



A CYPHER.

1ST GRIT—"I don't think Abbott is up to much. He has never ut a figure in politics."

2ND GRIT—"Oh yes, he has. He's cut the tail off the figure 9."

"THE DEGENERATE GLOBE."

"I DON'T know what George Brown would have said if he were alive to see it," said Mrs. Jimpsecute, looking up from her *Saturday Globe*. "It's enough to make him turn in his grave. As I always said, he might have his faults, and no doubt he was a bit dogmatic and all that, but there was one good thing about him—he was a sound Protestant, very different from the set they've got in there now. That Farrer is nothing but a Jesuit in disguise. I always said so, and now I'm sure of it. I declare it's shameful to see the way they go on. It was bad enough to have a Jesuit at the head of the paper, without getting the Pope to write for it every week. I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Here's a piece with his name 'Leo' signed to it, and a big heading at the top, 'His Own Opinions,' wanting to dictate to us. 'His Own Opinions,' indeed! What does Pope Leo know about things in this country that makes his opinions worth more than mine or any body else's? Why, he never was in Canada, and don't know anything about our affairs, and yet, just because he's a Pope and head of the Church and all that, some poor, ignorant, superstitious creatures take every word he says for Gospel truth. I say it's just shameful for a paper that's supported by Protestants to go and print any rubbish that Pope Leo likes to write, as if Canadians was such fools that they didn't know their own business better than that old man away off in Rome, with his graven images such as no Christian ought to worship, for it's contrary to the Ten Commandments. I really don't know what the country is coming to. First thing we know we shall have the French Revolution all over again, and the martyrs at the stake. And I don't see why the Government allow it; and to think that none of these Synods, and Conferences, and Church Meetings that was held here lately had a single word to say against it. But those men are such a cowardly lot they darsn't open their mouths for fear somebody wouldn't like it, and it might

hurt their business or prevent them getting elected alderman or something. Of course it must be the Pope. There's nobody in this country with such a name as 'Leo,' and, if there was, it isn't likely they'd put 'His Own Opinions' to it when nobody had ever heard of him before. Well, well; I haven't any opinion of the *Globe* now. It's just spoiled and ruined by those Jesuits and Annexationists, and I'll have Richard call at the office to-morrow and tell them not to send it any more."

TO A FLY

LIGHTING ON A PRETTY GIRL'S CHEEK.

Oh, fly!
Will you but speak
And tell me why
You sit upon her cheek?
Upon her cheek so white and pink,
And there you seem to drink and drink
The sweetness of the roses in,
As if it were no sin;
While I,
Oh, fly!
Would scarcely dare
To touch so fair
A cheek,
Though I might speak
And say in truthful meter
That nothing on the earth was sweeter.
Ah, would that I
Were more fly!

—Detroit Free Press.

THE FLY

DOTH MAKE REPLY.

Oh, fresh
And callow youth,
And would-be mash—
I'll state the truth:
Upon this cheek, you seem to think,
I sit and drink and drink and drink.
It is not so, dear boy,
This "pink and white" is dry,
But sweet,
I admit;
In fact, that's why
It caught this fly—
But not,
As you have thought,
Sweet in sense romantic,
Or figurative, or pedantic—
Pearl-powder's sweet
And good to eat!

RESTING ON HIS ORES

TODGERS.—"Ah, Pillbury; anything doing just now in Sudbury investment?"

SUDBURY SPECULATOR.—"Confound it, no! the government mining regulations have knocked all that on the head for the present. We are simply holding on—resting on our ores, so to speak."

A RELIC OF BARBARISM.

INDIANS buy their wives of the bride's parents. Among white folks such bargains are not altogether unknown, and where the young lady is considered a specially eligible match in addition to the offer of the suitor, the father often insists on something to boot.

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MRS. PUNNYMAN takes her colored servant, El a out with her when it rains, because she says the latter is an umber-Ella.