

### Montreal Again.

No sooner are Mr. PLIMSOLL'S efforts for the safety of seamen crowned with partial success on the other side of the Atlantic than an outcry is raised that the Canadian grain trade will be injured thereby. And what if it be? Better that it perish altogether, than that a single innocent life be sacrificed to the greed of avaricious merchants, who, knowing that such a measure was coming into force, refrained from providing for it. The government and the country are coolly asked to prevent this noble and humane measure from extending to Canada, in the interest of Montreal merchants. Well done Montreal. Anti vaccination riots and coffin ships. Cannot you try to get a little further still behind the age? An Anti-humane Society would be a good idea for you.

### Railway Changes.

The new Manager of the Great Western Railway has BROUGHT-ON an entire change of its administration.

The Grand Drunk Railway has reformed, and has taken to DRINK-WATER.

The Canada Southern Railway is extending its operations over a MUIR.

The Canadian Pacific Railway isn't doing anything. It is as pacific as ever.

### Fashionable Conversation.

(A story without a moral.)

"Well dear, have you read *Bluebell* yet?"

"Yes, but it's awful stupid. It ain't a bit immoral."

"But isn't there lots of flirting?"

"No, it ain't half flirting. They don't spoon worth a cent."

"Oh pshaw, I shan't bother to get it. By the bye, have you read the new DAVIS case in the *Globe*."

"No, dear, let's go and buy one. I thought there was something naughty in it, because Pa put it in his pocket after breakfast."

### The Council of Education.

SCENE.—A gloomy vault with a huge barred door. The chief editor of the *Globe* and his satellites prowling outside and endeavoring to look through the keyhole. Within, the members of the Council are seated in solemn conclave. GRIP, who has flown in through the stove pipe hole, is seated on a pile of Collier's Histories in a dark corner.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH.—"Some one has been stealing a lot of books. The *Globe* says so and therefore Mr. MOWAT must be aware of the fact."

THE PRESIDENT.—"This is a personal insult. I never stole a book in my life."

MR. SMITH.—"Who said you did?"

THE REST OF THE MEMBERS, in chorus.—"Do you mean to say we stole the books?"

MR. DAVID MILLS, (aside).—"I am sorry I joined this assembly. I would rather be in the Senate."

MR. SMITH.—"Gentlemen, I assure you I never accused any person of taking the books. What I want to do is to find out who did take them."

THE PRESIDENT.—"Nobody has any right to do that but myself. You want to find it out and tell BROWN about it."

MR. SMITH.—"Hang BROWN!"

Here Professor WILSON fainted and had to be carried out of the chamber.

A message was then brought in demanding admittance for the reporters of the *Globe* and the immediate cession of the entire right of granting book-contracts to persons to be nominated by its proprietors. MR. SMITH in an elaborate speech pointed out the natural objections to such a course and submitted an answer to be sent in reply to the impudent demand.

THE PRESIDENT.—"No, no answer, I have fought them for years and will continue to do so. The best answer is to treat them with the contempt they deserve."

Here GRIP could contain himself no longer, and to the horror of all the Council announced his presence by a loud "Caw."

"Gentlemen," said he, "your unseemly squabbles, and still more foolish publication of parts of them, stimulate public curiosity and give the *Globe* an excuse for demanding the introduction of its reporters to pervert your speeches and personally bully your individual members. If you want to keep it out, treat it with contempt, as Dr. RYERSON says, but keep your own tongues quiet."

After this well deserved rebuke, the Council sat in silence for a few minutes, when Archbishop LYNCH broke the silence.

"Have the Council any objection to my having English History altered to suit Catholic tastes?"

THE PRESIDENT.—"None whatever, your Grace. Leave out Queen Mary, James the II, the Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender, or anything detrimental to their characters. Fix it just as you like."

GRIP.—"Hooray. Bully for conciliation." Here we regret to say a personal attack compelled a hasty retreat through the stove pipe hole.

### Mrs. Candle in Canada.

CAUDLE AS A GRUMBLING EMIGRANT. MRS. C. EXPOSTULATES WITH HIM ON THE SUBJECT.

And so my dear the evils of emigration are to be deplored, and your listening, as you call it, to the sweet music of the Emigration Agent at Liverpool, is an admonition you will never cease to regret, eh? that's it, oh you slumbering wretch of humanity, as if a poor humble creature of a woman like myself, in this beautiful land of free thought, opinion and independence, was to be snubbed and cowed by such a roll embodiment, calling itself a man, as yourself. No, Mr. CAUDLE, No! No! Heard, or not heard, as I may be by the neighbors through the deal wood partitions as you mis-name them—walls—I call them—I will, and shall, have my say, and you, yes, you CAUDLE, will and must, listen to what your poor dear wife has to say, even though, as I admit, but, only to a very partial extent, that we are, in a foreign country. Well, CAUDLE, so you wish we had never come, eh? you wish indeed, haven't we plenty of bread, butter, beef and vegetables, that you could not procure at anything like half the price in the old country, and as for employ, what on earth do you, a muscular, healthy, and stout built fellow, desire, but work, yes, work I say, in the city at six shillings per day or felling and cutting wood out of it at seven and sixpence. Yes, but the work is so different, eh. Here its all manual labour, indeed is it, and quite right it should be so. Its a new country and requires man you all labour and nothing else, to put it in condition and make it thriving. I talked in the old country, did I, and I'll let you know, CAUDLE, that in this most enlightened country, such a disinterring prerogative is not obliterated and forgotten. "How eloquent we are eh." Well I suppose its spontaneous, considering my Milesian descent, but I'll bet you know that woman's tongue, can and will be heard in this lovely land, and that woman's rights are as they should be, held much more sacred, than in your dear Old England as you are always calling it, dear indeed, for it cost you a heap of money, while you staid in it, so the people said. Did they indeed? The people, ah the people! you would like to know who are the people. The people Mr. CANDLE let me tell you are the sinews and blood of the country, and have proved themselves so here, ever since they occupied the land both in time of peace and war. But what is the use of arguing or attempting to enlighten such as you, who only half an hour have returned home from having your "smile," which somehow or other, I think has produced a frown on your old countenance and a pain in your head, but go to sleep as is your want, and habit, and to-morrow night you will probably hear more from your unfortunate and disappointed wife. Snore, yes snore away, but I'll have you up at six in the morning though.

### Croaks and Pecks

SPORTING NOTE.—Just as play was called, on Wednesday, at the Kingston vs. Toronto base ball match, a penny pieman made his appearance on the ground, and began hawking his wares among the players. The defeat of the *Aetnas* was attributable to too much *muffin*.

THE number of advertisements about "Gold Hunting Levers" make one think the precious metal must be getting scarce, or the "leavers" would not quit. Why don't they try the new silver "finds" up north where their services appear "argently" required and where they may "lode" their own pockets and the mine owners also.

JUSTICE to Ireland again! The base Saxon slaves who control the Toronto Post Office put red cards in people's boxes to denote registered letters, and green cards to denote those on which there is something to pay. MULLIGAN says he has to choose the red before the green, and it makes his blood boil. Won't the *Irish Canadian* come to the rescue of the downtrodden Home Rulers?

The Council of Public Instruction had better look to it. In vain will GOLDWIN SMITH champion them against his quondam friends in the *Globe* office. They have now got DAVID MILLS among them. The man who has undertaken to reform two such institutions as the Senate and Hon. W. MACDOUGALL is sure to keep his hand in by trying to reform the Council. Probably he will find it the toughest contract he has undertaken as yet.

ONE of the most enterprising little places in the Dominion is Armprior. To add to its other attractions the Sea Serpent is making it his summer residence. He is attracting considerable attention. The editor of the *Star* bought a new fishing pole and has been out every day in hopes of catching him. Several correspondents ask us for the most likely bait, evidently bent on securing his permanent residence. They had better try the old family favorite—apples.

Sending CROOKS to a dairy region! Ha! Ha! How absurd!

Of shepherdesses with their crooks

Tending their fleecy flocks

We read in books;

But she, whose wealth is lowing herds

Whose elbows drip with creamy curds,

Requires no CROOKS.