

BUZZES.

In Turkey the sons of pashas are sent in to public offices and have to work several years without pay. In Canada the sons of our pashas go into public offices and get pay without doing any work. But then our religion is so superior to the Mahomedan.

Last week one of our contemporaries chronicled an elopement, and stated that the Lothario resembled a fresh water crab, and his charmer a used up rat trap. He had to apologize next day. He said "the reverse is the case." We hope all the parties were satisfied.

A GRAVE INTERVIEW.

Our special political reporter walked into the Premier's office at Ottawa on Tuesday last, and said: I am about to question you, don't say anything that may hurt your Government, if you don't like. I represent *The Wasp*."

Mr. McK. (turning pale)—Go on; I shall answer.

Q.—What do you think of Laurier's chances in Quebec East?

A.—Not much.

Q.—How long will this Government of yours last?

A.—It may burst in a week, and it may hang out till Christmas.

Q.—Now, be careful. Have—have you any—any—whiskey here?

A.—Oh, no! Go! [*Exit*].

THE MODERN CINCINNATUS.

Burke says the age of chivalry is gone. Yes, but Alderman Stephens remains, and while he lives the world will contain at the least one incorruptible patriot. Cincinnatus, after vanquishing the enemies of his country, returned to the plough; our hero has made a fortune, and he offers to retire on it. But shall we let him go? May the immortal gods forbid. He gives as a reason for his withdrawal from affairs municipal, that he may dedicate more of his time to the Civil Rights Alliance. We refuse, we say emphatically, no! a thousand times no! he will not go to the Civil Rights Alliance, but they shall go to him. We shall elect each individual of them that is not in the Council already, instead of DeBerge, McCambridge, Kennedy, Thibault, Donovan, Wilson, and such. And the Indian, in his wampum and war paint, shall occupy seats in the gallery and obtain justice.

Let us recapitulate what Stephens has done for his country, for Montreal. There is a flag opposite his house on

Phillips Square, 12 x 6, which is a credit to the tax-payers and makes the adjoining flags sink into the earth for very shame. He pulled up the blocks from St. James street and put limestone instead, until it came to pass, the malignants say, it was done to throw dust in the eyes of the public. He did a thousand other things which the *Wasp* forgets all about, but which nevertheless shall not be lost sight of.

Shall we, then, let this benefactor go? Again we shriek, no! Nay more, we must get him a testimonial. Let us see. Chromos are played out. He is already in possession of a watch, and—Hold on! We have an idea! It is an inspiration of genius! Let us place him in the frame enclosing Mr. Devlin's beautiful picture, which can be seen at Kearney's, No. 69 St. Antoine street, every morning and every evening. The frame can be had for a trifle, no doubt, and the tax-payers will be only too happy to fork over.

NOTICE.

It is possible that our harmless little buzzes and stings may wound the tender feelings of some aspiring politician or gentlemanly swindler who may in the first fury of his emotions move down on our office with aggressive intent, thunder on his brow and lightning in his eye. To such we say—rash man, beware! take care! forbear! Our office is fortified, and we wear a complete suit of armour; though knowing our quarrel is just, we wear that costume merely through force of habit. We have two hired men at our door, day and night, who carefully search the visitor for weapons; they even take his corkscrew from him. Such are our instructions. We sleep on a barrel of powder and have two revolvers in our belt, an axe at our feet and a loaded rifle beside us with bayonet fixed. Two bull dogs of the yellow pattern lie at either side of the door. To crown the whole, Mrs. Booth has been kind enough to lend us the famous carving knife she carried so triumphantly on the 12th of July last. So, alas, what chance is there for the intending horse-whipper?

THE DETECTIVES.—If we are to believe the city papers, Montreal is blessed with six heaven-born detectives. If a poor lame man is captured for stealing anything as prominent as Notre Dame Church the wretched scribes immediately cry, "a Vidocq, behold! a Vidocq." In the name of the immortal gods, will they let us have a rest?

STINGS.

Can any one inform the *Wasp* what Mr. Thibadeau expects, besides the consciousness of performing a good action, you know, for his seat of Quebec East?

We want a chief editor for the *Wasp*. He must be well posted in everything, must be able to write a Greek play after the style of Euripides, or polish boots at five cents the pair. If Mr. Laurier be defeated for Quebec East—in fact whether he be or not—he shall have the position.

Alderman Thibault illustrated three aphorisms in his own person last week: "Modest men on their merits are dumb," "A man is never a prophet in his own ward" and "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." "Yes," said this celebrated speaker while stumping for Bourbeau, "I am the famous Montreal orator, Charles Thibault, and Alderman of the largest ward in the city." Let us all hide our diminished heads and admire at a distance the oratory and modesty of this genius. Thibault, shake hands. *The Wasp* welcomes you as a brother.

Palmer of our Post Office is a facetious individual who delights in a good story and an apt reply. The following *bon mot*, perpetrated by him a few days ago on an unconscious diner, in one of our eating houses, is too good to be lost. Dining with a friend, their conversation was interrupted by a gentleman, at an adjoining table, remarking on the resemblance a bald-headed man sitting near, bore to the Prince of Wales. Palmer with the utmost *sangfroid* imaginable, sarcastically rejoined, "There's no 'hair apparent 'about him." The speechlessness of his victim was sufficient guarantee that the repartee was appreciated.

SOLILOQUY.

One of our astute detectives overheard the following soliloquy last night from a Spaniard of the name of Jones: "I will go home (hic), and if the fire is not (hic) splen (hic) did, I shall knock my (hic) wife's brains out, and then elect to be tried (hic) by a Grand Jury (hic). After that, I'll take (bless the Jury system) a tour through Europe."

A RINE CHORUS.—Drink to me only with thine ice.

THE WASP

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