

**TO BURDETTE.**

DEAR little Bob : (permit familiar phrase  
In one who loves thy sunny self to praise.)  
I've read thy writings, and I've heard thy voice  
Proclaiming while the multitudes rejoice  
With boisterous laughter as thy wit appears.  
Productive of side aches and flowing tears.  
I've heard thee ply thy laugh-producing lash,  
To wit, the "Rise and Fall of the Moustache,"  
Thy "Lecture to Young Men," and all the rest,  
Which memories still rankle 'neath my vest,  
When humor dies within my soul, and gloom  
Strikes o'er my features with a fretful fume,  
And black distraction darkens all my skies.  
I read you till the tears roll from my eyes.  
It was a happy fate that gave thee birth—  
Thy mould was humor, and the metal mirth.  
The mould was broken when the cast was cool,  
And Grief then built one to devolve a foul.  
And since that day, so fateful to mankind,  
Of joy and woe, so strangely intertwined,  
The mould of Folly shows a well-worn gilt,  
While that of mirth has never been rebuilt.

W. H. T.

**"GRIP" AS HIGH COMMISSIONER.**

SIR CHAWLES has returned to his afflicted country and his sorrowing constituents. Never leave us again, Sir Chawles! Stay, oh stay! And now the question arises, Who is to be High Commissioner? Who is to be sacrificed, like Iphigenice, to his country's needs? Who is to be condemned to the London Mansion, so luxuriously furnished by a rich and liberal people? Who is to spend himself giving grand dinners and receptions, and extolling the resources of our great Dominion?

To this we answer, Who has greater claims or qualifications than GRIP? With what dignity would he fill the position! How would he bask in the spring sunshine in Pall Mall, cool himself with the ducks in St. James' Park, while Sir Chawles is sweltering in the rocky cliffs of the Capitol, and disport himself in his carriage, in Hyde Park, in the afternoon, admiring those other English ducks, with their bright eyes and lovely faces!

Then what influence could equal GRIP's? He has warm friends among the nobility. Lord Dufferin, the greatest living diplomatist, is a bosom friend of GRIP. He draws wisdom from him; and mirth to soothe a mind harassed by the affairs of State. The Marquis of Lorne would take him to his heart again, and the Princess would smile on him, as she used to do in Rideau Hall. Even the Queen would send kind messages, and often invite him to Windsor Castle.

What receptions he would give! Sir Chawles can receive, no doubt. He has received a good deal already. Sir Chawles can talk. But GRIP can *draw*—that's the point. He could draw all the leading men of England to the Dominion Mansion, as easily as he draws Sir John and Blake, Mowat and Meredith. And then he could draw his \$15,000 a year as comfortably as the most self-sacrificing patriot in Canada. Whichever party should come into power on the 22nd, let it remember GRIP for *High Commissioner*.

**THE WAR CLOUD IN EUROPE.**

APPARENTLY there is a war-cloud hanging over Europe just now. What it is hanging by, or why it is hanging there, and how long it is going to hang, all these questions remain to be answered. We don't object to war-clouds particularly, even though they have been hanging a long time—indeed a fresh war-cloud every morning is perhaps rather desirable than not but this one is so

mysterious. It has been served up under so many different shapes. "The war-cloud grows blacker." "The war-cloud thickening." "The war-cloud darkening." "The war-cloud lightening." "The war-cloud uplifting," until at last we begin to suspect that the war-cloud is indeed only a watery vapour, an exhalation proceeding from the overheated brain of a newspaper reporter—an intangible apparition, an unreal mockery, etc. And why again should poor old Bismarck be blamed for the war-cloud? Does he keep his pockets full of them, throwing out one whenever he feels inclined? Or does he pull a string according to which the cloud thickens, lightens, blackens, etc., in accordance with his sweet will. However, it may be the war-cloud is getting to be a "chestnut." We recommend a cloud of something else, in case for instance.

J. H. B.

THE election number of GRIP is to hand, and is particularly happy in its political hits. In the principal colored cartoon Mr. Bengough represents the triumph of the Conservative party, and shows a prophetic pencil in placing Mr. Rykert in the lap of Conservatism, while Mr. M. C. Cameron heads the body of defeated Grits, who are chained to Sir John Macdonald's chariot. The other sketches are also well up to the mark.—*Editorial, Mail.*

**MR. SIMMERS ON SECOND CHILDHOOD.**

"WELL, I declare! if there aint a drawback to everythin'!" cried old Mr. Simmers, as he sat in his arm chair by the parlor stove with his game leg in flannel, on a stool, his pipe in his mouth and his paper in his hand, "here I've been a bearin' the approaches of old age with a lame leg this sev'rel years, and the teeth droppin' out o' my head, and the flies dancin' and picninin' gen'ly on the bald places, and the glasses they make now-a-days gettin' wuss an' wuss till I can bare read at all 'cept in the Family Bible, which is big print, and all with a equanimity noo to me, in the expectation that in the course of a few more years I should have a noo crop of hair, a noo set of teeth, and no futher need for specs, together with a golden an' a dimand weddin' thrown in, to please the old lady, an' har's a feller goes an' breaks the record with havin' the 'hoopin'-cough at the interestin' age o' ninety-two! an' it dont say whether his noo set of teeth an' his eyesight accompanied it neither. 'No fool like a old fool!' says they. Gi' me my second childhood if ye like, an' I'll be grateful, but no 'hoopin'-cough; No, SIR, *not even with trimmins.*"

S.

**THE DEFEATED CANDIDATE.**

FOR many weeks my riding I have roamed,  
From many platforms for my country moaned,  
Kissed squalling youngsters, and with equal ease  
Sponged on their mothers, and I've tried to please  
Most every class, denomination, creed and calling.  
In retrospect: I must confess 'tis quite appalling  
To think of all the things I meant to do,  
But then the other fellow did it too  
Just as sincerely; and twixt you and I,  
I think he must have made the "boodle" fly.

\* \* \* \* \*

And thus it is the wide Dominion o'er,  
The sad defeated candidates deplore  
The rank corruption, education quite neglected,  
Which caused the other man to be elected.

Wingham, Ont.

F. H.