

THE CAMPAIGN LYRE.

AT the Grit meeting held in Association Hall on Wednesday evening of last week, Ald. Hallam, one of the principal speakers, finding cold prose an altogether insufficient medium for the expression of his "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" indulged in a poetic oration as follows:

The Tories are protective dogs,
And saucy puppies, too,
And sometimes impertinent whelps
Escape from not a few.
But truce to nicknames, what I wish
Is, if like dogs we be,
We'd strive to cultivate, like them,
A staunch fidelity.

Reformers, e'en like terrier dogs,
Hunt out the vermin, too;
The rats they seek to kill are laws
Which benefit the few.
And while they guard like mastiff dogs
Those liberties we bless,
They loudly bark when Tory wolves
Would make that number less.

The following spirited effusion, answering Ald. Hallam in his own peculiar and happy poetical vein has been handed in by a Tory contributor:

TO ALD. HALLAM.

Your prose remarks are an offence,
Your dog-gerel verse a greater,
To reason and to common sense
You wretched, puppy-traitor (perpetrator)!
You'd like to hound us Tories down,
But all true loyal men'll
On such dog-matic efforts frown
And drive you to your kennel.

O cur! Does it occur to you,
Or those you blindly follow,
The raging sea of politics
Such barks will quickly swallow?
Your *Kerr* has got no sort of show,
Nor should in dog-fights venture.
Whine not? For Cockburn is you know
The boss dog in the Centre.

GRIP need hardly say that these columns are open to the versatile alderman should he desire to continue the contest. It shows a marked advance in the social amenities and popular culture when, instead of vulgar, prosaic slangwhanging and abuse, political disputants, invoke the lyre (please notice the spelling) and endeavor to wreath the glories of song about the commonplace themes of public life. Ald. Hallam has set a good example which ought to be extensively followed.

MODERN PROGRESS.

BINKS—"Old superstitions are being knocked out every day by modern advancement."

WINKS—"Yes?"

BINKS—"The once prevalent belief that when a man saw a white horse he was sure to see a red-headed woman received its death-blow when women began to dye their hair."

NOT IF THEY KNOW IT.

ARDENT GRIT—"We're a-again' to upset Sir John's apple-cart this time, sure's you're born."

RABID TORY—"Well, we'll see about that, but if the Old Man's rig does go to pieces we sha'n't take it to your Cartwright, anyhow."



A WARNING TO SMALL BOYS.

MOTHER (attracted by loud cries)—"Goodness gracious, Freddy, what in the world are you doing up there?"

FREDDY—"I—I p-pulled my—my boo—hoo—new braces too tight, and—boo hoo—they lifted me up, and I can't get down—boo hoo—o—o."

FANTASTIC TOE.

SHEPHERD—"Sinful, my sister, truly wicked, those round dances. We do not read that King David himself, with all his criminality, danced around in a ring."

LAMB OF FLOCK—"That's true. He danced before the ark."

SHEP.—"We read what the daughter of Herodias did with her round dancing."

LAMB—"Well, I dearly love waltzing, but I'm not so fond of it as to dance a man's head off—(reflects)—unless it was very loosely stuck on. And then his collar would keep it on, you know."

HE WAS SURPRISED.

WAITER—"You didn't wait for your order last night."

ROUNDER—"Surely you didn't manage to fill it last night. You are quicker than I gave you credit for being. I ordered that steak last night with a view to having it for breakfast this morning."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

DOCTOR (on an Atlantic liner)—"The passenger in state-room No. 12 has swallowed poison, and I have no emetics in my case. What shall we do?"

CAPTAIN (to man at the helm)—"Let her into the trough of the sea."

In five minutes the patient was out of danger.