

York, edited by Frederick Archer, refers to it as "in all respects a most charming little song. Evidently the production of a musician of taste and refinement. It deserves to be widely known." Copies may be obtained at the leading music stores.

GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC FOR 1886 is in the printer's hands, and will shortly break forth upon a delighted world. It will be similar in size and shape to the ALMANAC of last year, and will be sold for the same price—the popular and trivial ten cents. In all other respects the present work will vastly surpass its predecessor of '85. It will contain a greater number of illustrations, much better engraved, and the literary matter throughout will be decidedly superior. As usual, a double-page cartoon will be a feature of the ALMANAC—the picture in this instance being one of the most elaborate and amusing that has ever been produced by the cartoonist of GRIP. Besides Mr. Bengough's work, the ALMANAC will contain special artistic contributions by Messrs. Blachly, Kelly, Jopling, Cunningham, and Worth, and literary good things by Swiz, J. K. Lawson, S.A.C., E. W. Thomson, T. A. Haultain, T. Boylan, J. W. Bengough, and other popular writers.



### THE CORNET FIEND.

BY A SUFFERER.

Tar-ra-ra, toot! Tar-ra-ra, toot!  
Great Scott! he's here again.  
I'd hoped we'd heard the last of him,  
Alas! I hoped in vain.

For, every night at eight o'clock,  
I hear the same galoot,  
On his brazen old cracked cornet,  
Sound his tar-tar-ra-ra, toot.

He's a fiend. He's a demon,  
Oh how I'd like to shoot  
That lodging-house musician  
With his tar-tar-ra-ra, toot!

When he starts you think the sound comes from  
A maniac hawson,  
And the dogs in all the yards around  
Get up and bay the moon.

Then he'll change to a falsetto  
With an agonizing shriek,  
And the tom cots all commence to miaul,  
The rats come out and squeak.

The neighbors groan in anguish,  
And the boys outside all hoot,  
At the boarding-house musician  
With his tar-tar-ra-ra, toot.

Has he no consideration  
For the feelings of the people?  
Is he neither beast nor human  
Like the man in the church steeple

Immortalized by E. A. Poe?  
He's worse than wasp or hornet,  
Is this pernicious tooter.  
With his cracked discordant cornet

I'm sure he'll drive me crazy;  
For as true as I am born,  
I knock'd an old friend prostrate  
Who said, "Let's take a horn."

For the word "horn" so reminded me  
Of that peace-destroying brute,  
That lodging-house musician  
With his tar-tar-ra-ra, toot!

### THE IMMIGRANT AND THE NATIVE ON NEWSPAPERS.

I.—I see you have a large number of newspapers in Canada.

N.—Oh, heaps.

I.—Which do you think will be the most proper for me to take in order to learn as much as possible about my new country?

N.—Oh, I dunno; they're all pretty much alike.

I.—Which do you take?

N.—I take the *Journal*, of course; but it all depends upon your party, you know.

I.—I can't see that, exactly, since the knowledge I want has nothing to do with party, but if all your newspapers are so much alike your *Journal* will do for me, no doubt. Will you let me look at the North-West column?

N.—What in thunder do you mean? "The boys" are home long ago; Middleton and Strange, Otter and all.

I.—No, no, you mistake; I mean the column in your paper devoted to North-West affairs.

N.—Column, man! what'd the North-West want a whole newspaper column for? What do we want to know all about North-West affairs for?

I.—Well, as part of your Confederation I thought each province would want to know how every other one was getting along, and whether all kept step as it were. Have you no direct news from any of the provinces then, or do your papers merely deal with your own affairs?

N.—Oh, well now!! Of course if there's any rumour or ruction anywhere we generally hear about it, but as a rule—well—I don't know but we are pretty quiet about everybody else's affairs but our own. Mind our own business, kind of.

I.—That's all right; but it seems to me that if you have no regular correspondence with every province in the Dominion, you must all feel rather like strangers to each other; more like a *de-federation* than a *confederation*, you know!

N.—Oh, well, I dunno, we're all friends; but it's a fact, now you speak of it, that we don't know much about each other. 'Twould look nice, too, to see a British Columbia column, a North-West column, a Manitoba column, a Nova Scotia column, a Prince Edward Island column, etc., etc., too numerous to mention. Look more brotherly, so it would!  
S.A.C.



### BOND STREET IS STILL STRUGGLING ALONG.

A certain remedy for sea-sickness has been discovered. It is probable that the steamship companies will now be mean enough to raise their prices because they will have to feed all the passengers.—*Phil. Chronicle Herald*.

### NOW DREAMS THE POET.

'Tis now the dreaming poet lingereth  
Midst mellow Autumn's pomp and pageantry,  
Sad at the leaves' fall and the flowers' death,  
Enchanted with her royal blazonry.

With gorgeous hues of russet, crimson, gold,  
Made fair, he sees the stately tall trees stand;  
He hears the wild winds moan across the wild,  
Watching the sober skies with dark clouds spanned.

He muses in sequestered woodland haunts,  
A far-off look within his tender eyes,  
Till a prickly burr doth penetrate his pants  
And interrupt his soulful reveries.

—JUDSON FRANCE

### FLOATING FUNNYISMS

WHICH ESCAPED THE EAGLE EYE OF THE PROOF-READER.

SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF.

*Montreal despatch*: Two smart-looking and intelligent lads, named La Framboise and Paquette, were caught in the garden of the Nuns on St. Catharine Street last evening, by two constables stealing apples.

EFFECTS OF THE SMALLPOX SCARE.

*Canadian Baptist*: In Prof. Wolverton's communication of last week, for amount invested \$40,300.00, read \$40,500.00; for "students find themselves two weeks behind," read ten weeks; for "vaccination," read vacation.

WHICH WOULD YOU SOONER GO FISHING?

*Toronto Mail*: Situation vacant—an elderly person—more as companion.

COVERS, HE MEANS, LIKELY.

*Apr Recorder*: The Board of Managers of the Mech. Institute are indebted to the Rev. T. H. Orme for the addition to their files of the *Christian Guardian*.

THE DOUBTFUL LOCUS IN QUO.

*Tilsburg Observer*: Mr. Joseph Gibson, of Ingersoll, it is hardly necessary to say, made an admirable speech.

TAKE STOCKIN' THIS.

*Ottawa Free Press*: The Kingston baseball club will be entertained this evening at the "Queen" by the enterprising proprietor, Mr. J. H. Spencer. The Ottawas will also be present at the feast. "More Hose John" is an old Kingston man.

A DECEIVED LADY EDITOR GIVES HERSELF A CHARACTER.

*Brantford Telegram*: Upon information received from a supposed reliable source a paragraph was published in a recent edition of the *Telegram* reflecting on the respectability of Mrs. Crawford, of the Indian Reserve. We have since learned that Mrs. Crawford was wronged in the paragraph, being an industrious woman and a member of a church on the Reserve.

AN INTERESTING YOUNG PARENT.

*Barrie Examiner*: Miss Amelia E. Anderson, daughter of Mr. Jas. Anderson, of this town, who is only 17 years of age.

EDITORS GETTING BABIES IN DIFFERENT WAY.

*Orillia Packet*: Mr. Davis, editor of the *Mitchell Advocate*, has been married twenty-four years. During that time eleven sons have been born to him and his excellent wife; but they have been waiting, watching and praying for a daughter. Last Sunday the long-looked for little lady arrived, and it is said to be the intention of the proud and happy parents to christen her "Enough." They have certainly been pretty plucky, but they ought to read that anecdote of the Glasgow woman who declined to consider her duty done until the advent of the twenty-first, which was lately sent to the *Packet*.