



Jubilation Overmuch.

There is a limit to all things, it is said, and perhaps there will be a limit to the jubilation of the dominant party in Ontario over the result of June 5th. But up to the present writing the beginning of the end is not in sight. Mr. MOWAT and Mr. BLAKE having just returned from a grand blow-out over the event at Woodstock, are on the eve of changing cars for Markham, where another celebration of the glorious victory awaits them. Of course GRIP has no objection to this. It amuses Mr. MOWAT, and don't hurt anybody else, only it is rather calculated to make ironical Tories say that if the victory of the fifth was no more than such a good ministry had a right to expect, why all this delightful crowing? As for Mr. BLAKE, we are pleased to see him bestirring himself at anything, for it indicates that he still lives. These little outings may perhaps inspire him with a reasonable amount of interest in the larger questions of the country, and help him to get up steam for the great job that lies ahead of him, to wit, the leading back to power of his shattered party. Meantime, gentlemen, don't blow too hard, for, remember, pride goeth before destruction.



GRIP TO HIS WORSHIP.

Now Mr. Mayor, we want your official sanction to this, and don't lose any more time about it!

A Frog Story.

Two ponds lay alongside of each other, and a different species of frogs dwelt in each; but between the two there was continual traffic. The frogs of one of the ponds built up a partition between the two which they called a "Policy," that the waters of the other pond might not roll in upon them. A large frog called JOHN A., who had been chief in the erection, sat upon a stone to view his Policy; when, lo! he saw a troop of frogs headed by an enemy of his called BROWN, who had become their head by his large feet—which made him an excellent swimmer,—trying to pull down the Policy; and he sighed, "Alas! alas! has it come to this? I thought ten thousand frogs should have leaped from their puddles to avenge even a look that threatened my Policy with disdain; but the shadow has passed away, the sun has shone in and with the light they have received eyes. Alas! alas!" Just then a frog from the other side raised his head over the partition, and cried "We come, we come!" and the large frog on this side replied "Welcome, welcome; but friend, there is a time for everything; wait patiently, it will take four years yet to remove all the props; but at present you may throw me over a pair of boots, if you can do it without being seen, and have any large enough."



The Political Guillotine.

The guillotine is an ingenious contrivance, invented in France, for the purpose of bringing all parties to one mind. The subject to be operated on is introduced into the presence of the machine, and if he has any desire to remain in a state of health, he lays aside his own opinions and adopts those of the dominant party; if, however, he prefers not to do this voluntarily, then the dominant party puts him in the proper position, and with the guillotine removes his head, and lays both it and his opinions aside together. It is, of course, greatly to the advantage of a country that the people should all think alike on political questions. This is the view taken by the able and paternal government which at present rules in Canada, and for the purpose of practically carrying out this view it is said the government have imported and set up a guillotine, which has been working admirably for some time past. The ranks of the Civil Service have furnished the victims for the machine, and the heads of Grit postmasters, weights and measures inspectors, etc., are reported to be

lying about the country by the basketful. Some of Mr. MOWAT's friends and supporters are advising him to set up a similar machine in Ontario, by way of retaliation, but whether he will or not remains to be seen.



Old Mrs. "Mail" to Mr. Joly.

And so they tell me I put my foot into it when I pitched into you so severe the other day for holding of a meeting of Parlyment on the Sabbath day, and thus proving yourself to be a bad wicked boy, like all the Grits is! Well I don't care if I did put my foot into it; I am a good respectable old lady, and I can't abear to hear of people showing such violent disrespect of the first day of the week. If I used strong language and said sharp things about people in general when I got started, it was only because my feelings was strong, and I had to give 'em vent. Of course, seeing as how you *didn't* hold no meetin' on Sunday, why, that makes a considerable of a difference, though to be sure, you might have done so. Being that you are a Grit, I am surprised that you didn't do so. But, as in point of fact you *didn't*, why I suppose I'll have to excuse you this time; but don't you do it agin. You needn't take what I said about you to heart this time; it is jest put there to let you see what you may expect if you *do* hold a meetin' on Sunday!



The Lacrosse Match.

WHITE EAGLE came down like a big bird of prey, And with the Toronto's first twelve got away!