

ONTARIO "THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE."

MOTHER ONTARIO (seated in a shoe, gives audience to her boys and girls)—

Mercy on us! what's the matter?
Such a clamour, such a clatter!

OLD BOYS (speaking all at once)—

Clamour! yes and little wonder.
Why, it's nothing less than plunder!
Every cad and mother's son,
Want's to share our currant bun!

PRACTICAL SCIENCE SCHOOL BOYS (fifty of 'em)—

No, we don't, we just want bread;
Mother, don't you want us fed?

MOTHER ONTARIO—

Surely! you must eat to live,
But the thing is how to give
Bread to all;—the older boys
Had of the good things their choice;
Now, you ought alike to share,
Seeing you're brothers, that's but fair.

OLD BOYS (in chorus)—

What! share our fine currant bun
With every common workman's son!
Never! Why look at us! such men!
Every one of us gentlemen!
Lawyers, merchants, clerks genteel,
Brokers steering Fortune's wheel,
Bankers, doctors, clergy, too;
Sons of widows well-to-do;
Hotel keepers three or four,
Not one mechanic in the core!
Read our record—read our list!
Ah! what a loss could one be missed!

MOTHER ONTARIO—

Well, well, my boys, of course you're good;
But while your brothers starve for food,
Plain, strengthening, wholesome mental fare,
That such should be withheld, 'aint square.
'Tis hardly fair you "gentlemen"
Should cost me more than working men.

OLD BOYS—

But Grandma said it should be so.

MOTHER ONTARIO—

But my *will* is Home Rule, you know.

OLD BOYS—

We fill the University.

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS—

Not by a jug-ful! One, two, three,
Once in a while you send, we own,
That's worth their salt; but that alone
Is no cause why we should be cheated,
And you more than abundance meted.
We have our record, too—look at it!
Which is the nobler—dare you state it?
Who wins most honors—we or you?
Go—soak your heads and speak what's true.

MOTHER ONTARIO—

Well said, and don't forget to show it
When this goes before Papa Mowat.

Enter a bevy of girls.]

MOTHER ONTARIO—

Good gracious! Girls, what brings you here?
I trust you keep within your sphere.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—

I want a chance as well's my brother.
Why should we suffer all this bother?
I think it is a mighty pity
That we've to leave our own Queen City
To find in neighbouring rural schools
Learning denied by city fools.
To think from our Collegiate
No girl can ever graduate,
Unless, indeed, her time and cash
Are both as plentiful as trash.
Enough to rouse one's indignation,

To think, that in a population
Of one hundred and forty thousand told,
We've *one* Collegiate, feeble, old.
Why Rip Van Winkle's yellow cheeks
For very shame would blush for weeks
To own a school as dull and slow
As 'twas some fifteen years ago.
No earnest life—no *corps d'esprit*.
Awhile Time bore it patiently,
Till finding it affect his mind,
He fled and left it far behind.
But we, who march with Time, and move,
To other towns and schools must rove
In search of learning. Mother, dear,
Give us our share of it—now—here.
These "old boys" there, what right have they
To more than we—

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS—

That's what we say!

We, too, are hard up—nay, can't half
Get what we ought to—we could laugh
At the pretensions of "the boys,"
Their pompous, grandiose noise,
Were it not such a serious matter
To daily dine off scanty platter.

MOTHER ONTARIO—

Come, come boys; say no more about it.
That there's injustice none can doubt it;
When "old boys" can't have cake and pie
Like "gentlemen," they boo-boo and cry.
Let Papa Mowat share each ration
"Now under his consideration."

IMPENDING RUIN.

AND so the youth of our land is to be ruined by the deadly temperance text-book. In the bright dawning of their lives the children in the schools are to have their young souls corroded by the knowledge that whiskey is not necessary to life in this climate. The evils of indulgence in temperance literature have been fully described to Mr. Mowat. He knows that the excesses due to looking upon the text-book when it is read have shadowed once happy homes and filled drunkards' graves. Let him persist in his wrongdoing and be punished only by the assurance that the fair haired boys of the future will date their start on the rugged road to moral ruin back to the hour they imbibed total abstinence principles in school.
—*Toronto Telegram*.

WRUNG FROM HIM.

FIRST GENT, (To lady who is playing the Chimes of Normandy.)—"Has not that piece something to do with bells, Miss A.?"

Absent Minded Rival—"Yes, chestnut bells!"—*Col-lapse of whole party*.

"REMOVE the tax from shoes!" shouts a labor candidate. Wouldn't it be better to substitute pegs for tacks?
—*Yonkers Statesman*.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

LOOK out for the next issue of GRIP. It will have a double-page cartoon relating to the opening of the Dominion Parliament; and in addition to the usual contents, a supplement sheet, size 12 x 17 inches, being No. 1 of Grip's Gallery of Men of To-day, a series of finely executed Lithographed Portraits, will be sent out with every copy.

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