

fantly upon reading one of these articles. He had heard, not long since, a gentleman, who should have known better, curse not only the medicine but the paper in which the article appeared. This was to be deplored, but no drastic remedy could be applied; time must work the cure.

Professor Thumskrew drew the attention of his colleagues to a grievous want that existed at the present time. Doubtless they knew that all young gentlemen of breeding congregated around the doors of churches and theatres at the time of closing and amused themselves by squirting tobacco juice about, and staring in the faces of the ladies. Now, this habit was such a commendable one, that he would like to encourage it in every possible way. He thought if cushioned chairs were arranged for the benefit of these exemplary youths it would be a good idea. He had thought of spittoons, but the ladies' dresses would serve that purpose in the future as in the past. Also all the ladies should be compelled to stand for at least five minutes to allow of a few choice remarks being passed upon them. If his plan were carried out he felt certain it would elevate the morals of the community very greatly.

2.30 p.m.

Professor Tearem continued the discussion, after the noon recess. He thought that a petition should be presented to Parliament asking for an appropriation for the carrying out of his learned colleague's idea. A subscription might also be opened, the co-operation of the clergy being secured.

Professor Thumskrew said he would take his learned friend's suggestion into consideration.

3.30 p.m.

Professor Kant said he had noticed during the past few years a desire on the part of several clergymen and others to show that hell was not as hot as we had supposed. In fact some doubted its existence. This must be stopped, and he knew of no body of men better able to do so than this Association. Now was the time for them to settle the matter for ever, and give the people a hell on which they could depend.

Professor Leatherworks approved of the idea greatly. Such a chance might not occur again. He thought, however, that most people were punished enough on this earth without going for them so lively afterwards. He moved that fire and brimstone be omitted, unless in the case of those convicted of the heinous crime of dancing.

Professor Thumskrew (fiercely)—"No fire or brimstone? Why, what kind of a hell do you want, anyway? No fire! By the long horn spoon, I wouldn't give five cents for such a miserable abortion!"

Professor Tearem—"I agree with my learned friend; we want fire, and plenty of it. I hope Professor Leatherworks' resolution will be voted down."

Professor Swillpot suggested that they substitute a course of *Globe* editorials for the fire and brimstone.

Professor Fudge, sarcastically—"Or the Saturday religious articles of the *Mail*."

Professor L.—"Do you mean to state that the *Mail* articles are not written forcibly and well?"

Professor F.—"I mean that I'd as soon be roasted awhile as wade through such blunderdash. Hell is mild in comparison!"

Professor Swillpot (savagely)—"You're a bald-headed prevaricator, and for two cents I'd smash you!"

Professor Fudge—"Try it, you pot-bellied old humbug! Your chance is good."

3.40.

All is chaos. A general fight is in progress, and the air is filled with furniture and profanity. I have barricaded myself in the north-east corner of the room.

3.50.  
The row still continues. Professor Fudge is trying to ram an old copy of the *Globe* down Professor Swillpot's throat, while Professor Bilker is vigorously applying the boot of his short leg to the latter's rear.

4.00.

No cessation is apparent. Professor Kant is gouging the left eye out of Professor Tearem. Professor Leatherworks is under the sofa. Professor Fudge has got part of the *Globe* down, and is now beating a tattoo on Professor Swillpot's stomach. Professor Thumskrew has four fingers of Professor Bilker's right hand in his mouth, while the latter is chewing Professor T.'s ear.

4.30.

Calm has once more resumed sway, the storm having completely subsided. The discussion of eternal punishment has been indefinitely postponed, and the Association has closed its labours for this time. The members are now busy applying sticking plasters and washing off the gore. I am given to understand that they leave town for their homes to-morrow. It was originally intended to have a grand banquet to-night at the Rotten Egg and Blue Racer, and the landlord had purchased a couple of chickens for the purpose, but it will not come off. The visages of some of the distinguished gentlemen would hardly bear public scrutiny, and they feel indisposed after the last hour's exertions. You will bear me out when I say that the Association deserves the thanks of the nation for their disinterested and arduous labours.

6.15.

The landlord tells me that he will enter an action for damages against the Association on account of the chickens. This is really too bad.



PHOTOGRAPHIC.

SOUVENIRS OF A TRIP TO THE NORTH-WEST.

**A** Mr. Giga-chook, (or chew potatoes) Mr. Sitting Bull's butler-in-chief, who obtained his situation on account of his ability in imparting just the right coal oil flavouring to a pain-killer cock-tail, and who was presented with a silver-mounted cork-crew by a deputation of the Ontario Government when they made their celebrated trip.

**B** Miss Tish-won-Tish, (or terror on bread) who is now in the possession of the hearts of several of our gay and festive Mounted Police, and who is justly noted for the lovely manner in which she can do up a scalp.

**C** N.B. She is the belle of Mr. Bull's camp.

**D** Hinnu-ma-ma, (or bones outside) Mr. Bull's favourite charger, the picture of Mand S., and who has been known to do his mile in 2.00 1/2.

**E** Koo-no-mis, (or nightingale) Mr. Bull's pet canine, who is supposed to have been the original of "man's noblest friend," and who nightly fills the air with melody.

**F** Wia-ha-tha, (or the moon) who in these savage latitudes is beneficent enough to allow itself to be sung to without calling on a shower of boots, hair-brushes, profanity, etc.

Our Telephone.

The other morning Grip came down to his office and sat for a long time, biting his quill and meditating upon things in general. The more he thought the more bewildered he became in trying to understand the actions and motives of men. Nothing seemed to be going right, everybody seemed to be at sea, and he

finally came to the conclusion to personally inquire of everybody what everybody was doing. So, picking up the telephone which hung at the side of his desk, he first rung up Sir John A. Macdonald. The following colloquy ensued:

Grip.—Sir John, what do you mean by all this loyalty business?

Sir John.—That's just what I mean—business.

Grip.—But how?

Sir John.—You won't tell?

Grip.—Never.

Sir John.—Honest Injun!

Grip.—Hope to scream.

Sir John.—Well, I'll tell you. Don't you see I've got to have something to off-set this confounded coal tax; and to throw against this measly affair of the Syndicate gobbling up the Manitoba and North-Western, and putting the screws down upon Wiunipeg.

Grip (with a long breath).—Oh; I see. But won't it have a demoralizing effect upon Boulbee's Band of Baldheads?

Sir John.—Not at all. It gives men like Ridout a chance to show their oratory which would never be heard. It thus saves life, you see.

Grip.—What did you mean by putting Wallace forward at the Convention to talk all that rag-baby rot?

Sir John.—S—s—sh. That's a big secret. You see the N. P. will not stand more than one racket yet, so I must get something ready for 1888. Then the National Currency will come in handy, and I've opened up the way with Wallace. If I don't need his rag-baby, I can easily shove him off.

Grip began to feel disgusted, but called up Hon. Edward Blake.

Grip.—Hello, Ed.

Hon. Edward.—Hello.

Grip.—Have you found a platform yet?

Hon. Edward.—Naw. 'Ain't looking for one. Let the others get up a platform, and I'll tear it into smithereens.

Grip felt a little more disgusted, but after smoothing down his top-knot, he called up Judge Mackenzie.

Grip.—Say, Judge, who burnt that contract? Judge Mackenzie.—Well now, d'ye see, I don't know about that. D'ye see, I've got to read about one thousand pages of evidence yet, d'ye see even then I'm only supposed to find that it was burned.

Grip.—But everybody knew that it was burned.

Judge Mackenzie.—Well, d'ye see I can't help what anybody knows; I'm not supposed to know anything, d'ye see?

Grip mentioned something about "knowing anything," and then called on Mr. Manning.

Grip.—What do you mean by offering that \$2,000 for a free library? Have you struck a gold mine?

Mr. Manning.—No, but I'm in the field for Mayor, and I calculate that \$2,000 will bear interest in the shape of votes.

Grip.—What are your chances?

Mr. Manning.—Good, as long as the *Mail* keeps quiet. But if they open out, I'll be "closed" up like a certain candidate last year.

Grip next called up John Riordan.

Grip.—Where is Christopher W.?

John R.—Gone to New York to try and get Farrar back.

Grip.—What do you want with him?

John R.—We are afraid he will write the Grit campaign sheet, and if he did he would bust the party higher than Gilroy's kite.

Grip then asked Mr. Trevalyen Ridout what he thought of the *World*.

Ridout.—It's a nasty, dirty, lying, miserable—and Grip dropped the telephone in a fright.

Grip next called up the Zoo, and yelled, "Harry Piper."

"What d'yer soy?"

"How goes the Zoo?"