



HAPPY THOUGHT !

MISS ADDY POSE—"I wish I could think of some nice and original costume to wear at the carnival."

MISS SLIMSON—"I have it, dear ! The very thing ! Go—er—as a balloon !"

THE PASSAGE OF PACAUD & CO.

1891.

HOW doth the busy boodle band
Improve each sunny day,
And gather dollars from the funds
To cheer them on their way.

1892.

But now the rude Commissioners
The busy band pursue,
And testimony rake they up
Of boodle old and new.

1893.

Alas ! the busy boodle band
Doth power no longer boast,
But nightly walks, in sombre shades,
The awful boodle ghost !

THE GREAT PLUG HAT QUESTION.

IN order to test public opinion on the question of the Mayor's official costume, GRIP has interviewed a number of leading citizens on the subject, and their replies are recorded below in as brief a form as possible.

HON. OLIVER MOWAT—"Ah, yes—official costume—just so. It seems to me that unless there may be some objections that might be of a deterrent character, seemliness in attire is a becoming quality. Still, I would not wish to be regarded as depreciating to any extent a simplicity that might commend itself to good taste, but otherwise I should view the matter as problematical, except in so far as the exigencies of the situation might dictate."

SIR DANIEL WILSON—"Tempora mutantur et nos, which is Latin. The ancient Greeks never wore plug hats. Cicero had dignity enough for a dozen mayors. Did he ever wear white gloves? *Persicos odi puer apparatus.*"

EX-MAYOR CLARKE—"Fleming is quite right not to copy my style. It isn't everybody who can wear such things with easy grace."

W. A. DOUGLAS—"The Single Tax would settle the matter satisfactorily—in fact it's the only thing that will."

PROF. ASHLEY—"I suggest that the difficulty be settled by arbitration, as it is essentially a conflict between labor and capital."

JAMES BEATTY, Q.C.—"Now, if you'd only elected me all this trouble wouldn't have happened. I'd wear a tiara girt with diamonds if it was necessary to sustain the dignity of the office."

E. B. OSLER—"Don't ask me. I know absolutely nothing about municipal affairs—never did. Don't take the least degree of interest in them."

HON. C. F. FRASER—"Shoot the hat ! Look at me. Do you mean to tell me that I haven't any dignity ?"

THE KHAN—"Allow me to put my glowing thoughts in poetic form.

The hat's a glorious institution—
Part of the British constitution,
Palladium of our dearest rights ;
With wrath each patriot's breast ignites
Against the traitorous democrat
Who'd trample on the sacred hat."

LOVE'S TRICK.

(To be set to music if anybody likes to do it.)

WEeping, and looking ill, came Love one day,
Asked of me humbly, "Will you let me stay?
Only a place within your heart, I'll keep;
Rest quiet there, and gently fall asleep."

"Ah, ha," said I, "now Love is in a plight,
He's surely lost his greatly vaunted might ;
Poor little fellow, though he is so fair,
I'll take him in my heart and keep him there."

To-day I said : "Behold, you've filled my heart,
It's time that you and I should dwell apart,
I've kept you till you're well and strong again,
So Cupid, go, before you cause me pain !"

But Love shook his head
Saucily and said :

"I came here to stay
And shall go away
Never !

Once I came in strength and health,
You'd none of me—

Once I offered fame and wealth,
You made fun of me—

I changed my art,
You've felt my dart,
I claim your heart
Forever !"

ROLY ROWAN.



ALAS !

MRS. LACKADASE (wearily)—"Oh, if I only had an object in life !"

MR. L. (testily)—"There you go again ! Object in life ? Haven't you me ?"

MRS. L. (forlornly)—"But I mean some object worth living for !"