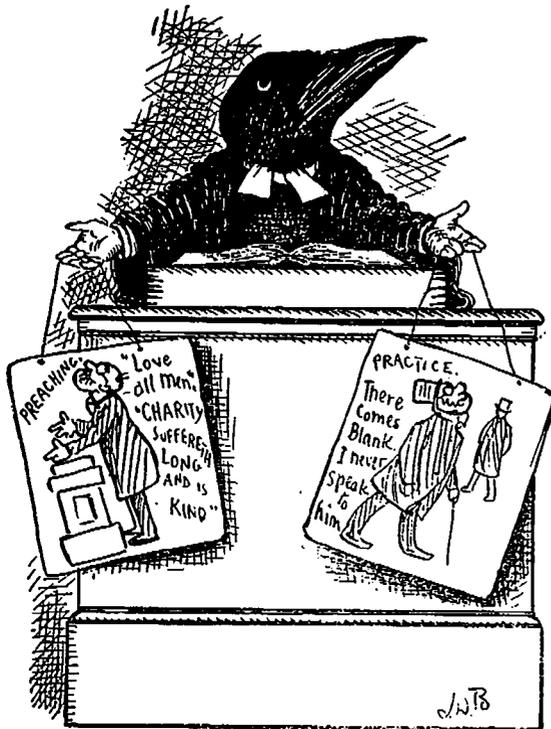


GRIP'S PICTORIAL PULPIT.



SHORT SERMONS ON THINGS THAT MAKE THE ANGELS WEEP.

A BLUENOSE CRY.

DEAR MR. GRIP: HALIFAX, N. S., 5th Feb., '94.

RIGHT royally glad I was to see your grave face again after the lapse of many months, and to know that once more your wise counsellings shall be given to the wayward rulers of Canada, and that their faults and follies shall be exposed in illustration apt. But MR. GRIP, do not forget the province by the sea. The tender heart of the "Bluenose" feels jealously stirred when he sees so many of your pages showing forth the Mowatian contour, while fair Scotia waits with folded hands until the Raven shall counsel her advisers and enlighten their beclouded minds.

Now MR. GRIP, a golden opportunity has offered itself to you, and Scotia waits to see if you will succour her. In times past wise legislators, known as the Holmes-Thompson Administration, and by the common people called Tories, believing that a certain august body then existing and known as the Legislative Council had gone into a state of political decay and moral turpitude, and had lost its potency as a governing power, conceived the idea of abolishing this body, and to that end appointed as I. Cs. only men who pledged themselves to support measures that might from time to time be taken to abolish the same. In process of time a new administration known as the Fielding Government assumed the reins of power, and seeing the wisdom of the policy already begun, carried on the good work with increased vigor until there were in the said Legislative Council a majority of L. Cs. pledged to support measures for its abolition. Then the Fielding Administration said to itself, we will introduce a measure to abolish this relic of past usefulness, and forthwith a bill to that end was introduced and passed the House of Assembly, and was in due course sent up to the aforesaid Council to receive their expected ratification and support, when lo, before the eyes of these pledged statesman flitted visions of their annual \$500, their pledges and their honor became but dreams, man gave place unto the mouse, and the bill was rejected, but five of all the

host supporting it! Perhaps, MR. GRIP, this is the kind of constitutional restraint this body is supposed to exercise upon the Lower House.

Now, MR. GRIP, a few well directed strokes of your facile pen may enable these people to see themselves as others see them and thus work upon their consciences (?) in such a manner that they will endeavor to regain their lost honor the first opportunity that offers. With unlimited confidence in the wisdom of your counsels, I am yours,  
"Sligo."

[As in duty bound, MR. GRIP loses no time in coming to the rescue of the long-suffering Bluenoses, as an examination of this issue will attest.—Ed].

THE ANNUAL PRESS MEET.

THE Provincial Press Association met in annual convention here last week, and transacted, we presume, a lot of important business. At all events, in accordance with the new and improved methods of the Association, it devoted itself to business rather than to amusement, and a number of new and good ideas must have been exchanged between the members. The summer excursion having been exchanged for a winter business meeting, another advance step was taken this year in having an "open session" instead of a banquet. This function came off at St. George's Hall, Elm St., and proved a unique and delightful affair. The evening was devoted to papers on various phases of journalism, alternated with songs and recitations by talented outsiders. The essays were so good that if MR. GRIP had command of a big daily paper he would gratify the public by printing them *in extenso*, or at all events giving a good digest of them. None of our dailies thought it worth while to do this, though any amount of space is always to be had for "sports and pastimes" and society rot. And this suggests a very live subject for discussion at the next annual meeting—the question "What is Reporting for?" MR. GRIP's notion is that the average reader of a daily newspaper is *not* fond of devouring catalogues, and yet the alleged "reports" of this, as of other similar conventions, were little better as reading matter than a prize list of a fall fair would be. We were



AT BREAKFAST TIME.

MRS. NEWLIWED.—"So you've been playing poker again, have you? (*Tears*) I have a good mind to go home to father!"

MR. N.—"Better stay where you are. The old man lost all he had and all he could borrow last night."