

MARY ANN.

Ly our own Weekly Post.

They nearly strike me dumb,
I tremble when they come,
K-t-a-tat!
Her step is like a man's,
Those boots are Mary Ann's,
Think of that!

On pampas vast and wide
The bullock must have died,
From whose pelt
The cobbler made those feet
At which, with accents sweet,
I have knelt.

The imprint it declares,
The pixie, that she wears
Number nine;
And there is me who knows
They're broad about the toes
Where they shine.

What soles to trample strife
Has Mary Ann my wife;
Would you dare
To come in late at night,
And meet her with a light
On the stair?

For Mary's *debonair*,
But yet by no means fair
As a rose;
A red and pouting lip,
And most decided tip
To her nose.

The Moslem lords who tack
Their favourites in rack
When they choose,
Would hardly think it meet
To come within six feet
Of her shoes.

Cinderella's lefts and rights—
To Mary Ann's were mites;
Oh! the sweet!
They answered most men's views
About nice-fitting shoes,
On the street.

Come, pussie, since it suits
Your mind, to wear the boots,
Why? you may;
I'll tend the chicks at home,
And you abroad may roam
All the day.

FREDERICK MOCKER.

WILKINSON, KIRKLAND, BUNTING,
"et al."

A HODGE-PODGE OF NOTE, QUERY, COMMENT,
SUGGESTIO AND SUPPRESSIO, AND THE LIKE.

THE GREAT SPEC. IN LOCAL LEGISLATORS, AS
VIEWED THROUGH DIFFERENT COLORED
GLASSES.

Since this plot, or conspiracy, or whatever you call it, on the part of the Local Government, or the Opposition, or the *Globe*, or Bunting of the *Mail*, or Wilkinson, or Meek or Detective Murray, or—but, for heaven's sake, don't ask GRIP to explain or elucidate any further! He is frantic now! His sanctum tible is heaped! And more is coming in every mail! All about the—the—what you may call it! The country really *can't* be safe! Neither is GRIP's reason! There is a strong feeling abroad on this—this—this—unlooked-for contingency! There is also a strong feeling in GRIP's breast that it should never have occurred—for the sake of his peace of mind! He has written and read and read and written! And at this moment he is more mixed up than when he started out to calmly pass his opinion on a—a—a—"Twon't do! He will simply let his editorials on the subject fly, without even a look at the proof, and if readers can make anything out of this handful of letters and things clutched at random from the pile, let 'em make it—and be blown to 'em—and don't bother GRIP any more—or, by George, they'll find out—they'll rouse the sleeping lion in his breast—and realize what it is to—to—to—well, to have one raven mad. There, now! Will that do you?

A NEFARIOUS BUSINESS.

To say that the Canadian people are startled by the exposure of the diabolical scheme set afloat by the well-known leader of a notorious gang of consummate corruptionists is but poorly to describe the highly-wrought state of public feeling in the Dominion at the present time. The facts, according to the *Globe*, which journal must be read for a detailed account, are briefly, that villainous overtures have been made to prominent members of the Legislature with a view to purchase their support towards effecting the overthrow of the present able and incorruptible ministry. The true nobility of character distinguishing Mr. Mowat's supporters was never more beautifully made manifest than in the high-spirited style in which the members approached at first scorned the base offers and afterwards cleverly laid the whole miserable job bare, and secured the apprehension of two and the discovery of the identity of others belonging to the "brawling brood of bribers hatched under the eaves of the *Mail* building." This crime is one too atrocious to admit of the slightest palliation or excuse. Let justice be done, though the whole roof of the Parliament Buildings should fall! Perhaps it would fall wholly on the Opposition members, and grind the unsavory crew out of existence. Sir John, the arch-conspirator, is, of course, at the bottom of this dastard attempt at debauching the people's representatives.

CONSPIRACY EXTRAORDINARY.

What is, on the very face of it, one of the most unconscionable and wholly incomprehensible, unjustifiable and contemptible plots to ruin a reputation, is that which has just come to light in connection with the Local Legislature of Ontario. The *expose* of the shameless conduct of Mr. Mowat, in hiring a trio of his followers in the House to lead Mr. C. W. Bunting into a trap, and through him cast odium on the *Mail* and a slur on the great Liberal Conservative party, is most complete. Of course these soulless hirelings (as well as others) were willing to take a bribe from a timber lobbyist—and some of them did—and betray their leader. But one of them happened to find out it would pay best to go to Mowat and give the whole thing away. This knowledge finally came to the rest of the purchasable coterie, some of whom took advantage of it while others got left. What is there to show any criminal connection with this base business of bribery on the part of Mr. Bunting? There is only the unsworn testimony of three sneaking curs, and the information subscribed to by a so-called detective, who personally knows nothing about the matter, but must be kept employed some way if only for appearances' sake. Mowat may consider himself no longer a christian or a gentleman. His vile plot to ruin a fellow-citizen has collapsed. If anything were wanting to decide that on their appeal the Mowat Government will be hurled from power by the people, this scandalous revelation supplies it.

WHY AND WHEREFORE.

Dear GRIP,—Please answer the subjoined whys and wherefores suggested by the Bribery Scandal:—

(1) Why is the *Globe* so jubilant and facetious about what, if its own views are correct, is matter calling for the exhibition of sincerest sorrow and humiliation, coupled with the profoundest indignation, but admitting of no jocularity or smart Alickisms?

(2) Why does not the *Globe* at least eschew the use of the nick-name, "Big Push," as applied to Wilkinson? The origin of the term recalls no very creditable incidents in the history of the *Globe*. But probably the new manager of that journal has had his instructions to

never spare a Brown when a chance to sting him presents.

(3) Why hasn't the editor of the *Globe* expressed himself quite satisfied that his estimate of the low state of public morality in Canada has finally been accepted and acted upon in the most practicable way possible? Iterated and reiterated have been the *Globe's* opinions that Canadian public morality was rotten to the core, and that all you wanted to achieve your ends in politics was enough money. Here now come some Yankee geniuses who propose to avail themselves of the chances so ably pointed out! Wherefore does not the clever editor modestly acknowledge his handiwork?

(4) Why will the *Globe* not be satisfied with strong and plain language, without resorting to very vulgar and very senseless slang?

(5) Why should not the *Globe's* arrival at positive conclusions simply in the face of unsworn statements, uncross-questioned, before a legislative committee, be deemed rather premature, to say the least of it?

(6) Why can not Mr. Meredith and Mr. Morris be given credit for sincerity in their views as to the conduct of the gentleman who acted under Mr. Mowat's directions in the bribery trapping?

These thoughts have a sort of bearing on this matter, and I desire to give expression to them through the medium of your valuable journal which, notwithstanding the *Globe's* claim, has, I am assured, "the largest circulation" etc., etc.

VOX POPULI.

LIGHT WANTED.

MY BELOVED BIRD:

A whole crowd of ideas are running riot through my head—lots of room for 'em you say?—about this little bribery breeze in the Big County Council. Give us a little light, you wise old cawker, on some at least.

Now, in the first place, is it true that the wouldn't-be-boughten men are, after all, only wouldn't-stay-boughten men?

It seems to me that the timber tricksters had a few of 'em on a string, at first, but that they afterwards decided to go over to the party of the first part made and provided. The "made and provided" will show up later on, may be.

Second, What makes Bunting's name figure at the head of the class in the information sworn out, except Mowat ordered it so, as a blast on the *Mail* manager—as the *Mail* manager.

Third, Doesn't it serve Bunting right, anyway, for associating with such stock as the ex-Durham *News* Daisy?

Fourth, Why should Bunting give Sir John ten years of life and give Archbishop Lynch only four? The wish was father to the thought in the case of His Grace, don't you think?

Fifth, If the thing is gaolable why make fish of one and flesh of another, instead of shoving the quartette into the cooler? Poor Wilky and Kirky must have had a pain up in the neck when they found it was "no bail" for them, but, all hunk for Bunt and Meeky!

Sixth, Who in the name of all that's long-winded, got off that information? Why, it would do for a man who had knocked the whole bottom out of the British constitution!

Seventh, Is it Meredith's grammar or Downing's recollection that is to blame for the wording of the Round Robin?

Sorry to trouble you, but really I am wildly anxious about these things. If you fail to struggle with the conundrums—

OLD SUB.

PERPLEXED.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR,—I am perplexed about a certain phase of the Legislative Assembly Scandal. I allude