

be converted into a restaurant for either body or mind, and the municipal elections are hovering on the horizon like a great black cloud of coming woe.

## PENALTY.

Any member who may be convicted of any of the above offences shall, on the first, receive formal solemn warning, and on the second be banished to the nearest "public" for the remainder of the sitting, there to perch himself on the "ragged edge of remorse" till the arrival of his fellow-councillors. A ticket-of-leave will be granted him to return to vote in the event of a division on a Finance report.

## COMPENSATION.

In cases where extenuating circumstances can be reasonably pleaded, as, for example, where the offender is a Fire and Water grievance champion, or a Debutante monomaniac, the Council shall be at liberty to sanction that he be allowed the compensation of a private room and a reporter, to whom he may address the remainder of his speech, and, if his surviving relatives give permission, have it printed *in extenso*—at his own expense, of course. But to prevent the Council from getting into public disrepute, two responsible sureties shall in each such case be found, as guarantees that the printing shall be done "for private circulation only," and that no attempt shall afterwards be made to get the speech inserted in any of the newspapers, even by paying for it at advertising rates; it being the desire of this corporation to prove to the satisfaction of the outside world that "civilization" is not altogether "a failure," nor is the Caucasian yet "played out."

That nothing in the above By-law shall apply to Aldermen B-X-ER or H-X-N-R-S-S, as they hold briefs from their constituents to talk till doomsday—be the same more or less.

## Marriage Maxims Confirmed.

WITH NOTES BY A JILTED BACHELOR.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing. [Being the greatest rarity.]

A man is what his wife makes him. [And does what she makes him, too.]

It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child. [And the father who must hammer it into the mould.]

Marry into a family which you have known. [And thus curse yourself with an ancient mother-in-law and a rabble of relations.]

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company. [She'd have the last words, anyway.]

Never both manifest anger at once. [It would be manifest folly when she is angry with you to show that you are angry with yourself, however mad you are with your bargain.]

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire. [In which case she will be sure to escape.]

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive, and with the best judgment at the time. [You'll have enough to do reflecting on the action, (without judgment, from whatever motion,) which you committed on your marriage day.]

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other. [Consider yourself "each one," and always yield.]

Let self-abnegation be the daily aim and effort of each. [Always remembering that her self-abnegation was performed by yielding her name and becoming "bone of your bone," &c., at the altar; but yours must endure "till death doth you part!"]

The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth, is the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness. [You are yourself; she is a part of you and the better part; still she will aid you in cultivating an absolute unselfishness. Now she is absolute, and you are no longer yourself.]

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain a fault has been committed; and even then prelude it with a kiss and lovingly. [There's no use finding fault; the fault was committed when you surrendered your liberty; and even then, you idiot, you precluded it with a kiss and lovingly, softy!]

Never allow a request to be repeated. "I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse. [Nor any other is acceptable. You must grant all requests; and, being in for it, you'd better not lead to their repetition.]

Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is meaness. [Don't invite being sat upon heavily; you don't want to feel meaner than simple Benedictine smallness, if that is possible. You're to blame for your own folly, and it's inexpressably mean to try and wriggle out of it.]

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during your absence. Besides, it may be that you will not meet again in life. [Butter your parsnips the best way you can; and draw comfort from the thought that you may not meet again.]

NOTE.—Those who can't see the point of GRIP'S Cartoon this week may derive consolation from the following rhythmical exposition by our own Poet Laureate; the rest of the public read it at their own peril:

## Remarks on Bird Catching.

(Written in a chilly room under many difficulties.)

Who has not heard in early youth,  
That old, deceptive tale,  
That you could catch a bird by putting  
Salt upon its tail?

When but a boy, I once espied  
A robin on a rail,  
And, with a view to catch him, tried  
To drop salt on his tail.

Th' intended victim took to flight,  
And left me to bewail,  
The folly of attempting to  
Put salt upon his tail.

Since then, when some idea fair  
Would o'er my face sail,  
I've tried, with just as good result,  
To put salt on its tail.

The child of larger growth oft tries,  
With quite as much avail,  
To make his own some project rare  
By salt upon its tail.

E'en now the rival parties seek  
The soaring BLAKE to nail,  
And each industriously attempts  
To put salt on his tail.

He flies from all; yet all persist—  
The *Nation*, *Globe* and *Mail*—  
In cautiously approaching him,  
To drop salt on his tail.

It can't be done: tho' GRIP delights  
To see them try, and fail;  
The high-flown statesman ne'er will wait  
To get salt on his tail.

## Fatigue.

AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE ON QUEEN STREET.

One evening in October, as the sun was getting low, A farmer sat beside his load, not knowing what to do; He had travelled many miles that day, and just was nearing town, When sadly he became aware that he had broken down; He saw his tire was broken, so he straightway sent his son, To get a blacksmith right away, to put a new one on. Meantime, a stranger coming up, looked at the waggon twice, Then seeing what the matter was, began to give advice. "Why not take off your wheel," he said "and get a new tire on, "Instead of idly sitting there, as if your wits were gone? The farmer smole a smile, as he answered him by stating, "If I much longer have to wait; I'll soon get tired waiting."

The stranger then passed on,  
And never even spoke—  
Looking much perplexed,  
For he couldn't see the joke.

## "The Arm of the Law."

THE *Guelph Herald* says:

"Looking at it from any standpoint the prosecution to which the Manager of the *Mail* has been subjected, is calculated to inspire us with alarm."

GRIP rejoices to hear it, and sincerely hopes to see a similar confession in many other newspapers on both sides of the political fence.

GRIP is informed that as a consequence of the recent libel suit in *Re WHEELER*, the name of a prominent newspaper of this city is to be changed to *The Daily Wail*.