

Scene—City Hall.

Present—Members of the Board of Turks.

1ST MEMBER.—(in the planing-mill line)—What excellent things these new police offices, fire halls, new fittings, new fixings, new markets, and so on, are!

2ND MEMBER.—(in the same)—Certainly, now the city appears satisfied that we shall furnish all the frames and stuff, and nobody grumbles or indicts us.

3RD MEMBER.—(in the same)—I think we could build a lot more next year. Good sum in my pocket. How much you?

1ST AND 2ND.—Don't tell; Make others jealous.

4TH MEMBER.—(in tile and cement line)—I hear. Now look, if I am not given an order for tile for six more sewers at once, I'll split!

5TH MEMBER.—(in lumber line)—Faugh! You split! You're the deepest in of us all! Look here, I want another market built and fenced at once!

6TH MEMBER.—(in same)—You mean you want to provide the lumber. Now look here, I want a market! I've had nothing yet, I'll split.

7TH MEMBER.—(in wool line, who does little jobs in a perfectly proper manner)—Gentlemen, for heaven's sake no quarrelling. We are on slippery ground. Folks are talking of indicting us, and MOWAT swears he'll put us through. If you only pull together and be quiet, all may be managed.

1ST, 2ND, and 3RD MEMBERS.—(with rolling eyes)—But we must sell frames!

4TH MEMBER.—(desperately)—I'm bound to fetch on tile and cement!

5TH and 6TH MEMBERS.—(furiously)—And lumber!

8TH MEMBER.—(savagely)—I want a commission on the paint!

9TH MEMBER.—(sternly)—I on the stoves!

10TH MEMBER.—(fiercely)—I on the carpets, the furniture, the chairs and tables!

(Messenger enters and hands packet, says words, and exit.)

7TH MEMBER.—I told you. Gentlemen, some of the citizens have taken proceedings against us, and here is a preliminary notice for each of you.

1ST, 2ND, and 3RD MEMBERS.—(ghastly pale)—We never supplied anything. It must have been our clerks!

4TH MEMBER.—(quite livid)—I don't know what a tile is. My manager knows!

5TH and 6TH MEMBERS.—(green)—Never saw any lumber. Chaps at office, they see it.

8TH MEMBER.—(a bright chrome.)—Commission! Me-e-e-e?

9TH MEMBER.—(shivering.)—Ven-tu-re to ac-cu-cuse Me-e-e?

10TH MEMBER.—(blustering.)—Deuce take it! game's up! Who's for the States? (All rush out in confusion.)

Curried Evonds.

DOT IO DICES.

Mein Leiben Grip.

I am proud dot I got me a letter fon der editor, vot dolt me I vos a grand succeed in der *Curried Evonds* peesiness. Dot vos my fast temptations of writing in der noospapers, und id gives me of course pleasures like der dooce dot I am satisfactions in der skitvation. Ober, dot don't is my peesiness, und I felt myzaulf dot I am glumsy a liddle vile—but I zoon got me all right, mit bractices a couble of veeks. My right peesiness, to spoke strictness, vos makin of sausages, und getting my family support by beddling dot eatibilities mit on my arm a basketful, und holler oud "Sausages" mit a cow bell all der vile.

Shpokon about sausages, vas is dass you got in der last copy von GRIP about dot subjects? I don't like dot putty vell, I dolt you; I took yourzaulf notices dot I'm mad about dot. I vent me around, like usually, on Monday, und I don't could sold some of dem sausages vot I make dot day. Der beeples coom by der door von dere house, und make dere fist on dere nose und dolt me "Nein! ve don't got some stomjacks like a wolf, dot ve eat sausages any more. Ve read dot *Grip*, und it's better you don't come here, of you like it dot you don't been kicked gwick out mit a pull-dog." Vaul, I vend home und reads in dot bapers, dot some veller makes in England sausages fon bad meat oud, und I sawn dot vos vots' der matter mit my gostomers, und I got me up, und of you could hear me swore mabee you stood on end by your hair, I bet you. I don't like it dot you make my peesness ruin like dot, und of it don't happens to been I am a politeness kind of a man, I vood dolt you my sondiments red hot in langvitches you don't like.

But I don't vos bad manners onahow, like dot editor von der *Mail* bapers. Do you took notice dot he calls the *Globe* mans, he's a liar, a couple ago of days? Vaul, dots so! I haven't sawn nie somedings like dot in dis goundry since I come by Germany oud. Der *Mail* he vos der organ by gentlemen too, don't id? I am exprised away oud past measurements. I vill make myzaulf some peesness to gone und spoke mit Sir SHON, und found me out who writes dot, und got him

discharge fon der United Umpire Glub. It don't vill do dot blain talk like dot gomes loose around fon der pabers. Of der *Mail* editors got vonce der hand in mit shworin und cursin und makin bad names about der peebies, I guess me dot der Governor Shenral might got soon his turn. I don't vonder of der *Mail* goes for him about dot speech vot he makes in Victoria oud, und shpokos like rotten eggs about him. Ober, it vos dryin to peen resignation yust now, und drows der mud on MACKENZIE und CARTWRIGHT und SCOTT und BLAKE. Vaul, I'm pleased dot it's a loyal pabers, onahow. I felt der goundry's safe about dot point. Ober, I don't vould advise der Excellentsy Governor Shenral to gone alone bretty much in der vicinities von der *Mail* office in a dark nights, mitout some polices.

Spokin about loyal, I recommember me dot GOLDWIN SCHIMDT is going by Italy oud. But before he is gon, he got himzaulf some drouples mit der *Globe* und *Mail* by writing of a letter in der *Tellygram*. Id vould seem to been dot G. SCHIMDT vos an Nexationist mit scheep's clothes on. Of he don't make himself scarcity butty soon, he don't vill had a rag of dot scheepskins left. Der pabers look like day vould flay him about dot Nexations sendimends. Vaul, I don't know, myzaulf, dot I agree mit SCHIMDT about der United Stades like dot, ober, he vos a good gostomer von mine, ven I beddle me rount mi sausage by der Grange, und I tink dot he's a mans considerable of expectability, onahow. He got more educations as also *Globe* und *Mail* dogeda put, und I expose he haf a right dot he sdpoke his opinion ven he don't like yust as he blease, don't id?

Von great men gone oud fon Doronta, and also von gone in, too! I am led by dis observations on account of Doctor TUPPER is come to life by dis city. Dey dolt me dot Sir SHON vos tired mit picnicks und buns und lemonade all in der shade (of obbosition), und der Doctor vos going to been his succeder in der Conservative army. I don't say much about dot yust now, but, as dot boet says, more anonymus.

Drooly yoor freind,

YACUP SWACKELHAMMER.

Mother and Daughter.

Betty the mother was civil and neat,
Quick with her fingers and light on her feet;
Ida the daughter, with manners more grand,
Was clumsy of foot and uncertain of hand.

Betty the mother had gone in her day
To school; but at home learnt to work and to play;
Ida the daughter (it now is the rule),
Evenings and mornings spent cramming for school.

Betty the mother—ah! couldn't she bake?
Light was her bread and delicious her cake;
Ida the daughter the globe's heat knew well,
But that of the oven she never could tell.

Betty the mother could cleverly sew,
And run up a skirt in ten minutes or so;
Ida the daughter had Euclid all right,
But to make a straight seam would have puzzled her quite.

Betty the mother had taste and had skill,
Dresses she fashioned hung gracefully still;
Ida the daughter proportions' rules knew,
But to deck her own neatly she couldn't id do.

Betty the mother kept clean as a pin,
House, yard, and furniture, outside and in;
Ida the daughter philosophy read,
And did not object to have bugs in her bed.

Betty the mother kept flowers before,
Clean gravel in rear, at her front and back door;
Ida the daughter read *Ledgers* inside,
And round her lane-gate stinking refuse spread wide.

Betty the mother in good health had kept
Her husband through life, till at ninety he slept;
Ida the daughter's bad cookery had laid
Her's under a tombstone, "Aged 30," it said.

Betty the mother is now dead and gone,
Fragrant her memory ever lives on;
Ida the daughter for woman's rights yells
In the seedy back street, pensioned off where she dwells.

Ask you of GRIP, with a much-puzzled stare,
Why mother and daughter so different were?
GRIP cannot explain; but it's everywhere round,
Can it be that the fault in our schooling is found?