

But the young man's spirit was crushed and he let the editor-in-chief write his own stiff. Then he gave GRIP his copy, and GRIP gave him his sympathy and a line to the Mayor. Thus comes it that another precious literary gem glints and glistens from the upper right hand corner of GRIP's bejewelled diadem.

## LITERARY REVIEWS.

*The Minority and the remnant; or, How to Obtain a Seat in Parliament.* By J. J. HAWKINS, M. P.

In this publication, advance sheets of which we have been favored with, the author discusses a subject with which he is well qualified to deal. In fact, it is doubtful if any other living writer is so well able to present this matter as Mr. Hawkins. He occupies a position to which no politician has ever before attained, namely, that of representing in Parliament a minority of his constituents. To all those, therefore, who contemplate entering the arena of politics this work will be invaluable. It contains ideas and suggestions, which, if faithfully carried out, will certainly secure the election of any aspirant to political place and power.

*The Poetry of the Senate.* By J. B. P.

There are those who hold the opinion that on true poetry could emanate from such a staid and practical personage as a Dominion Senator. A perusal of this little volume will convince anyone of the erroneousness of such a view. Upon every page of this, the author's latest literary effort, are stamped unmistakable evidences of the genius. The first poem in the collection, and which we will reproduce, is very appropriately entitled

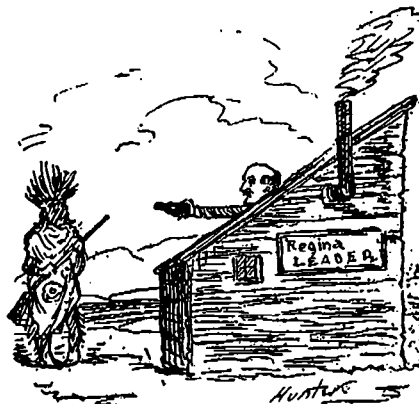
## THE SENATE.

When politicians at the polls are lost,  
When on a stormy sea they're toss'd,  
What is it shelters them from every blow?  
The Senate.

When for the party long they've fought,  
When with danger dread their seats are fraught,  
What is it sweet relief has brought?  
The Senate.

When your election's been contested,  
When by judges and jury sorely pestered,  
What is it has you so much rested?  
The Senate.

The value of "special cablegrams" as a means of keeping us Atlantic people promptly apprised of doings across the ocean was never more powerfully illustrated than in the *Mail* the other day. Its "special" conveyed the intelligence that it was rumored Mr. Courtney would be offered the editorship of the *Times*. In the same paper was an associated press despatch stating that Mr. Courtney had declined the position, which was being temporarily filled by the sub-editor!



THE INDIAN RISING AT REGINA.  
Lt.-Gov. Dewdney's organ on the defensive.



## OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

IN MILTONIC VERSO.

Unto familiar fiction list: not glad  
The strain, nor grateful, which for burden folt,  
Domestic penury, past parallel  
Adopts. Thro' larder this contest, which had  
Become devoid, depleted. It doth tell  
Of canine ill-conditioned, dull-eyed, sad;  
Callous its ring, with cruel curtness speak  
Of matron (not uneld), where she did seek  
The swift enforcing of a gracious bent—  
Straightway would her unselfish purpose wreak,  
Full rude denied, and of humane intent,  
Quite balked—left was no vestige her to greet  
Of wonted meal for mongrel palato meant,  
Osseous remnant of the juicy meat.



## GRIP'S GREAT GIFTS.

UNHEARD-OF, UNPARALLELED, MAGNANIMOUS,  
MAGNIFICENT MUNIFICENCE!!—A GREAT  
CHANCE TO WIN FAME AND FORTUNE!!

Prepare, politicians!—See here, scientists!  
Rally, readers!—Look up, ladies!—  
Come, children!

GRIP has evolved a startling, soul-stirring scheme. His great aims in life all along have been to diffuse knowledge the world over, and have subscribers pay in advance. The assurance that he has largely succeeded in both these heaven-born missions is indubitably his. Thanks are right here conveyed respectfully to his *alma mater*; to able editors who use predatory shears and dishonest paste-pots; to bookstores; to bloodthirsty but forbearing politicians; to the spread of a sounder commercial morality among people who take the leading journals; to the Salvation Army; aye, and even to his implacable foes, the *Globe* and *Mail*.

Now, having disseminated all this knowledge over the earth he yearns to test its lasting character—its staying powers, as it were. To this grand end he propounds the following questions coupled with princely rewards of merit:—

## QUESTIONS.

1. What is the stimulant of the *Mail* editor during election times? How is it administered to him most safely? How so as to secure the maximum of ferocity and the minimum of sense and reason? [N.B.—No use to try "Thumb's *ode de vie*" or "Lye's lightning liver looser." Guess again.]

Date and occasion of the last square, up-and-down Parliamentary Election? Probable date and occasion of the next? [Note: The first North Simcoe (Cook-McCarthy) contest is positively barred. GRIP wants to spare guessers all possible disappointment. Nor is it, in struggling with the latter half of this question, necessary to explore the future this side of the 38th century. Fairness and caudor rule in this competition.]

3. The term "the organ"—Is this a synonym for the *Mail*, invented by the *Globe*, or is it a synonym for the *Globe*, invented by the *Mail*? When first employed? How often so far? How many times before *Mail* and *Globe* are amalgamated? [Competitors are warned not to carry figures over on to the second line of foolscap paper].

4. Who is the author of the beautifully rounded phrase, "Hurl the Government from power?" [Remember, neither Nicholas Flood Davin nor Ned Farrar will be accepted as an authority on this disputed point.]

5. Ascertain the precise relationship between the editor of the *Globe* and Sir Boyle Roche? [This is pretty rough on Sir Boyle's more immediate descendants, but sentiment must give way to cold facts in this all-absorbing contest.]

6. Is it tact, trickery, bribery, fox-cunning, Bleu support, Archbishop Lynch, *Globe* opposition, good crops, solid statesmanship or pure bull-headed luck which keeps Sir John in power? [There is plenty of room to guess here, but maybe the competitor who goes outside all this stands the best show!]

## PREMIUMS.

To each one who sends in an approved answer to two of these six great political logogriphs will be presented a brick house with iron dogs on the doorstep, hired girl and all other modern improvements, including a first-class mortgage. Let no one be afraid to go in for this offer. GRIP can find enough houses of this kind to go all around. It must be understood, however, that successful competitors will have to come for their houses. Even the f.o.b. terms must not be asked. The winner of the house may call around for it with perfect confidence. Just tell the party who lives in it, or any one who says he owns it, that it's all right—GRIP will settle. See?

To everyone (this is a great chance for invalids and cripples) forwarding the solution of three problems, a position in the Civil Service at Ottawa is promised. Now, do not pooh-pooh this proposition. GRIP gives his word of honor that he can and will redeem this promise just about as promptly as every member of Parliament does a like one when it is not one of his own relations who is in question. Is not this reassuring?

To everyone arriving at a correct diagnosis of four of the critical cases there will be made out a free pass good for a year on any of the Northwest railways which are waiting for the completion of the Canada Pacific, with a view to vigorous competition. The value of this railway permit must be experienced to be appreciated. It really must. But GRIP scorns a matter of expense in this business. He can stand it, if the railways can.

To each scholar whose knowledge enables him to elucidate five of these powerful puzzles, an appointment as license commissioner will be graciously conferred. The scholar will be given his choice of office under Mr. Mowat or under Sir John. Any little difficulty as to