

SIR RICHARD LEADS THE WAR.

(WITH PROFUSE APOLOGIES TO LORD MACAULAY.)

SIR RICHARD'S come to marshal us all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a "Free Trade" plume upon his gallant crest.

He looked upon the serried Grits, and a tear was in his eye,
He looked upon the Tories, and his glance was stern and high.
"And if a friend fall here and there, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray.
Press where you see my glasses gleam amid the wordy jar,
And be your battle cry to-day, 'Sir Richard leads the war!'"

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day
We saw Sir John A.'s armament in all its long array.
Here rode the Sugar Barons bold, and here the Combines grim,
McGreevy, Rykert, Langevin and every devil's limb,
And we thought how we'd been taxed to death, and of our children dear,

Who'd streamed across the frontier this many a weary year,
And we vowed we wouldn't stand it, no, not one single hour,
And we set our teeth and charged amain right into John A.'s power.

A thousand tongues are wagging fast, a thousand pens in rest,
A thousand Grits are pressing close behind the "Free Trade" crest.

And 'in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Where'er the foes are thickest Sir Richard leads the war!

Now Heaven be praised, the day is ours; Sir John has turned his rein,

Chapleau has cried for quarter, and Tupper bribes in vain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale,
The field is heaped with N.P. dead, and loud the Combines wail.
And then—but hold, there's something wrong about the telegraph,
Why, why do those dense Tory crowds around the *Empire* laugh?
Hark! Nova Scotia—Tory gains: Prince Edward Island, whoop!
New Brunswick solid for Sir John! Sir Richard's in the soup!

A HALF PHILOSOPHER.

MY friend Dornob is half a philosopher, but he is the wrong half. He begins what promises to be a good thing, but always fails to complete both the sentence and the sense. This is exceedingly tantalizing. Scores of times I have thought, "Well, Dornob has it this time," but, just before he gets to what the Scotsman calls "the bit," Dornob imitates grandfather's clock by "stopping short," and I have devoutly wished many a time that he would carry his imitation a step further.

Last week I made a few notes of Dornob's abortive philosophy, and I put it to any reasonable man whether I have not a real grievance in being compelled to listen to Dornob, for I may mention in confidence that I owe him a trifle I can't find it convenient to pay. On this account I am, as it were, in duty bound to give him audience "in season and out of season."

As I was saying, I made a few notes of his bemis-semidemie sayings, which I beg to lay before you.

Speaking of the late local election in Hamilton, said Dornob, "When I think of Gibson, and compare him with some of his brother ministers, it seems to me——" Then he shut his eyes wisely, and gave his head a few abbreviated nods.

"Dornob," said I one morning, as I passed him, "what is your opinion regarding the adjournment of the Ontario Legislature to take part in the Dominion fight?" He replied: "It's just like this; when a political party is in such straits, the people viewing the situation seriously, it is but natural to expect——" And this was all I got.

Criticising a late speech of the Minister of Education, he remarked: "G. W. Ross always reminds me of a wet hen; he makes more——"



SMALL TALK.

DE MASCUS—"Why don't you grow bigger, Toddles? You're the smallest man I ever saw."

TODDLES—"I'm not so doosid small. I once saw a fellah in a circus who was so little that he could be put into a handsatchel."

DE MASCUS—"That's nothing. I could cover you with a revolver if I happened to have one with me."

Of the New Speaker he said: "When a man's nose is out of joint——"

Regarding Prof. Hoxfo'd Hashley's tirade "agin" the Single Tax movement, this was his utterance: "There are men and mice, but when a mouse——"

Sir R. Cartwright came in for his share last Friday, when Dornob said of him: "He may be 'a knight of high degree,' but——"

Now, MR. GRIP, a very little of this sort of thing goes a long way, but when you've got to listen to it every day, it becomes positively aggravating. Say, can't you start a relief fund or something of that kind to enable me to pay Dornob? Really, I would regard it as a great favor. Unless somebody does something, I am sure I don't know what will happen.

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PAGAN VERSUS CHRISTIAN.

YOUNG HOPEFUL—"Papa, would you not rather be a Pagan than a Christian?"

PAPA—"No, my boy! Why do you ask such a dreadful question?"

HOPEFUL—"Because I have been reading 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' and it says:

"Then none was for a party,
Then all were for the State,
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.
Then lands were fairly portioned,
Then "goods" were fairly sold,
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old."

Why, papa, these Pagans were noble old fellows. 'More Pagans,' say I. Don't you think some Christians need to be converted? Let's try!"

"CABBAGE BOSS, as the Minister of Agriculture has been named."—*London (G.B.) Modern Society.*