



NOT MUCH OF A LAPsus.

LITTLE JOHNNY (after the medical man's departure)—“Pa, did the doctor feel your purse?”

JOHNNY'S PA—“Yes, my child, you've just about struck it.”

SATAN'S CANADIAN TOUR.

IN Pandemonium's spacious senate hall
Hell's lords assembled to deliberate,
And after many speeches, one and all
Agreed their kingdom was in prosperous state.
The famines, war-clouds, riots on this ball
Could hardly fail to make them feel elate,
And seemed to promise Eighteen ninety-two
Would bring them profitable work to do.

So all the devils were in merry pin
At such a prospect for the coming year,
When suddenly a wandering imp dropped in
With news that damped the ardor of their cheer.
This late comer to Canada had been
And brought account of all the doings here,
How courts were sitting villany to probe,
And Vice no longer wore official robe.

Such tidings raised a tumult, quickly quelled
By Satan's call to order from his throne,
And by the signal of his arm upheld,
Hell hushed until its prince's mind was known,
He spake—“If Canada has now rebelled,
Her mood may spread to a more populous zone,
I'll take a trip at once per C.P.R.
To nick this business ere it goes too far.

“Let Mammon and the rest their hosts prepare,
And wait me on the border till I spy
The land, and see the whole of this affair,
If trivial it is best to let it die
From its own fury as a harmless scare;
But if a grave disturbance, then will I
Devise some plan, although it seems to me
No land need give us fear with an N.P.”

He ceased, and straight with eager, bustling zeal
The fiends prepare their master for his trip,
And bring, lest change of climate he might feel,
The furs that caused a Middleton to slip
On virtue's path as on an orange peel,
These having donned, and with a well-packed grip,
Bulging with bribes of purse, power and position,
Old Satan started on his expedition.

Through space he rose until he reached the earth
At some way-station on the C.P.R.
Though it was night he took no sleeping-berth,
But passed at once into the smoking-car,
He revelled in the fumes the pipes gave forth,
And graciously accepted a cigar
From a commercial, who turned pale to see
It light in the fiend's lips spontaneously.

Triumphant was his progress through our land,
But time and space both fail me to relate
How in red parlors many a welcoming hand
He pressed, hobnobbing with the rich and great,
How St. Kitt's Tories begged that he would stand
In place of Rykert as their candidate,
Though such an honor he must needs refuse
Lest he should soil his hoofs in Charlie's shoes.

So to and fro he went as in Job's days,
Inspecting everything as he had planned,
He saw the boodle tricks and crooked ways
Wrought by our crafty politician band,
Marked how men would in their own party praise
What in the other they would reprimand,
How actions *venal* in their foes espied,
Became but *venial* on their own side eyed.

The Devil having gained this information
Through press report and private interview,
And having scattered bribes of wealth and station
Near hand to those who best his work could do,
Returned to outer space in great elation,
Where meeting Mammon with his vampire
crew,
“O friends,” he cried, “we need not be in haste
Upon this realm our batteries to waste.

“Let us to England, where are foes to fight,
Home Rule for Ireland and the Land Reform,
But the Dominion is in no such plight
As I had feared, and all this furious storm
Against corruption is but party spite,
Vain frothings, that can never do us harm,
Rebukes of sin, such as I often make
In working up the hypocritic fake.

“This tempest in a teacup soon will die
And everything be as it was before,
'Tis best that we let well alone and fly
To other climes that need our presence more.”
So Satan spake, and with no battle cry
His legions passed from this beleaguered shore.
And though their going was no compliment
To Canada, it's just as well they went.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

EVIDENTLY THE PLAIN TRUTH.

HUSBAND—“I overheard Smith say to-day that I was
the ugliest man in Toronto. I know I'm plain, but
I didn't think I was as bad as that! Now, dear, tell me
the honest truth! Am I really downright ugly?”

TENDER WIFE—“Oh, John! To ask me that! when
you know I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world!”

THE THREE G'S.

I HIGHLY value your paper and believe its main
planks are sound, and that it will help the Church
to put down *fraud*, and to strengthen honest men in public
positions. Toronto sadly needs GRIP and godliness
and good men.

(REV.) GEO. WASHINGTON,
Cooksville.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and
colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in
the market. For sale everywhere.