

**FLOWERY SPEECHES.**

"YOU should hear Tupper and Sir John,  
You know how clever each is,  
They're orators excelled by none  
For telling flowery speeches."

"Yes, I suppose that when they tell  
Of traitors contumacious,  
The language they employ may well  
Be somewhat Farrer-naceous!"

**"THE BEST-LAID SCHEMES," ETC.**

**BINSTEAD**—"Say, Peterkin, I've got a first-class joke I want to get off at Bewdler's dinner-party to-morrow night. I wish you'd help me to kind of lead the conversation in that direction."

**PETERKIN**—"All right. What's the joke, old man?"

**BINSTEAD**—"Well, it goes this way. The Tory Party, you know, is the whiskey party—at least so the Grits say."

**PETERKIN**—"It's a blamed lie!"

**BINSTEAD**—"Well, never mind about that. Supposing it was so, they might be called the Bacchanalian Party, eh? Got to bring in that word Bacchanalian somehow. But the Grits are still more so. In playing 'Ras Wiman's game they *back-an-alien*. See?"

**PETERKIN**—"Ha! ha! Why, that's good enough for GRIP. Did you really originate that joke yourself?"

**BINSTEAD**—"Yes, all by myself. But it took me about an hour and three brandy-and-sodas. Now you won't forget, like a good fellow, and try help me out. Tell 'em you heard a Grit say that the Tories were a Bacchanalian crowd, or something of that sort."

**PETERKIN**—"All right, old man. You can depend on me."

**AT THE DINNER PARTY.**

**HON. PERCY BEWDLER**—"Well, this is a pretty lively campaign. But I rather think Sir John will be returned again with a good majority."

**PETERKIN** (*seeing his chance*)—"Yes, sir. The Old Man is all right, notwithstanding the slanders which the Grits in their desperation are putting in circulation. Why, I heard a leading Liberal say yesterday that all the drunkards in the country belonged to the Conservative Party—in fact, he said it might be called a Bac—"

**COL. HOGABOOM**—"Infamous, lying scoundrels! Pass the decanter, please. To think of any party which includes the traitor Farrer and the renegade Wiman daring to cast such aspersions upon the loyal men of Canada."

**PETERKIN**—"Yes, as I was saying, he—the man that was talking so loud—said—"

**BEWDLER**—"I quite agree with you, Colonel. That man Farrer ought to be put in penitentiary!"

**PETERKIN** (*making a last effort*)—"—said that the Conservatives might be called the *Bacchanalian Party*." (*Glances triumphantly at Binstead.*)

**BINSTEAD** (*seizing his chance*)—"Ah, but the Grits, in backing up 'Ras Wiman—"

**REV. DR. GRONER**—"I hardly think that, so far as my opportunities of observation go, the habit of drinking to excess is a party characteristic, and certainly the spirit of political animosity which prompts such reflections is to be deprecated."

**HON. P. BEWDLER**—"Quite so, doctor, quite so."



**JOE RYMAL'S VERSION.**

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a — lymph."

"Oh, I wish I could be dissolved into a political Koch lymph and all of you could be inoculated with it; then there would be an end to Tory misrule." (*Cheers and laughter.*)—*Joe Rymal at Hamilton.*

**BINSTEAD**—"But, as I was going to say, in backing 'Ras Wiman the Grits—"

**COL. HOGABOOM**—"Yes, it's shameful—scandalous, that any party in Canada should look to those under a foreign flag for aid."

**BINSTEAD**—"And by doing so they—"

**MR. JAGGERS**—"Why, yes. What other country, I should like to know, would tolerate such proceedings with impunity? We must stand by the Old Flag, sir! Colonel, the pleasure of a glass of wine with you! Ah, and by the way, how are your Sudbury investments coming out, Mr. Bewdler?"

[*Poor Binstead gives up in despair, and seeks consolation in the flowing bowl.*]

**A FABLE FOR THE DAY.**

**ONCE** there was a landlord shrewd,  
Who leased a man a farm,  
The rent was named—a sum so great,  
The tenant took alarm;  
Said he, "I'm going to take the place,  
And try it for a term,  
Tho', truly sir, to pay that rent  
I'll have to twist and squirm;  
Five hundred dollars every year—  
The sum is pretty steep!"  
"Ahem!" replied the landlord  
(He was a schemer deep!)

"Ahem—dear tenant, what you say  
Is lamentably true;  
So, if you would prefer it,  
I'll tell you what I'll do—  
Instead of taking rent direct,  
Paid down in actual money,  
I'll take it out in truck, you know,"  
Said he, in words of honey,  
"Of everything you buy or sell,  
Or grow, or wear, or barter,  
A certain portion shall be mine—  
And you won't feel it, sorter."

With thanks the tenant gave consent,  
And now that landlord collars  
Each year a share of all he earns  
Worth twice five hundred dollars.  
And still that tenant works and smiles,  
(His name's Canadian Nation)  
And glorifies that arrant fraud  
Called Indirect Taxation!