

ODE TO A PRINTER'S TOWEL.

Relic from the realms of Pluto!
I sing of thee, and of thy blackness,
Grim, Styxlike, impenetrable.
And then I wonder with a wonderment
That borders on the mystic realms of awe,
Whether thou ever wast, or ever will be
Again white;
Or whether
The sable hue which thou dost ever bear
Is like the Ethiop's skin, or like the spots
Upon the multitudinously dappled leopard;
Immutable; fixed; unchangeable.
Once, in the bygone centuries of the past
Grim legends say that thou wast white and beautiful
Like to the snow upon the Alpine heights,
Like to the snow of which the *Arkansaw*
Traveler sang some few short weeks ago
In a reprinted poem.
Still, as I never saw thee in thy purity,
In all thy dazzling, glittering incandescence,
I think that thou hast ever been the thing
I see thee now; black, vile, measly;
Avaunt! thou horrid thing,
And quit my sight
'Ere I become a tottering nerveless wreck,
A poor, incapable and gibbering victim
Of the jim-jams.
Begone! I loathe thee.
Pah!

—S.



SCENE AT OTTAWA.

M. MOUSSEAU.—I will have eet, Sare John. Ze Mowat most contemptible must be crush! He must be extirpate!

SIR JOHN.—Why? Good sort of fellow, old Mowat; very honest and all that. Capable, too, used to have him in my office.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Sare John, he is the block to stumble in de way, ze party magnifique of ze Bleu, I require zat he be destroy!

SIR JOHN.—Come, come. Be ruled by me. Let the old man have a word. You are pushing Ontario too hard. She will show her teeth, I tell you. Wants nothing but her own, old chap.

M. MOUSSEAU.—I am not ze old chap, Sare John is one much ze older-r-r-r-r chap. He is the too much old chap. He go into ze state of ze imbecile, ze senile, ze older-r-r-r-r chap of all extremement, antique, worn-out. Par-r-r-bleu!! (*dances about the room in indignation*). Sare John, it will not be navaire any more for Sare John to be exaltation on ze shoulder of ze parti Bleu! He shall descende-ment into ze mud. I will go to ze parti—(*prepares to rush out of the door*).

SIR JOHN.—Give a fellow some peace in his old age. What can I really do for you? Something sensible, now.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Sare John—(*entre nous*) zat is, as you say, wiz ze bed-post between us—

SIR JOHN.—For heaven's sake! Say it right! If you must destroy Mowat spare his language. Between us and the bed-post, that's what you mean.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Sare John, zere is none of us who do not speak la langue Anglais vid ze



more precision zan you, zat is, in ze case if mes compatriotes can speak ze vile jargon deesagreeable at all.

SIR JOHN.—Very true, perhaps. But when you can't. Come now. What do you want?

M. MOUSSEAU.—It is von demand, Sare John, of ze parti Bleu, zat ze opponents of ze sclerac Mowat shall be furnish wiz ze money—ze cashe—ze argout—to contest ze election in all ze cases!

SIR JOHN.—Why, we've done it. Hark in your ear. Look at those chaps who are contesting the elections against the Ontario Reformers. Hadn't money, many of them, to file a protest. Where do you think they got it? (*puts his finger significantly alongside his nose*).

M. MOUSSEAU.—Est il possible? Est il possible?

SIR JOHN.—Not a rap. Why, of course. My boy, you would find, if you lived there, that Bank of Ottawa notes are getting mighty plenty up in Ontario just now. Had to send 'em by hand. Queer questions asked at election trials if drafts are sent, you kuow. Saw that lately.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Sare John, if zis is ze case, I retract ze observation concern-r-r-r-ning ze antiquity of yourself. I considaire zat you have done ze action noble, and prove yourself von chip of ze old blockhead—

SIR JOHN.—Old block.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Oui. Zey have been supply wiz ze fund?

SIR JOHN.—If they hadn't, there'd have been precious few protests.

M. MOUSSEAU.—I retract, I make ze amende, Ze parti Bleu it shall continue to support Sare John—ze hero, ze Achille, ze patriot sublimement of ze age.

(*Exit arm in arm, M. Mousseau shouting, Sir John winking.*)

THE POTATO BUG'S DOOM.

'We may safely congratulate ourselves that th'e tyrannical reign of the Colorado beetle (*Doryphora decemlineata*) is nearly over; various insects, amongst which are the lady-bug and the six-angled soldier-beetle appear to be banded together to work his destruction, and it is safe to predict that his ravages will soon be numbered with things that were.'—*Ex.*

[*The author has taken it for granted that the "o" in Doryphora is pronounced long.*]

Hurrah! his doom is sealed at last; the tyrant's hour is come,
A thousand foes rise up to check the fearful devastator;
His reign is o'er; proclaim it loud with trumpet and with drum,

The downfall of the *Doryphora decemlineata*:

His common name's potato bug or Colorado beetle,
His favorite food has ever been the succulent potater;
To farmers now the news that he is vanquished quite a treat!

Prove; to victims! *Doryphora decemlineata*.

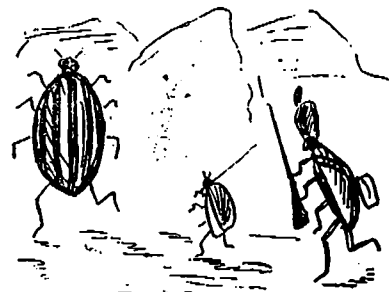
He comes from Colorado, and for years he held his sway
His tastes were simple, and to them it was not hard to cater;

His name was quite the biggest thing about him in his day.—
Ten syllables! lo! *Doryphora decemlineata*.

The horny-handed sons of toil tried everything, I ween,
To rid themselves of this potato vine annihilator;
But little cared the ten striped swell for deadly Paris green,
He only smiled, did *Doryphora decemlineata*.

The plan of his destruction is—the modest little bug
Called lady-bird devours his eggs without a cup or plate or
Utensils of the table, but she tucks them in quite snug,
The *ova* of the *Doryphora decemlineata*.

And then that queer-shaped, greyish thing, the soldier bug, sexagonal,
Appears upon the scene like some dread instrument of Fate, ah!
Each battle field he enters on, he hoists his winning flag
on all
His victories over *Doryphora decemlineata*.



And other insects, too, have sworn to do what they can do
To keep the 'Tater beetle's power from e'er becoming greater;
And, linked in bonds of sympathy, they'll see the matter through,
And polish off poor *Doryphora decemlineata*.

—Swiz.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

A pen picture—a litter of pigs.—*Ex.*

Is a season "a son of Neptune?"—*Life.*

Kept on Tap—The door-knocker.—*Ex.*

Kept on draught—The blast furnace.—*Ex.*

The home-stretch—The morning yawn.—*Ex.*

Two for ascent—A pair of balloonists.—*Ex.*

The pawnbroker takes a great interest in his business.—*N. Y. Journal.*

A man with water on the brain should wear a plug hat.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Assisted emigrants—The English sparrows.—*Milton News.*

Meleesha Melchizedek Mose,
While dressed in her outrest clothes,
Placed her lofty French heel
On a fresh orange peel
And reclined on her Israelite nose.

—*Life.*

The general understanding is that a patient is not out of danger until the doctor has been discharged.

CHOKED TO DEATH.

Mr. Smith was choked with a piece of cartilage, and escaped instant death by a friend striking him a terrible blow between the shoulders while his chest rested on the table. After the gristle was removed he described his sensations of relief so great that they only could be compared to the comfort a bilious person feels while wearing a Notman Liver Pad.