

melled by the crippling influence of former loves and friendships. Change is the law of the world ; do not fail, therefore, to apply it, and never let sentimental short-sightedness deter you from courageously abandoning old friends and bygone loves for the new affections which are constantly springing up in the human breast.

We now come to the most odious and atrocious of all the modern virtues—need we say that we allude to the monster Sincerity? How many a worthy man has been wounded to the death by this weapon—so dangerous, even in the hands of the vicious—so fatal when wielded by those who are not bound by the time-honored rules of deception and conventionality. It respects not age—not even the age of woman ; it rejects the claim of the sex to the proud title of “the weaker ;” it would measure men by the adventitious merits they possess rather than by the immutable attributes of their condition, and over the pale but still glorious rays with which we strive to gild the world it would throw the grey and sombre pall of truth and fact. To guard from the attacks of this virtue, we would only say that its very essence is deception ; for as nobody, in the present improved state of Society, expects you to be so heartless and unprincipled as to say what you mean, if you do say it you are clearly practising the grossest of frauds upon those who listen to you.



MRS. MOORE'S (Miss F. J. Hatton) Christmas carol, “Come Children” (in Harper's Young People for November 23rd), has met with so much success that twenty-five thousand copies are circulated and more have to be printed. “Good News on Christmas Morning,” one of Mrs. Moore's contributions to the “St. Nicholas Song Book,” has also gained so great a demand that it is the only song in the book which the “Century” Company have printed separately. Both these carols will be sung at the principal churches in this city on Christmas. We are pleased to chronicle the continued success of this Canadian composer.

Look out for our double-page stunner next week on the result of the Ontario elections. Bound to tickle the party that wins, and to draw tears of mirth from the other fellows.

AN ACROSTIC AND A PRAYER.

BORNE behind a human creature,
Useless as a sleigh in June,
Surely never such a feature,
To a mortal's form 's in tune ;
Leave it off we do beseech her,
Early leave it, leave it soon.

POLLUX.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE'S address to the electors ! The canny chiel is comin' oot for mayor ! ! See the Holiday GRIP next week. You'll roar with laughter at this clever hit.

“MOWAT MUST GO.”

OCH ! 'tis the poor Grits I'm just afther bewailin',
They can't escape now by no manner av manes ;
Other folks want a chance at the pickins' an' stalin's
An' each swate parquisite that to office purtains.

It's meself recomimbirs the way last election
The *Mail* twanged away at his one-string banjo ;
The tune I forget—but he sang to perfection,
An' the chorus it always wint “*Mowat musht go.*”

But, bedad, Mowat shtayed ! an' the cute little divil
Wint over to England an' bate poor Sir Jahn ;
But this time we'll trap him so nate an' so civil,
An' let him get out av the trap if he can.

The counthry is all in a terrible ruction
(*Sure it's all in me oye*) but the cry it strikes home—
All about this poor Province goin' clane to destruction,
An' the schools all priest-ridden an' makin' fur Rome.

The papers are afther discussin' the subject ;
But it's Mowat we want to be takin' a walk,
An' Jim Hughes is the b'ye to accomplish that object,
For Jimmy, you know, is a terror to talk.

He won't touch upon politics once—oh no—catch him !
He aint such a fool as to give us away ;
But he'll talk to them school law the way it will fetch 'em,
An' bring Lynch an' Mowat in just by the way.

He'll show how the Archbishop's mane interferin'
Has shut the blesht Word o' God out av the schools ;
An' then about Mowat go rippin' an' tarin',
An' swear that the voters are nothing but fools.

To put up wid the like, when here's Meredith waitin',
Wid the Catholic question to tackle and cope ;
The Bible entoire in the schools reinstatin',
Wid the ould Orange gospel, “To hell wid the Pope.”

Arrah ! Jimmy's the b'ye ! but it's not his intintion
To touch upon politics only to show,
Just be chance as it were, incidental to mintion
(For the sake of the party) “that *Mowat musht go.*”

BARNEY O'HEA.

A GHOST STORY WITH A PURPOSE.



N a misty evening in November, an alderman was proceeding on his way home to the bosom of his family, when on nearing an electric light, he raised his eyes and saw standing directly in his way, a horrible figure, with the weird light, from the swinging lamp overhead lighting up with ghastly and ghostly effect, fea-

tures, surpassing in their hideous form and bearing and sardonic expression, anything which the alderman had ever imagined or dreamed of—even after his cheese for supper. In quavering accents, partly caused by fear, partly by the qualius o' quivers of an uneasy conscience, which though of aldermanic leather-y-ness did quatre a little at the remembrance of the *last contract*, out of which he had chiseled a few odd hundreds. “Wh-wh-who are you?” he stammered—while the vision of his “ain