



## CONVERSATION

OVERHEARD BETWEEN TWO DUDES.

1st Dude—"How are yah, old fellah?"

2nd Dude—"Aw-aw: tol'ble, aw."

1st Dude—"Did y' wead that 'bout fellah ovah in England, ah, potting donkeys and selling 'em for food? Bah! Disgusting bwute, eh?"

2nd Dude—"Novah wead anything, y' know, but what's harm 'f eating donkey. Clean beast, y' know. Why not?"

1st Dude—"Bah Jove, ah, y' know, thank Heaven I ain't a cannibal, aw, anyhow."

## ST JUDAS'S CHURCH AGAIN.

THE REV. MR. JINKS TACKLES AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

"Say Pollywog," I said as I met the illustrious tenor of St. Judas's hurrying along the street, "hold on a moment: I want to ask about that church of yours: It seems to me it is nothing less than a bear-garden now a-days. What's all this about Mr. Jinks breaking down in his sermon last Sunday? I hear you had something to do with it: You and that blessed choir up there are becoming the talk of the town, let me tell you." "My dear fellow," replied Pollywog, "it wasn't my fault if Mr. Jinks did collapse; and he certainly did: It's his own fault." "Well, how was it?" I asked. "You see I was talking to him on, let me see, yes Tuesday, a week ago. I find he's not half a bad fellow when you get to know him, only so confoundedly shy and bashful at first; and I enquired, quite innocently you know, for I'm a great thirster for information, whether a man might marry his widow's sister. You know there has been lots of talk about the legality of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and I wanted to get Mr. Jinks's views on this other subject. His reverence thought over the matter for a little time, and then said he could not give a decided answer just immediately, but as he had several authorities on the subject at his lodgings, he would look it up, and probably consider the matter and give his views from the pulpit, which he did, last Sunday morning; or rather he gave some of them, till he broke down."

"But Pollywog," I asked, "what made him break down? Some of your games, I suppose, and I do say it's scandalous the way you and Miss Highsee carry on; if she had a grain of decency about her she would never show herself in that church again after that surplice business." "Oh! humbug," answered the unabashed Pollywog, "mistakes will occur in the best regulated choirs and churches, and St. Judas's ain't any exception. But I was going to tell you about Mr. Jinks and his sermon, I forget his text, but I know he quoted from

that leaf in the prayer book about a man not being allowed to marry his grandmother and so on, and he drew particular attention to the fact that nothing was said about it being illegal for a man to marry his widow's sister. I tell you, old fellow, he was getting along swimmingly and quite eloquently for a new hand and a mighty bashful one as a general thing, till somehow he caught the rector eyeing him rather curiously and he seemed to jib a little. However he went on and demonstrated his subject, saying that there was no law against this marriage in England or Wales, that's where he hails from, and quoted from the Talmud and the Koran and what not, and I tell you he was making quite an impression. But presently his ear caught sounds of tittering and he saw several people doing their best to keep from laughing, and he seemed a bit disconcerted and blushed: Miss Highsee was shaking with devotional emotion, I presume, and all the members of the choir were, more or less, affected. But Jinks, Mr. Jinks, I mean, kept right along, though he seemed to fancy that something was out of kilter somewhere: He glanced down at his surplice, but that was all right and orthodox, still as he went on with his sermon, I could see that the rector was getting impatient and looked like a man sitting on a bent pin, and Mr. Jinks noticed it too. Then, all of a sudden, as if it had just struck him, as was, no doubt, the case, the fact seemed to come home to him that



when a man's wife became a widow, why her husband at that identical hour became a corpse and couldn't marry anyone! Well, well; poor Mr. Jinks: he hemmed and hawed when he made this discovery: tried to explain: failed: smiles increasing all round the church, and at last he fairly gave way and sank back in the pulpit, and the Rector gave out the hymn. I haven't seen Mr. Jinks since Sunday, and I hear he's confined to the house, but what's the matter with him I don't know—and I don't care much to call round and enquire.

Well, old man, I must be getting along: ta-ta!" and off went the redoubtable Pollywog, as he caught sight of Miss Highsee half a block away.

## RAILWAY MONOPOLY.

Our lively contemporary, *The World*, has had some articles lately showing that the Grit government at Toronto, as well as the Tory one at Ottawa, has aided and abetted railway monopoly, and in this connection wonders why GRIP has not attacked Mr. Mowat as well as Sir John. For the same reason, dear *World*, that you have never done so until within the last few days—viz., because the matter has not come to the surface in a form to attract attention until now. GRIP detests monopoly, whether of Grit or Tory origin, and will go as far as *The World* in condemning Mowat for the neglect of duty which permitted the Grand Trunk to lay its grasping claws on the Great Western and Midland systems. The guilt of this neglect is only short of the turpitude of

such a "bargain" as that with the C.P.R. *The World*, indeed, hints that a member of the Local Government was actually concerned in these recent Grand Trunk schemes. Let us have his name! Trot him out, and see how gleefully GRIP will roast him for the delectation of all haters of monopoly and despisers of Cabinet wire-pullers!



## A STRANGE DREAM.

It was a most extraordinary dream that I had the other night, and impressed itself so vividly on my mind that I am inclined to think there must be something in it. However I will relate it and my readers can judge for themselves. I may say that I imagine the cause of my vision to have been something I had witnessed on King-street, Toronto, on the afternoon preceding the night when I had the dream.

Methought (that being the correct way, I am told, to relate dreams, visions and so forth) that I wandered along the deserted street of some City. It was familiar to me, and yet it was not, but I succeeded in recognizing several landmarks which convinced me that the street was King street and the city was Toronto: But what a change! A long, crooked line of monuments stood in the middle and near the sidewalks of the thoroughfare, and as I drew near I essayed to read what was written on them: and I made out such inscriptions as the following, "Sacred to the memory of Patsy Finnegan, drayman, his horse and wagon, who vanished, April 20th, 1883, through a hole just about here. Their end was holy."

"In memoriam, Job Plodder, policeman. He fell asleep on his beat on the night of the 19th April, 1883, and was wholly swallowed up by a cavernous abyss which yawned at this post."

"This monument is erected by the sorrowing friends of a street-car full of passengers, and the driver and conductor of the same, who disappeared through an immense rift which suddenly opened in this neighborhood, in April, 1883, and were never since heard of. They had paid their fares."

"This stone marks the spot where William Smith suddenly slid through the earth without any warning or preparation for his awful fate. O! Willie we have missed you."

"This obelisk is placed here to remind posterity that Mary Anne Blobbins struck out for China, per beeline, from this identical spot, A. D. 1883.

One moment we saw her the street upon,  
The earth gaped wide, and she was gone,  
Hollow, hollow, hollow."

There were several more of these monuments whose inscriptions were of similar import, and methought it was very strange, and as I was wondering about the matter, I woke.

A new edition of "Every Man His Own Poet" defies the avenging gods. Ajax has to take a back seat.—*Ex.*