



THE BEGGAR.

Day by day he stood, stalwart and strong,
Pride and independence writ upon his face
Yet begging, his fellow men among
Not food, not money—no such disgrace—
But only—*Work*.

THE KHAN NODDETH.

GRIP is still keeping a paternal eye on Khan, the poet, watching for the dropping of poetic gems in the Saturday *Globe* as vigilantly as commoner crows perched in the trees at Rushdale Farm in spring time watch Khan the farmer for the dropping of golden grains of corn. But since "Morning on the Farm" nothing in the gem line has been forthcoming. It would seem that when the Khan's stuff isn't very good it is exceedingly bad. It is either true poetry or unmitigated bosh. Could there be more drivelling doggrel than this:

"Oh, fayre ladye, I've pants for thee,
I've pants for thee, I've pants for thee,
I slaved all night
To finish them quite,
I hope you'll find them make all right,
They're neither too loose nor are they too tight,
O, fayre ladye,
I've pants for thee."

and so on for four stanzas! We cannot resist the impulse to parody the metre and say,

O, Khan, dear boy, it's awful rot,
It's awful rot, it's awful rot,
And how you came
To write the same,
And still expect to keep your fame,
And not incur the critics' blame,
GRIP knoweth not—
It's awful rot.

THE OTHER AUTHORITY.

B RADSTREET no rating gives this youth,
Yet he must be of Fortune's sons,
For wher' papas would know the truth,
His standing 's straightway proved by duns.
Smith, Gray & Co.'s Illustrated Monthly

GOOD IDEA.

M R. ROBERT RAE suggests that on New Year's morning at least one million Canadians rise up and sign the total abstinence pledge—and stick to it. The suggestion is greeted as a happy thought, and steps are being taken to give it effect. One idea is that it should be an early function in every household, father, mother and all the boys and girls putting their names to the pledge-card, which may then be framed and hung upon the wall. If only the idea can be made known widely enough, the response by families will, we are sure, be general, but there is no reason why cards should not also be distributed in churches and other public assemblies for signatures on the eve of the New Year.

THE LEAGUE.

THE Toronto Art Students' League is composed of fellows who differ from the average artistic fellow in this—that they work as well as talk. They are an independent-spirited, manly set—we are not now particularly specifying C. Macdonald Manly who is one of 'em—who for years have stuck together through many vicissitudes and worked generously for the love of Art. Every year they remind the outer world of their existence by issuing a beautifully illustrated calendar—a veritable gem of typographic and pictorial art. That for ninety-five has just made its appearance, and fully sustains the high standard already set, though as a practical work of reference in the average kitchen it is distinctly inferior to the common or garden Almanac, because the consulter would be sure to get so interested in the drawings that he or she would forget all about looking for the date. The contributors this year are Messrs. A. H. Howard, C. W. Jefferys, G. A. Reid, J. Jephcott, J. A. Kelly, R. Holmes, J. Willson, F. H. Bridgen, C. M. Manly, D. A. McKellar, H. Hancock, G. E. Spurr, J. H. F. Adams, D. F. Thomson and R. Weir Crouch.



THE MISSING WORD.

STREET PREACHER: "What does St. Paul say on this pint?—I repeat, me brethren, what does St. Paul say—(with a yell)—What are the words of St. Paul?"
POLICEMAN (interrupting):—"Sorr, I'd have you remember that missing word competitions is illaygal."