

## Sessional Musings.

And can we think—the Session gone and passed—  
 With pleasure or with pride of it again?  
 What was there there which was not in the last?  
 What more than little schemes of little men?  
 Had there been even one short moment when  
 Above the party strife the patriot rose,  
 One grateful theme had been for writer's pen.  
 One hope of fairer future to unclose.  
 'Tis past, and o'er the gloom no ray of promise throws.

R. W. P.

## The Pacific Pants.

YOUNG De Minion Kanady was a fine growing lad; in fact he was such a fast growing young gentleman that a whole army of Tailors was required to provide for his wants, and to fatten upon the *cabbage*. And these tailors were divided into two cliques who detested each other, and quarrelled and gnashed their gums over the cabbage to such an extent that dentists rose to an enormous premium, and there were none to be found in the market.

So it happened that when one of these great cliques would have provided him with a brand new pair of Pacific Pants warranted to stand any weather, behold the rival clique, with hungry eyes and watering mouths, rushed out with a "big push" and picked holes in those pants, and turned them inside out, and let daylight through them in the most unseemly manner; and then the whole army bit and fought, and tore and scratched, and crunched and roared until there was nothing left but a huge mass of spoilt material, which smelt so offensively that it was known through the length and breadth of the land as a Pacific Scandal.

And now, sad to relate, poor Young De Minion Kanady is going round with no connecting link between his suspenders and his boots, save a few shreds and patches which are totally insufficient to maintain a healthy circulation between his extremities.

## Premature Poisoning.

Should you ask me, whence this title?  
 Who it is is being poisoned?  
 Who it is is going to be?  
 I should answer, I should tell you.  
 That the scientifics tell us—  
 All the mighty coming conflicts,  
 All the battles still to come off,  
 Shall be won by mighty bombshells  
 Crammed with drugs asphyxiating,  
 Bursting in the ranks of armies,  
 Bursting into Uvas fumes out,  
 Bearing death and desolation.  
 Should you ask me of the present,  
 Who is being this day poisoned?  
 I should answer, I should tell you,  
 I, a townsman of Toronto,  
 Living by a lane within it,  
 Where the neighbors vile and filthy,  
 Throw their rubbish and their offal,  
 Throw their heads of stinking fishes,  
 Throw their rotten vegetables,  
 Throw their cabbages and turnips.  
 There six days it lieth, lieth,  
 Fumeth, smelleth, stinketh, choketh.  
 Then the scavenger removes it,  
 And the neighbours pile on more there,  
 Choking me, an honest townsman,  
 Poisoning my helpless youngsters,  
 Killing off my wife by inches.  
*Mortui te Salutant,*  
 GRIP, we die unless thou helpest.  
 Tell the duly-paid Inspector  
 That he see the law regarded,  
 Laws which strictly order people,  
 That they put in box or barrel  
 All their rubbish and their offal  
 Giving it unto the carter.  
 When he cometh to them weekly.  
 Make him do it, and it may be  
 I, and all my little children,  
 I, and eke my spouse beside me,  
 Need not go before our time comes,  
 By the underground conveyance,  
 From the Cemetery station,  
 To the Islands of the Blessed,  
 To the land of the Hereafter.

## Scene at Ottawa.

AFTER THE PROROGATION.

Lord Dufferin.

Mr. Blake.

Lord D.—Now that your labours are concluded, Mr. BLAKE, allow me to offer my congratulations on the exemplary patience with which you have endured your necessarily extremely disagreeable position.

Mr. B.—Disagreeable position! May I ask to what your lordship refers?

Lord D.—To a professed and outspoken opponent of Coalition, both in principle and practice, I should have thought, Mr. BLAKE, such a position as yours, though no doubt of public benefit, would prove personally disagreeable, as apparently morally inconsistent.

Mr. B.—Your lordship labours under an error which is easily corrected. Consistency, my lord, has been aptly termed a jewel. It is one of the noblest attributes of the human mind—and necessarily an attribute of the minds of a free and glorious people. But, as I carefully stated in my Aurora speech, we are four millions of Britons who are not free. That we should in our present state possess the attributes of freemen would be extremely inconsistent. Therefore, my lord, I am most consistent when I am inconsistent.

Lord D.—I am extremely obliged for so lucid an explanation. What advantages a legal education confers!

Mr. B.—Had your lordship received one, you would have done us honour.

Lord D.—Possibly: more than you would have done— But I am wanted. Good morning. *Exit.*

## Manners at the Theatre.—No. 3.

HINTS TO LADIES.

RULE 1.—Take great pains with your toilette before leaving home—put on plenty of hair and do not spare the powder—it looks well by gas-light. Be sure and wear one of those distracting little spotted veils, they are so becoming, a *soupeon* of rouge is also a desideratum, there are sure to be plenty of gentlemen at the theatre and all men prefer art to nature.

RULE 2.—If you own a dress with a very long train, wear it. It is a most convenient thing to have in a crowd and looks imposing, and when well spread out, makes a good carpet for the crowd to walk on, or a mat to wipe their feet withal.

RULE 3.—Always wear a very large hat with high trimmings and waving nodding plumes and streamers, besides being stylish and conspicuous, it makes you look tall, moreover it gives your neighbors in the rear an opportunity to exercise the muscles of the neck trying to look both sides of you and over your head all at once in the futile endeavour to see the stage.

RULE 4.—Always select a seat near the end of a comparatively empty row—nothing like having plenty of room—place half your traps on the right-hand seat and the rest on the left hand one and remember that by pre-emption right, those seats, and as many more as you can "annex" or locate, are yours. If any one dares to ask for one of them—there being no others vacant—regard him with a prolonged Medusa-like stare—through an eye-glass if possible, and having thus shewn your sense of the intrusion, proceed very slowly and deliberately to remove your cloak, cloud, boa and muff, leaving however a few small articles, such as your smelling-bottle, port-monnaie and the book you are taking back to the library, they are nice agreeable things to sit on and it shews that you trust your neighbor's honesty.

RULE 5.—If the intruder be a strange lady, especially if she is not so well dressed as yourself, ignore her very existence. If she be well dressed you can still ignore her in a measure, but at the same time be sure to take stock of her entire costume, and observe in an undertone to your companion how very plain she is. If said companion be a lady and one with any pretension to good looks herself, she will agree with you of course. If a gentleman, his answer will be an admiring gaze—in *your* direction. You can take this as implying that in his eyes all women are plain—save one.

## Croaks and Pecks.

SHOULD we be sad for the man whose eye detects a piece of dirty green paper in a melting snowheap, and who stoops forthwith to dig it out with his pocket-knife? Yes, my young friends, if it turn out a genuine greenback, very sorry. But if it be a used up label, be glad, for he has gained a useful lesson.

THE *St. John News* has a story of a young Highlander who "could run, climb and jump with the agility of a stage." What stage does he mean? The Muskoka one, or a vehicle of the DAWSON route? They certainly bounl over old logs and the like, but as for their agility we never saw or heard much about it.