

applause, he proceeded to point out the enormous debt of the Dominion. "Think," he exclaimed, "of these millions upon millions of liabilities which have been piled up under the *régime* of an extravagant, reckless and utterly corrupt Government, intent only on squandering the public funds. Are we to be forever ground down under the iron heel of the despot? Over \$300,000,000 absolutely thrown away during the short period——"

At this point Brown rose to his feet and excitedly claimed a point of order. "The gentleman," he declared in his stentorian tones, "is misleading the meeting. He quotes the gross public debt, and tries to make you accept it for the net public debt—a horse of quite a different color. When we consider what there is to show in public works for our debt, we must see——"

Here Jones broke in with: "I am giving the right figures, the net public debt!"

"No, Mr. Chairman!" roared Brown. "No, gentlemen! I deny it! I have the figures in this blue-book I hold in my hand!"

JONES—"My figures are correct!"

BROWN (*in a white heat*)—"The gentleman has dealt in his speech with minor matters on which I shall not take issue with him. But when he comes to treating of so momentous a matter as the public expenditure of this Dominion, I cannot remain silent under his misrepresentations! Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I characterize the speaker as a wilful prevaricator, and I pronounce his figures to be false—false as—as—as—the hair on his head!"

And, suiting the action to the word, Brown reached forward, seized Jones' curly wig, and hurled it over the footlights into the crowd, leaving the luckless owner standing there, bald, pale-faced, trembling with indignation and mortification, and, even if he could have spoken, unable to make himself heard in the very bedlam of uproarious merriment created, and which lasted long after Bro. Jones had descended from the platform, the picture of the "crushed tragedian," and hurriedly made his exit from the hall.

Brown carried the meeting, and the Tories won the riding.

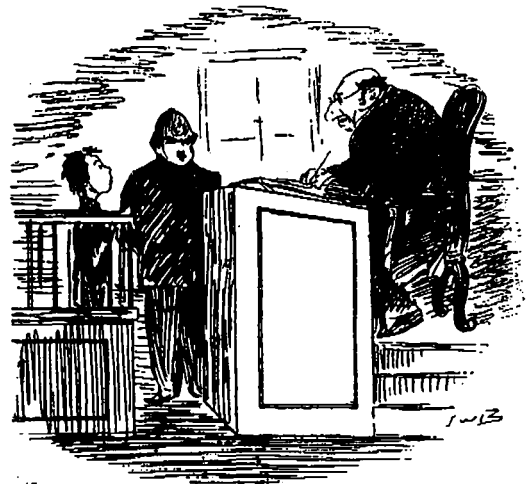
### THE REAL ESTATE AGENT'S HOLIDAY.

AT last I have a holiday,  
And, free from business care,  
I'll hie me to the leafy glades  
And to the fields repair.  
I'll be a glad some youth once more,  
And, free from all alloy,  
I'll taste the pleasures of the scene  
As though I were a boy.

How sweet the fragrance of the flowers!  
How sweet the robins sing!  
Yon rustic whistling at the plough  
Is happier than a king!  
His farm is splendid level land  
With foliage in spots—  
Good scheme to start a syndicate  
And cut it up in lots!

I wonder what he'd sell it for?  
And how much he'd want down?  
'Tis barely half a dozen miles  
Beyond the busy town!  
It ought to be worth ten per foot,  
Or eight at any rate—  
I'll see McGuff and Blatherston  
About that syndicate.

How fragrant are the jessamines  
Which round yon casement cling,  
All sights and sounds remind us here  
That 'tis the gleesome Spring;



### FILIAL DEVOTION.

POLICE MAGISTRATE—"Then, my lad, you plead guilty to this robbery?"

PRISONER—"Yes, sir."

P. M.—"Starting rather early, eh? Why, you cannot be over ten years' of age."

PRISONER—"No, sir, but father is sick, and so I've got to do his work."

Mark yonder humble cot which stands  
Looking so trim and neat,  
Its frontage on the highway there  
Is fully sixty feet!

A splendid site for corner store,  
By thunder!—Here's a chance,  
Its rustic owner will not know  
Of property's advance;  
I'll do him up in brilliant shape,  
Or anyway I'll try.  
"Two thousand!" Whew! The rural mind  
Is getting mighty fly!

No—not to-day—some other day.  
I'm bent on pleasure now,  
I'll lave me in the cooling stream  
And scale the hill's high brow;  
Methinks some worldly magnate here  
Might love a calm retreat,  
'Tis admirably suited for  
A handsome country seat.

And now I'll hie me home again  
Through groves of agents' signs,  
Hark to the breezes sighing 'midst  
The leafage of the pines—  
A dull and distant sound I hear  
As sinks the orb of day—  
Is it the boom at Mimico  
That slowly dies away?

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

### OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM.

VERY few loyal citizens know the words of "God Save the Queen," and fewer still join in heartily when it is sung. It will therefore not too greatly shock the public if MR. GRIP suggests a new verse, which has the double merit of being easily learned and admirably adapted to the circumstances under which the closing ode is usually rendered:

Now snatch your coats and wraps,  
Pull on your hats and caps,  
Rush from the scene;  
Now that the show is o'er,  
Crowd for the nearest door,  
Leave those who will to roar  
"God Save the Queen!"