



MR. MEREDITH GETTING A POLICY.

FORTUNA—"Open your mouth and shut your eyes and take what Fate may send you!"

DOWN WITH BRIBERY I

THE Patron of Industry Wolf accosted the Mowat Lamb at the stream in Middlesex the other day. "The Mowat Government must go!" roared the Wolf. "The farmers have awakened to their own interests, at last!" "Please, Mr. Wolf, do me the favor to read this marked passage," replied the Lamb, tossing over a copy of the London *Advertiser* containing a speech by Minister Ross, with a blue pencil circle around the following—"Under one Government, for every wagon or plow or harvester or harrow you use in farming operations you have to pay a substantial tax to the Dominion Treasury. Under the other Government for every advancement you make in the growth of fruit or grain and dairy products, you receive a bonus by the way of prizes at the agricultural fairs." "Humph! Well?" queried the Wolf. "Well," replied the Lamb, "that means, don't you see, that whereas the Thompson Government takes money out of your pocket, our Government puts money in." "Exactly!" cried the Wolf, with a horrible roar, "so you think I can be bribed do you? You would insult me to my very face, would you? all the more, after that, Mowat must go! Just wait till election day comes."

The "Globe" can't stomach so much Tarte.

PROLIFIC FRUIT.—Mankind descended from a pair; mankind's troubles from an apple.

NOTE BY OUR OWN ORNITHOLOGIST.—Infants delight in crows, but hate the thrush; gluttons are fond of swallows; gamblers like pigeons; fast men go in for a lark; and some lunatics go raven mad.

A CHIRURGEON SENDS HIS PHOTOGRAPH.

(TO PROF. A. C. BRYAN.)

HERE'S my picture by the sun,
For the sun has been my painter;
Here his strokes and shadows run,
Growing duskier and fainter.

On the Crystal, silver-laid,
Softly were the outlines jotted;
Years shall fly, nor shall they fade,
Storms shall blow, nor they be blotted.

To the Hesperides, with light,
Swept the sun's gold chariot back;
Over isle and sea his flight
Traced the starry zodiac.

As he passed, a tablet blank
Was held up beneath his blazon;
So he sketched me, you may thank
Titan for the mug you gaze on.

This divine amanuensis
Did it in the finest weather;
From Chicago to St. Francis
So they rhyme and print together.

You remember how Calypso
Offered youth to King Ulysses?
Printing with her tender lips so
All the spell of woman's kisses.

So Calypso, or some goddess,
Gave me the ambrosial philtre
Of immortals—nor like Odysseus
Had I the knack to jilt her.

Thus, you see, I still look rather
Boyish—twenty-nine alack!
And my patients call out—"Ah there!
Will the doctor soon be back?"

Ezra Hurlburt Stafford.

GRIP'S QUIPS.



A CERTAIN youth of this town who tries to do the swell act on limited means, went into a barber shop one day. He was shaved, hair cutted, shingled, trimmed, etcettry, and then the barber lowly said, "\$2.65." "Pooh," said the youth, emptying his purse to liquidate the bill. "That," said the Tonsorist as the youth went out, "was a case of Sham-Pooh."

GEOGHEGAN says the only tax collectors in town are not at the city hall, and that he has two in commission every night when he takes his boots off.

WIPING out old scores—The orchestra leader destroying his band compositions.

BIGFOOT.—"Jones made a reflection on my boots to-day."
THE OTHERONE.—"What did he do,—shine them?"

TALBOT DEWITT says he is now in the market garden business, since the reception his new play got the other night.

SOOTS him right down to the ground—The chimney sweep's descent.

A MEDIUM for disposing of the silver question—The darkey waiter.

STRANGE, is it not, that a tight individual should so often be a loose character?