



Sunday Work!

The *Globe* expresses an anxiety to have it definitely declared exactly what the law relating to Sabbath observance in this country is, and it hails the action against the Opera House Sunday Concert managers as a test case. The question must have peculiar interest for the illustrious journalist, for he is aware that, if strict justice is done in the premises, he will himself stand alongside of the Opera man in his punishment. The type in which Monday morning's *Globe* expresses "its amazement, its surprise" at the conduct of the Sabbath breaking Mr. BARNES, is, in a great measure, set up during the sacred hours. The non-Sabbatarian composers, in fact, find it convenient to go directly from the parquette of the Opera House to the news-room of the *Globe* office, and they do not wait till the clock strikes twelve before taking off their coats. If an information is laid against Mr. G. B., that gentleman's only defence can be that the Sunday night composers are engaged upon goodly matter—the manuscript of a sermon, perhaps, or more probably one of those costly cablegrams scissored from the Sunday edition of the *New York Herald*.



The Black Flag

Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition at Ottawa are very much shocked and grieved at the sad condition of the workingmen in that city and elsewhere. They feel very much disposed to weep, and would do so if their time permitted it. But most of all they feel sorry to see the black flag hoisted. They know from experience that it must make

the Government feel very uncomfortable, and if there is one thing more than another that they object to, it is embarrassing a Government. Some evil-disposed persons insinuate that the black flag is a source of secret pleasure to the Oppositionists. Perish the thought! Does the above sketch look like it?

Shakespeare a Greek.

The *Mail* says:—

"The Greek poet declares it is good to have a giant's strength but cruel to use it like a giant."

In Scene II, Act 2, "Measure for Measure," *Isabella* says,

... O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

One might apply the passage in "Measure for Measure," immediately following the above to the *Mail* writer:—

Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
Like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.



One Benefit of Our School Arrangements.

ANXIOUS MOTHER, (*Pathetically alluding to her poor, emaciated little son, who attends one of the City Public Schools, and, like many others, has had his health impaired by the long hours, severe discipline, and disproportionate tasks imposed in those absurd institutions.*)—Now, Mr. MEDICUS, as a man, and a School Trustee, don't you think a radical reform in our Public School arrangements is imperatively required?

Mr. MEDICUS.—As a man and a School Trustee, perhaps I do; but, madam, you must recollect that I am a Doctor, also!

As Sacred as Possible.

Mr. BARNES, of the Royal Opera House, says of the goddess individuals who do not go to church on Sunday:—

"These people do not stay at home, and I think that there are worse places that they can go to than my house, where they will hear good music, as largely sacred as my means will permit."

This reminds one of the mother who said, "My girls have as good an example of piety from me as any one can give, who only has two dresses a year fit to go to church in." It also recalls Sir JOHN's claim that he has been as honest a politician as possible—in the circumstances.



Teaching His Grandmother to Suck Eggs.

Master DALTON MCCARTHY is a very clever little member of the House of Commons, and undoubtedly knows a great deal more than many of the big boys on the Grit side. But still he oughtn't to be proud of his attainments, and above all things, he should be very careful not to presume to teach his grandmother HOLTON to suck eggs. It is not likely he will do so any more, after the lesson he got the other day. The good old lady had expressed some opinion on a point of constitutional law, in connection with the MACDONNELL case, when Master DALTON got up and snubbed her, saying she was quite beyond her depth in such a subject. He then took to laying down the law himself, but that very remarkable lad BLAKE happened to be on hand, and showed poor DALTON that he himself was blundering most absurdly. Whereupon it is said young DALTON blushed most profusely, and muttered something deprecatory of the whole egg-sucking business.

Sound on the Cake Question.

"Bishop Sweatman has forbidden a clergyman of the Diocese having an election cake at a tea-meeting, on the ground that they are indelicate and impolite."—*Despatch to the papers.*

This is as it should be; they are also indigestible, your Lordship!



Grip to Parnell

We don't want any of your Irish political palaver in Canada; there is the gentleman you want to talk to!