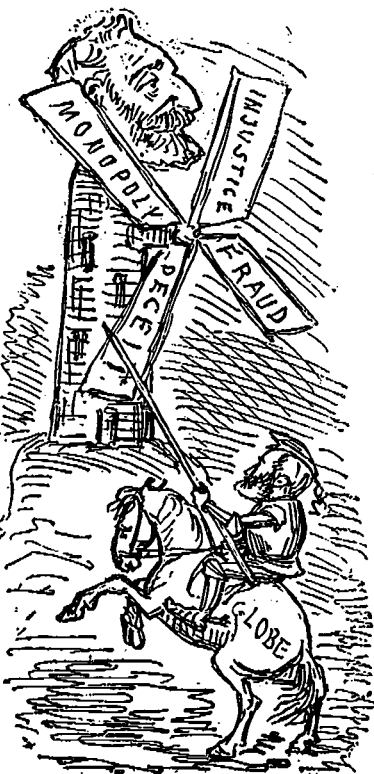


Our Prohibition Correspondent.

I'm standing at the bar, Gordon,
 Standing at the bar,
 I'm having drinks galore, Gordon,
 And frequent, too, they are.
 I'm now a judge of rye, Gordon,
 An epicure in rye,
 And know the way to get, Gordon,
 Maine Bourbon on the sly.
 But I'm a total wreck, Gordon,
 A sad and mournful wreck;
 For whiskey I've a mouth, Gordon,
 And a very long dry neck.
 And cocktails I can take, Gordon
 Yes, coolly, calmly take,
 Without a blink or gasp, Gordon,
 Or even stomach ache.
 But often I've a head, Gordon,
 A large and painful head
 Which weighs about a ton, Gordon,
 As if it had been lead.
 John Collinses are good, Gordon,
 A drink extremely good,
 Which, if you once imbibed, Gordon,
 Give up you never could.
 You're all to blame for this, Gordon,
 Yes, you're to blame for this,
 You sent me in this path, Gordon,
 Upon you're pesky biz!

SCRANTON.

**Fighting the Mill Monopoly.**

The battle at present waged by the *Globe* against Mr. Minister of Customs Dowell, and his Grinding-in-Bond Crookedness, may appear to some to be Quixotic, inasmuch as no real victory is likely to attend the valiant knight. Nevertheless, in our opinion, the *Globe* has rarely poised its weapon in a more righteous cause. By the government arrangements now in force with reference to the wheat duties, a palpable fraud is being practiced in the interests of a few pet millers, and at the expense of the trade in general. The Good Book specially denounces those who grind the faces of the poor, and we would respectfully admonish Minister Bowell, who is a good church member, to con that passage carefully over. If he persists in his present crooked course, *Grip* will take an early opportunity of showing up the whole affair in a fashion that will make him wish the facts had never cropped out. *Verb Sap.*

**Newfoundland's Syndicate.**

It is said that misery likes company, and perhaps that accounts for the gusto with which Canadian papers record the fact that our neighboring province Newfoundland has just had an atrocious Railway Syndicate fastened to it. And all our journals without regard to party are prepared to admit that the Newfoundland "Bargain" is a rum un! In order to get a railway worth \$6,000,000 built, the sapient statesmen of that Island have agreed to give a company of New York capitalists about twice as much in land and money. But they haven't given themselves away too, as our managers have—nor have they agreed to furnish these capitalists with their capital. Nevertheless, considering the proportionate size of the Island and this Syndicate Bargain is worthy of our own Tupper.

The Everlasting Punssters.

It may not be generally known that a number of Toronto's most unimportant citizens, disgusted with the pleasures of this life, have formed themselves into a club for purposes of mutual castigation, the said castigation being effected by weekly meetings at which they torture each other by listening and giving utterance to the vilest of puns. Such is the case, and *Grip* has much pleasure in making the fact public, especially as it is a decided scoop on both the *Globe* and the *Mail*, to say nothing of the *Telegram*. By the first clause of their constitution they are to be known as the Everlasting Punssters. They held their first meeting the other evening at Phony Hall, on Dismal Ave.

In his diurnal peregrinations *Grip* of course got wind of the meeting, and forthwith dispatched the office shorthand fiend to take it in. The following is what he handed to the editor next day:—

The President, John Joquer, Esq., took the chair at a quarter past twenty minutes, sharp, and announced that the subject upon which the members were to rack their brains for the evening was "trees."

By way of getting at the pith of the subject Mr. Smith said he *wood* remark that it was an extremely *knotly* one to tackle. (Members groan slightly and begin to look absent-minded.) "I'm *pinning* to get at it," murmured Jones from the rear of the room.

"You were *ever-green*," quoth Mr. Slopoko, with a gleam of exultation in his left eye. (His right eye was a glass one.)

"You *li-lac* the editor of a *Grit* paper," retorted Jones with spirit.

"Do you *li-chen* me to Ed. *Globe*?" queried Slopoko indignantly, amid groans of members.

"*Lettuce* have no *bass* strife," interposed the chairman in tones softer than the cooing of the turtle dove.

"In short, let's turn over a new *leaf*," purred Sniffles, just beneath the rostra.

Mr. Roman-rose to a point of order by remarking that Mr. Sniffles was *palming* off a stale joke on the Society.

Mr. Smith thought it was excusable as the gentleman had recently entered the bonds of *holly hemlock*.

A *cypress*-ed heavily on the members for some time, when the chairman suggested that although the moment was a *sub-lime* one, yet he was prepared to go on *ash* soon as they were ready.

Mr. Prim protested that the remark from the chair was *fern* to the subject.

"The *log wood knot* roll without it," explained the chair blandly. (Groans.)

"It's *moos* time to have *suthin*," yawned Slopoko. (Absent look vanishes from countenances of members.)

"I *yam* dry too," remarked Jones.

"What *fir* do ye say that," growled Sandy Tamson. "I *walnut* put up wi' such unseemly remarks."

"I *will-ow* you one for that speech," quoth Jones.

"O-*live* and let live," cried the chairman wearily. (Members writhe in agony of spirit.)

"Who *cane* stand the drinks?" asked Slopoko with a *bamboo*-zled expression.

"I *confer*'d it," said the chairman with a celestial smile as he clambered from his cedar throne.

The meeting then adjourned (to the nearest bar.)

**Another Ring at Ottawa.**

Amongst the many rings which flourish at Ottawa is the prize-ring. A most brutal encounter is chronicled as having taken place there recently between two "professional" ruffians, and many of our exchanges are expressing astonishment that such an affair could have taken place immediately under the nose of Sir Alex. Campbell, who distinguished himself last session by introducing and passing a Bill against prize fighting. Our illustration makes it plain how such a thing could be—especially if the official had his eyes conveniently closed.

Aminidab being advised to lay by something for a rainy day, remarked that he should consider the kitchen stove a good thing to lay by for a rainy day.—*Marathon Independent*.

Mr. Longfellow can take a worthless piece of paper, and by writing a poem on it make it worth \$50. That's genius.—*Exchange*. Pshaw! We have a poet in Toronto who can take a \$50 sheet of paper and make it worthless by writing a poem on it. That's genius, too.