

Grip's Speech to the Dominion Legislature.

Honorable Gentlemen, and Gentlemen:

GRIP is glad to see you, as he has something to say to you. He wishes to instruct you as to your duties. These are as follows:

You will bear in mind that you are elected for your own good, not that of your country. You will therefore remember that your business in Ottawa is to make as much money as possible. For there is, you are aware, no other good than money. You will therefore:—

1. Patronize as cheap a boarding house as you can find.
 2. Wear as poor a suit as will at all pass muster.
 3. Spend as little on places of amusement, theatres, &c., as you can. If they have cheap days, half price or so, go then.
 4. Always grumble in the ear of Ministers that your salary (of which you save three-fourths) does not recompense you. They may propose a salary grab. When this comes up, do not be sufficiently silly to vote against, or to speak for it.
 5. Do not trouble with bills for the public benefit. These are not so beneficial to you as others may be. Besides, they would do good to the very fellows who voted against you.
 6. Though regulations and regard for appearance deprive you of the power of practicing law, taking contracts, and so on, they cannot hinder you from doing a good deal for your partners, your relations, or friends in that line. You may trust safely to their gratitude, so long as they think you can do it again.
 7. Bear in mind that one bird in the lobby is often worth more than two in the House.
 8. If you find that the Ministry of the day are hampered with ideas of public spirit, patriotism, duty or honor, let them know privately, but emphatically, that these articles are not in your line. State your price plainly, like a man of business. Perhaps you may get it.
- GRIP hopes you will get—all you deserve. And that you may, he intends to give every prominence in his columns to those who follow these directions, that their children, their friends, and their admirers (if existing) may know the amount of reverence, of respect, and of gratitude, to which such legislators will be justly entitled.

The Devil's Popgun.

(By Edward Highjinks, M. P.)

This is a natural, pleasing, and powerful story replete with interest and description, and soul-harrowing pathos. The talented author's main design is to awaken the public to the insidiously dangerous properties of *ginger-pop*, which though too generally deemed a harmless potato, has been found upon analysis by Mr. HIGHJINKS to be charged with the deadly poison of alcohol to the extent of no less than five drops per gallon. The misery, degradation, and ruin wrought in connection with only one bottle of this infuriating compound are vividly set forth, and leave a profound impression on the judicious reader.

In the first chapter we are introduced to Mr. ROGEEPOGEE of Leader Lane and Queen's Park, Toronto, an extensive pop-maker, whose lovely and accomplished daughter DIANA having when a baby been hit in the eye by a pop cork, has henceforward a distaste for that tippie, and goes round delivering tracts entitled "mind your eye, or pop-perils!"

VICTOR PIONEERUS, son of a wealthy and extensive farmer in the RYERSON experimental township, Muskoka, (with Sheriff MCKELLAR as sleeping partner) is a suitor for the young lady's hand and fortune, as are also M. CAUCHON, C. J. WHELLANS, Mr. HUNTINGTON, and about forty other "gents," whose disinterested attachment, amiable character, and aversion to pop are hissed at, but who do not conspicuously figure in the narrative. There is also (secretly) JULIUS CÆSAR SARDANAPULUS, a coloured gentleman, 17 years of age, who cleans boots, harness, and other portable properties in the palatial mansion of DIANA's unprincipled sire. VICTOR being one day in DIS boudoir she describes to him so vividly her sensations, as she felt the pop-cork hit her in the eye years before that he becomes nearly demented. A telegram from Sheriff MCKELLAR arriving at the moment announcing the discovery of coal on their RYERSON clearance, VICTOR'S mind finally loses its balance. He fancies himself a pop-bottle, and bewails his cruelty in hitting DIANA in the eye, and knocking her down a coal mine in Muskoka. Lest he should do it again, he weights down his hat—which he calls his cork—with several heavy files of the *Glube* strapped round it. Dr. WORKMAN next appears on the scene. VICTOR is sent to Orillia asylum, and JULIUS, free from so powerful a rival, now determines to confess his long-hidden passion. He is, however, hardly well on his knees, when *pater-familias* happens to open the door, and kicks him into the butler's hoist, where he falls on to a broken pop-bottle below, severs his jugular, and dies in two minutes. DIANA now upbraids her father, as the cause of VICTOR'S lamentable fate. If there had been no pop, she would not, she argues, have been hit in the eye. If she had not been hit in the eye VICTOR'S acutely sympathising feelings would not have deranged his reason, and they might have then been happily married, and perhaps carrying on a "big coal" concern in Toronto. Whereas VICTOR is lost to her, and his fate, in an indirect way, has led to the severing of JULIUS'S jugular. In the middle of her upbraidings Sergt.-Major CUNNINGHAM arrives with a warrant for ROGEEPOGEE'S arrest on a charge of culpable nigger

homicide. ROGEEPOGEE runs and hides behind a stove, having at the time a bottle of pop in his pocket with which he had intended nefariously to refresh himself that morning during a sleigh-ride to Weston. His coat tails being too close to the stove, the pop bottle gets hot, and explodes with a terrific noise, causing numerous casualties outside, from runaway horses terrified by the report. His right leg is fractured, the furniture smashed, and a petroleum lamp upset, burning up the whole house, and resulting in the death of two firemen, besides several children, and an old woman run over by the fire engines. ROGEEPOGEE, his wife daughter, their cat and dog, and all the servants perish in the conflagration. When the sad tidings reach the factory in Leader Lane the foreman is seized with horror, he being the party who made the particular bottle of pop the cork whereof flew into DIANA'S eye. He procures some dynamite from the store on Colborne Street, and blows up the building with himself and sixteen hands. Eight passers-by are killed in the ruins. The *Leader* and *Globe* offices are badly knocked about, and the types of those establishments miscogeneate in wild sixes and sevens. "Thus," as our author well observes, "does the Devil that crafty old weasel! wander around 'popping' at the souls of men, and thus does he with one well aimed shot knock over many and various materials for his turnspit into his fell game bag."

Let all men drop
The drink called 'pop.'
Remember Di
Who hurt her eye!
To water stick
And dish old Nick!

The Gathering of the Clans.

AIR.—"I see them on their winding way."

I see them come by night and day,
By rail, on foot, in jig or sleigh,
Through wooded dell, o'er waters deep,
Down mountain pathways rough and steep,
O'er rugged pass, by dark defile
They traverse many a weary mile,
Rank following rank they still move on,
They walk, they creep, they jump, they run.

I see them come by twos and threes,
With eager feet and trembling knees,
Thick as a swarm of human bees,
Manhood and youth and middle age,
Poet, philosopher and sage,
(To name them all would fill a page.)
Lawyer and doctor one and all,
Ugly and handsome, short and tall,
In broadcloth, velvet, or rags,
With bundles, boxes, trunks or bags.

I see them coming on and on,
From early dawn till set of sun,
Some from the chill and icy north.
With eager step come hurrying forth.
Some hailing from the sunny south,
With hungry air and open mouth.
Some come from east and some from west,
And all upon the self-same quest.
For each, and all, and every one
Is looking out for number one.

Ah! how delightful 'tis to see
Such perfect unanimity.
East and west and north and south,
Speaking as with a single mouth,
All with the same emotion stirred,
Saying the same thing word for word.
Grits! every one! a motley throng,
And this the burden of their song,
The theme of every separate tongue,
"Of all the men beneath the sky,
None served the government as I."

I am the man who worked for you,
Did all that mortal man could do,
You owe me more than tongue can tell,
And if you wish to pay me well—
'Tis but a simple boon I ask,
To grant it were no onerous task,
But if my prayer should be denied
I'll join the ranks on t'other side.
The Liquor License Law is through,
An office surely is my due,
Just make me an Inspector—do."

SERAPHINA.