



THE GAL OF THE PERIOD.

Mistress (to new cook)—“On Wednesdays and Saturdays, I shall go to market with you.”
 New Cook—“Very well, mum, but who’s agoin’ to carry the basket, mum?”

THE BU-TI-FUL SNOW.

TWO PICTURES.

RY N—S F—D D—N.

REGINA, Guy Fawkes’ day, 1882.

“When I left Winnipeg on Friday morning I was cased in furs, and the snow six inches deep.”—N. F. D.

WINNIPEG.

I.

The Snow-O! the Snow-O! the beautiful snow!
 The subject is now rather hackneyed, I know,
 Especially up here in Manito—
 Ba. The thermometer gets so low
 That your nose gets nipped, likewise your toe,
 And you wish yourself back in On-tay-ri-o,
 Away from the beautiful snow

II.

The Snow-O! the Snow-O! the beautiful snow,
 It’s especially “fine” when the blizzards blo,
 As along the prairie your wad you hoe,
 When your wagon’s stuck fast and your hoss won’t go,
 And you say to yourself, “My cake is dough,
 I want no more of it, not for Joe,”
 Of the beautiful, beautiful snow!

REGINA.

“What surprises me most is the mildness of the weather.”—N. F. D.

I.

The Snow-o! the Snow-O! the beautiful snow
 Gets charmingly less as westward we go,
 For out in Regina, I’ll have ye all know,
 It’s almost as warm as summer, altho’,
 It’s the day when Guy Fawkes attempted to blow
 Up the Parliament House some years ago.
 There is pos-i-tive-ly no snow

II.

And apropos of the beautiful snow,
 I had a long chat with the Bishop, you know
 He declared the weather quite *comme il faut*.
 Then we talked of “Home,” and the fifth of No—
 Vember. (His language has a fine flow)
 Of Cambridge, the undergrad’s “little go,”
 And street fights when oft the blood did flow.
 —I took one look through the window, and lo!
 Down falls the beautiful snow!

Oh, treacherous, false Assiniboine,
 Your weather, ‘tis true, is remarkably fine.
 Yet I’ve made up my mind that wherever I go
 I’ll never get rid of the beautiful snow!

It is not true that Mr. Bourinot has been named by the government as one of the subscribers in English Grammar.

A STATIONARY GRIEVANCE.

MR. GRIP, Sir.—Knowing you to be the Tribune of the people, and the potent corrector of public wrongs, I beg to lay before you a case which needs immediate attention. Herewith please find a sketch, absolutely truthful and without exaggeration, of the Canada Southern station at this town.



Now, I need add no learned diagnosis to this—it speaks eloquently for itself and against the railway authorities. We, the citizens of Alvinston, protest against this architectural monstrosity, not only because it lacks all convenience for business, but because it is a standing libel to our rising town. The passing stranger could not but suppose that Alvinston was a collection of hovels judging from the station, whereas the traveller who alights and goes up to the main street finds himself in one of the neatest and most thriving places in Canada, with churches, halls, mills, stores and residences that surpass those of many other towns of far more pretensions. We have long struggled to move the railway people to do away with this disgraceful shanty, but in vain. You, Mr. GRIP, can probably compel them to it. If so, you will ever receive the warmest thanks of all our citizens, not excepting

Alvinston, Nov. 14th.

THE DOCTOR.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

SEIZED BY JULIUS SEIZER.

To Detective Pinkerton, N. Y.

SIR,—A systematic robbery of Her Majesty’s mails is being carried on here. Several most important private letters, addressed to me personally, have been intercepted and published in GRIP, Canada’s only independent comic paper. The publication of these letters in such a widely-circulating journal is terribly exasperating, both to myself and my correspondents. Had these documents appeared in some of the obscure newspapers, such as the *Telegram*, or *Ma*—, the local Tory organ, I would not have given the matter any attention, as the score or so of ignorant, and simple-minded people who read those simpering sheets would not be able to form an idea as to what the correspondence meant. What makes it still more annoying is the fact that we are on the eve of an election, and on such occasions there are always certain little tactics pursued by politicians which should not become known to the general public.

I address you, therefore, in the hope that you will come over and investigate the matter with the least possible delay. I should not have troubled you with this affair, were it not that our competent and invaluable detective force have been summoned to Winnipeg to unravel the mystery surrounding the recent theft of the Manitoba Conservatives’ platform.

Hoping that you will soon be able to secure the capture and conviction of the miserable mail robber.

I remain,

Yours, &c.,
 GORDON SEALBROWN.

DEAR TUPPER,—I am alarmed for your reputation. A few short months since you were known through every village and hamlet in this wide Dominion, as the champion “stretcher,”—or falsifier. I regret to find that you can no longer lay claim to that proud distinction. For some time past the *Globe* has been competing for the high honor, and with such a measure of success as entitles it to the consideration of the large number of our public men who deliberately tell lies, and systematically misrepresent facts. After having enjoyed the championship for so long, it is humiliating that the editor of a Grit sheet should surpass you in this most necessary political accomplishment. In order, therefore, to recover your lost prestige, I would suggest that in your very next public speech you vehemently assert that you, or any of your colleagues, never interfered in Ontario politics; tell the people that the Smith-O’Donohue manifesto was not directly inspired and dictated by you and Sir John, and that the Government, in disallowing the Manitoba railway bills, have done so in the best interests of that Province.

Let Grits delight to tell the truth,
 For Blake hath told them to;
 But Tories, to prolong their power,
 Must tell what is untrue.

Yours defeatably,
 J. BURR PLUMB.

MY DEAR SIR,—Until I received your kind letter I had no intention of appearing in Canada. Really, I did not know you had a theatre. Why, how nice. A Grand Opera House in Toronto, Canada. Who would have believed it? I cannot tell you definitely yet. I must consult my dear friend, the Prince of Wales. I will cable him at once. If he thinks it would not permanently injure my professional reputation, I would so like to visit Canada.

I will write again when I hear from the Prince.

Yours hastily,
 LANGTRY.

YOUNG SPIFKINS (who has been going after Miss Maggie all summer, and hopes he has made an impression)—“And you’ll be sure to get a ticket for the ‘Toney’ Rink, so that I may hope to see you *sometimes*?”

MISS MAGGIE—“Oh, I don’t know. It just depends on Charlie.”

YOUNG SPIFKINS—“Charlie!”

MISS MAGGIE—“Oh, I forgot; you don’t know Charlie, he’s been away (with a most bewitching smile). I’m engaged to Charlie, but I’ll introduce you.”

Young Spifkins half thinks there’s been a mistake somewhere, and wonders if nickel-plated skates will catch up those other nice girls.

If you want a tonic, take a cold bath; if a sedative, take a warm bath; and if a stimulant, take a hot bath; but if you want solid comfort these cold mornings take a warm pack, which may be accomplished by packing the bed clothes warmly around you, and allowing them to remain so until the last siss of the frying-pan below announces that breakfast is ready.

“Why do you remind me of the lamp?” inquired the young and pretty Torontonion, as the long hand was hastening to overtake the short one at the most northern extremity of the clock. “Because I’m pretty bright?” he asked, modestly hanging his head. “Oh, dear, no,” was the decisive reply. “Well, then, I give it up.” “Because,” she answered softly, “it’s quite time to turn you out.” He saved her the trouble instantly.