

would just say in passing that I believe the liquor dealers do more in the way of benevolence and charity than any other class of people you can name, but they do not make the boast of it that a great many others do. The traffic in alcoholic liquors has been made by law legitimate from time almost immemorial, and I, with many others, have accumulated a little property by that means. I had my property before the prohibitory law was made, and now I ask would it be British fair play for any Government to step in and pass a law to take away, or what is the same thing, lower the value of it without allowing a reasonable compensation? I say most emphatically "No, it is not what Old England has done in similar cases." And now, Mr. GRIP, should you ever come this way, and will stoop so low as to stop where liquor is sold, I will give you something that is substantial; in short, something that will give you both brain and muscle, which is more than you give in your paper. I can also sell you, if you wish to buy, that which I never ask a man to buy, some trash that I keep in my bar. Your paper, in my judgment, is something like what I keep in my bar, good for neither brain nor muscle, and nothing but trash; and that being the case, you would think it a hardship if a government should step in and pass a law stopping the publication of your paper, and rendering your property comparatively worthless. You would not think that was British fair play. I think it just as reasonable as the other; but you will say you give us nothing that will destroy the brain. Very true, but I would ask can you take away something that never existed? I claim that a man who will drink to an excessive degree had but little of that commodity called brains to begin with.

And now, in conclusion, I will say that I think Mr. GRIP has well chosen a bird to represent him, viz: the crow, because it is well known that the crow is one of the meanest kind of birds. It is a gormandizer and good for nothing but to prey upon everything it comes in contact with; in short it takes all it can and gives nothing in return.

I hope that in the future, Mr. GRIP, that you will look more to your own back yard and also to be a little more charitable, for that, the good Book says, covers a multitude of sins. I have the honor to be, yours truly,

JAMES JACKSON, *Hotel Keeper.*

Kingston, Dec. 21st, 1886.

#### HE SHOWS UP.

WE have received from the GRIP Printing and Publishing Co., of Toronto, a copy of their celebrated Canadian Comic Almanac for 1887. It more than keeps up the reputation of this Annual, which has now reached its eighth year,—the great variety of the illustrations, and the first-class character of the humorous matter, making it a decidedly attractive book. Everybody will want it; and its price will not be an obstacle. Though eight pages of matter have been added it still sells at 10 cents, and may be had from the publishers or at the bookstores. Our Dominion Councilor shows up in the Canadian drop of water.—*International Royal Templar.*

A NEWSPAPER friend of mine told me that once when out of work he proposed to answer an advertisement, "Coat maker wanted." He justified the proposal on the ground that, if he could not make a coat, he had, at least, often cloaked the misdoings of other people—notably political leaders.

#### A MODERN BACCHANAL.

BRING me a cup, and to the brink  
Let crystal water me attest;  
No wine shall stain, for I would drink  
A health to her I love the best.

Bright, ruddy wine may quicker raise  
The smouldering passions into flame;  
But sober love is noblest praise  
For one so pure as I would name.

The rapid sparkles that appear  
Are slower than the thoughts of her;  
The lucent draught is not more clear  
Than is my true love's character.

I'll pledge my lady not in wine,  
But in Dame Nature's purest bowl,  
For she is all that is divine  
In mind and body, heart and soul.

December 18th, 1886.

P. QUILL.



#### TO MAISTER DAUVIT BLAIN,

WI' THE PROFOONDEST SYMPATHY O' THE WRITER.

TUESDAY NICHT, 3rd January, 1887.

DEAR SIR AN' WOULD BE-MAYOR,—(Like masel.)—On this eventfu' an' fitefu' nicht, I raily canna gang tae ma bed an' sleep wi' a clear conscience without writin' ye a letter o' consolation an' sympathy. The vera thocht o' ye sittin' there in sackcloth an' ashes, wi' ower twa thoosen' o' a majority stickin' i' yer gizzard is enough tae melt the heart o' a cask o' frozen whuskey. As I telled ma wife, I can feel for ye this nicht particularly; for here's me, after ha'en ma proclamation oot an' a ready tae rin for Mayor masel, withdrew at once when there appeared on the field a man wi' a mission—an' that mission the "restoration o' harmony." Eh man Dauvit! that was a grand idea, the "restoration o' harmony," tae hae the mayor an' council an' contractors a movin' roon like the sun, moon an' stars—ilka ane for himsel'—an' the mayor for a'! That feenished me for mayor. I cud rin again' Howland, but tae rin again' a "restorer of harmony," na! na!—Mair than that, I made up ma mind, tae vote for ye—(wha wadna vote for harmony?) gin it had been possible for me tae hae done sae wi' anything like self-respect; but raily Dauvit, I think ye tuk advantage o' ma gude-nature when ye expect me tae rin the gauntlet o' a' the representatives o' rowdydom in paurliament assembled roon the entrance tae yer votin' polls. It was enough tae gie a man the nicht-mare, the sicht o' the "Blain men," the "voters"! Gudesake! I never thocht sae muckle shame in a' ma life; in fack, rather than be seen in sic a crood, I thocht I wad record my vote amang decent folk an' let the har-