



The Calf's Tail Philosopher.

THE Editor of the *Leader* is puzzled at the MURPHY Wave movement. He can't understand why there should be any excitement in the work of rescuing men from the curse of strong drink. He is utterly at a loss to account for the fact that hundreds of the victims of intemperance in Toronto have been liberated from their degrading vice within the past few weeks. In fact, he occupies about the same attitude as the philosopher in our picture, who studied the calf's-tail protruding from the auger-hole in the wall, and almost ruined his intellect in trying to conjecture how in the name of sense the calf had got through so small an opening. The *Leader* says that RINE is crazy. Moreover it says he advocates legal prohibition and the Dunkin Act, which it knows is a deliberate misrepresentation. RINE does no such thing; his movement has its beginning and end in moral suasion and individual reformation, as the man who wrote the *Leader's* article knows perfectly well. The journal, in a Christian country, that would raise its voice against a purely moral movement deserves the pillory, and GRIP thus publicly inflicts it.

The Turco-Russian at Home.

(Concluded from last week.)

JIGGES cast a contemptuous yet triumphant glance at the gory array of baffled invaders outside, and then coolly lighted a fragrant Havana. The lonely Christian on the inside was just becoming heart-rendingly familiar with JIGGES' left ear, when a cannonade of smoke was opened upon him. The demon laughed and begged for more, swallowing it greedily to the astonishment of JIGGES. A determined man is not easily baffled, however, and JIGGES filled his room with a dense puff of battle, all fired at the grinning Cossack who was emitting sounds like a cornet in an asthmatic brass-band, or a dying dog in a sausage-machine. A howl of rage came from the outsiders at this cruel treatment of their colleague.

JIGGES puffed. He knew that narcotics would win the day yet over his solitary adversary. The warbler grew dizzy in his warbling, staggered, squinted, licked his parched jaws, yawned, nodded, and finally settled down on the corner of the table, near JIGGES, with an imploring moan on his lips.

JIGGES gazed out of the window. The bottoms of a billion stamping feet, more or less, and frothing trunks, met his eyes. He laid a knife upon his prostrate foe and then gazed out again. The Russians were making preparations to cross the Danube, marching round cannon and iron-clads, issuing proclamations, denunciatory of the awful Turk within, and the covering small fry about, and the white moths in the sea of leaves. The suffocating Russ within sent a wild, throbbing appeal into JIGGES' eyes, which went to his soul, and he could not kill the Cossack for the present. The dreamy little insect had charmed him and was whispering *Thanatopsis* and passages from *Faust* into his ear, when he related, in a confidential way, how he was a descendant of MARK TWAIN'S *Celebrated Jumping Frog*, although now a Russian, JIGGES' romantic heart beat a response and he frowned all malice into the next Centennial, and fell upon the dear creature's neck.

Then JIGGES heard the iron-throated artillery without. He imagined himself an impregnable Constantinople and the roar of the impending battle sounded doleful. But it grew fainter, and JIGGES knew no more.

It was morning when JIGGES roused himself from the table on which he had fallen asleep. He rubbed his nose, but oh horrors! it was swollen to a two-fold size, and itching, and groaning for pain-killer. He rubbed his eyes, gazed into the looking-glass, smiled a ghastly flicker, and moved and seconded that he was in a dream. But he wasn't. Presently he looked up and made a discovery. At one corner of the window sat the little Cossack, as plump as a beer-barrel and grinning

like a drunken owl. On the outside were encamped a hilarious-crowd of Russians, all under the influence of blood. Among them was the Colonel, sitting upon an imaginary Turk, the prostrate and disabled Captain Yow-w-w-w, and singing a national hymn while he punched the unfortunate 243 times, to slow music by the surviving cymbals of the band. It all became clear to JIGGES now. The little villain had drained him at the nose and delivered the red beverage through a crack in the window pane, while he was snoring from the effects of his big smoke. JIGGES did not stop to debate whether the crack was a breach effected through the cannonade. No. There was a rush for the little outlaw; a murder and a funeral were performed fifty times over, and a war dance which might have made the Man-who-wears-the-bear's-shirt envious, was executed over the grave of the Cossack. The enemy without were next scattered to the winds, by means of every movable object within fired through the pane of glass; and the night's campaign was ended. Then JIGGES descended to breakfast and had his feelings once more harrowed by such remarks as, "Uncommon fine blossom, that of yours, JIGGES." "I've a receipt that can demolish all the boils in creation, dear." "That's a temperance tract, I'll bet," &c.

The Pic-nic at Brampton.

By our Irishman.

Were you niver at Brampton?—then it's you should be stamped on,
Not by this time to have faisted your eyes
On that nate country village, surrounded wid tillage,
Paratees and turnips, and cabbages likewise.

An the iligant mansions, wid their lawn expansions,
Tastefully bordered wid a painted fence;
Sure a hermit wise there might moralize there
Through the summer sayson, livin' like a prince.

As you'd have said there, whin the tables spread there,
Bindin' wid weight down, did your view surprise;
An' the bafe an' musthard intherspased wid custhard,
Hams also an' sirloins, puddins too an' pies.

Green boughs all a swayin', in the breezes playin',
All beneath them dinin' coolly in the shade;
Folks in cities livin' thinkin' then of givin'
Up the town complately, country lives to lade.

Fine young ladies waitin' on the people aitin',
Graciously dispensin' cofee out and tay,
Shure that crayture CUPID is extramely stupid
Or he would be takin' more av thim away.

There SIR JOHN was dinin', and his inside linin',
Jovially laughin', and makin' lots av fun;
Just as if *Globe* writers—it's thim is the inditers—
Hadn't tould the public all the wickedness he done.

While his chafe physician, an' grate politician,
TUPPER an' MACDOUGALL—did their dinners take,
Busily preparin', for the wear and tearin'
Av the mighty spaches they wor about to make.

There was Misther DAVIN, too, his dinner havin',
Evidently quite in some deep poetic drame,
Chafe av all the writers an' descendant av the fighters,
Wid a big shillalah like a waiver's bame.

Whin the faist was inded, thim we all attended
Where tin thousand people waited in a crowd,
Thim MACDOUGALL takin' the lead commenced the speakin',
Faith it was himsilf had to shout out purty loud.

After him kem TUPPER, and 'twas time for supper,
Vis, or mighty near it, whin the two were done.
Ayther they were prosy, or messilf was dozy,
But I wint to slape there sittin' in the sun.

But a noise like thunder woke me up in wonder,
'Twas SIR JOHN reasavin' a great applaudin' shout,
Spakin' av Protection, for the nixt election,
He said that he would give it, av it put MACKENZIE out.

Talkin' like a charmer on Protection to the farmer,
Givin' him home markets and a bether chance to live,
Givin' his sons chances in life to make advances,
Thim they hurt my hearin' with the yell they give.

All was now hurrayin', while we med our way in
Where the cars were waitin' for us on the track,
We poured in like ocean; they got into moshin,
Clappin' all the stame on, rowled us nately back.