

patronage and influence, and I'm in hopes we shall be able to show a list of patrons and honorary committeemen that will just paralyze the temperance crowd. We have secured a "Bart." and an archdeacon already.

My friend Canon Duxter has consented to deliver the first of a course of lectures under the auspices of the Union—subject, "Modern Infidelity"—in which he will prove that total abstinence is anti-Christian. I am going to discourse on the scientific aspects of the question. I don't know anything about it yet, but I have two or three weeks to prepare, and I guess that in that time I can get to be about as good a scientist as Prof. Gordon Richardson. A little science goes a long way with our crowd, so long as you talk as if you knew it all, and sling 'em lots of Greek and Latin.

We have already established one or two branches, and intend to push our organization all over England. You can easily understand what a delightful and lucrative field of labor is opening up before me.

Respects to Prof. Goldwin Smith. Tell him that a letter or two in the *Times* from his powerful pen recommending the Union to public confidence, would help us along amazingly.

Yours in the cause of true temperance,
THE FAKIR.

INTERESTING DEBATE.

MODELLED AFTER THE ONE REPORTED IN THE
"EMPIRE" THE OTHER DAY.*

POLICE OFFICER.—"Here, you ———!!"

OFFENDING CITIZEN.—"Oh, is that you, Mr. Constable? Pray pardon me for not more promptly recognising you."

P. O.—"Go to ——— with your ——— apologies, ——— your ——— eyes. I want you, ——— you!"

O. C.—"Yes, sir, so I seem to understand. But may I ask as a great favor why you do me the high honor of calling upon me at this hour of the night? Of course, I am deeply sensible of your extreme courtesy and——"

P. O.—"Look here, ——— you ——— for a ———! If you don't hurry up and come down in a ——— minute, I'll ——— soon show you what in ——— and ——— I'm here for! Get a move on you, ——— you!"

O. C.—"Oh, my dear Mr. Constable, pray do not be so extremely urgent. I assure you, sir, I am dressing as fast as I possibly can. Will you kindly wait just one ——"

P. O.—"Wait, be ——! I tell you I want you, —— you! I won't stand any of your —— foolin'. If you ain't down and get this door open in half a minute —— I kick in the whole —— front of your —— house ——!!!!"

O. C. (in great trepidation)—"Please, Mr. Constable, grant me only one little indulgence. Until I get my pants on I really cannot dare to ——"

* In *The Empire's* verb. et lit. report of the Edward street colloquy, the speaker of the first part will be remembered as not being the speaker of the blank part. With this little difference between the two interesting debates, GRIP presents his, quite satisfied that the great public will fully appreciate the efforts of his reporters to keep pace with *The Empire's* in enterprising and accurate local news.

P. O. (in a terrible rage)—"Then, by —— you —— I'll get to you in a —— hurry, you ——!!!!"

Whereupon the infuriated policeman bursts in the door, rushes up stairs revolver in hand, and, after firing several ineffectual shots at the terrified occupant of the bedroom, pulls out a summons to appear at the Police Court on a charge of infraction of a city by-law, flings it on the table, utters a volley of awful adjectives, and then stalks down stairs and away.

GRANDFATHER'S HAT.

THIS battered old beaver my grandfather wore

When I was a bit of a lad,
It has hung on a peg just behind the hall door
Ever since it was put there by dad.
It recalls the old days when my grandfather's face
Smiled down from beneath its broad brim;

His set, studied phrases, his cold, courtly grace,
His finger nails polished and trim.
His long, slender legs, straight and firm at the knees,
Clad in pantaloons, stockings and pumps,
With a scarf like a shawl round his neck, if you please,
Just as if he was ill with the mumps.

He wooed in a stately, conventional way,
But his heart beat were honest and true,
For he loved his fair crinolined sweetheart, they say,
When this battered old beaver was new.

Ah! the years that have passed since this bell-crowned affair
Had a place on my grandfather's head;

Ah! the years that have passed since they buried him where
He still sleeps—with the time-honored dead.

And the fashions have changed both in hats and in hearts—
We have lost all the courtly old grace.

We auction our love in convenience's marts,
With hypocrisy's smile on each face;

'Twould be well if we left off the gloss and veneer,
For an hour to be honest and true,
As were men in the days when my grandad was here,
And his battered old beaver was new.

JIMUEL JONES.



A GOOD ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

MISS SMYTHE (to Editor *Puffer*, of the "*Daily Squeezer*")—"Oh, Mr. Puffer, I think your paper is just splendid. Last week I advertised in the *Squeezer* for my lost bracelet, and I found it the very next day right on the piano—just where I had left it."