

He had succeeded to the rank as well as to the wealth of his European prototype!

VOL. II.

The year of his return was a memorable one in Canada. Sir John had mysteriously disappeared; according to the *Mail*, he had been carried off by fiery chariots to a height considerably above the Parliament Buildings; according to the *Globe* he had gone off by spontaneous combustion in the House of Commons' refreshment room: all was confusion and anarchy, the land groaned under the sway of monopolists, the Liberals had no policy, and the Tories no leader. Then it was that the Count set to work influencing public opinion, by sending a copy of *Grip* to every man, woman, and child in Canada. Vast changes took place within two years. A passionate desire for national independence manifested itself, a vast extension of the voting power was made to include the women of Canada, a consequence of which was the speedy enactment of a stringent act of prohibition of intoxicating drinks, a measure which was aided by the Count buying up and destroying all intoxicants and machinery for making and selling these foes to human happiness. This took place in one day in every part of the Dominion, town and village alike. As a further benefit to public morals, the Count gave munificent pensions to the talented young men who wrote leading articles in the *Telegram*, on condition that they should write no more in that demoralizing print, with its nauseous advertisements of vile French novels. As the proprietor of the *Telegram* couldn't write worth a cent, the sheet ceased to exist. The Count bribed the Toronto Aldermen to be honest, and to spend the city funds on the city. A great and beneficial change was thus carried out. The island was made secure and beautiful by a magnificent park, the gift of Count Montecristo. By buying out the existing Syndicate, and assigning the land as a free gift to bona fide settlers, he made it easy for the legislative to prevent by law the perpetration of any such iniquitous bargains for the future. Measures were also carried abolishing the office of Lieut.-Governor, whose house was made into a public library and free club called "the People's Palace." The civil service was greatly reduced, and was thrown open to competitive examination. All exemptions were abolished, and the rich persons had to pay tax as well as the poor laymen. Taxation was thus much lessened, and the cost of living became far cheaper. A loyal address to the Queen and the English Parliament was presented by the Count. It was signed by every Canadian, male and female, and was speedily followed, with all good feeling and kindness on the part of England, by the memorable declaration of Canadian independence. Mr. Phipps was not chosen President.

Hands All Round!

A DREAM, BY JAMES PRESERVES.

"I had a dream. It was not all a dream."—BYRON.

Last night I read thee, Tennyson!
Poet sweet, so full of gush!
To thee I give my banison—
Thou art quite too, as soft as mush.
Thy last poem closed my sleepy eye.
Bereft I was of sight or sound;
In dreams to Ottawa I lie,
And fancy turns to "Hands all round."

Hands all round! I see a party—
A merrier party ne'er was found.
Jolly M.P.'s with voices hearty,
Dancing and singing "Hands all round."

Strike up fiddler! blow up cornet!
Toot ye flute, sound the wild bassoon;
Buzz big basso, buzz like a hornet,
But don't, I beg, play a "party time."
Here we are, both Grit and Tory,
English, Irish, sons of France,
Scott and Canuck, we're "hunky dory,"
Let's all join a national dance!



SPRING PLOUGHING IN MANITOBA.

Hands all round! mind your paces,
Forward all to the music's sound,
Do-a-dos, and back to your places,
Al-ma-in left, and Hands all round!

Come John A., advance to Cartwright,
Change your partner, Gordon Brown!
Back to your places, you didn't start right.
Now then, Rymal, no "live down,"
Recollect in this swell party
By rules of etiquette you're bound:
Now stop that, Joe! and don't play "smarty,"
Balance to your partner, Hands all round!

Hands all round! mind your paces,
Forward all to the music's sound,
Do-a-dos, and back to your places,
Al-ma-in left, and Hands all round!

Now then, Wallace! lead up to Tupper;
Huntington, chassé to Barr Plumb!
Shortly we'll go down to supper,—
Come, McKenzie, don't look glum!
We'll have you up in the very next set,
"I'll cheer your heart, I'll bet a pound!
Come, take some wine and don't look *zèzet*—
Swing your partners, Hands all round.

Hands all round! mind your paces!
Forward all to the music's sound!
Stop it at, Joe! mind, no grimaces—
Swing your partners, Hands all round!

What care we for tolls or "duties"?
What care we for the C.P.R.?
"Bills," or "measures" don't now suit it —
Away with thoughts of Emory Bar!
While we trip the "light fantastic,"
The ship of state won't run aground:
Away with jeers and sneers sarcastic!
Lady's chain, and Hands all round!

Hands all round, *then fugaves!*
Forward all to the music's sound!
There now, Joe, you've lost your braces!
Forward and back and Hands all round!

Bring your partners down to supper,
Hash on toast and quail on a sipe,
Pickled eels for Sir C. Tupper,
Mister Blake desires some tripe;
J. Barr Plumb is quite aesthetic,
Lilies round his plate are bound;
Joe Rymal says in voice pathetic,
"Let's have once more old Hands all round!"

Hands all round, around the table,
Away they skip with lively bound,
And just as long as they were able
They danced and shouted, Hands all round!

A Spring Idyll.

Mrs. Joggins went to town
In a cosy street-car;
And she pulled the stopping-bell
Where the pretty things are.

With a wallet in her hand,
"Full of bills and quarters,"
Dry goods charmed her roving eye,
And also Meg, her daughter's.

Jifkins showed them to a seat—
Bade the clerk attend them;
"Let us see your newest print,"
"Ma'am, Noo York can't mend them."

Roses, lilies, sprigs, and leaves,
Sunflowers in a garden,
Lay in heaps before their eyes,
Sweet as Dolly Varden.

"Oh! mamma," cried pretty Meg,
"Don't you love those pansies?"
"Child, they're all too common got—
Mine's a cultured fancy."

"Not aesthetic, did you say?
Pray, mamma, what may be?
Oscar Wilde adores the style,
And he is not a gaby."

Says the clerk, "Here's something else,
Tubs, and pails, and daisies;
Simplest taste is purest taste,
And contemplation raises.

"All the pensive infinite,
In our souls that's latent,
Starts to life on seeing tubs,
And the pail that's patent.

"Blue tubs on a pea-nut ground,
Red pails and a larrow,—
So suggestive all of bliss,
To a soul not narrow."

"Oh, mamma, not," "yes my love,
"This is just the fashion;
Now papa has got his raise,
We must put a dash on."

"Twenty yards and that one, too,
Where that chair reposes
"Mad brown sticky. Why, dear, it's like
Love among the roses.

Then I want some tapestry,
Queen Anne patterns, certain,
Highly realistic, mind,
For a parlor curtain.

Ah, the very thing, I see,
Genus of peacock-feathers
Falling on a hanging ground,
And a goat in tethers.

How Arcadian; How they lived
In those filmy ages,
When such things were thought "bad form,"
My discernment cages.

Send them home to Oscar Place."
"Now, my dear, the dudo! —
We must have the drawing-room
In something nice arrayed-o."

"Drawing-room, ma'am? Yes, we have
Lots of charming notions;
Circles squared, and angles curved,
Ballons and oars and oceans,

"All combined with grubs and stones—
A very pretty pattern,
And all cut up like corner lots,
The airy style is 'sat on.'

"Effects is out, and lines is in;
Now here's a lovely subject—
A crane a-screaming as he flies
At all these pretty objects.

"The bull-frogs in a blue-rush pond,
With dragon flies above them,
Outlined to their finger nails, —
You cannot help but love them."

"Oh, don't, mamma! you know I hate —
"Now pray, Meg, don't be silly,
A spider on a garden gate,
Combined with gnat and fly—

"The very thing! pray send the man
To work to-morrow morning,
I want to let my husband see
My culchaw in adorning."

Mrs. Joggins trotted home
Full of pride artistic;
Gloating on her tubs and loads,
And culchaw realistic.

SLASH.