorgeous in the extreme, the rich costumes, and exquisitely tinted noses of the mayors from other cities, forming a rich harmony of color. But this gathering, sir, has at length come to a head, and in a few more hours will be—bust. I shall only be able to give you a brief description of a few of the most distinguished visitors, besides myself, who were present, and of the characters assumed by them on the occasion. I have endeavored, in my humble way, to sketch these individuals, and forward you the result of my labors.

First and foremost came our revered chieftain, as



"TOM, TOM THE PIPER'S SON,"

whose appearance and get up were the signal for rounds of applause, though many were bewildered at his assumption of a character so peculiar. He, however, explained the matter to your representative, saying, "I might, with propriety, have taken the role of the Piper himself, for those who dance are expected to pay the piper, and I have made many of my acquaintances pay dearly for their light fantastic efforts: but I am far too modest," he continued, blushing, "for the old man's part, so take that of his son and help myself."



AS "G. WASHINGTON."

Sir Charles, in his continental cocked hat, and old time make up, as the "father of his country," fairly brought down the ice-house. The sheen of his little hatchet was reflected from a thousand points on the walls of the vast refrigerator. Your representative, in order to test the thoroughness of his get up, asked him whether he loved Ed. Blake with the fondness of a happy mother for her first-born. "Old

man," he replied, "I cannot tell a lie, even if I had time to hatch it. Ax menosuch questions," and with an ingenuous smile pervading every nook and cranny of his countenance, he swept off to mingle with the glittering and jewelled throng of governors, newspaper men, mayors and such.



AS MICAWBER.

Dick came in with his white hat perched jauntily over his right ear, swallow-tail coat, tights and gaiters. He looked the character to perfection; hard up, ready to negotiate a note on any terms, and equally ready to grab anything to his advantage that might turn up. He was unanimously voted a complete success, and advised by solicitous friends to stick to the assumed character for ever.



AS OLIVER TWIST.

Mowat, as Oliver Twist, was a dead failure in one respect, as he looked far too fat and comfortable for his part. Again, Oliver T. was a very good, honest little boy; he was, also, in the language of the Artful Dodger, "unkimmon green." Readers, compare and keep mum. His, Oliver M's, first move was to button-hole the Piper's son and demand "more." "Yes," replied that worthy, "you shall have it; I will give you more; but not this eve, some other eve; at the next election I will give you more—trouble." Poor little Twist retired to a corner and melted away several chunks of the icy edifice with his scalding tears.



AS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

The poet looked and acted his part to perfection, which is to be accounted for by the fact of his long residence at the deserted hamlet of Niagara; in fact he privately acknowledged that the state of solitude in which he existed had always put him in mind of R. Crusee at Juan Fernandez, and this vividly brought home to him his own condition of "leftness." His secluded manner of life was, however, very conducive to a placid and calm state of mind, and he was, even now, preparing to launch a new volume of poetry on the public. On hearing this, the visitors at once took up a subscription to enable Mr. Plumb to remove to some crowded city, and thus avert the threatened catastrophe.



AS EXCELSIOR.

This statesman sailed in in great state, his banner with the strange device flaunting merrily in the blasts of the E flat cornets and trombones of the band. His face was decorated with the usual spectacles, and that celestial, yet sardonic smile so well known to the Ontario hayseeds and hawbucks, who have studied it when its owner has eloquently discoursed to them of the price of buckwheat, boundaries, autonomy, Ontario rights, and other cheerful subjects. Sir John, on seeing him, roared out, "Hallo! Ned, this is not the glorious 12th. Why comest thou hither as King Bill the III? Oh! you are 'Excelsior Take care, my boy, that you are not picked up 'in the morning' cold and grey,' one of these fine days, dead and frozen out of further political efforts." "Tis true," replied Ned, "that I carry a strange device, but is it, let me ask, stranger than some of yours, Sir John?" "Whisht," replied the chieftain, "I care not. Folks say I sometimes get high, but you are welcome to get higher if you can," and the two retired to a neighboring buffet. It was a pleasant tho' affecting sight to behold two such men thus forgetting their political animosities for the nonce and exchanging their execrable jokes with one another. Would space permit I could draw out this description to an indefinite length, but I must now conclude, remarking as I do so that during the few days that your representative tarried in Montreal, he felt himself to be where he was in his element, first, as the representative of the leading paper of the world, and secondly, in the society of all those who are great and good and honored in this glorious Canada of ours.

MONTREAL.

Fogg dropped into a saloon the other morning and ordered a cocktail made up of raw eggs, beer, brandy, pepper sauce, and of every other article he could see in the place. "That's a queer drink," remarked a bystander. "It's mentioned in Scripture, however," replied Fogg. "How d'ye make that out?" asked the other. "Why, isn't it a unique horn?" replied Fogg with a leer. "Come now, that's not original, is it?" asked the friend. "Well, no; I must own up that I cribbed it from GRIP'S ALMANAC for 1883." Now for sale at every bookstore.