



Bonjour!

"Beneficial and Inevitable."

Speaking of the exodus of Canadians to the United States the *Ottawa Citizen* says:—

"If people generally would try to think down to the bottom of this matter, they might see less occasion for uttering melancholy wails over a movement which is at once beneficial and inevitable."

"Jes' so, jes' so," says a hide bound Grit, "'beneficial' to the Canadians who escape from the N. P., and 'inevitable' that they should be envied by those who can't."

Says the *Guelph Mercury*:—

Apart from politics there is perhaps no man more widely known or more highly respected in Canada, by men of all parties, than Mr. Brown.

This is a mistake. The *Mercury* means well, but it don't know. "Apart from politics" Mr. Brown is hardly known beyond his own doorstep.



The Reform Dead-Look.

How long is Master SANDY going to hang on to his position, and keep poor NEDDY and everybody else in suspense? Everything is at sixes and sevens in the ranks of the Opposition, and matters are not likely to mend until something definite is done about the leadership. A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse, but a broad hint seems to have very little effect on a stubborn leader. Mr. GRIP has already expressed his sympathy for SANDY in being required, for the good of his Party, to resign the position he has so long occupied; but he hopes it will not be necessary to pull him off his hobby-horse by main force. Let him come down handsomely, and give the brilliant NED a chance to shew the world what an easy matter it is to gallop across the floor of the House.

The Coroner's Lament.

Oh life's a mockery, and that's a fact—
What happens now I do not care a jot.
For since they've changed the good old Crowner's Act
A coroner's is not a happy lot!

Not long ago I was a jolly wight,
Keenly alert and always on the fly,
Ready to hold an inquest day or night,
No matter how the party came to die.

But now the law requires me to make oath
That I believe there may have been foul play,—

A sort of thing to which I'm very loth,
For such affairs don't happen every day.

This plan may suit the public very well,
But I assure you that it don't please me,
It simply means, as anyone can tell:
No oath, no inquest—then, of course, no fee.

O give me back the happy days of yore,
Of inquests six or seven times a week,
When coroners raced like mad from door to door,
And kept a careful eye on all the sick!

It makes me sad to hear my neighbours talk
Of business' looking up—of "hum" and
"boom,"

And find myself a-stranded on a rook,
For this new Act has sealed the coroner's doom!



The 16 Block.

Mr. PHIPPS regards the present Dominion Cabinet as a set of block-heads, forming a political gem puzzle which no fellow can understand. This a very neat simile, but to finish it we must regard the distinguished economist himself as the 16th block, whose presence is necessary to make the game complete, yet whose absence from the collection is essential to its practical working.

A Little Dialogue.

Said Tory to Grit, "The old *Globe* is decaying."
Grit answered, "How then does the old thing keep paying?"

Tory said, "How infernally wrong of G. B.,
To pocket big profits and curse the N. P."
"Oh, no," answered Grit, "no protection he gains
From the tariff, but trusts to hard labor and brains."

"In the articles, labor is plain," answered Tory,
"But brains! Oh GEE whittaker that's a good story!"

Another Little Dialogue.

Said a Grit to a Tory, "What sickening folly
The *Mail's* articles are." Said the Tory, "by golly,

Remarks such as that make me angry and sore—
Do you think I'm an ass not to know that before?
When they trust all to JACK he can turn out
good stuff;

But that funky at Ottawa—oh! what a muff."



Obituary.

Our veracious city reporter sends us this little sketch, averring that it represents what he saw when peeping through a crack in the fence surrounding the Grange a few days before the appearance of the last *Bystander*. Our protectionist readers will no doubt be shocked to learn that the N. P. is dead, but alas! it is even so—in the grave Professor's mind. It passed away tranquilly after a brief struggle, in the presence of the sorrowing *Bystander*, who surrounded its bed. An inquest was not held, as Mr. SMITH felt certain he could get no coroner to take an oath that there was any suspicion of foul play in the matter. It was purely natural causes. Protection died simply because the circumstances of this country were not adapted to its system. For a full diagnosis of the case, and a touching obituary notice, the reader is referred to the April number of the Professor's little monthly. A plain board slab bearing the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of the N. P.—a failure," marks its resting place along side of the graves of the Nation, The Canada First movement, and several other children that Mr. SMITH has loved and lost.

A Lively Lunatic.

That was the heading of an item in the *Evening Telegram* a few days ago, and all the regular subscribers at once turned to it for information about the editor.



A Political Adaptation.

Master CHAPLEAU, returning from an excursion into the money-market of New York is accosted by Master JOLY,
Mast. J.—Been fishing, CHAP?
Mast. C.—Yes.
Mast. J.—Catch anything?
Mast. C.—No; but I expect to when I meet the House!