

moral foundations of our constitution—Sir Charles, disinterestedness—Sir John, veracity—Sir Leonard, religion. Mr. Mowat disagrees with them, and is therefore the opposite of all that is noblest in our nature. MR. MOWAT MUST GO!

8.—Finally, and to conclude—he is an obstacle—a stumbling-block—a rock of offence. Get him out of that, and our way—our friends' ways—all our ways—the unalienable Conservative right to hold the purse-strings is open and is clear. Ye gods, what visions fill our eyes and flow from our pen! What glorious spoil in the surplus—five millions of GOLD! O! O! O! How we should roll among it, and fill our pockets and come out, and go in again. (Hi, office boy, run to the tailor—he now mends our work-day pants; tell him to put strong, deep pockets of stout leather, and large, quick!) Yes, and the places! O! the places! And only he is in the way! The Tyrant! the Little Tyrant! We declare, and shall declare in thunder tones, till our voice, rolling sonorously throughout all illimitable space, filling with reverberating resonation the immeasurable caverns of the Vast Unknown, shall oscillate the firm-set universe with one fierce, terrible, all-pervading outpour of sound, declaring to man, to angels, and to infernals, that MR. MOWAT MUST GO!



THE FIRST CUP.

The Shaftesbury Coffee House was opened with great *clat* on Thursday of last week, our popular fellow-citizen, Col. Gzowski, drinking the initial "cup that cheers but not inebriates," ably supported on the occasion by our worthy Mayor and many other notables. It is even rumored that the two gentlemen in the sketch went through the ceremony of "cooking" the coffee as well as drinking it, the stove fixtures having become unmanageable by the regular cooks. GRIP is glad to learn that the new coffee house is likely to be largely patronized, and hopes it may long go on and flourish.

CONUNDRUMS.

Q.—Why is a man going for a glass of whiskey after twelve o'clock at night, like a man going to be hung? A.—Because the bolt is drawn, he gets his drop, and he goes away with bad spirits.

Q.—What is the reason our Volunteers are like old maids? A.—Because they are always ready and never wanted.

Q.—What animal is it that most resembles an ass? A.—Why, a donkey, of course.

The signal service is now ready to announce the approach of cyclones over six hours in advance. This will give the farmer who hears of it time to go and sell his stock and tools and other property to the man who doesn't know what's coming.—*Boston Post.*

THE MURDEROUS MOUSE

(Respectfully dedicated to the Lady Operators in the G. N. W. Tel. Co.'s Toronto Office.)

There was a general stampede among the female operators of the North-Western Telegraph Company the other afternoon, and an unoffending mouse was the cause. One of their number had called on an acquaintance, and taking off her hat laid it on a table. After a rather prolonged stay she picked it up and



adjusting it hurried down to the office. On her way she became aware of an extraordinary sensation inside her hat, but being in an awful hurry she did not linger to investigate, or ascertain what the intruder was. Arrived at the office she removed her head gear when—horror—out leaped a mouse, and scampered along the floor. The other operators at the south end of the room gathered their skirts about them and jumped upon chairs and tables, in fact anywhere where they could escape being eaten alive by the tiny monster. It is even said that one more timid than the others threw open a window and screamed "murder" at the fullest extent of her voice. The interloper after making a couple of circles around the room discovered a way of escape into which it crawled, and the "nasty thing" having made itself scarce, work was resumed.—*Telegram, Oct. 2nd.*

A few brief days ago, sir, right in this very town, A storm began to blow, sir—we thought the wires were down.

Our lady telegraphers sustained an awful fright— Give ear, ye jolly laughers, to story of their plight,

One of their gentle number went visiting a friend Out westward towards the Humber, her spirits to unbend.

So calling on her chum, sir, her hat she gently placed, Nor thought with what a rum circumstance she'd soon be faced.

A mouse upon the hat stand, where lay the beauteous hat, Went down inside its broad band, and there in silence sat.

She reached her visit's tether, and quickly said good-bye; Replaced her hat and feather—oh! mouse, fie! fie! fie! For you are romping round in that unsuspecting hair; Ah! wait till you are found in it; won't the fun be rare?

Now see! the victim finds that there's something wrong above, Yet will not touch that swell hat for money or for love.

But now within the "ops" rooms head-gear goes "right about;" A rush is made for mops, brooms, 'cause why—the mouse is out.

The ladies ceased their "sending," their keys were open left, All biz. abruptly ending; some ten despatches cleft

In twain; so very quickly that in the outer world Thoughts crowded on "ops." thickly—the storm king's flag's unfurled!

But down on old Scott street, sir, no storm was seen at all, But shuffling fast of feet, sir, in old M. T. Co.'s hall.

One damsel jumped upon a chair; she looked with anxious eyes, And when the mouse ran 'way from there said, 'how is that for 'hi?'

Another, braver than the rest, just giggled he! he! he! No foolish fears perturbed her breast, and she, of course was "E."

Alas! that it must here be told, one nervous 'gan to cry Out "murder, murder, manifold;" and she is known as "Ki."

And still another gasped for breath and covered up her head, She could but wish poor mouse's death; her "sine?"—well, it is "Ed."

A pretty damsel, too, there stood, who of the "quad" soon knew: 'Twas thought that faint she shortly would; sweet reader, that was (yo) "U!"

Then when the mouse had found a hole, and vanished quite away, One made with pen a handsome scroll and shouted hip—hip—"Ra!"

"Mo." slid down from off her desk, "M. H." heaved such a sigh "N. W." was glad the pesk-y thing no more was nigh.

What of "A. F.?" care she did not for wild beast such as this; The flying mouse her sweet smile got and waved her back a kiss.

A. PLUGGE, O. P. R.

DOOMED TO DIFFER.

A NOVEL OF POLITICS AND PARANOMASIA

CHAP. IV.

'Twas night, and all around was still, And soundless was the scene, When

Nor deemed she of the fearful fate Which might perchance impend.

Treach'rous friend.

—*Squigley's Poems. (School Edition.)*

'Twas after midnight, and the city of Ottawa was wrapped in slumber. Nevertheless a light twinkled in one window of a palatial mansion, where a thin, care-worn looking man of seventy, every lineament of whose features indicated more than Machiavellian astuteness, reclined on a couch. He was



deeply immersed in thought. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, and he started up and seizing a telegraph blank wrote in cypher as follows:—

"DUKE MANCHESTER, London.

"Vxb swldo cy pum 8. tn zchm xb ndku-mil.

"JOHN A. MACDONALD."

The interpretation is as follows:— "You must be one of the Big Eight or I'll bust your Syndicate." "There!" said Sir John, "that'll fix 'em." "Here, boy, take this to the telegraph office."

CHAP. V.

Where'er our fate at length may fall It either comes to one or all.

—*Anon.*

Ferdinand B. McIntosh walked on for some miles without meeting anybody in the wilderness, excepting a book-agent and a sewing machine peddler or two—well, say three, just in order to bring the thing within the bounds of probability. The scarcity of taverns had almost induced him to resolve to vote against