

## A CATASTROPHE.



I.  
The Morning Paper.



II.  
"Bother the cat. Get out the way; you'll th—"



III.  
"There! I knew you'd do it!"



IV.  
"What's the matter with that cat?"  
—Pick-me-up.

### IT WOULD FILL THE BILL.

**L**EWIS MAITLAND CAMPBELL tunes his gentle lay in the minor key in the chaste column of the *Evening Telegram* to the following effect:

Away with the calm and still,  
For the tempest wild I pine,  
For sombre and ere  
And dismal and drear  
Is the storm-tossed life of mine.  
And elemental strife  
Soothes my dark and troubled soul,  
And the stormy sea  
Tunes a lullaby,  
With thunder of break and roll.

Our municipal editor would like to accommodate Lewis, and suggests the following as a means of satisfying his somewhat peculiar tastes.

If that is your little racket,  
If you long for storm and strife  
I can put you onto the game you seek,  
And give you fun that will last a week,  
Perhaps for the rest of your life.  
Go visit the City Council  
In the cool of the dewy night,  
And there for a couple of hours stay  
While they talk of reclaiming Ashbridge Bay,  
That'll suit your appetite.

### EGGING THEM ON.

**B**ILDAD—"Who was the fellow that kept throwing antique hen fruit at Ald. Farquhar and Black Jack Robinson while they were fighting? and why did he do it?"

**PODSNAP**—"Don't know. It occurred to me however that perhaps he wished to egg them on."

### DEFYING THE KIRK.

**W**E suppose some official action will be taken by the Presbyterian General Assembly against the Kingston *Whig* for calling their evening meeting a "session" instead of a "sederunt."

### BACK NUMBERS.

**F**IRST GRIT—"The present Tory cabinet, sir, is a collection of played out politicians—a slaughter-house of political reputations."

**SECOND GRIT**—"Just so—a sort of Abbott-oir, as it were."

### FOSTER SPEAKS.

**M**R. FOSTER is now just where Mr. Edward Blake was on the Prohibition Question. He doesn't think the country is yet ripe for Prohibition. Being in office and responsible for the Dominion finances is evidently a different thing from being a free-lance on the platform. Mr. Foster regards the loss of revenue which would follow the passage of a Prohibition law as a grave practical difficulty, but claims that this is in no sense weighing dollars against the happiness of Canadian homes. If the people say so, he is prepared to face that difficulty with as much cheerfulness as his accumulated trouble as Finance Minister will permit of. Furthermore, he very emphatically denies that he has modified his views for the sake of holding office. This is indirectly saying that GRIP did him an injustice in a recent cartoon. If so, GRIP apologises. But everything seemed to look so much like that! Even this omniscient bird is sometimes mistaken, it appears.

### SURE AS A GUNN!

**H**ERE is an instructive extract from the *Mail's* report of City Hall affairs on Tuesday, 23rd:

"The question of granting the Toronto Incandescent Light Company the power to operate an electric railway on the Island having been referred to Manager Gunn, that gentleman wrote to the Street Railway Committee to say that the franchise would be a very valuable one, and ought not to be parted with by the city."

This is a straight shot from the Gunn, but if the franchise on the Island is too valuable to be parted with, what is to be said for the policy of resigning that in the city itself into the hands of a private corporation? The Committee ought to ask Mr. Gunn for his opinion on that point!

### "UNDER THE YOLK."

**"T**HIS is eggs-stremely annoying!" as Black Jack of the *Telegram* remarked, as he got up after his scrap with Farquhar and wiped off the rivulet of yolk that was coursing down his features."

MANY of us would be glad at this season to avail ourselves of a necessary change, if we we only had the necessary change.