



The Ideal Member.

Mr. Grip.—And so, that is your idea of the correct attitude of a member of Parliament, as illustrated in your Bill? He musn't act in the capacity of an advocate with the government on behalf of any of his constituents; he, in fact, can't move hand or foot to help anybody, no matter how just his cause? It strikes me that is rather a humiliating position to put a member in; in fact under such an act his "usefulness" would indeed be "gone."

Hon. E. Blake.—True; but you observe in this position he cannot take a bribe!



Lam-Tam.

My name is Augustus de Fred,
Of bank clerks I'm known as the head,
I have taught them all how
To "do" Chesterfield's bow,
And daintily work for their bread.
I'm æsthetic in many a way,
In art quite a *dilettante*,
In my room I now hang
Some Old Masters (by Prang),
Two plaques and a Japanese tray.
I am short—I am sorry to say—
I'm a blonde, just as fair as the day;
I've an æquiline nose,
And I pay for my clothes
In a leisurely sort of a way.
And of course I am deeply in love
With a girl who has eyes like a dove,
She can sing like a lark,
And adores her bank clerk;
Oh, she acts like an angel above.
I—aw—move in the toniest set,
With its daughters I dance the racquet,
Do the rockaway, too,
And the *valte a lents deux*.
Or, aw, anything else. I'm a pet.

The Legislative Symposium. No. III.

There was a good attendance at the last regular weekly gathering of the Symposium, prior to the prorogation of the House. For some minutes the members sat in comparative silence waiting for some one to make the first joke and give them a chance to order their beverages.

"Now gents," said the Symposium, "don't be backward in coming forward. The brethren are not in a critical mood to-night, and any kind of a pun will pass."

No response.

"I propose a change in the programme for to-night," said McMaster. "Instead of imposing a fine for every joke, let each member be compelled to make one or suffer the customary penalty. Then we shall get along faster."

"Your proposal is fraught with suggestiveness," said the Symposium, "and with the consent of the members, I shall put it in force immediately, calling upon the brethren in the order in which they are seated."

"It is only fair that the Symposium should lead off," said Young. (General murmurs of assent.)

"Well, all I have to remark," replied the Symposium, "is, that Ireland is in a beleaguered condition, (groans) Mr. Sinclair!"

The gentleman addressed relapsed into profound thought for a quarter of a minute. Then he raised his head and looked hopelessly round. Then he passed his hand in a bewildered fashion over his brow, and finally gasped out, "Why is a—a— Why is—I mean what is the difference between—oh, hark it all—order your drinks—I never made a joke in my life, and I can't do it now."

"That's precisely my fix," said Gibson, of Huron, who sat next in order, "so that the waiters may as well bring on cigars."

"Now we're getting down to business," said Dr. Boulter. "This new rule'll fetch 'em."

"Now," said McMaster, "supposing a well were to fall in upon the workmen engaged in digging it, what pre-historic people would they remind you of? You all give it up, of course. Why the ancient cave dwellers—(caved-wellers.)"

"McMaster, that wasn't fair," said Bishop, "you had it all cut-and-dried when you proposed the new rule."

"Mr. Bell!" said the Symposium.

"Who is the most unreliable member of this House on a division?"

"Well, propound!"

"Boulter, of course."

"Won't do," said the Symposium, "heard it before. Give your orders gentlemen, and Mr. Meredith, please make a pun."

"U-pun what?"

"Oh, anything."

"But I don't," replied Meredith.

"Don't what?" asked the Symposium.

"Owe anything!"

"You'll pass! Next; Mr. Springer!"

"I'm your man. I've got a good one. What is the reason that young Irishmen leave their homes in such numbers and cross the briny Atlantic to push their fortunes in the new world, many of them ultimately succeed in rising to positions which—"

"Mr. Symposium, I rise to a point of order," said Pardee, "we want a joke and not a second-hand stump speech. The honorable member had better save all this eloquence for the next election."

"Now you just let me tell it my own way, will you?" said Springer. "Where was I; let me see;—oh, yes, I was talking about the Irish emigrants who come out to this country and what I want to know is why they leave home?"

"Well, why? Nobody ever guesses conundrums."

"Why, because they don't want to pay rent," said Springer, triumphantly.

"Really now," remarked the Symposium, "with every disposition to take a liberal view, I must say that I cannot see the slightest humor or point in that observation. It won't pass, Moses."

"No, no, of course it won't!" said several of the member. "Fill 'em up waiter."

"It think it's a pretty good joke," said Springer, grumblingly, "only perhaps I didn't state it as I had it in my own mind, because Pardee put me out. Oh, I know now—the answer is, because being Land Leaguers they wish to quit the pay-rental roof. How's that?"

"Come now, that's not so bad, Moses," remarked the Symposium, "only your explanation comes a trifle too late. You're stuck."

"Pardee ought to pay it, then," said Springer.

Mr. Badgerow on being called upon, commenced with his inner self for a few seconds and then queried why the front name of the honored Symposium resembled a beast of burden? Answer—Because it's Samuel, (it's-a-mule.)

The Symposium—"There is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. Whether that point has been passed, I shall leave it with you to decide. We will take the yeas and nays on the question whether that is to be regarded as a joke or not, and in the event of your judgment being in the negative, I would venture to remind the members that our cellars contain rare and expensive vintages, the cost of which would constitute a penalty adequate to the enormity of the offence."

The vote stood 12 yeas to 10 nays, and Badgerow shuddered at his narrow escape.

Pardee came next in turn and remarked that the decision just rendered was clearly unjust.

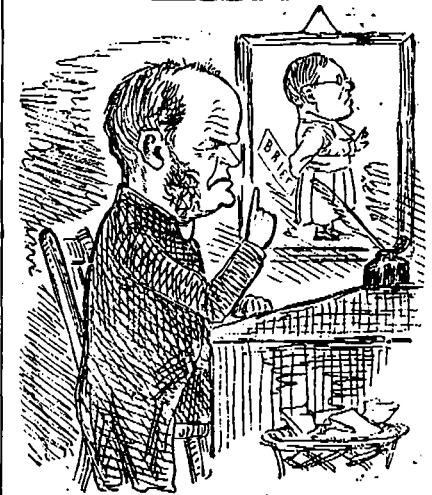
"Why so?"

"The mule question should have been decided by the neighs." (Hoarse laughter.)

Ross having failed to come to time, greatly to the satisfaction of the party, Hardy was next called on and his effort was as follows:—

"Why is his Satanic majesty favorable to the Land League? Because he's a gnome-ruler."

It elicited loud applause and was voted the conundrum of the evening, and after a night-cap, at the expense of Cascaden, who was not in a punning vein, the party broke up for the session.



The Charlottetown Editor to His Pen.

Oh! graceless penion, oh vile quill of goose!
I hurl my malediction on thee from my heart!
Thy wayward scratchings, often gross and wild,
At length have got me in a pretty mess:
Here have I just returned from county jail,
Yes, jail, where in default of paying fine—
One hundred dollar bills and fifty more—
Imposed upon me by relentless Court
Because of thy vile scribbling of libels
Against one Stewart, whom thou, grimy quill,
Well knowest as a decent gentleman:
Yes! prison bars have held this saintly form,
This cloth and this white tie have known a cell,
And for the space of nigh two mortal hours
Have I behind the felon's grating glared!
It seemed two years, the while my counsel ran
And scoured the city for the solid cash,
Wherewith to satisfy the monster Law,
Which would not look at promissory notes,
Or cheques, or anything but ready pelf!
Oh Pen, thy inky substance ought to blush,
That thou hast brought the master all this shame!
Henceforth write truth: abjure scurrility:
Write no more lies for filthy party ends:
Speak strongly if thou wilt but do not lie,
Else I will tear thy feather from thy shaft
And hurl thee where my money-fine hath gone,
Into the blackness of oblivion!