

Nonsense Verse.

A young girl who lived at Couchiching
Was considered by young men bewitching,
When she sat down to sew
They away would not go
So t' was seldom she could get a stitch in.

A Street-Car Ride.*(By an Enthusiast.)*

Friend GRIP! when'er thou'rt melaucholy.
Or wishful to be extra jolly,
Or soar on Fancy's pinion free,
A street-car ride's the thing for thee!

The ec-tacies which there belong
The muse in vain would set in song:
The atmosphere so fresh and sweet,
The bumps and jolts are quite a treat.

Make trial of the situation—
You'll find it quite a new sensation,
I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below.

The rattling pace at which you rush,
Puts walking postmen to the blush.
Three miles an hour at least, I'm sure—
'Tis strange the wheels and springs endure.

A problem DIZZY did perplex
Your bland conductor ne'er doth vex.
The "quart in the pint pot" he can
Quite easy get—an able man!

In car for twenty people made,
He soon has forty folk displayed.
And still there's "room for more" he swears—
I wonder who gets all the fares!

Oh! yes, a car-ride's jolly fun,
There's nothing better 'neath the sun,
But mind you don't let go the strap,
Or you'll be in some lady's lap.

Or tumbling 'gainst some fellow's nose
Who'll growl and swear a bit *sub rose*.
Or else you'll through the window go,
And self and pocket come to woe.

And when the spry conductor goes
From end to end on each man's toes,
The general squeeze will make you cry:
"TAPPEY was jolly—so am I!"

To civic bosses here's success!
May KIELY'S shadow ne'er grow less!
KIELY was doubtless made for me,
And doubtless we were made for he!

A Sorrowful Reminiscence.*By our Fat Politician.*

It was an election to fill the elevated position of Grand-Chief-Back-Scratcher of the Ancient Order of Superincumbent Membranes, then vacant by the decease of Grand-Chief-Back-Scratcher Brother Plumery.

For upwards of a quarter of a century I had labored zealously in the rank and file of this celebrated Order. I had borne their banner through calm and through storm, in fair weather and in foul, and never had I flinched from the performance of any duties however arduous. I had assisted in the most solemn manner at the funerals of every one of the highly respected Brethren who had hitherto filled this exalted office from the period of my first induction into the preliminary grade of S. N. (Skinny Novice) until the impressive ceremony attendant on the burial of our late lamented Brother Plumery whose premature decease had been undoubtedly occasioned by his intense application to his onerous duties, although perhaps somewhat accelerated by seventy years gigantic efforts to grapple with his thirst.

But grief, however great, and sorrow, however profound, must give way to the stern realities of life: and thus it happened that our illustrious Order, after unanimously paying a most feeling and delicate tribute to the private worth and public virtues of our late revered friend, and after causing a letter to be written expressive of their deep commiseration for the two bereaved orphan sons whom he had left, unprotected and unaided, to fight the great battle of the world at the tender ages of forty-five and forty-three respectively, had now passed to the momentous question which remained to be solved, in other words, who was worthy to be the

successor of the mighty Superincumbent Membrane whose shade seemed to hover over the scenes he loved so well and to tone down in dulcet harmony the rugged natures of the grave and sorrowful survivors there assembled and lead them to a just decision between the claims of myself (an old and faithful member) and a mushroom mountebank put forward by an inconsiderable knot of discontented individuals who hoped by this means to sow disunion in our glorious Society.

Great was my anxiety and deep my emotion as I realized the fact that a few fleeting minutes would irrevocably decide whether I should step proudly into the grand position for which I had struggled, or whether a mere upstart who had scarcely reached the inferior status of Bony Membrane should wrest from me the laurels I had so richly earned.

It had been with feelings of the deepest disgust and abhorrence that I had heard the first whisper of the intention of this wretched impostor to place his villainous pretensions between me and my just promotion; but even this astounding effrontery I found to my sorrow was not sufficient to satisfy his malignity.

On the memorable occasion when he arose to advocate his own miserable claims to the high office then vacant he meanly used the most personal allusions (which I always strongly deprecate) and asked the assembled Brethren whether they thought, because I was somewhat fat and rather old, I was therefore to be chosen in preference to himself.

I am glad to remember that, notwithstanding this gross provocation I did not retort upon him as I justly might; but with quiet dignity addressed the meeting as follows:—

"Intelligent, intellectual, and mighty Superincumbent Membranes, after my many years unbought and, shall I say, unrecompensed services to this great institution, am I now to be set aside in favor of this cadaverous and bony specimen of anatomy that no medical man's youngest pupil would condescend to dissect—this malignant and foul-mouthed detractor of human worth—this concentrated quintessence of all that is base and disgraceful, than whom anything more worthless and quart-pot-gobbling has never yet been discovered by the scientific men of this or any other age! No, my old and tried friends, I cannot and will not believe so ill of human nature—an unmistakable and prophetic instinct assures me that I shall this day be triumphantly elected, to the utter and complete dismay and confusion of spurious imitators and their idiotic supporters—and, in conclusion, permit me to observe that, if there is one thing more than another I hold in the uttermost contempt it is the introduction of personalities into a solemn proceeding such as that upon which you are now called to exercise your gigantic intellects and to settle according to the Pre-Adanute convolutions of your respective brains."

Loud and long were the cheers which greeted this simple and manly appeal to the best sympathies of our finite nature, and I naturally thought that my hard-earned victory was secured: but judge my feelings when my antagonist started upon his feet and bellowed forth that "he was indeed happy to hear me admit that he was a Cadaverous and Bony Anatomy. That it was the great pride and joy of his life. That he had looked forward for thirty weary and toilsome years to that crowning moment of his existence—but that he would defy me to shew or prove to any ordinary human being, that I was an Anatomy or that I had any, even the slightest, claims to the honorable titles of Cadaverous or Bony. And that he would further defy me to produce, then and there, any eminent or well-known surgeon who would venture to stake his professional reputation in support of such a monstrous and untenable proposition. That he would appeal to the plain common sense of the Brethren there assembled to decide conscientiously and without bias on the issue then placed before their enlightened minds, between truth and wisdom on the one hand, and falsehood and ignorance on the other—between a genuine though deeply humble Superincumbent Membrane, and a blatant, bald headed, hump-backed production of human weakness and milk-and-watery depravity, fit only to be suspended by his ears outside the door, as a scarecrow."

Thunders of applause greeted this speech and although I made the most strenuous endeavours and the most heart-rending appeals to the Brethren, it was decided unanimously against me on the ground that I had not produced before them the eminent surgeon above alluded to by my opponent.

Oh, my dear GRIP, it has seared the heart-strings of

YOUR FAT POLITICIAN.

Croaks and Pecks.

PAUCA (porker) VERBA.—CAUCHON'S speeches.

THE (AD)ORIGINAL ADAM.—ORONHYATIKHA says ADAM was a red man. We may say we don't care a red—but it would not be polite to say we don't care (EVE'S husband.)

METHODIST PROGRESS.—It is said that in view of the fact that the Metropolitan Church is to give a series of concerts, an enterprising speculator has ordered a quantity of opera glasses "for the use of the people called Methodists."

PRINCELY PRESENTS.—Most of the Indian rajahs gave the prince "uttur" and "pan,"—and some of them magnificent gifts called "nuzzers." In our simple language we should have uttered if they panned out well "Give us a nuzzer."