



## ON EARTH PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

1st CITIZEN.—"GOOD GRACIOUS! OLD FELLOW! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO? OR ARE YOU GOING TO THE CZAR'S CORONATION, OR WHAT?"  
 and CITIZEN.—"OH! I'M NOT ARRESTED: IT'S ALL RIGHT- I'M ONLY GOING UP TO PETROLIA TO ORGANIZE A LODGE OF ONTARIO MASONS."

## P. K. BOOHOO.

## FLUTTERINGS IN SOCIETY CIRCLES.



The Dum-mer Street Literary and Philosophical Society gave a brilliant entertainment on Tuesday evening last. At the conclusion of the

feast of reason and flow of soul, an extempore Terpsichorean hoo-down was organized, at which Miss Kathleen O'Slatthey won vociferous plaudits for her inimitable manner of "thrashin' the flure." Col. Denison held a levee on the following morning at which a large number of participants in the D. S. L. & P. S. festivities were presented to His Worship.

Mrs. Martha Malone of 401 Lombard-St. has parted with her mangle.

The salespersons of the Silver-Gilt Iothysaurus presented Mr. Hunky, the affable floor-walker of the same establishment, with a richly chased and embossed tin bottle of Hair

Restorer on the occasion of his marriage with Miss Sukey de Virago, late head female salesperson at Brigson & Co's. haberdashery.

It is stated in official circles that the Marquis of Lorne is to be appointed viceroy of India. There is no truth in the rumor that ex-Alderman Henderson is to be his successor at Ottawa, and we make the announcement with very much regret.

Miss Smith of Courtenay Avenue called on her friend Miss Amy Joanes de Joanes, of Carlton-St., yesterday afternoon. The respective ages of the two young ladies are four and six months.

Mr. Clarence Mashdedude has discontinued his visits to the paternal mansion of Miss Bustler, since the old gentleman's bull pup has discarded its winter chain.

The off wheel in the rear rank of Master Baxter's perambulator came off on Yonge-St. on Wednesday afternoon last, as that young gentleman was taking his daily carriage exercise. Master Baxter severely sprained his left ligamentum patellæ, and it is the opinion of the three medical men who are in attendance on him, that it will be several months before the sufferer will be able to walk without assistance. As Master Baxter's age is four months and two weeks, it is altogether likely that the physicians are not far astray.

Miss Bridget O'Houlihan has lent her wash tub to Mrs. Shaughnessy of Bismarck Avenue, Yorkville.

An interesting society event came off at the Zoo yesterday, when Madame de Pompadour, the ladylike and accomplished chimpanzee, presented the Zoological Association with a healthy and well-formed son, who gives every evidence, so far as can be judged at present, of becoming an exceedingly able and fascinating Dude.

Mother and son are both doing well. We hear that the Society editor of the *News* is very much chagrined that we scooped him on this item.

## GRIP'S FABLES.

## THE STUPID M.P.

Once upon a time there was a Member of Parliament, and though he used to Attend regularly when Parliament was in Session, he never opened his Mouth to speak, for he was by no means a Brilliant man, for Brillancy though an Absolute Essential in a Civic Alderman, is not altogether In-dis-pen-sa-ble in a Member of Parliament. If it was, my Dears, would not there be a large number of Empty Seats in the House? Clap your Hands, now, for this is nearly a Joke. But this Member was not Brilliant, Intellectually speaking, though he had the Good Sense to keep his Mouth Shut. It is true that he once Enjoyed a meteor-like Flash of Notoriety from having uttered a Realistic Imitation of the Bray of a Jackass during an Exciting Debate, but the Glory which he gained from this Achievement was but E-van-es-cent, and he soon became unnoticed once more. And his Constituents were wrath, and said that he was Neglecting their Interests, and they shouted aloud, "Go to: make a speech," and the Member was Sore Afraid. And it came to pass that he essayed to speak on some Question, and he was a dead failure, and sat down and groaned in spirit. Then his Constituents said, "Lo! we were wrong, and our Member was right, for though he knew himself that he was an Ass; we knew it not. Let him, therefore, Bray when he gets a Chance, for therein is his Success; but as an Orator he does more Harm than Good.

## MORAL.

Nature has a purpose in all things, and when she made a Man an Ass she did not intend him to Speak but to Bray.

When a man is carrying home a dozen eggs in a paper bag, and one of them slips out on the pavement, he never stops to pick it up. In the hurly burly of this life, one egg is a very small matter.—*Ex.*



## SENSIBLE.

"Is that a River, Ma?"  
 "No, my child, it is the Leading Thoroughfare of this City."  
 "That man who is lying on his Face—is he taking a Swim?"  
 "No, my boy, he has just taken a Tumble."  
 "Why does he not Get Up?"  
 "Because he has got up so often that he thinks he can make as good Progress where he is."—*Winnipeg Times*