

As we sit beneath that tree
Hunting for an idea,
In a gentle reverie ;
Now we'll say good-bye, dear.

Hurrah ! Excuse this volatile exclamation, but it had to come. Sunstroke did it. He is dead, and never more will he ask that awful question "Is it hot—" Pause ! *De mortibus nil nisi bonum*, as a Hamilton paper once said. He is gone and we're glad of it.

By dint of arduous labor we have discovered how the average hotel soup is made just about now. One fly, dish-water and various seasoning, result in a moderately clear and harmless fluid. Two flies, the soup left over from the kitchen dinner of the day before, with a touch of the waiter's thumb, become *Potage a la Pompadour*. From five to six of the genus *musca*, a ladleful from the swill tub, a fall in the passage and a return to the tureen by aid of a mop, make a very fine combination, and when a little tomato ketchup is added, it is a general favorite. We did not get beyond six flies. We did not dare, but let our investigations drop.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST ONTARIO.

SCENE AT OTTAWA.

SIR JOHN.—Well, suppose he has taken possession, my dear fellow, you need not get so excited. It's his own land, you know. No denying that. Can't keep him out forever. Did my best.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Vat you say ? Ze rascaille Mowat ! He shall nevaire have ze land ! Not un'ess le Bas Canada get ze compensation—ze equivalent—ze great equivalent magnifiqué !

SIR JOHN.—But, my dear fellow, when we adopted Confederation we did away with the need for any balance of power. Now Brunswick and Nova Scotia might as well ask for more territory because Montreal is growing larger.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Sare John, he shall nevaire ! Do not dare to refuse me ! Do not make ze imagination zat you are one necessary of ze state.

SIR JOHN.—Not exactly, though considering the amount of dirty work—Necessity, you mean.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Von necessity. No, sare, you are not nosing of ze kind. Sarc Samuel or Sarc Hector can lead ze party, if you be one recalcitrant ; if you dare allow ze infame Mowat von foot of ze territory. You are de superfluous, sare : ve do not need you nevaire any more.

SIR JOHN.—(scared)—My dear fellow—

M. MOUSSEAU.—I give ze ultimatum of ze grande parti Bleu, Sare John ; if ze Mowat go in, Sare John he go out ; ze parti Bleu have no need for him ; his grande majority de Bas Canada vanish into de smoke.

SIR JOHN.—Superfluous lays the veteran on the stage. Well, I can't last long ; but I'll keep the command if I throw the cargo overboard. Say, now, Mousseau ; Oliver shan't get an acre, not a stick to make a wooden leg of ; not a mine to make a breast pin out of. We'll humbug Ontario ; good old milch cow ; you shall milk her, my boy.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Begar, I vill. Vat ees she fit for ? Ze race superior shall claim ze supremitee, naturelment. Vat ees ze land deespitable ? Ees it not de mountain and ze prairie and ze immense swamp profoundement deep—full of ze frog—plump—charmant—delicieuse ! Shall ze meserable Mowat have him ? He know not how to cook him, ze imbecile !

SIR JOHN.—He shall not have him. Pass

over that champagne, Mousseau, my boy. (takes a deep draught) That goes to the roots. (takes another).

M. MOUSSEAU.—But he ees in the spot ; he have hees emissary zere ; zere is ze Patullo wiz the fiery wiskei and ze moustache tremendous ; zere is ze whole army—ze corps d'armee of ze Mowat miscreants ; zey burn, zey ravage, zey destroy ; zey shall not do so ! Sare John, I demand zat he be check—dat he be stop—dat he be—

SIR JOHN.—Yesh. I'll go for him ; yesh thash sho. Slap his chopsh, impudent old beggar. Tell Norquay ordersh outsh battery 'sh artillerysh ; blow 'm shky-highsh. Telegraphsh Norquay : telephonesh Norquay ! Order'sh down mounted polishe ! Read riotsh act ! Charge riotersh ! Drive Mowat into shea ! (goes off to sleep).

M. MOUSSEAU.—C'est grand ! It ees ze supreme moment. I will plan ze campaign, Norquay, he shall attack zee Rat Portage ; ze Mounted Police and ze artillery, zey shall drive before zem ze Ontario scum. Zen, cef ze vile canaille de Ontario proper shall dare to grombelle—shall be intrepidement to utter one word—one syllable, Sare John, he call out zere own Ontario dragoon—zere own Ontario infanterie—zere own Ontario ordnance of ze field—blow off zere own heads, begar. If zey refuse to act I shall try ze Ontario army by de court martiale ; execute zem all, fill zere place by ze soldiers devoted de la belle Quebec, march on Ontario, occupy Toronto, put to death ze miscreant Mowat, eempreson Hardy, Pardee, Young—all of them atrocitaires. Vive la nation ! ze Confederation must and shall be preserve ! A bas le Mowat ! (Exit breathing blood, thunder, bad English and worse French).



HE WAS QUITE RIGHT.

"Well, old fellow," remarked one friend to another, as they met late one evening, "been ill ? I never see you round now at all ? What's up ?"

"Nothing much, but I can't get out in the day time now without walking down the middle of the street," was the reply.

"What do you mean ? not afraid of being garrotted, are you ?" queried the other.

"No, but just as bad. I'm short-sighted already. The streets are always crowded, during the day, with women, and I'm afraid, so I have to walk abroad at night."

"What ever do you mean ? You're surely not afraid of meeting a woman ?"

"No, not in a ten-acre lot, but in these narrow streets I'm afraid of having my eyes jerked out at every step."

"How ?"

"Those confounded parasols. What is a near-sighted fellow to do when he meets a bevy of women all armed with parasols—and they all are ; I tell you I prefer to stop in the house between sunrise and sunset and preserve my eyesight, than to go out and be blinded ;

and I don't want to be taken for a lunatic, as I should be if I took the middle of the road all the time."

"Well, you're about right, and what they carry 'em for I can't see, as they always wear them on the side away from the sun : good night, old man."

"Good night."

"LINES" ON THE STRIKE.

1. (N. Y.)

Says Gould to Eckert,
"Raise the boys."
Says Eckert : "J. G.,
Hold your noise,
For if we lose the ground we hold,
The Brotherhood will grow more bold,
Ask new concessions,
Make more aggressions,
And show us up most badly sold."

2. ("N.")

Says H. P. D. H. Wiman, E.,
"We're in a pretty fix,
I'll say to Hill, 'identially,
Our biz is in a mix :
But 'hold the fort' we really must,
Until the Brotherhood doth bust,
For, if we flinch,
Sure as Judge Lynch,
That day by us will long be cust."

3. (?)

Said ops. to "heads,"
"We'll hang together,
For if this storm
We only weather,
Our paths will all much brighter be,
Our hearts will all much lighter be—
Paid for our day,
We'll work away,
Though Jay Gould's gains may slighter be."

July 31st, 1883.

J. A. MESAG.

MR. NEEBRITCHES YET ONCE AGAIN.

HE IS SNUBBED.

MR. GRIP,

DERE SIR,—It is with no objek of infictin' of unnecessary pane on you that I once moar talk up my pen. I azure you that I feel the deligit compliment you have pade me in the parst by publishin' of the good things I sent you. Air I procede with my epistl I may stait that I am once again in suvvice—you will doubtless relect that I discharged my larst marster—'uteful wurd—with hignominiiy ; I refer to the unsemely beast who kikked me from his dore with words that shall be naimless, and whomb I shall ever regard with a contemp that he richly merrits. I fele that I am out of plaice in this country ware the aristoxy is so much beneeth my notis, and ware my talents isn't recnized as thay should bee ; but I am hear now and hear I must stay till I can afford to return to pereless Albin, kentry of the chorky cliffs and dansels fare. I owe my presnt engaignment to you and one resn for writin' was to thank you for your efforts in my be!, but I have a forit to find with your admirabl' paper, and that is that thair isn't sufisht *politix* in your paiges. Commik papers at home abounds with remarx on the pliticle arspex of the day and in this respec' I think GRIP is defisht. In my presnt position, a plane close one, bein' butler to an M.P.—I am constant beind his chare at dinner, when pliticle frends is orphan gests, and I overhere remarx wich I don't here, but wich I shall be 'appy for to furnish you with at a modrate consideration. If this metes your vews plesse drop me a line at 1 hundred and too, (Rosedale 'All it's called, but isn't hardly desorvink of the naim) Savile row, Toronto, and if my offer is accepted of I will repport *menny startlink* things, and such as will maik some fokes stair. Hour establishment, for this country, is fairly compleat, and the ladsy of the scrvants 'all not at all a bad sort tho' illitrit, and thair manners at table not as *comeelfo* as they mite be, and the under footman blos disagrebl' at his vittles. John