

Defamers of our great North-west are in the habit of insinuating that the climate up there at this season of the year is not very balmy. I have even seen it stated in telegrams that they have had it down below zero already this winter. What heartless mendacity! The weather at the present time in the district of Regina is just such weather as we have here in August. I have the authority of the *Regina Leader* for this;—not its editorial authority, mark you, which some might consider shaky—but that of its advertising columns. In the last number I find a striking announcement of a sure and certain specific for mosquito bites!



JOHN BAXTER'S RIDE.

WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO THE AUTHOR OF
"JOHN GILPIN."

John Baxter was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A man of weighty influence,
Well known throughout the town.

An aldermanic seat he filled
As full as it could hold,
And wrought full many a goodly act
Of which he never told.

But here to sing his ample worth
'Tis not my present plan,
For everybody knows about
This corporation man.

I merely wish to tell how he
Upon a fateful day,
Essayed to take a little drive
With Coatsworth's one-hoss shay.

A steady-going nag was this,
A phaeton neat and trim,
Which for John's importunity,
Good Coatsworth lent to him.

He took his seat—the springs did groan—
Then took the reins and whip—
But I forbear for want of space
To chronicle the trip,

Lest this narration prove as long
As Cowper's "Gilpin" rhyme,
I'll cut details and simply give
The denouement sublime.

I've pictured it above, for words
Are powerless to convey
The scene with which that drive did end
On that eventful day.

The horse lights out—the phaeton trim
Is smashed to smithereens;
And Baxter sits like pudding vast,
And wonders what it means!

A moral here I'd now affix,
Don't lend J. B. your horse—
He's sure to ruin it—besides
He's got a street-car pass!

And one more word into your ear
I beg to gently shout—
GRIP'S Almanac for '84
Will very soon be out.

"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion."—Day's Business College, 96 King St. W. Toronto.



"The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," a comic opera which recently had a long run in New York, is being performed at the Grand, by Patterson's Opera Company. The members of this troupe are much superior to the average of travelling companies, and the piece is decidedly worth seeing.

The celebrated Fisk Jubilee Singers announce a farewell concert on Friday evening of next week, prior to their departure on a European tour.

Mrs. Langtry's performance of *Julia* in "The Hunchback" on Saturday evening, was, in our opinion, a triumph. This would have been admitted by the critics of our dailies, only that it is fashionable to say that Mrs. Langtry is not an actress but a beauty.

Messrs. Suckling & Sons have secured the celebrated Theodore Thomas Orchestra for a concert at the Pavilion, on January 7th. The subscription sheet is now open. The great expense involved has necessitated a rise in the price of seats, but no lover of high class music will willingly be absent.

LITERARY NOTE.

Wm. Warwick & Son, Canadian Publishers of the *Boy's Own* and *Girl's Own Annuals*, have just issued those popular volumes for the New Year. The books as usual are magnificent specimens of the printer's and engraver's arts, while the binding is done in Warwick's best manner. They are sure to command an immense popularity with the rising generation. Although specially adapted to the tastes of young people, these *Annuals* have great attractions for all, and so favorably do they strike Mr. GRIP that he has arranged to place them upon his special list of premiums for new subscribers.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS.

We hear that some zealous members of the Church of England Temperance Society propose, at the next meeting, to move for a few trifling amendments to the constitution and by-laws of that noble organization with the view of increasing the funds. The following, amongst other changes, will be suggested:

I. That the office of President (like that of Vice-President) be made a purchasable commodity; that the price thereof be \$50.75, cash or thirty days.

II. That any member who desires to take a snifter may, on payment of \$50 to the Treasurer, receive an Indulgence permitting him to do so.

III. That members in good standing shall, on payment of \$50, be permitted to wear full bishop's costume (including Eastward position) at the regular meetings of the Society.

IV. That the office of Outside Philanthropist, carrying with it the privilege of visiting the slums of the city and rescuing the perishing, be not a purchasable office, but be conferred, as a mark of honor, on all members who do not contribute \$50 to the funds of the Society.

"Will you have cafe noir or cafe au lait?" "I guess," answered Mrs. Parvenu, wearily, "I won't take neither—them French puddin's is so awful fillin', you know, and I've eat now more than I'd oughter."

THE FATE OF NUMBER FOUR.

We brushed our coats and blacked our boots as black as they could be;
We buckled our waists so "awful" tight that we could scarcely see.
We whitened our belts as white as snow
With lots of moist pipeclay,
And marched to Delaware to shoot upon Thanksgiving Day.
And some would make a centre, and some an inner,—sure,
And some would hit the bull's-eye, if the day were not obscure.
And we all would rattle the target up, and knock the rings around,
Till the marker died for want of breath, a-getting across the ground.
And when unto the village our warriors drew nigh,
And saw the shabby Delameres, we felt as good as pie.
We felt as good as cocoanut, and lemon pie likewise,
And the dusty boots of the D. Galoots
We viewed with much surprise.
For their boots were free from blacking,
And their pants were not the thing,
And probably in the ill-dressed crowd
There wasn't a diamond ring.
Their paws were hard and horny paws,
They spoke a sorter slow,
And they didn't seem to look like us
A little bit, you know.
We got the target boosted up, and patronised the lot,
And we felt a trifle guilty like at knocking them all to pot.
But we tried to chirk them up, we did,
And brace their bended backs,
Which were out of perpendicular
With swinging the rural axe.

We cannot tell how it happened—we really can't at all,
Alas! they licked us out of shape, our pipeclay, boots and all.
They licked us up, they licked us down, they licked us round about,
They wrapped our heels around our necks
And turned us inside out.
We did not rattle the target up nor knock the rings around,
The marker went to sleep and slept—his snooze was quite profound.
We couldn't shoot the bull's eye, the centre was no go,
And we missed the inner and outer, too,
Twice out of thrice, you know.
Our brows were met, our teeth were set,
Our lips were thin and hard;
Our faces lengthened gradually to nearly half a yard.
We beat them on appearance, but oh! I do deplore
To state, they beat us ten times worse when we came to count the score.
The birds upon the branches set up a jeering shout
To see them slaughter No. 4, and put the boys to rout.
And all the honest farmers rejoiced the sight to see,
And grinned like old hyenas, and danced a jubilee.
Alas! those wicked Delameres, that green and verdant pack,
Oh! how they hammered the target up,
They smote it every crack.
The speckled up the inner, the centre much the same,
And the way they banged the bull's eye, oh! it really was a shame.

Our future address is London.
We roam the world no more,
So if you come for shooting, don't come to Number Four.
For we've had enough of fighting, we've had enough of fame,
And as for rifle shooting, we never liked the game.
—CORPORAL RAMROD.



A WORD FROM TIM O'DAY.

DUBLIN, Nov. 7th, 1883.

ME DARLINT GRIP,—Me party Burd! 'Tis grieved intircly I was (Me Hart was 'mos broke) at the dhreadful news av yer feather's