

A VISIT FROM THE LIBERAL TEMPERANCE REFORMER.

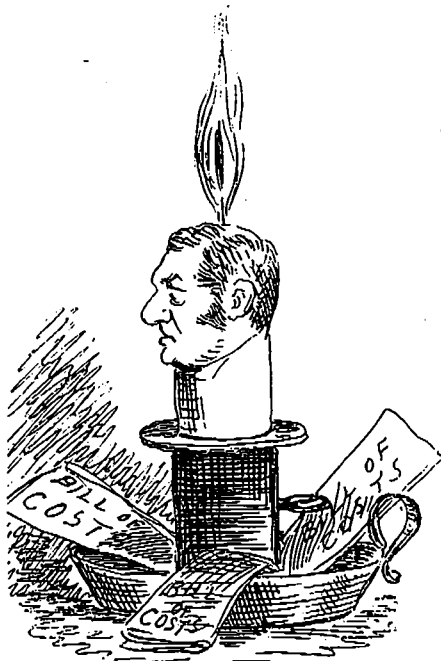
"My dear ma'am," sez he, "our s'ciety—the Lib. temp. s'ciety—doesnt expect everybody to have ham-an-eggs an' fried fish, I on'y mentioned them as a kind o' alleglery like, ef you on'y have very plain food indeed, it'll be all the better fur good cookin'."

"Wot is needed to cure the evils of the lickin' traffic," sez he, "is not pro'hibition, but *good cookin'.*"

"Well," sez I, "I ain't got nuthin' in the house fur supper, an' I ain't got but twenty cents to buy it with."

"Twenty cents, ma'am," sez he, "why that's oceans! Now if you'll just buy half a pound o' nice tender steak, an' two onions, an' a pound o' flour, an' a packet o' bakin' pooder, you can make just a lovely pudden, quite dainty, with lots o' pepper an' salt, and a bit o' mustard, an' cook some nice potatoes, have 'em hot an' mealy, an' a fresh loaf an' a pat o' butter, an' a good cup o' tea with lots o' sugar in it, an' there's your twenty cents an' a delicious supper fur your good husbin an' yourself. The main pinte is to have nice, dainty meals fur your good husbin, ma'am, an' then he won't drink too much."

Sez I, an' I looked him square in the face, "When," sez I, "the s'ciety for the Anti-Suppression o' the Liquor Traffic 'll see that the husbins that supports the s'loons takes home their wages, an' gives a woman a chance to *buy* a decent meal, it'll be time enough fur them to talk about the *cookin'.*" Sez I, "My good man, I have to wash three days in the wik to get a bit o' food an' a little clo'es fur my children; to-day is one o' them days; I'm a-goin' to have dry bread an' a cup o' tea wi'out any sugar fur my dinner an' my supper, just as I had for my breakfast, an' so," sez I, an' I made him a most graceful curtsy, "I can't ask you to dinner. Good day." Sez he, "Good day, ma'am," an' off he went.



A LEGAL LIGHT

THAT OUGHT TO BE SNUFFED OUT BY THE CITY COUNCIL.

REMARKS OF A NOTED STATESMAN.

ON READING AN ACCOUNT OF THE "BLAKE BANQUET."

Oh Tupper! who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common fool?
Heard'st thou, he said, the loud acclaim
With which they shouted Ned Blake's name?
With like acclaim the Scott Act vote
Strained for the Grits a thirsty throat;
With like acclaim they hailed the day,
When first I broke Mackenzie's sway;
And like acclaim would Edward greet,
If he could hurl me from my seat.
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain?
Vain as Edmund Sheppard's scheme,
And fickle as Federation's dream;
Fantastic as a Frenchman's mood,
And fierce as rebel half-breed's blood.
If the Blackfeet rise up in the spring
Oh, who would wish to run the thing?

—TUCKER SMITH.

THE BANKER'S CLERK ABROAD WITH HIS GIRL.

He.—"Yeth, aw, you know, I do think kithing the motht exquithite, aw, pleathure on earth. Don't you? 'Pon my word, I believe I would endorth the heavietht note of my wortht enemy for a kith."

She (*blushing*).—"But I feel so ashamed of myself when it is all over."

He.—"Oh, aw; you have prethented thuch cheques before. I thall play the part of teller."

She.—"Oh, if you tell—"

He.—"Then, aw, will you give me a thmall deposit as a fee for keeping thilence? I will accept a promithory note, payable on demand, if you will pay me in kind."

She.—"Well, if you insist upon it."

He.—"Then, aw, I will discount it now, if you please." But she demanded three days' grace.

HOME CONSUMPTION.

A proposal will be made to the Toronto Council to compel the manufacturers to consume their smoke.—*St. John Globe, Feb. 1.*

This seems pretty hard on the manufacturers, but perhaps it is a good idea. We think the proposal might with general benefit be extended so as to include pedestrians who smoke. What a lot of unpleasant puffing in people's faces it would save if *they* were all made to consume their smoke. Then if politicians were made to consume all their own smoke (or gas) what a saving of time it would be to the general public, and what a shortening of sessions of Parliament!

B. O.

HE SUGGESTS AN IDEA.

PETERBORO' Jan. 22, 1886.

To the Editor of GRIP.

DEAR SIR,—When a man obtains a new title GRIP is not slow to improve the occasion.

Well! Who was the first Turner? A certain personage frequently represented as the quintessence of craft, decorated usually with horns, hoofs, and forked caudal.

You will easily remember a remarkable exploit of the original which might be fertilized by your genius.

The last Turner might be represented in full mechanic's uniform—apron, paper cap, standing at a foot-lathe with a *gouge* in his hand and a big job of some kind being turned out.

The word *Devilment* might be used.

V. V.