

**The Minister to His Salary.**

Oh, why could they think of it—how could they ever,  
Propose to divorce us, dear friend of my heart,  
How bereft of all feeling the soul that could sever  
Our connection, and sternly compel us to part.

How delightful the feeling each quarter day awakened,  
With what welcome trimensal I greeted thy face!  
How degrading to think an opponent has taken't—  
The whole cause of thy being—my dear little place.

Yes, my place, which or useful or not to my country,  
Was extremely, delightfully, useful to me.  
Oh, how hard and remorseless—how vile the effrontery  
Which my place from myself would attempt to set free.

Think how hard it must be for a poor politician  
Who has fed for five years on the sweets of full pay,  
To descend to an unknown and unpaid position,  
And see others enthroned where he sat yesterday.

And how cutting to notice each friend and relation  
Who has hung for five years on each word one might say,  
Show you quickly he knows of the change in your station,  
And pass by on the street with his head turned away.

And to leave one's fine house and remove to a smaller,  
One's attendants dismiss, and one's carriage let drop,  
And to bear the sham sympathy poured by each caller  
On the statesman who had statesmanizing to stop.

But away with forebodings—they cannot defeat us,  
'T would be something the gods will in mercy prevent,  
Such vast woes as would happen—if they *were* to beat us  
Are too fearful on mortals below to be sent.

No; majorities good will appear; I predict them,  
Our prestige remain; our opponents we'll floor,  
And how jolly shall sound the refrain when we've licked them,  
That our sal'ries are safe to us still five years more.

And no fear of sep'ration, dear friend, shall affright me,  
And again shall I see thee each three months come round;  
The crisp feel of thy bank notes once more shall delight me,  
Or thy coins all so golden ring clear in their sound.

**The Duet.**

FIRST POLITICIAN.

You know you shout Free Trade, you do, to keep yourself in place.

SECOND POLITICIAN.

You shout Protection to get in, which does you much disgrace.

FIRST POLITICIAN.

A vile Starvationist you are, and would the land consume.

SECOND POLITICIAN.

You're a Taxationist, and would tax window, house, and room.

FIRST POLITICIAN.

Deliver us, I pray, from folks who do intend as you.

GRIP.

Deliver us from both, and bring some honest fellows, do.

**The Sweets of Office.**

Scene at Ottawa, MACKENZIE solus.

Mr. MACKENZIE.—Noo I can think a wee. Mon, it's no a bed o' roses tae be a Meenister. Ance I could tak up ma trowel an' gang tae wark wi nae mair care than a blackbird, but noo—(enter messenger.)—What noo? Canna I hae a moment ava?

MESSANGER.—Six gentlemen from the Maritime Provinces, sir, wanting you to address the constituencies, and fearing that unless some more is done—

MACKENZIE.—Address! I hae addressit them till ma throat's like naething but a corderoy causey.

MESSANGER.—They want more, Sir: other places, it seems—

MACKENZIE.—Whaur's CAIRTWRIGHT? Send Maister CAIRTWRIGHT here! (Exit messenger; enter another.)

2ND MESSENGER.—Ten requests for Ministers to speak in Ontario before the elections, sir; most necessary, they say, that—

MACKENZIE.—Wad ye drive me clean mad? Hoo can we talk in sixteen places at ance? Whaur's MILLS? Send Maister MILLS at ance! (exit messenger.)

(Enter MILLS and CARTWRIGHT).

MILLS.—You sent for me. I am here. In the ancient annals of Pithochinium it was—

MACKENZIE.—It's the modern annals, mon, that we noo needit. Ye maun gang till—

MILLS.—Sir, the Philosopher is not to be ordered from place to place. He is no slight, unmeritable man, fit to be sent on errands.

MACKENZIE.—Weel, ye will lose ye'er position, then. The Tories are raising heeven an earth till coup us ower. We maun a' gang an' speak noo.

CARTWRIGHT.—My dear fellow, I have spoken till I am hoarse, and have used nearly a peck of lozenges. (Enter messenger.)

MESSANGER.—Three messages from Manitoba, sir, wanting a Minister to speak, and seven from Quebec, with Mr. JOLY's respects, and he must have five Ministers to stump the Province before the election. (Exit.)

MACKENZIE.—The deil stoomp him. Diz he think Meenisters hae naething tae dae. (Enter messenger.)

MESSANGER.—Gentlemen, Mr. MOWAT cannot be responsible if four Ministers at least are not sent to speak through Ontario, and—

MACKENZIE.—Get oot, get oot!—(exit messenger)—Isna this a brow state of affairs? Whatna's to be dune the no? CAIRTWRIGHT—

CARTWRIGHT—(coughing)—My dear fellow, when a fly—I mean a Minister—has such a throat—

MACKENZIE.—Confoond ye're thraffie. It was gude aneuch when ye beggit tae be a Meenister. Leuk noo! Ye maun send the ither ten. What for no. There are thirteen Meenisters—

MILLS.—Oh what use, as the ancient CUTIMBRACHUS remarks in his Paleontology, the Minister who does not speak? I will address the people. Before me shall fly the myth of Protection and—

CARTWRIGHT.—No "and," my good sir. Only do the first—that is all.

MACKENZIE.—Maist inxpleccawble hoo it has obtainit oor pooer. Whaurever I gang they din it in ma ears like—

CARTWRIGHT.—Couldn't we adopt it? I've made changes—so has CHARLTON and MACDONALD. Why not change to Protection?

MACKENZIE.—Nonsense! the *Globe* will nae alloo it. Gang and speak—(Exit, shoving them out).

**Seasonable Rhymes.**

Now is the autumn—  
Season when reigns,  
They know who've caught 'em,  
Colicky pains.

Who grapes redundant  
Eateth, or pear,  
Over-abundant,  
Let him beware.

Who at the melon  
Gobbleth away,  
May not be well on  
All of the day.

Who, never fearing,  
Greedy may be  
Shortly appearing  
Doctors may see.

CAN fish talk?—*Detroit Free Press*. Seals skin.—*Exchange*.

THE apple crop is 'appily large and the amount of pears is of peara-mout importance.—*Graphic*. This paragraph was the fruit of long cogitation of cores.

THE *Globe* calls Mr. REYNOLDS, the amphitheatre orator, a "human phonograph." We suppose this means that he is a wonderful discovery on the part of the manager.

"That man," said Kate, "to love for me  
Is sure a very slave,  
E'en tho' 'tis full a year since I  
To him the mitten gave."  
"Oh! then he's not a slave," said Prue,  
As o'er her face there flitted  
A roguish smile, "you just confessed  
That he was manumitted."

—*Yonkers Gazette*.

THE gang of burglars who work for seven hours to hammer a safe to pieces to secure fourteen cents, know something of how a country minister feels next day after a donation.—*Detroit Free Press*.