

an old pipe-case. He has been bound to keep the peace, but protests that he was after cats, and knew nothing about the Association. Such depravity is astonishing.

Room No. 4, Sublime Pollywog,
12 Noon.

Punctually at ten o'clock the meeting was called to order by the president, Prof. Bilker. Several gentlemen of note, including the pound-keeper, town constable, and night watchman, occupied seats in the rear. As a matter of course your correspondent was awarded a suitable position near the chairman. Prof. Leatherworks was then called upon, and read the following 'disquisition on "Flies as a motive power."

"Flies," said the Professor, "are insects, but whether they have always been insects or not is a difficult question to answer. I am under the impression, however, that the mosquito is closely allied to the elephant. In fact, I believe that the elephant is descended from the mosquito, or the mosquito from the elephant. If you doubt this, just examine the trunk of the insect carefully. But it is not with origin of flies that I deal at this time, it is with something of vastly more importance to the human race. It is doubtless known to you that the foot of the common fly is built on the suction principle. Now, in moving over the ceiling of a room or anything of that nature, the fly is kept from falling by that power. I have calculated that 500 flies will exert a power equivalent to one pound. Supposing there are 100 flies per head of the population (and this is a low estimate), there are in Canada no less than 450,000,000 flies, and these are capable of exerting a force of nine hundred thousand pounds! What an immense amount of power is this to lie idle, and it so much needed. How is it allowed to go to waste? When will it be made use of? Just fancy, gentlemen, being drawn over a railway at fifty or sixty miles an hour by fly power. The idea is sublime. Where is the inventive genius who will bring this enormous force into subjection to man? I ask again, where?"

Professor Leatherworks was loudly applauded upon taking his seat.

Prof. Fudge said the public were deeply indebted to the honourable gentleman for his able address. He was of opinion that this discovery would be productive of lasting good. The problem of utilizing this power was somewhat difficult, but he did not doubt that it would be solved. After some further discussion it was decided to leave the matter in Prof. L.'s hands, to report on at the next meeting.

(To be continued.)

Underground Theology.

IN THREE ACTS.—ACT 1ST.

THE BREAKFAST.

SCENE.—An Underground World in the City of Toronto, whose light is shade admitted through bars, dim cobwebbed cellar panes, and chinks in the sidewalk. Populated by homeless cats, rats, cockroaches, and sundry vermin, too offensive to mention. The sleeping apartments of little motherless boys, and other human wreckage, drifted thither, and left stranded and ownerless by the great ground-swell waste of an ever-ebbing tide. Gray dawn of Sunday morning. Three small lank figures lying on some musty straw, mats, mouldy coats, rice bags, scraps of old carpets and other alleyway gleanings, covering them a LA blankets. The short hacking cough of the smaller of the three absurdly suggesting the line, "I'll soon be at home over there."

First figure, Ned, lifting his twelve-year-old head more than a twelvemonth's hair on it.—
Say, Alf, can't you stop that there coughin', And hand us up some of them clo'se, All night I've been shiverin' and shakin', I believe my backbone's a most froze; An' the itch of them chilblains is awful, Wish them rats would just chaw off my toes.

Say, Alf, I believe it's near mornin', Wonder where we'll get tin for some grub; I can't sleep worth a cent, I'm so hungry.

Blow that fellow! he's sleepin'. Hey! Bub! Waken up, man, I feel kind o' lonesome With them rats playing tag round that tub.

Bub, drawing an old coat tail over his head and speaking in hoarse tones from under—
Oh, give us a rest, Ned, do!

Other folks is as cold as you; You might as about grub if this mornin' was Monday, But what are yer growlin' about when it's Sunday?

Immediately NED bounds into the floor, shies an old bottle at the rats, stands on his head, walks on his hands, turns a string of rapid summersaults, finally, turning right side up, with a joyful "W'hoop!"—

Whooray! Bully day! An' here's me as forgot 'twas Sunday! Good lands! How I do wish there never would be no Monday; Then we'd allus have a good breakfast, and Alf wouldn't lie there a-moaning

With the pain in his side, and the cough, that all the time sets him a-groaning.

Oh, golly! How I do wish it was time to go to the 'Hall.

Where it's all so shiny and warm, an' pictures, an' music, an' all;

An' them gent's so kind to a small hungry feller, As ain't got no father nor mother, and lives down in a dirty old cellar.

He shivers audibly and again sits down on the sags to warm his feet, where, hugging his shins, with his chin on his knees, he continues—

Oh my! but it's awful nice To hear all them girls a-singin', An' the smell of the coffee's so good, It makes yer eyes run like an'ugin. An' the hot mush an' the milk! An' the sugar An' the cold outside just a-singin'!

I would just like to see any feller, Say a word agin' Christians to me. He'd get such a piece of my mind, As would quick make him take his (i. B. Hypocrites don't get up in cold mornin's To make mush for us coves,—no, siree!

Say, Bub, do you disremember That night we stole into you hall, An' heard the aesthetes an' freethinkers? Say, warn't it good as a ball? How they said as there wasn't no God, An' no Jesus, no heaven, no nutthin'! The way they try poor folks to coad! But catch them say, "Won't you eat suthin'?" They never say, "Boys, are yer cold?" They don't have no orphans' home, Nor no refuge for poor folks what's old, As I knows on, sich things they can't come. What good does freethinkers do, any way, For folks? is what I'd like to know. I think when they takes away poor fellers' heaven They might help 'em some way here below.

All the time he was talkin' up there I wanted to shout "You're another. Why, Bub, if there ain't no heaven I want to know, where e is mother?"

My mother, she never did swear, Drink and lyin' she hated like pizen; Afore she sewed herself into her grave, Making shirts for a dollar a dozen. He's awful like mother, is Alf there, An' he coughs just the very same way; But I'll ask 'em at breakfast this mornin'!

To take the poor fellow to-day. Will they do it? yes, siree! an' more too, Nice rooms, warm beds an' all that. You bet your best boots on them Christians; Hurry up, Bub! it's time. Where's my hat?

(To be Continued.)

Matters and Things.

MY DEAR GRIP,—It is a long time since I have written to you, but events of such importance are transpiring that I feel once more compelled to resume my trenchant pen. Who does not feel impelled to great deeds under the stimulus of Boulton's Band of Hope, the bald-headed Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Association. That is to say, the association is not bald-headed, it is very young and very fresh, and a considerable quantity of salt will be necessary to render it at all savoury. The members are the ones who have out-grown their hair; but even that does not say that they are at all of a salty nature. There is the Macdonald, for instance, John Greenfield, the man with the eye glass. He may be "fishy," but it

is a "very" fresh water fish. However, I am of opinion that they will all get salted bad enough before they are through with the campaign of 1883.

The next matter worthy of consideration is the great stir being made in municipal circles. This, perhaps, may not be more than can naturally be expected towards the close of the year, when worthy aldermen commence to furnish up their armour—and records—preparatory to another aldermanic campaign. But a word with regard to that contest. A year ago the mayoralty was contested upon purely political grounds on the one side; and the result was a crushing defeat. I am informed that the forces are again being rallied for another contest, although great difficulty is being experienced in getting them to face the music. And who, forsooth, is to be the opponent of the man who has filled the mayor's chair as worthily as it was ever filled? That the leaders, in their wisdom, have not allowed to transpire, but a bird has whispered to me that it will be a certain well-known political hack. I suppose that you, Mr. GRIP, will take the same independent stand, and speak out as strongly against dragging municipal affairs through political mire as you did last year.

Another word and I am done. It is now getting pretty plain that the great Tory leaders spoke the truth in their usual way (?) when they said that the Canadian Pacific Railway was not, and would not be, a monopoly. The Syndicate now control the C.P.R., the Manitoba and South-Western, the Credit Valley, the Great Western, the Toronto, Grey and Bruce, the Northern, the Hamilton and North-Western, the Toronto and Ottawa, and the Quebec, Montreal Ottawa and Occidental roads. That is not a monopoly, Oh, no. A wool-dyed Tory cannot be expected to see any danger to the country in that, neither could he see a stone wall, unless he ran against it. And a pretty big strong stone wall he is running, not only himself, but the country against. Of course, the Grand Trunk is left,—in more senses than one. To my mind it will need more bald-headed young Tories than the world can produce to make this thing appear straight to the eyes of the people of Canada in 1883. Perhaps the Tory party are like the ostrich, hiding their heads in the sand to shut out the vision of approaching danger. But enough. Adieu, my dear bird, until we meet again.

NEMO-19.



PRACTICAL POLITICS.

Grocer.—Overcharged you? Robbed you? Oh, come now, that's kind of hard talk. I haven't overcharged you, I've only collected more taxes from you than you had any call to pay, and surely you will at least give me credit for the surplus I've got!
(Exit customer in profound meditation on the mysteries of Sir Leonard Tilley's surplus.)