



**Served Him Right!**

We have heard it said that aldermen are of little practical use, particularly when they are ideal aldermen—very, very portly. This may be true so far as civic affairs are concerned, and on ordinary week days, but it is now certain that stout aldermen are eminently useful in connection with sacred things on Sundays. At least our distinguished city father BAXTER has proved himself a handy—or rather a footy—man to have around when any tibald fellow undertakes to disturb public worship. We learn from the *Hamilton Times* that a certain “infidel” attempted to interrupt the services in the Queen St. Methodist Church on a recent Sunday, by interjecting remarks during the sermon, much to the annoyance of the congregation, when Mr. BAXTER, who was present—as he always is—inflicted condign punishment on the irreverent fellow by walking him out to the door and kicking him down the steps. This may not have been dealing gently with the erring, but it served the intruder right. If the worthy alderman would mete out similar treatment to some of his useless colleagues at the Council board, he would confer a public favor.



Oh, Oh!

JONES—Do you do the carving at home?  
SMITH—No, my wife attends to that,—she’s my help-meat, you know!

**Political Cookery.**

“Ladies,” says assistant Chef BLAKE, “we will now proceed to cook Mr. MAC-KENZIE’S goose.”  
“Pardon me,” says Grand Chef BROWN, “you mistake the programme. I do not see

in the *Globe* any announcement such as you have made. Moreover, the bird in question is exceedingly tough.” And the Great Chef smiled widely, and straightway proceeded to parboil Mr. BLAKE’S younger and tenderer bird.

MORAL—The best intentions are sometimes at fault.

**The Blakeite Grit.**

Written by MR. BLAKE, and “designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the Service.”

The BLAKEITE Grit is a soaring soul,  
As free as a mountain bird,  
His energetic fist should be ready to resist  
A dictatorial word!

His views should veer and his votes should change,  
His words should shift, and his hopes should range,  
He should sit very loose from his colleagues slow,  
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

His eyes should flash with Aurora fire,  
His brow with scorn be wrung,  
He never should bow down to an editorial frown  
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

His ideas should grow and his faith should soar,  
His promises be many and his actions more,  
His thought should expand and his hopes protrude,  
And this should be his customary attitude!

(Squaring up at G. B.)



**The Humble Pie.**

The other day the editor of the *Globe* received from certain of his admirers at Woodbridge, a magnificent humble pie, which he duly ate in the presence of the public, but for which he expressed no thanks whatever. Mr. GRIP considers this a breach of good manners, and comes forward on this, his first opportunity, to acknowledge, on behalf of the *Globe* magnate, the receipt of the pie, which was in every way delicious. The pastry was too well done, however, as it made the editor feel decidedly crusty for a long time.

**The Hum.**

BY A HOPEFUL PROTECTIONIST.

While Premiers and policies to hard times succumb,  
There’s nothing like fallacies—catch-words like “hum!”  
The good times long promised have not yet been seen,  
And to keep up our courage we loudly have been  
Shouting hum, hum, sweet, sweet hum,  
Be it ever so silly, there’s no cry like hum.

There’s RUDPATH’S Refinery, which, under Grip rule,  
Had been all broken up in a manner most cruel,  
Now it’s working like mad; it’s good time has come,  
For now our dear sugar is all made “to hum,”  
Hum, hum, sweet sugar hum,  
There’s nought like monopoly to make a big hum.

The sturdy old yeoman drives into the town,  
And sees with disgust that the market is down;  
So to cheer up his heart he indulgeth in rum,  
And when he is full he can talk of the hum,  
Hum, hum, sweet, sweet hum,  
There’s nothing like liquor to make you hear hum.

So rest ye contented, content is the sum  
Of comfort and happiness, so wait for the hum,  
The good times are coming, so be of good cheer,  
Your ears for the humming you scarcely can hear  
With the hum. It will come, will the hum,  
Be joyous and hopeful, we’ll soon have the hum!



**The Denouement.**

The serio-comic tragedy in Quebec has reached a temporary close. Virtue, in the person of Mr. CHAPLEAU, has triumphed gloriously. The JOLY villain of the piece—he who dishonoured his Province by giving her decent Government, and wiping away a large portion of her debt, is flung headlong from office; and the noble minded and incorruptible FLYNN, who has made himself illustrious in the character of BENEDICT ARNOLD, rushes into the arms of the sickle genius of Quebec. The next act is to be performed when the general election comes on, and it wouldn’t surprise the world a great deal if JOLY should then come up smiling, and poetic justice be done all around.

**Political Nonsense.**

A certain French *Bleu*, full of art,  
Thought to get of the spoils a fair part,  
But when foiled in his game  
Quite *Ronge* he became,  
And declared CHAPLEAU’S grapes very *Tarte*.

A certain young Ottawa Mayor  
For a Government job did tendare,  
Which was clever, no doubt,  
For he stepped down and out  
With a couple of thousand per year.

**An Apology.**

Mr. GRIP regrets that by an inadvertence he gave it out in his last two numbers that the Hon. EDWARD BLAKE was seeking election for the riding of *East Durham*, when he should have said *West Durham*. He hopes that this unfortunate circumstance did not put the electors of the former riding to too much trouble and expense. If they have held a number of meetings and worked up a great excitement, and spent a large part of their valuable time in canvassing, on the strength of the erroneous announcement, of course it cannot be helped now, and the most GRIP can do is to offer this apology. Let us trust that the work done may not be altogether lost, however. It may do for the next general election.

The story of a “Broken Engagement” is of (one) match less interest.

“Well, I’m blown,” as the bubble said to the child. “I’m so ‘appy,” as the child said to the bubble.