



SHE HAD BEEN TO COLLEGE.

HE—"I love you."

SHE—"How do you know?"

HE—"I feel it in my heart!"

SHE—"But you told me a minute ago that you had lost your heart!"

HE—"I—I—I—"

SHE—"Don't try to excuse yourself. You have clearly shown yourself a liar, and with a liar I'll have nothing to do. Good night."

MR. MCCOY ON CURRENT EVENTS.

IT may not be generally known that Mr. John McCoy, of St. John's Ward, and lately of Donegal, Ireland, addressed the young Conservative Club by special invitation the other evening on "Topics of the Time." GRIP has been favored with a *verbatim* report of the distinguished orator's remarks, which were as follows:—

"Gentlemen:

"Et us wuth pleasure that I come befoer yez thes night till spake a short time on the Evints av the Dey, an' first an' foremost allow me till remark that Professor Golwin Smeth has retired, so he has, from public life, an' sez he'll spake no more till the young Luberals. It's well for him! Ef he hadn't done it I wud wipe the flure wid him in me present spache, but I niver strike a man that is down, so I don't. I'm towld the Professor has retoired till the Grange, an' ut's the best place for him. I hope he'll get along well wid the Grangers, but I can tell yez they're a purty hard crowd till do business with. Sure, they want things below cost, so they do, and no middle men whatever. I'm surprised till see Mester Smeth goin' intil the Grange; I didn't know he was a farmer whatever, but no matter, it's better nor being an Annexationist, so it is. An that brings me till Mester Sol. White, wid his blatherskitin' nonsensicalities. Sure he's been turned out av our Party, so I can hit him as hard as I plaze, an' ef any man in this meetin' hisses, putt him out! Sol. White was wance a good man, whin he was a Conservatif, but he stopped radin' the *Empoire*, an' down he wint. In the words of the poet,

"Down wint McGinty till the bottom of the sea."

An' there yez'll foind him now, wid his han's full av weeds an' his oyes blinded with the parligifigations and persficuriousness av sophistical argumentation, whoile he troys till sing "Yankee Doodle" wid his mouth full av mud!

An' that brings me till the subject av Home Rule, an' I'm agin' it. Home Rule! Sure, we'll not have it! Mark you that, now! Et wud mane ruin, and devastation, an' destruction to the British Empoire, an' the slaughteration av the loin an' the unicorn, an' the knockin' over av the Crown, an' gintlemen, be the Hony soit qui mal y pince, we won't have ut, so we won't! Gladstone! Pah! Sure it gives me a cramp in the stomick an' a bad taste in me mouth till minton his name. An' they're makin' a porthrait av the gran' ould gran'mother, an' they spake av Mester Laurier goin' over till presint it! Et shud be painted wid feathers on a groun' work av tar, so it should, for the ould blatherskite. But av coorse Laurier 'll go. I wuddn't put it past him. Didn't he go till Boston an' ate his supper wid a lot av Yankees—aitin' fish, an' soup, an' intrays, an' roast mate, an' baked banes, an' windin' up wid poy? He did, an' I can prove it! Who's that enterruptin' me in the back av the hall? It's some Grit traitor, I'll be bound. Put him out! What's that? Ye'll put *me* out? I dar yez to thry it! Come outside an' put me out! Ha! ye simmer down wid yer thraison an' rebellion! But it's thrue, mein you that! An' didn't Laurier make a spache till the Yankees tellin' thim they wor welcome till come over here an' help themselves till Col. Denison or any av our other institutions they moight take a fancy to? Sure, yez can't deny it, for I seen it en the *Empoire*! An', en conclusion, I say stan' be the oul' flag, an' the oul' policy, an' Canada for the Canadians, a readjustment but no increase av the tariff, Imperial federation an' free trade wid England, an unrestriched offer av restricted Reciprocity, a tariff for revenue only, an' a Choinese wall against the world at large! That's our platform, so et es, and forninst that platform waves the oul' red parlor—I mane the oul' red banner of Britain—an' ivery fold av it says:

Britons niver, niver, niver shall be slaves.

Mein yez that now!!"

HE CERTAINLY WAS.

ON the platform the doctor appeared,
The heelers and ringsters to beard:

"How have taxes increased,"

He cried—"We are fleeced."

Said Samjones—"You're certainly Sheard."



CANINE TASTE.

TRAMP—"W-will your dog b-bite, Mister?"

FARMER—"No; don't be scared. He bit a feller like you once, an' it made him so sick, I guess he won't try it agin'!"