



THE LAST RESORT.

[Mr. Edgar has applied his extra sessional indemnity to a fund to be raised to fight the Revising Barristers.—*Daily papers.*]

No doubt Mr. Edgar has heard the story of the two shipwrecked Yankees who were clinging to a spar in mid-ocean. "Can you pray?" asked one. "No; can you sing a hymn?" "No; but something's got to be done; let us take up a collection."—*Ned Farrar.*

EUREKA!

"Oh, to think of it! Oh, to dream of it!
Fills my heart with tears." —*Kerry Dawling.*

CONSIDERATE WORKMEN.

It will doubtless surprise many people to find that workmen, when treated with proper consideration and liberality, are capable both of gratitude and generosity toward their employers. In the Leven shipyard some time ago a ship was put down on speculation merely to keep the men together. Last week the riveters and caulkers, sensible of their employers' kindness, held a meeting and resolved to ask the firm to reduce their wages ten per cent, and to intimate that they were willing to do a fortnight's work on the steamer without any wages at all. This is an unprecedented instance of good feeling between masters and men, and shows that, after all, artisans are much more easily led than driven. —*London Truth.*

MISTAH GRIP.—Yah! yah! yah! weally, dis niggab come nigh bein' tickled to deff ovah dis yer perograph. Oh deah! oh deah! how vevy suprised we are, to be suah! We, de bosses—de uppah ten—weally, it's 'nuff to take one's bruff away—de idea ob gratitude and generosity bein' discovered in de bosom ob a—a—oh, good gracious! ob—a—workman—and not only in one, but in workmen *en masse*. De *London Truth* breaks it softly to his readers. De readers ob *London Truth* are, on de hole—toney—so he tries to soften de blow; he says: "It will doubtless surprise many people to find that workmen, when treated with proper consideration and liberality, are capable both of gratitude and generosity"! Hear, oh heavens! and give ear, oh earth! and doan forget to put a nick in de wall wid de date ob discovery. De Millentum am a-comin', sho! It hab done got a big boost dis time. Dem caulkers an' riveters am so chuck full ob gratitood at an act ob simple justice dat dey hab gone down on dere marrowbones a-beggin' de rich bosses to please take a couple ob slices off each family loaf, as a mark ob 'preciation ob de unheard ob liberality ob putting a ship down on speculation, an' dey declare dey will work a fortnight free

gratis, fo' nothing. And now dis niggab am going to de readin' room eberv day till he am one hundred years old to find out from *London Truth* how de bosses can keep dere end up. I tell you, Mistah GRIP, dat de word "surprise" won't begin to indocate de feelin's ob dis niggab when he sees anoder perograph, announcin' de fact dat de bosses hab held a meetin' and unanimously voted dat de men be begged to 'cept ten per cent raise ob wages an' a fortnight's wages free gratis, widout working fo' it. It would be too bad—too bad fo' de uppah ten to be outdone in generosity by common workingmen—so, gee-hup! you bosses, an' rol de ole chariot 'long—an' don't get so paralyzed wid surprise at de discovery ob human feelin's in human breasts— But, dere, dis succumstance happened in England. It couldn't nobow happen on de 'Merican continent—no, siree! not in Canada, ef dis workman knows it. No beggin' ob de bosses to 'dooce de wages heah! Yah! yah! yah!

Yours 'spectfully,
JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.

A SKETCH OF GENRE.

(*Papillonis Silibillis, or Silibilly Butterfly, anatomically dissected.*)

She is a beauty, that she is,
Of course no one would dare to doubt it,
This being her only gift, I wis,
She scarce could get along without it.
She's fair and white—of azuline
Her eyes: she's graceful, supple, splendid,
Her lips—this isn't new—like wine,
You'll guess the rest—this verse is ended.

She's not one of your staid and mild
Prudes, but she's wayward and capricious,
She thinks the pants of Oscar Wilde,
(Abbreviated) are delicious.
She paints on tiles, on canvas too—
Her friends alodge her pictures pretty—
(They're wretched daubs, 'tween me and you,
And raves of Turner, Millais, Etty.

She speaks enthusiastically
Of Roubens, Rosa and the Renaissance,
She prates "When I was in Fares"
With imperturbable complaisance.
She loves the blue Italian sky,
She glories in the Louvre's treasures,
Admires the ancient statuary,
And thinks that Art's the chief of pleasures.

Most wondrously she braids her locks,
She's very nice about her graminar,
She sallies forth a-chipping rocks,
With a small silver-handled hammer;
With French she interlards her speech,
Her accent puro—she joys to show it,
She's fond of wandering on the beach,
Rossetti is her favorite poet.

The latest novels all she reads,
Likes Ouida and George Eliot fairly,
Tears over many a page she sheds,
For knights who loved sweet ladies dearly.
Trollope and Black are favorites
Of hers, she jumps at any new "go,"
And since she's Frenchified, delights
In Zola, Dumas *filis*, and Hugo.

She holds in real life men are
Not all Romance has brightly painted,
That novelists their heroes star
With nobleness that's only feinted.
She plays the choicest melodies
Of Verdi, Chopin, Liszt and Handel;
She warmly praises those that please,
But votes Carlyle a horrid vandal.

She's all the rage, she knows her power,
She chaffs and flirts, she's light and airy,
She's lovely as a foam-white flower,
She waltzes like a little fairy.
Rose-dreams of conquest crowd her pate—
But while her other traits I'm booking,
Perhaps it's just as well to state,
She's really innocent of cooking.

—JUDSON FRANCE.



The Miller.—Say, Strawstack, how was it that when I came to measure those five barrels of apples I bought from you I found them nearly a barrel short?

The Farmer.—Singular, very singular, for I put them up in some of your own flour barrels.

The Miller.—Ahem! Did, eh? Well, perhaps I made a mistake. Fine weather, isn't it?

A DANGEROUS CONDITION.

One of the most dangerous conditions is a neglected kidney complaint. When you suffer from weary aching back, weakness, and other urinary troubles, apply to the back a Burdock Porous Plaster, and take Burdock Blood Bitters, the best system regulator known for the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels.

ONE OF THE FEW.

FACT.

She was a Glasgow woman—a great Tory in her way—and had in her younger days with Sandy, her husband, listened to Gladstone, Palmerston, Disraeli and other politicians. "But," quoth she, "I aye liket Disraeli the best. I just enjoyed his speeches; an', mind ye, it wasna ivery anc that could understand Disraeli."