



That Aggravating Jack.

Oliver.—Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! He's got my Beaver Award and he won't give it to me!

Slashbush on the Local House.

Gustavus Slashbush stood at his chamber window in the uppermost storey of the old homestead, looking out on the cheerless aspect of the surroundings. The circuitous road in front of the house leading to the town line whereon the aspiring village of Tamraverse stands presented a peculiar, uninviting looking highway in its saffron and vandyke brown coloring, and the stumps in the new clearing seemed like the wet and weary sentinels of some outpost, standing in the bare and brown spots from which the snow had melted. Apparently disgusted with the dreary outlook Gustavus descended to the kitchen where his sister Almira was busily engaged in preparing a floury admixture, shortly to be converted into the toothsome and oleaginous doughnut.

"Did you ever see such weather in all your born days, Almiry," asked Gustavus, as he watched the dripping water from the roof coursing down the kitchen window, "and so changeable; yesterday it was snowing like all possessed, to-day it's thawing and likely to rain, and no doubt to-morrow it will be down below zero, changeable enough in all conscience! Nor is it," continued Gustavus meditatively—"nor is it at the weather alone need we to look for continual changes. People seem to be striving now to change everything, they do indeed, Almiry."

"Well, I guess we've jest got to take it as it comes, it don't fret me much, anyway," replied his sister, as she dropped each succeeding doughnut into the pan.

"Almiry, you are a woman and have not a proper idea of the magnitude of the question; but I can tell you there is one change, which, though but as yet darkly hinted at, is a most serious one, and that is to abolish the Local Legislature and to do all the political business, local and otherwise, of the country through the Government at Ottawa. Why, Almiry, if such a thing should be accomplished we, the people of Ontario, or to use the language of one of our most eminent statesmen, "the greatest Province of the greatest Dominion of the greatest Empire in the world," would entirely lose our individuality, be known simply as Canadians, and classed in common with the pea soup-swilling habitaw of Quebec, the Sisco chasing, codfish catching New Brunswick or Nova Scotian, the blizzard blighted Metis of Manitoba, or the boulder blasting, quartz crushing creatures of British Columbia! No, Almiry, Never! Notwithstanding the sneers of the Mail that the "Curse of Beaverocracy" is upon us, we will show the world that the people of Ontario must and shall have their own legislature and their own government. What's the use of talking about building a new Parliament House in Toronto if there is to be no assembly to legislate in it? Away with such a degrading and humiliating thought! No, Almiry, we

must keep up our Lieutenant-Governor, we must keep up our (or his) aide-de-camp. Society itself demands it, and would materially suffer if we had no Government House to cultivate and nurture a proper degree of refinement and culture amongst us, and that we may be no longer stigmatized as being "rough, raw, and democratic." Why, Almiry, we wouldn't hardly know that there was a volunteer in the Province the whole winter if we hadn't to parade a "guard of honor" at the opening and closing of the House. What would be the use of the "Body Guard," or the Toronto Field Battery if they had not—"

"Gustavus," interrupted Almira, "father's comin' up the lane. I hear him cussin' and its rainin' cats and dogs. Hurry up and git ready to fetch in his passels. You know what he told you last time. Great snakes, here he is now!"

Gustavus hurried on his boots and out of the door to take the parcels from his dripping and irate parent.

At the Rink.

"The sky is clear, the weather's gay,
The ice is keen and smooth to-day;

Let's to the rink and show our style
Before the masses for a while."

"Thus spake the rink bore to his mate,
"We'll show the natives how to skate."

"Agreed, my chum," quoth number two,
"The double roll we'll neatly 'do."

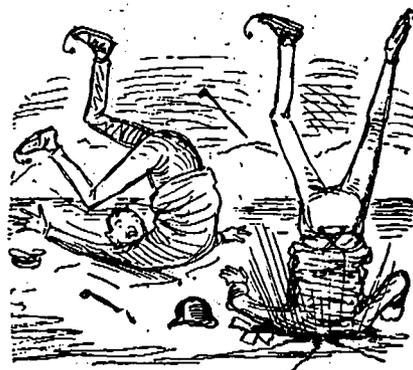


They did the roll with airs and graces;
Observe the pride upon their faces;

The figures cut by these two swells
Evoked enthusiastic yells.

Their twists and turns were full of skill,
Nor dreamt they of a sudden spill.

But all at once a snag they struck,
And this is how they seemed to look:



A moral this catastrophe
Doth teach, and here we add it free:

Rink showers-off, surcharged with gall,
Remember, pride must have a fall.



"Government Aid."

Needy Person.—Would yer honor give a poor man a little help; I have a wife and family, and I'm out of work, and coal and flour is dear, and we're just about starved, sir—"

Finance Minister.—Starved! Nonsense!! Why, I've just reduced the duty on coconuts by fifty per cent.!

Captain Giddy's Explanation

BEFORE THE MONTREAL BOARD OF STOCK BROKERS IN REGARD TO A RECENT OCCURRENCE.

Which I wish to remark, and my language is clear,
That for ways that are crooked and tricks that are queer,
The course of the Jew is peculiar,
And somewhat erratic I fear.

Which we had a fine game, and the Jew took a hand,
It was Tennis—the same he did well understand.
But he did not use common politeness to me and the rest
of the band,—
Which is why he was properly tanned.

For the Jew got a note from a friend in the west,
Inviting myself and a few of the rest
To play at the game they call Tennis,—
But the same he did hide in his vest.

When I heard of his meanness, my rage it was great,
And altho' being peaceful (a row's what I hate),
I could not help telling this Israelite,
I should much like to smash in his pate.

Then the Jew he got mad at the words that I said,
And boasted around he'd on me put a head,
So he walked down the street for to finish me,
But I pretty near killed him instead.

As I came from the Board with my stock-book and stick,
I met this young Israelite, oily and slick,
And he charged me with his umbrella,
So I thought I'd best finish him quick.

Then I went for that Jew in a way that was great,
And rained down the blows on his black, curly pate,
'Till you'd think he had been through a sausage machine,
He was in such a terrible state.

When the Jew got away he called names that were bad,
And threw chunks of ice like a very small kid,
And said in the courts he would sue me
Because had I call'd him a cad.

Which is why I remark, and my language is clear,
That for ways that are crooked and tricks that are queer,
The course of the Jew is peculiar,
And somewhat erratic I fear.

Suicide.

Mr. Hague, General Manager of the Merchants' Bank, has been running amuck against the shipping trade of Montreal. He says the history of the trade is a record of failures, disasters, and suicides. Garr does not often concern himself with these commercial questions, but it seems to him that disasters and failures crop up pretty constantly in the history of banking, and he has heard of the suicide of bank directors, and even of bank managers. Grip does not think Mr. Hague's reference to suicides is in good taste, even if facts warranted it, which they do not; but what is to become of us all if a trade is to be oried down because a member of it has at some time or other unfortunately committed suicide?