

BEAUTIFULLY BLUE.

FRIEND GRIP,—When pottering about the other day, as far away as in a city of the Maritime, taking my usual constitutional, without which (you will be sorry to hear) I cannot enjoy my luncheon, I strolled into a candy shop to buy some maple sugar and molasses balls for the children of my sister—the one, you know, that married the barber. The obliging young shop-lady with the ribbons handed me the packages neatly done up in leaves torn from a Parliamentary Report in the French language. Being somewhat addicted to sage reflections, any time after eleven o'clock forenoon—the hour at which custom permits one to take his “morning”—I fell into a train of thought. Does Parliamentary specially translate its Reports into the French tongue merely to supply candy-shops with wrapping paper? Does anybody read the public documents in French that could not do it quite as well in English? Of course nobody does read Blue Books. Certainly not in French. Then why dual? Duplicate (or is it duplicity?) is professedly for the common people, but who ever saw a habitant poring over a Federal Report in French? Is it therefore worth while to have large official volumes translated, at vast expense, into grammatical Parisian not understood by the Canadian-French people, and only useful to sell to candy peddlers at a cent a pound as waste paper? To these questions echo answers *not much*, Monsieur.

GRUFFY.

SKELETON POEM.

..... boy
 grapple,
 joy
 apple.
 anguish,
 inside
 languish
 died.



WONDERFUL INTELLIGENCE.

FOND YOUNG MOTHER (to baby)—“Say papa.”

BABY—“Baba!”

F. Y. M.—“Oh, the darling! Now say mamma.”

BABY—“Baba!!”

F. Y. M.—“Oh, what a tootsie-ootsie, mamma’s darling!”

(Convulsive hugs from F.Y.M.)

LOVE GROWS BY WHAT IT FEEDS ON.

NOT in sudden gust of passion, not in maiden’s fickle whim, Said Cecilia to her sister, from beneath her nightcap’s brim:

“Oh! I hate him—hate him—hate him—hate his name and hate his self,

Yet I know I’ve got to wed him for his nasty dirty pelf.”

Not without a spice of passion swore Augustus Morland Snivels: “Sacre—dem—potz tausend—bacco—snakes—carambo—thousand devils!

Here must I, a rich young *parti*, like an ass give in to gender, And, for ‘blue blood,’ wed a scraggy high-nosed guy like Cecile Endor.”

A rev. canon said amen, and knit the loveless twain together, On which, of course, they both began to pull their own ends of the tether, But found the bond so very binding, unelastic, strong and supple. They ceased to haul and soon became a very Model Married Couple.

Children came in great profusion; girls with noses for their feature, Whom ‘Gustus vowed would one day be as pretty as their ma, sweet creature, And when small boys, with bandy legs, ripped out in oaths of extra daring, Cis said, “Those dears have every one dear Gus’s darling way of swearing.”



“THE subject for discussion this evening,” said the President, “will be the tariff question—or does Protection protect? Let your remarks be brief and pungent. I take it you are all familiar with this theme, and possibly in this, as in other cases, familiarity breeds contempt. The wrestle with the dictionary will now commence.”

“Now—does Protection protect?” said Popenjoy, thoughtfully. “If not, whine not?”

“The tariff,” said Binkerton, “is a deliberate onslaught upon our prosperity—because it is a tax (attacks) on industry.”

“But,” said McGuffy, “without some protection we should become a slaughter-house—mark-it.” (Applause.)

“We should be exposed to the competition of our neighbors. Come-petition in favor of the N.P.,” said Borax. “Lives there a man with soul so dead, etc. I grieve to say there does. The Nova Scotia fisherman, for instance.”

“I fail to see the point of the latter observation,” said the President.

“Don’t you see? His soles are dead before he can get them to market.”

“Oh! keep it up, brethren. Does it not strike you