



A NEW CROSS.

Mr. Mackenzie has returned to Canada shorn of his whisker. His distinguished rival is expected to come back with a notable addition to his honors—the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, which Her Majesty the Queen has been or is about to be graciously pleased to bestow upon him for the following amongst other brilliant achievements of statesmanship:

1. The conception and inauguration of Confederation.
2. The frustration of Sir Hugh Allan's attempt to get possession of the Pacific Railway Charter.
3. The invention and application of the National Policy, by which Canada has been lifted from a bog of despond and placed upon the highway to wealth and greatness, and in this connection, the crushing of the Nihilistic endeavors of Mr. Phipps to grasp the Premiership.
4. The negotiation of a brilliant bargain with the Syndicate, by which Canada gets the railway built without costing a cent.
5. The inauguration of the great Institution known as the Political Picnic, which has done more for the education and elevation of the people than any other form of humbug.
6. Lastly and chiefly, for the successful cultivation of a physical, moral, and mental likeness to a late remarkable Earl.

The N. P.

Some people love to be
Talking about the great N. P.,
But what it really means they cannot tell,
While some others do aver,
(That have travelled everywhere),
'Tis a gigantic kind of sell.

What these little letters mean,
It would take a sage I ween,
To show it here before our wondering eyes—
But, since I'm allowed to guess,
I must frankly here confess,
That I think it haply means National Prize.

Since my guess has been in vain,
Let me try but once again.
And don't laugh, friends, though my next bedroll—
I'm o'ercome with vexation,
All through the great taxation,
That we have had this while upon our coal.

Now, some in this Dominion,
May laugh at my opinion,
And say that my idea's rather vague;
But it matters not to me,
For in sooth I cannot see,
What it means, unless it be National Plague.

Self Evident.

A English paper gives an illustration of a recent battle in Afghanistan as "A reminder to Ayoub Khan of how British red-coats can fight." *A-you-b(et they) Khan.*

"The Burial of the Cat."

They buried the black cat, they freed
The neighborhood of his foul breed,
With melody the whole night long,
It charmed the sleepers with its song,
So shrill and weird-like in its tone,
A kind of stifled shriek or groan,
The very sort that one would bless,
When troubled by a sleepless-sness,
All through the swelt'ring summer night—
Until the coming of the light
Broke up this most am(e)using throng,
Which stayed at dawn it's liquid song,
And sought the pleasant cooling shade
Where oft in infancy it played,
And capered round the old oak tree
On frolic bent and mirthsome glee,
With tail erect and flashing eye
It strolled beneath the midnight sky,
And whisked its tail in proud disdain
At any cat that would his reign
Intrude upon, and war proclaim
Against his royalty and name.

For he was "boss" of all that crowd,
Each "spit-fire" owned his will and bowed,
Or rattled crouched in abject fear—
In fact he was a feline "Leor"
And made them all feel rather queer,
At least they did when he was near.
They *now* fantastic capers played
Above the king they once obeyed—
Who now was sleeping 'neath the shade,
And heartless their contempt displayed.
They madly fought to gain command
O'er the wild, lawless, thriving band.
Oft when the moon was shining bright,
With velvet footfall soft and light,
It stole along each parapet
With flashing eyes as black as jet,
And 'neath the dreamer's lattice stayed
(Who for its death devoutly prayed)
—The patient Ass here gently brayed,
As if it would it felle said
Lend to the tuneless choir on high
That waked weird echoes in the sky—
It listened to the hound which bayed
(It accents now somewhat decayed)
The whole night long into the moon
Nor changed at all its cheerfull tune
It howled with all its might and main
As 'twere a Philharmonic strain,
And with its shrill blood-chilling cries
It seemed to pierce the midnight skies.

A well-directed blow had laid
The rampant "Thomas" in the shade,
For now neglected and alone,
He sleeps beneath the mossy stone.
A warning to all cats that roam
Upon the tiles afar from home
For night of those unearthly shrieks
Is soft, no more the sweet-voiced speaks.
His reign is done, 'tis past and o'er—
Again is heard the placid snore
Of pussy sits who calmly sleep
With respirations strong and deep
In every key and varied strain
Until the daylight comes again
To pluck with brightness and with gold
The breezy down, the glen and wold.

Arcades Ambo.

"Sometimes accs, more times deuces"

OWED TO THE TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB.

It was a bright and pleasant summer day,
The balmy south-west breezes from the Lake,
Had cleared the air of mist, and seemed to make
All nature joyous. The smoke away
Upto the woods was blown to where
The forest fires lighted with lurid glare
The skies, and all seemed gay.

Serene and happy every one appeared,
Till looking round I saw a youth in tears.
Stalwart he was, although of tender years;
A mother's darling evidently reared.

"Tell me," I asked of him, "wherefore this sad-
ness,

Why do these tears course down thy boyish cheek?
Remember this is Exhibition week,
'Tis not the time for tears, but looks of gladness.

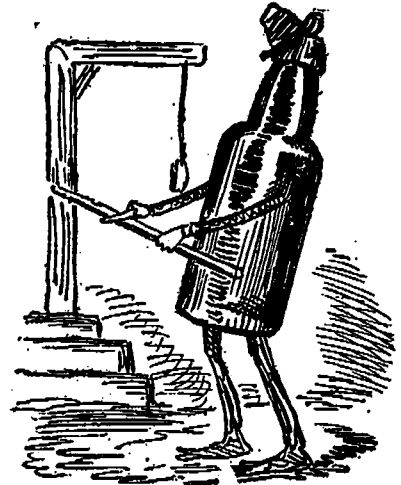
Has your last 'mash' gone back on you, what of it?
Has the loved one you fondly hoped to wed,
Gone off with favored rival in your stead?
If she has gone, why let her go to 'tophet'!"

"Girl! you fool," he roared, in voice of thunder,
"What 'ye take me for, a stoughton bottle?
Shut up or I'll catch you by the throatle!
It's 'cause I made such an infernal blunder.

'Way down to Montreal, I like a dashed fool went,
And put my pile upon our own lacrosse club;
Because of course I thought it was the boss club;
'The Shamrocks scooped me out of every cent!"

"Shake," I cried. "My boy, dry up thy tears.
Shake! for verily I'm in the self-same box;
On the Torontos I put up my rocks.
How would it strike you if we had two beers?"

"I am," he said, "one who not off refuses
Agreed. Two schooners, for misery likes company;
Although I thought of course our boys could thump
any,
I know it's 'some times accs, sometimes deuces.'"



TWO MORE NOTCHES.

At Peterborough, on Sunday last, a man came to his death from the effects of a stab administered by a companion in the course of a drunken fight; about the same time, near Brantford, a besotted Indian brutally murdered his wife, "kicking her head to a jelly" according to the graphic newspaper report. Old Rye cuts two more notches in the tally stick, while the Licensed Victuallers, with their fine clothes on, met together and protest against the mawkish sentimentality of those who would put a veto on their glorious traffic.

Mr. Mackenzie's Beard.

QUINCE, Sept. 4.—Hon. Mr. Mackenzie and Mrs. Mackenzie were amongst the passengers by mail steamship from Liverpool to-day, and left immediately for the West. The ex-Premier states that he has recovered his usual health. He looks well, and has his beard cut close to the chin.

MR. GALT read the above despatch in the *Globe* with feelings of indignation mingled with sorrow. Having long regarded Mr. Mackenzie's physiog, as one of our own personal chattels, we could not but regard this untimely taking off of the beard as a barbarous act of contempt for GALT on the part of the ex-Premier. His object no doubt was to throw discredit on the pictures in which we have uniformly represented him as he was, with a long and straggling chin appendage. But no mat-tar! His game is foiled! On another page of this issue we have given a series of sketches of the revised edition of Mr. Mackenzie, which will familiarize the public with his present actual appearance, from every point of view. We are delighted to learn that the hon. gentleman returns home in the best of health, and we ardently hope he will lose no time in doing something politically—perpetrating some act of characteristic corruption such as has in the past so often made the *Mail* blush—and thus afford GALT a chance of trotting him out in his new tonsorial arrangements. In these days of steam and telegraph, it is futile for public men to imagine they can escape the penalties of public life by trimming. Their better course is to win the approval of powerful organs of opinion and save their whiskers. The Canadian statesman who would free himself from the clutches of GRIP cannot stop short of cutting off at least his head.

One good thing about a lottery is that a man can purchase enough castles in the air for \$1 to last him a month.—*Boston Globe.*

A card-sharper sat down beside the Governor of Nebraska on a railroad car the other day and offered him a fair whack-up to help "work" the train. A Governor's face should not give him away in this manner.