

The Lament of the Orator.

I am a baker, and I went into the amphitheatre
To speak, but I am sure I wish as how I never see it, or
That they would list to my discourse in some slight peace and quiet,
For all the more I ask for peace, the more they make a riot.

For when I've got a sentence up, my foes which should have floored
quite,
I'm sure it disconcerting is, when from the crowd is roared quite
Stupendous, doubling up my thoughts of what I was a stating—
A horrid yell, "Light bread, light bread!"—I say it's aggravating.

And then a miller by my side, the chairman of the night, yes,
Got up and said I didn't keep unto the question right, yes,
I'd like to see him keeping straight to questions of the day, sir,
With full four thousand folks around to pull him every way, sir.

There's fifty imitates the way in which I am a speaking,
And fifty more at once all sorts of interruptions squeaking,
And fifty shouting that the point is not what we're debating
And fifty more on fifty points at once interrogating.

I do declare it isn't fair; it isn't my desire here
To be a catspaw so stuck in to this here sort of fire here,
And if those leaders want it done, why it just my advice is,
That they come down and do it, and see if they think it nice is.

There's DYMOND and MACDONALD and there's METCALF and the rest
too,
Big folks as think that of us all they are among the best too,
And if they won't come out and speak, and put the matter through, sir,
I fear they think their cake is dough; I greatly fear they do, sir.

Current Events.

(In humble imitation of the writer in Belford's).

ANOTHER month has gone into the limbo of the past; and once more
we take up our brilliant pen to indite a few immortal observations. We
are nothing if not cynical, and it becomes us therefore to pose ourselves
exactly on the fence, and sling our ink impartially on both of the effete
and loathsome parties struggling beneath us, regardless of facts and
fairness.

We have stigmatized both the parties as loathsome; we are sorry that,
on account of our peculiar position as an independent and cynical
reviewer, we cannot except the Conservative party, as we would be
inclined to do if we consulted only our personal predilections; at all
events, it is not going too far to say that the Grit party is loathsome.

We entertain now, as heretofore, the most lofty and unlimited con-
tempt for the politics and politicians of Canada, especially that section
to which the title of Liberal is applied. We look down with withering
Scorn upon the so-called statesmen of this Dominion, and all their
belongings.

There was a time when pic-nics were worthy institutions, implying a
hamper of good victuals and a game of kiss in the ring, but the term
pic-nic has been degraded by its union with politics. The idea of having
speeches on public affairs in connection with a pic-nic excites at once our
indignation and our mirth. What right have public men to bore the
people with speeches? But we suppose it is useless for us to waste
words upon the subject. It is likely that public discussion will still go
on in this abominable shape, notwithstanding our cynical and withering
contempt.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT (whom for some reason or other we hate, and
seize every opportunity to go for) has been airing his threadbare elo-
quence at one of these pic-nics lately. His speech contained nothing
but figures (which he deliberately misrepresented) and virulent abuse and
vituperation of his opponents. He is in fact the most foul-mouthed
stump orator in the world. We do not stop to point out any of his
misrepresentations; we do not trouble ourselves to show that the lan-
guage he used was any stronger than the facts warranted, we do not
condescend to signify what we understand by the term vituperation. It
is not the business of a cynic to come down to particulars; so we repeat
with emphasis that CARTWRIGHT is the greatest of all possible masters
of personal abuse. Hon. M. LAURIER is a clever young gentleman, but
he has allied himself with a party, and for that atrocious outrage on our
feelings we punish him by saying that his speech was full of misrepre-
sentations, and again we decline to come down to particulars. We hope
this thrust will induce the wretched LAURIER to throw up his portfolio
and cut himself loose from party. MACKENZIE and most of the other
ministers have also been out on the stump. Of MACKENZIE we
are compelled to speak with some respect, but we look upon him as
a *doctrinaire*. (*Doctrinaire* is a good word; we use it every time
we get a chance). The elections are coming on and it is the duty
of every true Canadian to rise in his manhood and put JOHN A. back
into office.—No! we didn't mean to write that; it slipped out
mechanically. But this reminds us that it is time we should turn our

Cynical and Independent gall upon the Conservative Party, and Heaven
knows how it makes our personal heart bleed to do so. But brace up,
O nerves! here goes: TUPPER is worse than CARTWRIGHT for violent
abuse; JOHN A. is a miserable trickster, and don't know anything
about Finances; and there isn't a man on either side who deals honestly
with figures. They all lie whenever it suits their purposes. O, beloved
Canada, what will you do for rulers, now that we have swept them all
away with our Cynical Pen? O, for the happy time when this
great Dominion will be ruled without parties and politics and picnics?



'FEEL the Orange case at once.

BASE BALL ADAGE.—A run in time saves Nine.

NEW READING.—"Honesty is the National Policy."

HORSES that can trot in 2.13¼ are Rarus honest politicians.

THE hatter who advertises his business in rhyme is a versatile man.—
London Free Press.

THE quickest way to raise a calf is to let a bumble bee sting you on
the heel.—*Whitehall Times*.

THE *Times* man shouldn't lie round on the grass in the vicinity of bees'
nests, and he'll escape being raised in that way hereafter.

THOS. NAST calls his pencil his "jaw bone," which causes us to get
up and remark that thousands have been slain with the "jaw bone" of
a Nast.—*Whitehall Times*.

A YOUNG man named WATSON is going around lecturing on "Society
Unmasked." He shows up Frauds, and being a living illustration of
his theme he ought to meet with success.

THE question, "Why does HANLAN always win?" is at present agi-
tating the minds of aquatic philosophers. They have struck on every
answer but the right one, which is that it wouldn't pay him to lose.

NOW that the Marquis of Lorne has been appointed Governor-Gen-
eral of Canada, that old joke about the Dominion being all for Lorn
ought to be remonetized.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE Dominion is all forlorn, but it's no joke, is it JOHN A?

LONDON has a Dining Room Magazine. Of course it is illustrated
with plates; and ANNIE THOMAS' "Playing for High Steaks" would
make an appropriate serial for it.—*Norristown Herald*.

Yes; and contribution by JOSEPH COOK.

"HAS sound color?" asks a philosopher. Oh, yes; have you never
heard your roan voice.—*Hawkeye*. And have you never seen musicians
when they've read music and blew bugles?—*Bulletin*. And have you
never heard the sound of a ruction, which is generally Orange and
Green?

BEFORE the Guelph Police Magistrate on Wednesday morning,
ROBERT HAZZARD, of lot 14, con. 1, Luther, was accused by Collector
MCLEAN of having distilling apparatus upon his premises. He was
pronounced guilty, and was fined \$200 and \$17.55 costs.—*London
Herald*

Illicit distilling is thus shown to be a hazzardous business in this
country.

THE Marquis of Lorne, having been appointed Governor-General of
Canada, has ordered the address of his *Norristown Herald* changed.
The Queen, who is growing very economical in her old days, told the
Princess LOUISE that she would send them her copy of the *Herald* after
she was done reading it, but the sensible daughter said she preferred to
have it a little more fresh,—before all the jokes were stolen by the
English papers. The Queen should be proud of such a daughter.—
Norristown Herald.

A YOUNG Oil Citizen calls his sweetheart Revenge, because she is
sweet.—*Oil City Derrick*. And a young married man on South Hill
calls his mother-in-law Delay, because she is dangerous.—*Burlington
Hawkeye*. And a South End man calls his wife Fact, because she is a
stubborn thing.—*Boston Globe*. And a Syracuse man calls his wife
Sluggard, because she gets mad and goes to her aunt every time he stays
out to the lodge.—*Syracuse Times*. A Yonkers man calls his wife
Frailty, because Shakespeare says "Frailty thy name is woman."—
Yonkers Gazette. And a New York insurance agent calls his wife
Honesty, because it's the best policy.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Old Mr. EDISON used to call his wife Necessity, because she was the
mother of invention.