

THE GREAT MOGUL.

THE play is over. Sound the loud cymbals! Let there be Light! John Ross Robertson has succeeded to the throne of HIRAM ABIFF the Ancient. Now Hiram was renowned in days gone by for being a clever old man. He was an artificer in wood and stone, and he built a big log shanty for Solomon the Wise. Hiram was no fool, and he made himself famous among the citizens of Tyre and the adjacent townships. All of which is historical fact. Now, just consider the veritable and only John Ross Robertson—for there is only one such noble representative of the species—and behold the worthy successor to Col. HIRAM ABIFF! John Ross knows something—at least he imagines he does know a thing or two—about cedar blocks and asphalt pavement. He has laid foundation stones of churches and big shanties. John is no slouch. He understands *finesse* to a knock-down, and he has by certain peculiarities made himself known among the citizens of Toronto and district. He has a slight knowledge of “tesselated tiles,” but it is quite theoretical. The remark “tesselated tiles” does not refer to the white or black “plugs” which His Mightiness disports on King Street, but simply to a kind of pavement used by the Ancients. This newly-fledged G.M., which may mean Great Mogul or anything, has a Great Head! He has risen “like a feather’d mercury,” and now is seated in the chair as Most Worshipful G. M. of the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Canada. Hooray! He is now a very prominent figure. There is nothing majestic about him, but still he’ll pass. He is well known among the Hoosier Brethren in Western villages, where his twangy style of oratory, and the funny stories told about the mystical signs and shibboleths of ancient Judaism had a better effect on his audience than anything set forth in Mark Twain’s well-known “Tramp Abroad.” John Ross doesn’t take very well among the city artificers, but oh, my! when he’s in the rural districts he’s immense. He is the Great Sir Oracle then, sure, and he just knows how to work the oracles. He is an honorable man, and the Brethren who were at Kingston have shown their appreciation of his talents by the *almost* unanimous vote given in his favor. Now let us all wish John Ross long life, and what pleasure he can obtain—outside of any mercenary motive—during his term of office in the East. Trusting that he will be in charity with all men, especially the mayor and aldermen of the city of Toronto.

JAH.

A REMINDER OF THE WASH-TUB.

SOAP AGENT.—“I believe I have the honor of addressing Mrs. John W. Mackay, formerly of California.”

MRS. MACKAY.—“That is my name. Will you please state your business quickly, as I have an appointment with Her Grace the Duchess of Digglesbury almost immediately.”

SOAP AGENT.—“The firm which I have the honor to represent are introducing a new brand of soap, a sample of which I have much pleasure to present to you. We wish to get the testimonials of people of prominence as to its efficacy, especially for laundry purposes, and—”

MRS. MACKAY.—“Oh, you vile, infamous wretch! You or’nary galoot! You contemptible, wall-eyed scaliwag! This is a studied insult. What do you suppose I know about soap? Vamose the ranch right away! Thomas, just give this lop-eared snoozer the grand bounce if he don’t git as quick as if a mule had kicked him! Soap! Oh, this is too much! Will these outrageous insults never cease?” (*Goes off in hysterics.*)



A MIDNIGHT SOLILOQUY.

“The man who wrote Ex (*hic*) sheshshior must ‘a lived in one o’ thesh con (*hic*) founded flats.”—*Pick-me-up.*

HE WAS CULTIVATED.

BAGSHOT.—“Ah, there goes Himpecune, the author. Unprepossessing as he looks, he is one of the most cultivated men I ever met.”

JARGLES.—“Cultivated—you bet. His brow is furrowed, his aspect is seedy, and he is famous for his serial (cereal) productions.”

MR. JOHN CAMERON can’t get back to the London *Advertiser* too soon. A journal which refers to Liberati as a great player on the “coronet,” and to Miss Dorothy Tennant as the “finanee” of Stanley, requires the immediate attention of a man of erudition.

It is stated that no Tory has been elected in South Wentworth for sixty-three years. South Wentworth, though the most no torious riding in Ontario, cannot claim to be the banner Grit stronghold. The North riding fills the bill in that respect. That’s where the *Dundas Banner* is published.