



The Country Demands it.

This is a great and glorious country, but it isn't perfectly happy. It has magnificent water stretches; it has fertile wildernesses stretching away toward the setting sun; it has smiling farms, teeming lakes and stupendous mines; it has a rapidly filling treasury, due to an able and honest Government; it has returning prosperity, due to a magic-working National Policy:—and still it is not happy! It cries for just one thing more to perfect its bliss and make it the veritable El Dorado. The universal Dominion feels the lack of that one thing, and will never be at peace until it is realized. Manitoba and Ontario hanker for it; New Brunswick and Nova Scotia secretly pine for it; Prince Edward Island inwardly longs for it, and Quebec—oh! Quebec is frantic, and will never stop screaming until she gets it. It is not a standing army; it is not a bountiful harvest; it is not the Pacific Railway—no: it is something of more national moment than any of them—it is a Knighthood for HECTOR LANGRIN! Here he is patiently waiting for the touch of the Governor's sword. O, end this cruel suspense by bringing along that weapon and pronouncing him Sir HECTOR, or else cutting off his devoted head!

TWO SOLEMN CEREMONIES.



BLESSING THE ORGAN,

A ceremony performed recently by His Grace Archbishop LYNCH at St. Michael's Cathedral.



CURSING THE ORGAN,

A ceremony at present being performed by Sir TUPPER and the Conservative party in general.

Some More about That Minister.

In spite of what the people say  
He still goes on from day to day,  
Determined that he'll have his way  
In spite.

He heeds not, in his wayward course  
The croaking of the raven hoarse,  
But bangs ahead with all his force  
And might.

His ear he stops when'er he's told  
That, "all that glitters is not gold,"  
And that he'll probably be sold,  
Poor wight!

And, though professors may protest,  
He'll still their "ancient holds molest,"  
Assuring them that he knows best.  
Sad sight!

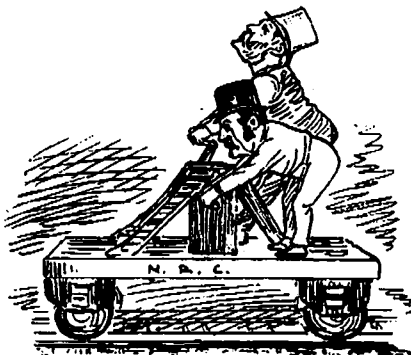
But how came he possessed of power,  
Which wielded as it is this hour,  
Is just enough to turn one sour,  
Outright?

The people gave it him you say?  
Thank goodness then! there comes a day  
When they can take that power away!  
That's right!

And now I croak in guileless joy,  
Because this very naughty boy  
Will be turned out of his employ,  
For spite.

And all you ravens, list to me  
(For raven talk I know you see),  
"Crooks croaks, crooks croaks, hurrah, hurree!"  
"Quite right."

—JA. KASSE.



The Northern Railway Strike.

GRIP has no objection to strikes, providing he is not the party struck, but when disaffected workmen who indulge in this sort of luxury are not content with the moral grandeur of the act of throwing down their tools, but betake themselves to the meanness of destroying the goods of their late employers, GRIP feels called upon to express his contempt for them. It is alleged that some of the Northern Railway strikers have been wreaking their revenge upon the Company by wrecking some of the rolling stock of the line, and GRIP only hopes the guilty parties may be caught and punished. If the men have legitimate grievances, as they no doubt have, surely there is a common sense way of settling them—and certainly the outrage method is not that way. The managers of the line have taken a bold stand, and will no doubt keep it until the men approach them in a reasonable manner. They are not to be bullied nor intimidated, and the business of the line will go on even if it is reduced to the extremity represented in our illustration.

"The cooks have organized a mutual benefit society," says an exchange. We suppose they will be governed by their "bile" laws.—*Whitehall Times*. No, sir; by their consti-stew-tion. When a member says something crisp the rest will be apt to cry out, "Well done!"—*Belton Texas Journal*.



His position Defined.

GOLDWIN SMITH, (*log*). Don't flatter yourself, Mr. ORTHODOX, that I am doing this on your account; I have no objection to your enjoying the affair if it pleases you, but I give you notice that I am doing it entirely from my own standpoint. If you want to give him a drubbing, you must do it yourself.

"Aroades Ambo."

Since Tweedle-dum and Tweedle dee,  
Those chiefs of by-gone days' renown,  
Our land shall no such champions see  
As GORDON SMITH and GOLDWIN BROWN.

The first, with blows of ponderous thud,  
To hunt his thick-skinned foe doth fall;  
The latter's heaps of oft-hurled mud  
Scarce soils his foe's coat of Mail.

And, with bad words that ill become  
Two serious men, as you shall see,  
Doth Tweedle-dee vex Tweedle-dum,  
And Tweedle-dum rate Tweedle-dee.

Good Christians of Toronto town,  
All think it shocking, vile, and strange,  
That GOLDWIN BROWN and GORDON SMITH  
"Raise Cain" in King street and the Grange.

Make friends!—'Tis GRIP's command, forthwith,  
And cease to fight, forbear to frown;  
Sheath the sharp sword, Oh! GORDON SMITH!  
Throw no more mud, Oh! GOLDWIN BROWN!

Sir John's Grip-Sack and its Contents.

The Hon. E. BLAKE and Mr. GORDON BROWN tried their best to peer into this mysterious wallet, (as was faithfully portrayed by GRIP last week) but without avail. The worthy Premier is much too close to let men of the Opposition see his cards. So the Canada Pacific Railway remains as much a mystery to them as ever. GRIP, however, having the ear of Sir John, and a kindly regard and affection for the Canadian public, is enabled, from the most reliable source, to explain the whole matter and satisfy the curiosity of his readers, (in strict confidence, however). At a private interview, the Premier showed us the following items, connected with his expedition to England:—

(1) Hairbrush, tooth ditto, nail ditto, comb, pocket-flask, corkscrew, pipe, &c.

(2) List of the Syndicate for the C. P. R., containing the names of the following: C. H. Spurgeon, Ashmead Bartlett, Lord Beaconsfield, Baron Lottsoyelt, Baron Albert Grant, (author of the popular song, "Emma Mine!") Morley Punshton, Henry Ward Beecher, Monsignor Capel, Bradlaugh, Baroness Burdett Bartlett and the little Widow Dunn.

The formidable bag contained also a Knighthood (by letters patent) for Sir HECTOR LANG—but that would be "telling," if I mentioned the whole name, and I promised Sir John it would go no further, so, "nuff sed." I suppose you thought I was going to tell you all about the road and the contracts, and the gradients, and the fares and things. Well, not just yet—I can keep a state secret as well as the next bird.