

"IT'S A POOR RULE," &c.

Scene at the Ticket Office of the Jubilee Singers. (Coloured.)

ANTI-AFRICAN HOTEL-KEEPER.—"Family ticket, please."

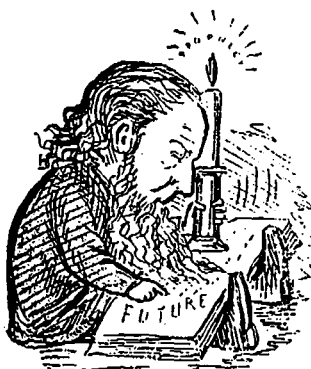
TICKET AGENT.—"It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways here, Mr. Hostelry, and we don't admit anyone in here who doesn't 'act like a white man.'"

An Aesthetic Poem.

An aesthetic young lady named Laura,  
Had her heart quite too bowed down with sorrow,  
For some reason or other  
Lawn tennis, her mother  
Tabooed; other girls now her racket can baur.

A too utter young person called Maud,  
Her words so excessively chaud,  
That adva(untage and da(untice  
Mixed together by cha(untice.  
Now her friends by her silence are aud.

Oh! sweet sunflower, upon thy fragile stem  
With drooping head, by amorous zephyrs woo'd,  
Thy golden stem, refulgent as the gem  
That sparkles on some fair one; when bedewed  
At morning's blush, with pearly drops, how fair  
And sweetly tender art thou; how my longing heart  
In sorrow melts, with anguish and despair,  
While thinking of thy sad and bitter part.  
For when the autumn winds blow bleak and cold  
Thy fate I think of, and my soul it sickens,  
For drooping wearily, upon thy stem, grown old,  
Cut down thou art to feed the Shanghai chickens



TORONTO'S PROPHET.

Rev. Dr. Wild is a prophet who is not without honour in his own country or his own tabernacle. Bond Street church is crowded Sunday after Sunday, and although the building was poked when he prophesied what was to happen after Garfield's death, more than a thousand

people were turned away. The Doctor seems to know intuitively all about the future, and Gurr, being anxious to keep his readers fully informed as to what they may expect, would propound a few questions.

Will Dr. Wild be good enough to tell us who will succeed Sir John as leader of the Conservative Party? In other words: after Sir John—what?

Which party will win in the General Election of 1883? Give constituencies and majorities in full.

And while you are about it, Doctor, you might figure up about the Local Election. After Mowat—what?

Will milk and butter be any dearer this winter?

Will the coal ring be broken? And after the coal ring—what?

Will the C. P. syndicate succeed in ruining our glorious North-West? And if so, after the ruin—what? And if not—what?

Will the Toronto Council ever do what is needed to build a new Court House? If so, when, and by whom? If not, why not?

In the meantime, will any jurymen or judges lose their lives by the foul air of that classic place? If so, whom, when, and how? Please give dates, so that the pestilential atmosphere may be avoided in the most dangerous times. Also give names, so that judges and jurymen may govern themselves accordingly.

Will Toronto ever have a public library? Is there any person of influence other than Mr. Hallam who feels sufficient interest in the subject to write it up? If so, please state fully why it cannot be had, and what causes will combine to prevent a consummation so devoutly to be wished.

Lastly—after Wild—what?

His Ideas.

Mr. Goldwin Smith contributes a paper to the *Fortnightly Review* entitled "The Canadian Tariff," wherein he likens the Dominion frontier to a string of fishing rods tied together end to end. What he means exactly by the simile GRIP fails to understand. He also says that the Maritime Provinces naturally belong to Maine, Manitoba to Minnesota and British Columbia to California. Mr. Smith is of the opinion that sooner or later we will demand admission into the neighbouring Union and in fact that we even now yearn to fall into the arms of Uncle Sam. Perhaps so, Goldwin, perhaps so, but by'r ladie! there is nothing at present in the political affairs in the States that even the "rough, raw and democratic" Canucks should pine to partake of, nor has the record of that glorious Republic for the last twenty odd years been such that we should sigh for the star spangled banner. A civil war of four years duration, one President fraudulently elected by a false count of the ballot, two assassinated and the whole machinery run by a beaurocracy of wire-pulling lawyers and scallawag ward politicians! Goldwin, you are very clever, but you are "off" this time—away off.

Humour's Proper Sphere.

GRIP thoroughly endorses the views of the *Rockland Courier* in commenting on the following:—

"Brethren," said the Leadville clergyman, as he breathlessly entered the pulpit twenty minutes late. "I know I'm behind time. But here is my excuse. I had a flush royal and Deacon York had four queens, and though he bet low I knew he put his entire pile in, and I could'n't break up such a good thing by calling him. So I stayed and scooped his pile. Can you pardon me for the delay?" And the congregation shouted "aye," and gave three cheers for the preacher, and then the services were begun.—*Boston Post*.

The *Courier* says:—"There is a trifle too

much of stuff like the above being perpetrated by American paragraphers under a mistaken notion that they are turning up fresh furrows in the field of humour. When a 'funny man' is so empty of new ideas that he must make a ghastly joke of religion, or of matters intimately connected with religion, it is time he took his little scissors out of the editorial room and applied for a position as first assistant gentleman in a tansorial apartment."



THE POOR MAN'S SHIRT.

The leader of Her Majesty's opposition has been making a great ado about the cruel wrong done to the working-man by the great N. P., which necessitates the shortening of his nether garment on account of the tax upon Oxford shirting. Garr takes the liberty of illustrating this argument by the case of the hon. leader himself, who, being a working man, we may imagine suffers from this inconvenience as well as his constituents. By the curtailment of the hon. gentleman's garment, additional point is given to his argument, so that what he loses in one way he gains in another. But what of the poor working man, with the long and severe Canadian winter before him?



THE RECENT DROUGHT.

LANDLADY (with eye to boarding-house economy).—"The dry spell has made butter very high, Mr. Thickspread; it is selling in the market for 40 cents a pound."

THICKSPREAD.—"That is high, Mrs. Sparerib; but this butter ought to be high; indeed, it is butter of rank."