



"Where is the Round Robin?" shrieks the editor of the *Mail*. I do not know, my dear man; but if you come out with me any of these fine mornings, I will show you where the robin is round.

I do not want to make Manager Sheppard feel remorse about the thing, but I cannot help saying that if he forgot to send compliments to Bunting, Wilkinson, Meek and Kirkland for the first night of "The Power of Money," he missed one of the biggest opportunities of the age for a grand joke.

I knew that the temptation would prove irresistible to him! I felt confident from the very beginning that the divine afflatus could not fail to arouse him to glorious labor. But I am sorry to observe that he has gone to the *Globe* with his verses; it pains me to see that he can find no more soul-stirring title for them than "The Bribery Brigade," and I find it too hard entirely to control my feelings when I come across a couplet that rhymes thus:

This "Brawling Brood of Bribers,"
When out they're hatched-beneath the *Mail*.

Apart altogether from the questionable idea of a brood being hatched out under a male, there must be serious exception taken to the insidions attempt to upset the first principles of true poetry by making "bribers" accord in sound with the name of the chief Tory organ—however much they may accord in sentiment with the talented managing editor thereof. Mr. Awde cannot expect to hold the Laureateship if he goes on in this style!

Lord Scarsdale and Lord Vernon are going to start butter factories. How this idea has a curd to them (kindly overlook it just this once) is not quite clear to me. Very probably they argue that trade in connection with the "upper crust" is no disgrace. They regard cream, you know, as the upper crust of the milk. There is one difficulty I foresee in store—not necessarily grocery store—for these enterprising gentlemen. It is in the matter of their respective coats-of-arms, which each of them must of course change. Now, it is simply impossible for both of them to choose a churn-dasher rampant!

A city paper mentions that "one of the most remarkable features of the programme" at a meeting of the Normal School Literary Society, was an essay, written by a young lady, and entitled "Have an aim." It would be interesting if the talented reporter who perceived anything "remarkable" in a young lady having an aim would come forward and explain. To my mind there is nothing startling in the association of an aim with a beau. Again, the remarkable thing would be that a young lady would not want to have a name—that is to say, of course, the name of some eligible young man, with hand and fortune accompaniments!

While Keely, the man of mysterious motor, has been moping about the manufacture of his much-mooted means of moving machinery, a more wide-awake genius has come out with his motor and completely keeled over Prof. Keely—if the term be excusable. At any rate, a reporter had a ride on the opposition machine the other night; so that even if there is no truth in the story about the new power, there is at least something worth noting in the circumstance that this particular reporter has won the heat the present year in the race for the biggest lie about the Keely motor.

An authority on the subject states that Matthew Arnold cleared £1200 by his American tour. In the face of this fact *Vanity Fair* gravely criticises a lecture delivered since his return 'ome, on the score of its being given "in a yawning, lazy, indolent fashion!" As if a gentle lecturer, or any other public afflicter, could not afford, with \$6,000 of good coin jingling in his pants pocket, to act in a yawning, lazy and indolent, or any other self-satisfied fashion! With all that money Matthew is decidedly one of the remnant. If he lose it, he takes his place among the majority—and I shall be there to welcome him sadly.

I beg respectfully but firmly to call the attention of Herr Von Heimrod to a recent paragraph in the *Globe*, in which the German citizens of Toronto are said to have had recollections of the "Faderland" revived in the observance of a national festival. His Consular might advantageously direct the attention of the Home authorities to the fact that one of the most pressing needs of the times is a German reporter as proof reader on the *Globe*. Otherwise, the refreshing originality of the *Globe* staff's use of the German tongue will manifest itself some morning in the employment of the word above quoted in its pure and simple orthography, "Födderland."

When the party paper desires to make the whole country feel the crushing weight of its influence as a public censor, it picks out politicians who have said something or done something, so or voted for this, or failed to vote for that, and prints their names in parallel columns in big black letters with a few lines of introduction coldly specifying their offence. This done, the able editor lies back, and in his mind's eye sees each one of the placarded ruffians fleeing, with a hunted look on his face, to the nearest swamp. Happily this mind's-eye picture is so far from real that up to the present none of the swamps have been overcrowded. It is but fair to state, however, that this is not the fault of the able editor.

Mary Anderson has an estimable business manager who never considers his duty to his fair employer fully done any day he does not have her engaged to, or married to, or giving the mitten to some notable personage not a step lower in the social scale than a Prince, or at all events an Earl. Indeed it is rumored that on one occasion the celebrity proposed to be utilized was a newspaper man—but this rumor has never been fully substantiated. All this serves to keep Miss Anderson's name prominently before the public. The circumstance that it also keeps sundry of the nobility in a stew is of secondary moment—except in a case where the stew induces the nobleman to go to the newspapers and make out Mary's agent to be guilty of overproof mendacity, which occurring, the agent does not feel bound to do more the next day than get me lud's indignant protest telegraphed abroad. Well may this beautiful *artiste* exclaim at appropriate intervals: "What is Fame, without an advertising agent?"

WHEN?

When will this dreary winter cease
Will it forever rain or freeze?
When will the scavenger come again,
Carting the filth from each dirty lane?
When will that gentleman convey
And dump each load in the odorous Bay?
When will each red-nosed, stuffed-up "ped"
Cease to complain of a "code id his head?"
When will the *Globe* reporter see
The first Robin redbreast in the tree?
When will the hard-up swell get out
The family ring that he had to "spout?"
When will the fast young man swear off?
This weather's bad for his old-time cough.
When will he get to be happy and rich?
When he gives up whiskey, beer and "sich."
When should we all be of good cheer?
When you get your GRIP at \$2.00 a year.

A BRIBERY OPERETTA.

IN ONE ACT AND THREE BRIEF SCENES.

SCENE I.—*Stage of the Lie-see-'em theatre.*

Enter C. W. B., weeping and wailing (sings huskily.)

Oh! what shall I do? Oh! what shall I do?
They've gone and committed me; oh! boohoo!

HIDDEN CHORUS.

Ah yes, dear Baby, but not before
You committed yourself, aye, o'er and o'er.

C. W. B.—But *really* you know, I had nothing to do
With this bribery case: boohoo! boohoo!

HIDDEN CHORUS (*sarcastically*).

Just think of it! *really* he'd nothing to do
With this bribery case; it's a little too-too.

C. W. B.—If any one did it I out will speak,
And father the matter on old Neddy Meek.

HIDDEN CHORUS.

He says now he finds that he's up Salt Creek,
That he'll throw all the onus on barrister Meek.



[*Enter Big Push Wilkinson.*

C. W. B. *sings (to obvious air)*.—John Wilkinson, my Jo John, when first we were acquaint
You know I kind of hinted that money must be spent,
To bring about a state of things to make the Grips let go,
But now I swear I never did, John Wilkinson, my Jo.

Big PUSH, (*indignantly*).—Oh! bossy baby Bunting, however can you say
That you did not give hints to me the money out to pay?
You won't go back upon us? You will? then be it so,
But don't you dare to call me now John Wilkinson, your Jo.

[*Exit, dancing the elevator clog.*