



A CATCHING FASHION.

Shortsighted Professor Papilio, an enthusiastic naturalist, fancying he sees some lovely specimens, hurries home for his butterfly net. Tableau!

GRIP'S MODEL SPEECHES.

DURING the last week of the campaign the political excitement will culminate. Meetings will be so numerous and the demand for speakers so great that many who can hardly put together a sentence in public will take the platform. To save such the embarrassment of a breakdown, GRIP herewith furnishes models of brief speeches, warranted sound as to Party doctrine, which can be memorized for use at a pinch by parties unexpectedly asked to make a few remarks:

GRIT.

I am proud to have the opportunity of addressing this magnificent [if the audience is very small substitute the word "intellectual"] audience on behalf of the grandest, most talented and immaculate Administration the world has yet seen. Where, among statesmen, sir, will you find the peer of Oliver Mowat, whose integrity is stainless as the noonday sun, and whose escutcheon, whatever that means, is emblazoned with a glory which will shine evanescently throughout all coming ages? And who is it, let me ask, who seek to overthrow this Government upon which the eyes of the whole world are centred as a truly model Administration? Men, if I may so call them, destitute of a single redeeming principle of honor, conscience or virtue, the name of whose leader, Meredith, is a synonym for all that is base and contemptible in human nature. The Opposition, sir, are drivelling idiots and weak-minded simpletons, whose utter imbecility in fancying for a moment that they can prevail in this contest is only equalled by the more than Machiavellian subtlety and malicious cunning which they bring to the task. But we defy the puny onslaughts of Toryism, and confidently anticipate their utter annihilation on polling day.

TORY.

The fiat of the sovereign people has gone forth! The handwriting is on the wall, and a very few days will see the cowering and despicable recreant, the shameless, perfidious traitor to Ontario, Oliver Mowat, hur-r-ried from power. [Appropriate gesture.] In every possible way he and his infamous crew of tricksters have abused the confidence of the people. They have established Separate schools, endowed nunneries and Catholic

churches with the hard-earned money of the farmers of Ontario, and perpetrated crimes without number. Surplus? Why, they have no surplus. The Province to-day is actually bankrupt! The Grits have stolen every cent left by Sandfield Macdonald and divided it amongst themselves. Mowat is a sanctimonious hypocrite, Fraser is a Jesuit and Hardy an avowed Annexationist. The trembling and miserable wretches know that their doom is sealed and that THE PEOPLE will, by an overwhelming majority, pronounce against them—consign the Grit faction to eternal obscurity and raise to power William R. Meredith, the grandeur and consistency of whose character render him worthy to rank with the greatest statesmen of the age.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

I stand here, sir, to-night upon the platform of Equal Rights to all and special privileges to none! The Grit and Tory parties have both shamefully and scandalously betrayed their trust and vied with each other in truckling to Rome. We must absolutely and utterly abolish Separate schools and suppress the French language—and as a beginning we must punish by loss of power every single politician—Grit, Tory or Independent, who has ever at any time voted contrary to our principles. Down with Mowat and Fraser and their Cabinet of traitorous sneaks. As to Sir John and his French allies we'll attend to them later on. If the Constitution stands in the way of our programme, what's the matter with smashing up the Constitution? Who made it, anyway? We did. Well, if it don't suit us, can't we make another one that will, and if the French and the Jesuits make any kick why we'll just go down there and clean 'em out. Grits and Tories are no good. Each party is a little worse than the other and we have no use for either. Equal Rights for ever! We are the People!

AN OPEN QUESTION.

AS Smith reclined upon a knoll—
It was a lazy day—
One pleasant summer afternoon
And slept the time away.

As Smith—but first I'd say, what makes
Him famous North and South,
Is not his intellect or worth,
But his enormous mouth.

He slept, I said. At last he woke,
His mouth was open wide,
A frog upon his lower lip
Sat, peering down inside.

And, as he viewed the mighty void,
Cried with sardonic grin
And husky voice, "Can such things be,
And the world not cave in?"

JONES.

REMINISCENCES OF RIDEAU HALL.

LORD CHUMPLEY (to Princess Louise)—"Aw, your royal highness' life in Canada must have been wather interwisting."

PRINCESS LOUISE—"Oh, so so."

LORD CHUMPLEY—"The people there are not uttah barbwians, I suppose. You had some swagger functions occasionally, hadn't you?"

PRINCESS LOUISE—"To the best of my recollection they were more like stagger functions. Oh, I really beg your pardon, Sir Charles, I hadn't noticed you. I was just telling Lord Chumpley about the splendid deer-hunting you have in Canada."

SIR TUPPER—"Just so. I noticed he seemed a moosed."