

# GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENJAMIN

GRIP CO. ENG.



## CANADA ABROAD.

AN EPISODE OF THE VISIT OF THE CANADIAN SNOWSHOE CLUBS TO NEW YORK.—STEINWAY HALL, JAN. 6, '87.

PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY, \$2 PER YEAR.

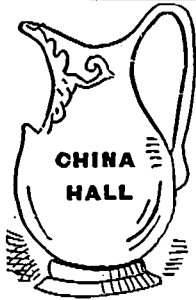
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The gravest beast is the ASS.  
 The gravest bird is the Owl.  
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.  
 The gravest man is the fool.  
 — J. W. MILLER





# CHINA HALL.

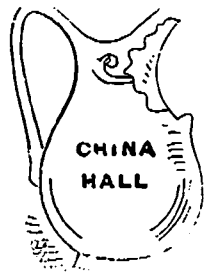
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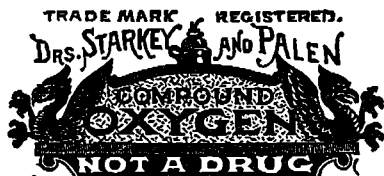
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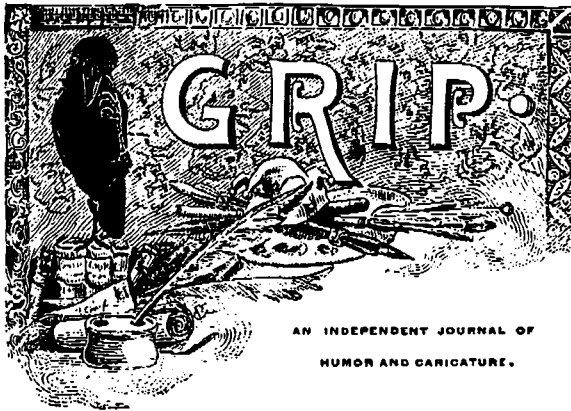
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J. W. BENGOUGH . . . . . EDITOR.

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**NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.**

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

**Comments on the Cartoons.**



**SQUINTING TOWARD THE LIFE PRESERVER.—**The Howland vote is amongst the latest indications of the state of public opinion on the temperance question, and that expression of sentiment was surely striking enough to set Mr. Blake to re-considering his Aylmer deliverance. The issue was a square one between the saloons and the people, and it was demonstrated pretty clearly that public opinion is ripe even in this city for a forward move on the question. Unless Mr. Blake makes a sharp curve as the result of recent enlightenment it would not be at all surprising to find Sir John Macdonald coming out for Prohibition in time to save himself in the next General Election. It is broadly hinted that he has the matter under consideration at the present moment, and it cannot be denied that he has done more startling things in the past. It is said that personally Sir

John is in favor of Prohibition, and that for some years he has been a total abstainer. However that may be, he is unquestionably keen enough to see that as a political move Prohibition is safe and popular, and as a politician that is all he wants to know about it.

**CANADA ABROAD.—**Our first page sketch has reference to a pleasant little episode in connection with the visit of the Canadian snow-shoers to New York. On the evening of the 6th a great public demonstration in their honor took place in Steinway Hall, when that irrepressible Canadian, Mr. (presently Sir\*) Erastus Wiman occupied the chair and delivered a capital address. In the course of the evening M. Payez, on behalf of the French Canadian residents of New York, presented M. Dorion, who represented the visitors, with a magnificent basket of flowers.

**MR. BLAIN'S DEFEAT.—**Mr. Blain suffered a crushing defeat because, willingly or unwillingly, he represented the cause of the saloon. Hundreds who voted against him did so with regret on personal grounds, but under the circumstances it was a plain duty.

\* Our esteemed subscriber, Victoria Regina, will please make a note of this. If any knight-hoods are to be bestowed in honor of the Jubilee, this public-spirited Canadian must not be omitted from the select list.

Mr. Blain is a most estimable man, and nobody had a word to say against his character (throughout the hot campaign, but no individual possesses sufficient respectability to be able to cover up the deformity of such a cause as Mr. Blain on this occasion represented.

**TO TRIOMPHE.**

"OVER the *World* the Flesh and the Devil,"  
Over the *Globe's* praise damningly civil;  
O'er the drink interest, wholesale and retail,  
"Respectable," so-so, rag-tag and bob-tail;  
O'er roughdom, o'er toughdom, corruption and jobbery,  
The tarnished, re-varnished veneering of snobbery,  
Born and bred in the fumes of the bar,  
Over them all, you have triumphed thus far.

With congratulations and greetings galore,  
GRIP welcomes you back to the old chair once more,  
Requests you'll consider him yours to command,  
In every good measure; with head and with hand  
Ever ready a good work to boost right straight through;  
And to laugh out old errors, while fogies look blue,  
With humor to lighten the tasks you find hard;  
So success and good wishes from bird and from bard.

**A CHANGE OF JOCKEYS.**

IT was in the north riding of Renfrew. Three Tories and three Grits were scated fraternally in a sleigh behind a spanking team, making little less than Maud S. time to a political meeting at Beachburg. Amongst them was W. J. G—, editor of the *Pembroke S—*, who is a sixteenth century rider of the Protestant horse. It is not known which political party in the sleigh held the balance of power. The editor carried his heaviest editorials in his right pocket, wrapped around a specimen of the Sudbury copper mine, (slander), the Grits carried each a copy of the "Ross Bible." Suddenly the love and peacefulness of the happy "coalition" was disturbed by an upset into the snow. There was a wild and unexpected shuffling of portfolios. J. S—, a Grit, found himself sitting upon W. J.G.—, the Tory editor, "a consummation devoutly to be wished," but alas J. S. found also he had changed sides and *was riding "the Protestant horse."*

**DONALD IS INDIGNANT.**

IT was only the other day about three or two weeks ago, come next Sabbath, when I would go home from shurch, my two boys and me, what they'll call Hector and Angus, and I'll told my wife Kursty to bring me right away the *Globe* at wance, because I'll want to read the sermon of Mr. Tallsmudge ass I ahllways do on the Sabbath Day.

Well, of course my wife Kursty she'll do ass I was told her, and give me the newspaper, and ass I was lookit over it what you'll sink I'll see but an ahful big lie about Blake, and an ahful big lie about Cartwright, and an ahful big *splorach* in favor of ta Tories. I was so much dum foonest ass to be more surprised than a pig in a grainy, till what would I see at last but anither ahful big lie about our member for parliament, Maister Cameron, and I'll got so mad ass I'll nearly made a swore before my son Hector would find out that the post-office master had made a trick on me, or played a mistake, when he'll send me a *Mail*, in place for my own *Globe*, that I'll took into my own house for more years ass I could not tell how many, and for years to the future may be so many more, if it will please goodness; and I'll sink it will.

The craiture that she was!

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### The Lay Preacher ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD REFORMER.

“ Sic doctrines were contrar to natur,” folk said,  
And it was agreed through the town,  
That tho’ they might dae weel tae mak a parade,  
In the market they wadna gane doun.  
Sic doctrines micht suit very weel wi’ them a’  
Wha hae riches an’ siller galore,  
But the auld proverb says that love aye flees awa  
When poortith comes in at the door.

The Bailie, he said, wi’ a nicher an’ smile,  
“ This love doctrine never ull dae,  
Its fear o’ the Gallows, o’ Hell an’ the Tile,  
Or I micht e’en mysel gane astray ! ”—  
He’s only just trying himsel to deceive,  
There’s been wars since the world began ;  
Sae this turtle-doo doctrine I dinna believe,  
For I feel there’s a deevil in man.

Our hero paid little attention for a’  
On Faith, and on Hope, he did lean ;  
Once more as the still Sabbath evening did fa’,  
’Twas thus he held forth on the green :

“ The faith of our fathers is passing away,  
The fire on the altar’s gone out,  
And little is left save the cold ashes grey,  
And darkness and terrible doubt ;

“ Sad-eyed weary ones who bade farewell to hope,  
When the last fitful glimmer had gone,  
Encompassed with darkness they stumble and grope,  
In the vast and the vacant unknown.

“ Look up weary ones ! for the first streak of day  
Descends on the mountain and lawn,  
The mists of the midnight are passing away,  
And here are the Heralds of dawn !  
Hush, hearken ! it is the great trumpet of change,  
That’s filling the earth and the air,  
And new forms of beauty surpassingly strange,  
Are startling to life ev’rywhere.

“ While faithless and hopeless, at this very hour  
As all undecided ye stand,  
A force all undreamt of—a new living power !  
Is stalking abroad through the land,  
Proclaiming earth’s sorrows are passing away  
By a mightier power overcast,  
And ancient Iniquities hear and obey  
The summons to Judgment at last :

“ Before it the errors of ages give way,  
The idols old tremble and fall,  
And the temples of selfishness sink to decay,  
For the Christ-spirit broods over all.”

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

(To be continued.)

### A RISING LIGHT.

THE *Manitoba Sun* has arisen upon us, and its beams illumine with northern borealic lustre the inner sanctum of GRIP. The display of Manitoban muscle as shewn in the exceptionally beautiful lithographs, commands our admiration, and on the charming “Broom Brigade” GRIP confesses himself hopelessly mashed. The paper comes to us in a handsome dress, clear print, and is full of sporting and other interesting matter. The racy article on “Our Social Life; or How Winnipeggers Amuse Themselves,” we enjoyed specially; and recommend its perusal to all who have any interest in our North-West—also to those of our contemporaries across the water who still shudder to contemplate, even in imagination, “these acres of snow.” More power to the elbows of our sturdy North-Westerns may the *Manitoba Sun* never set.

### COMING ROUND.

THE *World* moves—it is swearing off—it actually says “the saloons must go !” More than that, it is trying to make us believe it has been of that way of thinking all along, and to prove it, resurrects an old article from the grave of 1883, shewing what a bad, bad thing drink is and how many had cause to, ect., etc. We all know the old story by heart. But between ’83 and ’87 there is something like three years;—well, what about this interregnum? Has the *World*, like old Rip, been asleep all that time, and just been awakened by the shouting over Howland’s big majority—or has there arisen another king who knows not Joseph? Telephone over please.

### BACCHUS TO THE RESCUE OF BLAKE.

To the Editor of Grip,

SIR,—In looking over your paper of Dec. 18th, two things were very forcibly impressed upon my mind. The first was the slip bearing my name, address and the time at which I paid for the paper. I send you herewith two dollars (\$2.00), for which you will please give me credit.

The second is your explanatory notes on your cartoon in reference to the Hon. Edward Blake’s views on the temperance question. You seem to set yourself up as a sort of an adviser or dictator to Mr. Blake, which, to say the least, is the height of presumption on your part. Mr. Blake is allowed by almost all Reformers to be one of the ablest, if not *the* ablest, statesman regarding all difficult questions, who is now, or has been for many years back, in the country. I question very much whether that noble Statesman and Constitutional Lawyer, Hon. Oliver Mowat, would question, as you do, Mr. Blake’s views on the temperance question. You seem to think because the Scott Act has been carried in the greatest number of the counties in Ontario, the country is ripe for prohibition, but you seem to forget, or don’t know, how the Act was carried in those places. I will try to enlighten you. In the first place, the temperance men, almost to a man, voted for the Act. Then the class, which is a disgrace to any country, viz: the hypocrites, voted for it also. I refer to the men who vote for the measure and then, on the sly, buy and drink liquor, and what is worse, take it home with them. These actions are of every day occurrence, and I know whereof I speak. Then there is another class, a class of honest, well-meaning men, who doubted the good that was claimed by the Scott Act advocates it would do, and who did not vote at all, as they claimed it would not affect them in any way, hence they stayed at home on polling day. Now, what I wish to show is, after throwing out those hypocrites, as they are not fit to belong to any society, and putting those who did not vote at all with those who voted against the Act, which we have a right to do, according to the good old book, in which Christ has said that, “those who are not against me are for me,” then how would the count stand? I have not the slightest hesitation in saying there would be more than two to one against the Act. That being the case, how could you work such an Act? I for one claim that it would be impossible to work it, and such being the case the only conclusion I can come to is that it is a bad law, and as Mr. Blake said in his speech at Pictou, “A bad law I will obey if I must, but I will do everything that is in my power that is legitimate to alter that law.” Now, as to compensation, you, Mr. GRIP, seem to hold up your hands in holy horror at the very idea of such a thing, and cite the poor widows and orphans. I

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.

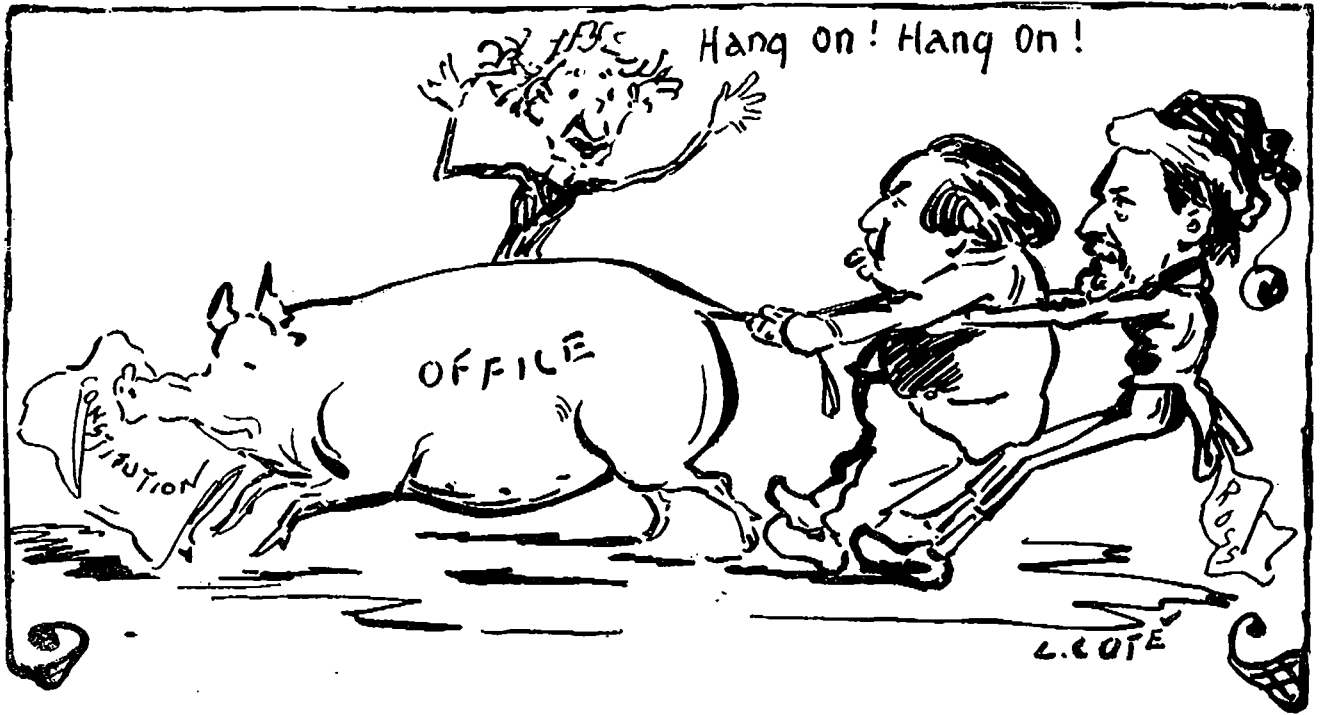


#### TO MAISTER DAUVIT BLAIN,

WI' THE PROFOONDEST SYMPATHY O' THE WRITER.

TUESDAY NICHT, 3rd January, 1887.

DEAR SIR AN' WOULD BE-MAVOR,—(Like masel.)—On this eventfu' an' fatefu' 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 thoct 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' onything 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 thoct sae muckle shame in a' ma life; in fact, rather than be seen in sic a crood, I thoct I wad record my vote among decent folk an' let the har-



THE GREASED PIG IN QUEBEC.

mony slide. I maun say hooever, that yer remarks about the ignorance o' the women as shewn in their votin' for Howland, are at least very characteristic, an' eminently worthy o' the soorce they cam frae. Oh thae women! thae women! No content wi' gettin puir' man driven oot o' the garden o' Eden, naething 'ill sair them but tae drive them oot o' their second Eden, the saloon, aye! they had actually the onmitigated impidence tae keep Dauvit Blain, douce man, oot o' the goal o' his ambition, the civic chair! I was glad tae see that wi' true Adamite pluck ye laid yer defeat at the richt door, an' sorry am I tae say that its no in ma poo'er tae say "better luck next time," for, atween you an' mc Dauvit, I'm a kind o' feared this women business is come tae stay. Hooever, tak heart o' grace, gin ye canna gang doon tae posterity as Sir Dauvit—ye'll at least hae a kind o' reflectit glory in the history o' the ceery, as the man who in the whuskey interest ran against the best mayor the ceety ever had—an' was beaten. Your ever faithfu' Job's comforter,

HUGH AIRLIE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

SOME years ago GRIP declared itself an independent, plucky, self-supporting, second to-none comic newspaper. We would have none of the disabilities of an organ-grinder. A party journalist of experience denies that party journalists don't live by lying. Well, he knows how it is himself—according to himself—but while undergoing the humiliation of confession, he has forgotten to italicize his French, and how the doose are people to know French from English unless it is underlined for the printer? GRIP determined at the outset to be bound by no fetters, but to give all parties a general support from an independent comic standpoint. We have with special ability fulfilled these pledges—and the happy result is the con-

version of the *Mail*—from a Jesuitical, go-it-blind Government support—to "the discussion of public affairs in a broad and liberal spirit," and contention for the truth regardless of expense. *To be free we must be independent* (this is original)—and whilst Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Meredith are held responsible for our views—side-face, three-quarters—perspective—back-view and other styles of cartoon—we on our part are held responsible for situations, grimaces, features and lines (not of beauty) which it is not in our power to justify or excuse. In a word, there is nothing for us but to continue as we began—cartooning both parties and criticizing each as they deserve.

We are all aware that the party system is the only agency yet devised for conducting boodle into its illegitimate channels. For this the system is full of conveniences. It endows Governments with secret service money for the purchase of individual freedom. It supplies the chief means by which the average voter can be approached on questions of public policy, and by which the return of political leaders to power can be calculated. But it has its disadvantages. It suppresses the individual intellect and conscience. Men are compelled sometimes to confess, and in consequence to work at the tread-mill, when circumstances in the shape of a judge and jury demand it. In Canada, for a long time past, party government has been simply a contest of factions, as shown in a panoramic view of GRIP's cartoons—each side trying to shirk Prohibition and Woman Suffrage—consequently the public interest is sacrificed to the interest of the party. Therefore, GRIP hails with pleasure the Declaration of Independence just issued by the *Mail*, and, though sorry that it has not grit enough to stand bolt upright instead of confessedly leaning, like the tower of Pisa, in one direction, is glad it has got at least so far, and can, with his peculiar gift of seconu-sight, discern Mrs. Grundy giving

him a vigorous boost upward into a position less suggestive of the old-fashioned Grecian bend.

Independence does not imply a feeble neutrality—it means that the *Mail* has adopted GRIP's policy *in toto*. To that policy he is perfectly welcome, but trust he has not forgotten GRIP's special plank, *Woman Suffrage*. We go in for Canada every time, and when our kettle leaks we want no foreign tinker to sawder the hole (see R. Burns), neither are we going to help sawder up any more old English kettles—the flesh pots of Egypt for instance. We advocate the bringing up of Canadian youngsters in the way they should go, that is, in love and unity as Canadians, so that when they are old they will not go through the streets of Canada fighting the battle of the Boyne annually, and making asses of themselves generally. Neither will we have any more French knife sharpening; this is Canada, and, wide as the country admittedly is, there is room in it for none but Canadians. So *there*, if GRIP's modesty cannot allow him to pose as the Saviour of his country, his grit will not allow him to let the *Mail* get the bulge on him in the way of an address to the public, far less in the matter of righteousness.

### KALSOMINE HALL LECTURES.

A DISSERTATION UPON MORALS—COLORED AND UN-COLORED.

TIMOROUS PANHANDLE, ESQ., late cashier of the Colored Man's Bank of Buffalo, entertained a large audience in Kalsomine Hall, Monday evening last. It seems he had been trying to do the fashionable by eloping with the bank's funds; but, as he explains it, those funds only amounted to \$5, and after paying his railway fare and two weeks' board, he was left rather short. The object of the meeting was to raise sufficient wealth to purchase a sawhorse for the gentleman. This lecture was as follows, but, of course, his remarks on politics referred entirely to the United States:

Breddenin', I has a solemn task to perform to night, an' I feel somewhat trepidous 'bout commencin' de subject. In de fus place, it don't do to call a man a liar, 'less you er a fightin' man yo' self; an' in de second place, it seems like defyin' Providence to say dat all dis cong'gation er liars mo' er less. But dat is de exac' duty which weighs me down dis ebenin'. I mus' call yo' all liars, because I am boun' to speak nuthin' but de troof; but it budders my min' mo' dan consider'bul how ter do it widout offendin' yo', and callin' up de mighty wraf which yo' hab sometimes displayed to lickerers in dis hall. But befo' accusin' yo' of trespassin' wid veracity, let me say dat de cullu'd race am George Washingtons compared wid de white population. I will also submit my proof befo' jeopardizing myself. Did yo' ever swar yo' paid fo' dollars fo' a pair ob boots when yo' know yo' got dem secoun'-han' fo' 50 cents? Dat was a lie. Did yo' eber tell Chloe when yo' was co'tin' dat yo' would neber neglect her, an' dat she would lib like a princess, when yo' knew de license cos' de las' nickel yo' had in de worl'? Also, did yo' ever yet let de assessor put de market price on your shanty er lot? Dese seem like small tings, but dey er lies—small lies to be sho'—but I will now hint as to de wharab-uts ob de big Jumbo p'varicators. It makes my heart glad to tink our race hab neber entered pollyticks. We is liars only in a small way, an' would nebber become perficent navigators in de malstrom ob pollyticks. Dar er such tings ez unwitting lies—de mo' a man lies de mo' he p'suades himse'f dat he am speakin'

de troof, until at las' de troof itse'f appears in his eyes a whollop' ole lie. If a miracle wuz ter transfo'm any ob my audience into a writer fo' a party paper dese remarks might fo'cibly suggest deyselves. But if I was dat writer, an' a man called me a liar, I wouldn't go askin' somebody to swar to my innocence; I would p'lutely say, "you're anoder," an' let de matter drop. I am sorry to hab to make dese remarks, but what I wan' to say is dat de cullu'd people am de bes' off out er Pa'liament. I hab heard dat yo' am talkin' ob runnin' a candidate dis 'lection. Don' yo' do it! I neber voted yet an' I neber will. I is a sinner, but I ain't gwine to heap no mo' sins on my head by helpin' to put any man in de way ob temptation; an' if yo' did 'lect a man it could on'y be done by lyin' an' swarin' away de honor ob de man he run agin. No, brudders, let de legislative halls alone; stick to de ole kalsomining; stick to de sawbuck; an' above all, stick to de troof an' honesty fo' which our race am noted. Stealin' chickens, or misleadin' de accessor am gentlemanly misdemeanors side de mouf-stretchers an' tings yo' would hab to do if yo' entered de fiel' ob pollyticks. Dat fiel' am all grown up wid brambles an' fireweed. Let de white man play hide-an'-seek, an' tear hisself, an' gambol 'mongst de briars, an' yo' be content wid a small lot well cultivated. We will now sing dis song an' dismiss ourselves:

I once was a candidate fo' Pa'liament,  
Fo' Pa'liament, fo' Pa'liament,  
I once was a candidate fo' Pa'liament,  
When I was an influential resident,  
An' I sez to myself when I got my seat,  
Dat de perquisites ob office am mighty sweet.

But I had to lie an' I had to cheat,  
I had to cheat, I had to cheat,  
But I had to lie an' I had to cheat,  
So horribly dat I resigned my seat;  
An' dat am why I sc an' hones' man,  
'Cause de wicked Pa'liament I could not stan'.

1.

### A WINTER'S SCENE.

COLD blows rude Boreas blustering from the pole,  
The ragged bummer now flies to his hole,  
While gay saloonist loometh great and big  
In seal-skin coat inside his fur-robed "rig."  
I' faith the knave must own a silver mine!  
Where'er he stops he scutteth up the wine,  
But to a chosen few, of course—the sportive swell,  
The broker, merchant man of wealth, and well  
And with discrimination keen how he  
Chooseth the partners of his revelree.  
"What mattereth," thinks he, "if I spend gold  
Back it will come to me again four fold."  
The impecunious frozen looks in awe  
At the huge wad of bills clasped in his paw.  
"Alas!" he mutters, "'Tis not long ago  
To get some of that budge I'd have a show.  
These were the days when I'd of cash my fill,  
And many a dollar I've dropped in the till  
Of this aristocrat for beer and rye,  
Moselle and Hock and Champagne 'still' and 'dry,  
Santerne and Curacao and clarets rare,  
When I'd been out o' nights upon a tear.  
Now I must stand aside, eat humble pie  
When this infernal Levite passeth by."  
The bar-keep heard him, heard his muttered talk,  
And said, "My friend, you'd better take a walk—  
We don't want no such bums as you about."  
He oped the door and gently fired him out!  
For winter is upon us, gone's the summer,  
Beware, my friend, take warning by the bummer!

B.

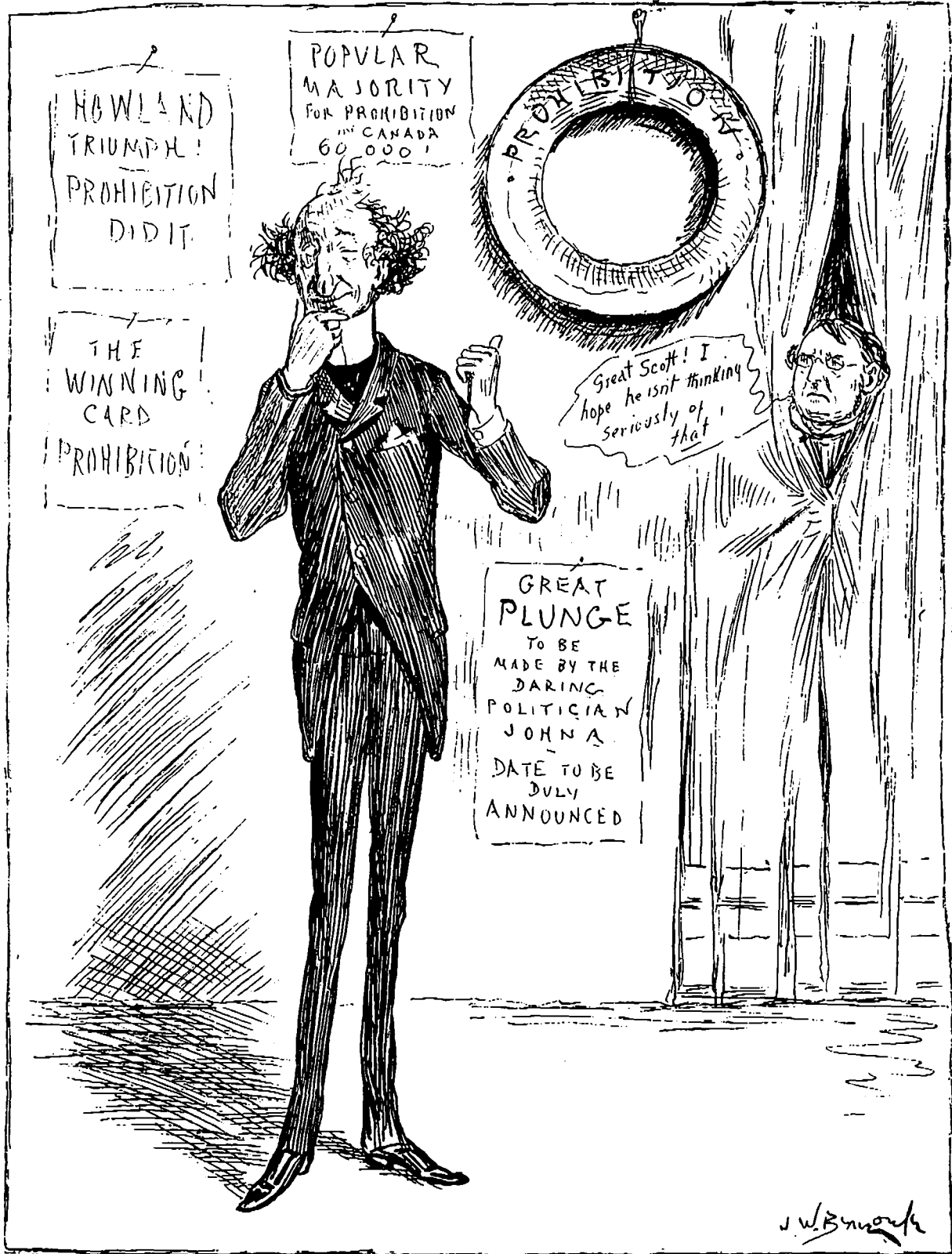
It often happens that beautiful heiresses invest their wealth in royalties.—*Ex.*



EQUALLY GUILTY,

AND BOTH OUGHT TO BE PUNISHED WITH DISFRANCHISEMENT.





SQUINTING TOWARD THE LIFE-PRESERVER

Sir John—I WONDER, NOW, IF THAT THING WOULD FIT ME?

**FROM THE COOP.**

'Tis the season when the human species revel  
In the best blood of the barnyard, and inclined,  
Is a thoroughbred to think his social level  
Too alluring to the lust of human kind.

When aroused the roost is nightly, by the clamor  
Of some kindred fowl, held captive by the limbs  
"The abductor too," excitedly they stammer  
"Is the dame who used to pander to our whims.

"But as oft in other matters wholly human  
The patroness is calling for her pay,  
An I our friend is the most indulged, deceitful woman,  
In her presence settle limp in dire dismay.

"And so gloomy is the gobble of the turkey,  
And cheerless is the chuckle of the hen;  
In the gaggles of the pouce there seems to lurk a  
Doleful notion of the appetites of men."

Lows the ponderous ox that lumbers to the stable:  
"Though distinction I enjoy remaining whole,  
I am loath to be in pieces on the table,  
Though my rarities the epicure extol."

And the gentle sheep is also in a shadow,  
And she bleats: "Alas, my breeding is my bane,  
I would wave my dear distinction of the meadow  
To go back a humble commoner again."

Now the moral, fellow thoroughbreds, is here, sirs:  
If our nourishers, the people, don't you know  
Ever have a festal season, which I fear, sirs,  
It will fill our choicest specimens with woe.

My muse being exhausted, permit me without her aid in simple  
prose to suggest feeding more sparingly at the public crib, and so  
keeping comfortably thin, may we hope to be overlooked by the  
revellers in their festivities. HUGH BERT.

HAMILTON, Dec. 19th, 1886.

**AN ACCOMMODATING TRAIN.**

I HAD just landed in K— the previous evening, and started before breakfast for the first train west, due to leave at 6.15. There was only time to reach the station, and I walked fast, passing several passengers on the way, who seemed in no hurry, as if the train would wait till they arrived. Time was up soon after I bought my ticket, but the people strolled leisurely in, chatting with the clerk and each other. "Hello! Jim," said a late comer to the conductor, who passed through the waiting-room. "Going soon?" "Oh! lots of time." "Then I guess I'll run across the road and smile." "All right, we'll wait for you." Bye and bye the passengers got on—time, 6.45. The engine whistled, and everyone seemed pleased at the prospect of getting under way, though evidently used to this leisurely mode of procedure. Just as we were off a little girl made her appearance. "Oh! Mr. Conductor, won't you please wait for ma, she's just finishing breakfast and will come as soon as she drinks her cup of tea." "All right, sis; tell her not to burn herself," replied the amiable and gentlemanly conductor. The passengers buried their faces in their newspapers for another wait. In the course of ten minutes "ma" appeared and was assisted on board. When she was comfortably seated, three or four minutes were spent in saying "good-bye" to sis, and sending forgotten instructions to the loved ones at home. Then sis got off, the conductor pulled the rope, and we commenced our journey. We had been running at a fair speed for about an hour,

when the engine whistled "down brakes," and we began to slacken speed. The obliging conductor went out to the platform, while we put our heads out the windows as we drew up opposite a wayside farm house. We had been flagged by an old woman with a red handkerchief. "Come, hurry on board," said the conductor, "whose going up this morning?" "Why, bless ye, none of us go: up. Jest wanted to send a message to Sarey Jane. She is up to Smith's. Went up a week ago. Tell Sarey Jane, Mr. Conductor, will ye, that the red cow calved last night, and I want her to come home." "All right, aunt Mary, anything else?" "No, not this morning, thankee."

Then we started again and ran a couple of miles to Smith's, when the accommodating train drew up to a log house, to tell Sarey Jane that the cow had calved last night. "Wal, now, do tell, Mr. Conductor, how ever am I to get home" exclaimed the fascinating Sarey. "I say, Mr. Conductor, it's powerful bad walking. Couldn't ye jes back me down home on the cars." "Well, I don't know. Like to oblige ye, but we're a little late." "There now, do like a good fellow." The conductor yielded, and the train was backed two miles down the track to take Sarey Jane home. Then we got off again, spent an hour shunting at V— and reached B— three hours behind time. But the passengers seemed used to it.

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'Twas heard upon the city streets,  
Not very long ago,  
What interests the human race,  
The highest and the low.

'Twas not a Grit was found to vote  
Upon the Tory side,  
Nor a reporter for the press  
Confessed that he had lied.

'Twas not that John A. said to Blake,  
"You are the better man,  
Come here and step right in my place,  
I can't do right, you can."

'Twas not that Blain to Howland said,  
"Toronto voted fair,  
Come temperance ladies, carry him  
And place him in the chair."

'Twas, "if diseased the lungs should be,"  
And if the blood not pure,  
Try Dr. Jugs' great medicine,  
That sure and certain cure."

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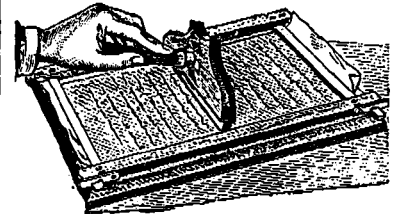
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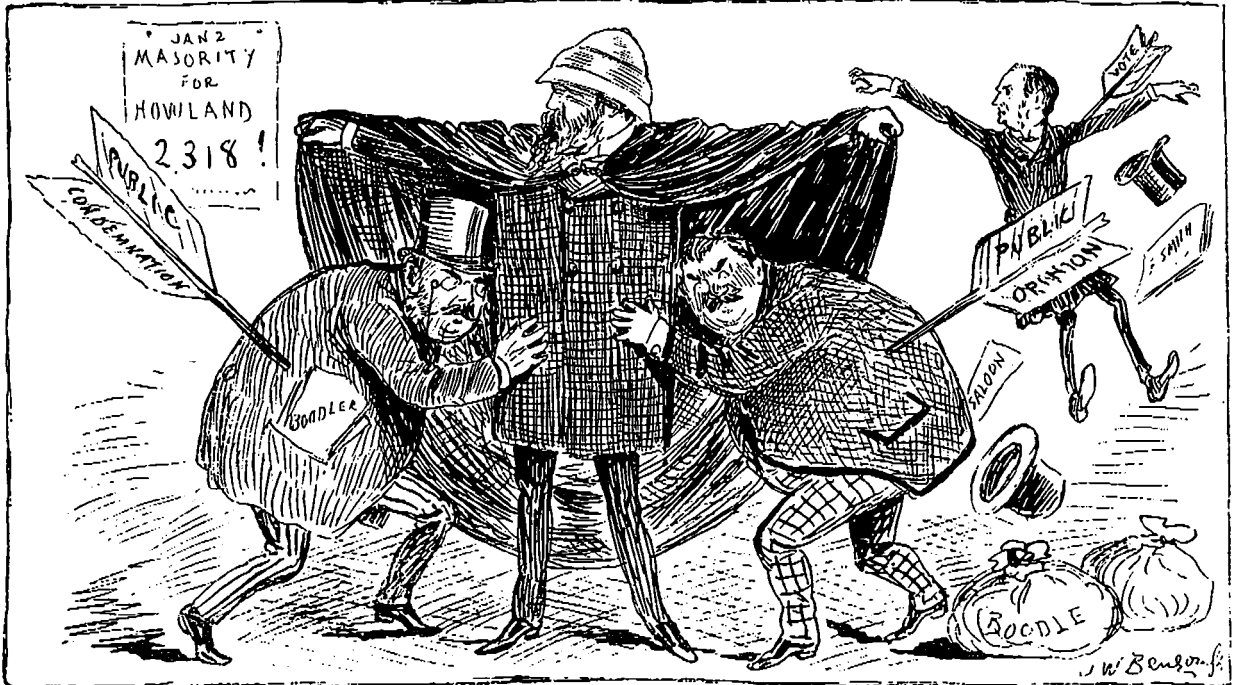
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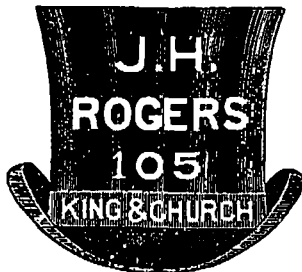
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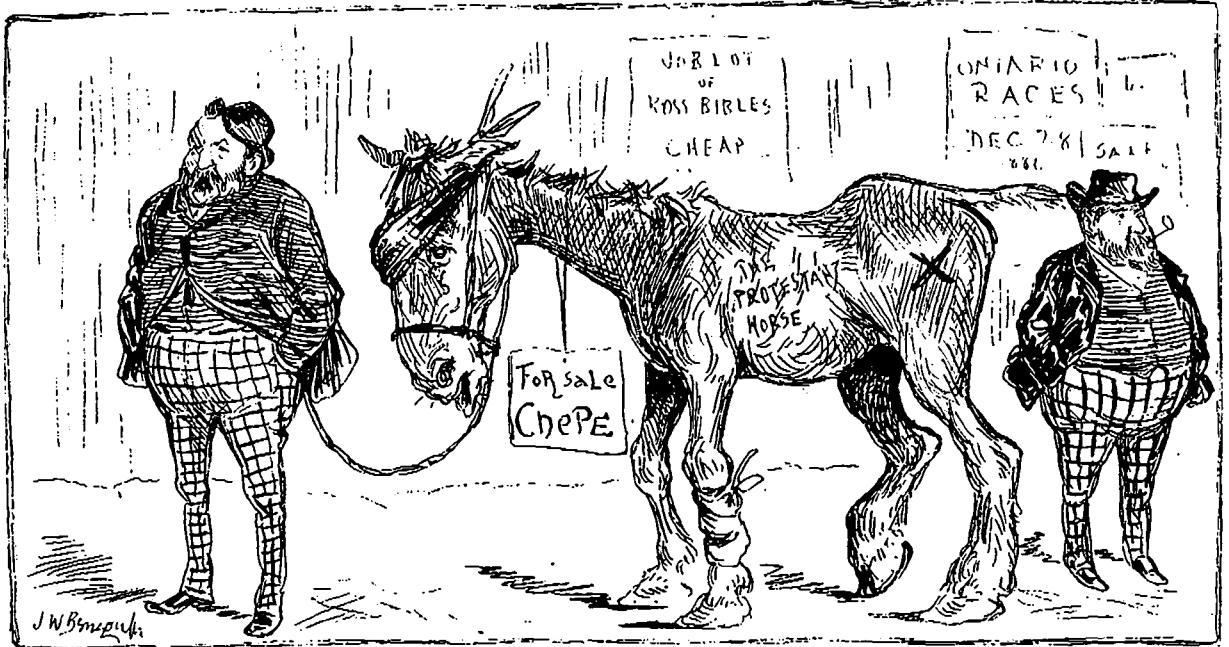
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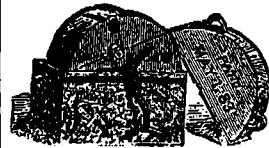


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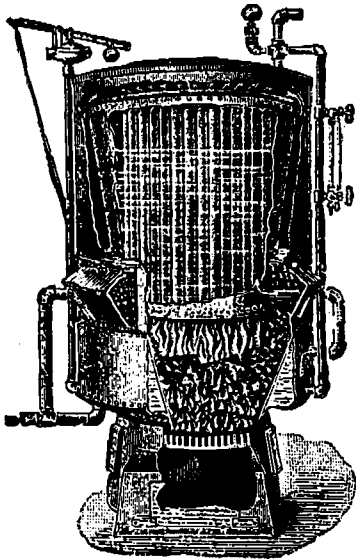
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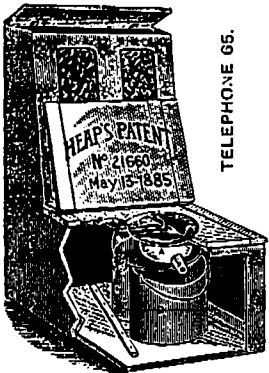
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