

SMALLWIT.—I despise your jealous sneer. Don't you wish you had some powers to waste? I have been improving my education. I visited the School Board, and drew from that fount of poorest English not a little enlightenment.

GRIP.—Tell, tell, tell, something of what you heard.

SMALLWIT.—You know, do you not, that there was an office, in the gift of the learned gentlemen of the Board, recently rendered vacant, for which there were not many more than the customary number of applicants. These had their several supporters, each Commissioner being sternly opposed to everybody else's candidate. The aspirant for the honour of inspecting the schools of Toronto, who was ultimately appointed, is a comparatively young man, whose previous career has been noticeable on the one hand for good teaching, and on the other for a depraved tendency to over-exertion in an aboriginal pastime; and, would you be surprised to learn that a member of the Board (who has, too, had the inestimable advantage of long association with at least one of the leaders of public opinion here), got up and objected to this muscular Christian's claims because he had been addicted to Lacrosse, and mixed up with clubs, to say nothing of netted sticks, and other demoralizing associations.

SLOWCUM.—What did he mean?

SMALLWIT.—He meant to be exceedingly proper, no doubt. However, the objector had not all the sense of the meeting in his possession, and though there were others whose reasons for voting against the successful candidate were at least equally weighty, the result of the vote enabled me to retain my equanimity, and I forgave the Board many, if not all, its accumulated sins in the shape of offences against the popular LINDLEY MURRAY.

SPAKEQUEER.—You become tiresome. Verbosity is an evil weed that fast doth grow, and your's is a soil most rank.

SMALLWIT.—Where weeds spring up most rapidly, there too will you find the flowers and the fruit.

TONGUEGRASS.—If they be not choked and smothered. Your wordiness is an all-pervading bind-weed, which conceals the flowers and stunts the fruit.

SMALLWIT.—How complimentary! If you and WILLIAM there go on abusing me, I will really turn the tap and treat you to a real specimen of loquacity.

SPAKEQUEER.—I cry you quits. No more of that, HAL. You have not, anybody, asked me what I have been about.

GRIP.—It's a shame. Go on.

SPAKEQUEER.—It is private and most confidential. To see RIEL have I been, and a most pernicious scoundrel it is. I wanted to induce him for the sake of peace to leave this Canada of ours.

SMALLWIT.—He said he'd as lieve do it as not, I suppose.

SPAKEQUEER.—No, he didn't say anything of the kind. I offered him an annual pension of thirty-seven and a half cents, paid quarterly, if he would with stealthy footstep seek the shores of the neighboring Republic. He therefore made that famous speech, "To go, or not to go, that is the question? By gar, I'm off." As soon as the pension was made secure in a friend's name (being secret service money precautions had to be taken), then comes back to Beaversland this arrant rogue. A plague upon him! I fear me much there will soon be seated upon me a Committee of the House, with power to call for persons and papers.

SLOWCUM.—Can any of you guess my movements?

TONGUEGRASS.—Practicing a slow march?

RODGE.—Chewing the cud of Smallwitticisms?

SLOWCUM.—It is past guessing. I have been to St. John, and there I have started a comic paper. The publisher is nominally SMURR, but really, you know—

SMALLWIT.—It's rather more slow come. Has it been christened?

SLOWCUM.—It comes out once a fortnight, and it's name is QUIP.

SMALLWIT.—Who turns the cranks that always go with the quips? Has it merit?

SLOWCUM.—Modesty forbids my saying. I can hardly hope to find its illustrations equal to those which eventuate from the facile pencil of the "talented" and "celebrated" cartoonist of whom the journals of the day have been making mention; but, then, I think the effort is not so bad.

TONGUEGRASS.—The name—QUIP—GRIP, GRIP—QUIP. What labour there must have been in the bringing forth!

GRIP.—Too bad, too bad!

RODGE.—Never mind the young New Brunswicker. It's a long cry to somewhere or other. We are not of those who sing, "There's nae room for twa."

GRIP.—Never say die, never say die! Away with you.

WHY NOT?

According to an American paper "The Legislature of Massachusetts has lately passed a law making it necessary that a dozen eggs weigh one and a half pounds." GRIP has not seen the text of the Act referred to, and he does not know what penalties are inflicted on the recalcitrant hens who may refuse to lay 2 oz. eggs; but when, on sitting down to breakfast, with two microscopically small eggs before

him, which in the egg-cup become entirely invisible, GRIP meditates on the disappointingness of all things terrestrial, he is then prepared to endorse the wisdom of the Massachusetts law and is constrained to desire its extension all over the universe. Barnyard fowl, beware of chanting your lays, unless of legal ponderosity! Make an effort. Put more henery into the matter. Mrs. Chick always made an effort. Go you and do likewise, and let the average of your lays be eggsactly two ounces.

CREMATION.

BY C. A. SWINBURNE.

If everything's true that one hears
Ancient the cremation of man,
Soon in the lapse of years
Burning will be the plan.
A Company's got it in hand,
And they make the matter so pleasant
You can easily understand
How nice it would be to be present.
Into a furnace you go,
Beneath a cord of wood,
And you burn with a gentle glow,
As a decent mortal should.
In flames you vanish away,
And smoke as it ascends,
And a pound of ashes gray
Is all left your weeping friends.
What happens after this
Wont cause you any concern,
For when reduced to an ash
They pop you into an urn.
Think how your eyes would rest
With joy, not unmingled with awe,
On the urn wherein was compressed
The dust of your mother-in-law!
How, when twice married, you'd turn,
Mindful of her who was gone,
Pointing out to your second, the urn
Containing dear number one.
How, too, in the papers you'd see,
"BILL SMURR—his incineration—
Fires started at half-past three—
Accept this intimation."
Then down with the undertakers,
Far better than bury, to burn,
And when old Death shall take us
The wages of sin we'll urn.

A SELL BY "GRIP."

As down the street the other day
So gaily I went skippin',
The newsboy hailed me by the way—
"Here master's Grip to dip in!"

I called a cab, the better plan,—
To quickly take my trip in;
"Hi!" called another little man
"Do master, take your Grip in!"

"Well, my good boy," I soon replied,
"Of fun I'm not a scorner,—
"Here are ten cents!"—the joker tried
With speed to turn the corner.

"Hold! wretch, you're worse than half the men!"
I cried, and followed trippin',
"My five cents change! I gave you ten!
"You well deserve a whippin'!"

But newsy no attention paid,
He made off with his poff, sir;
GRIP, I took in, but by his aid
Was taken in myself, sir.

And all day long I did repent
The comic sheet to dip in;
Lest my five cents might be mis-spent
And newsboy might take Grip in.

But pray don't think I tell you this
Because I've lost in ymoney;
Your hearty Grip I'll never miss,
It makes me lau—'t's funny.

HUGH MOUS.