

Perilous Position

OF THE ONLY LADY MEMBER OF THE QUEBEC PRESS ASSOCIATION AMONG THE "BLISTERERS."

Our only lady-member often proves useful, as she is allowed to "rush in where angels—mean ordinary reporters—dare not tread." Her reception at ladies' meetings has always been pleasant and polite, until last Tuesday, when she was invited by the minority to attend a meeting at the Hervey Institute, and when, according to her own account, she had a narrow escape from a personal experience of the blisters and black holes prescribed by that establishment; at least she certainly had an encounter with Physical Force, which left her incapable of giving a lucid account of the affair.

According to the late published reports of the "whitewashing committee," the regulation discipline of the establishment for lying is the immediate application of a mustard blister, therefore we may judge of the alarm of the "only lady member" when accused of this crime by one of the stern disciplinarians, who declared in forcible terms that she did not believe the O. L. M. had been authorized to give a report by any paper. Then mustard plasters rose up before the mental vision of the terrified O. L. M., and the doubt as to whether they put a ray between racked her sorrowing soul. "Please, ma'am, I was told to come," she cried, "and if you'll wait I'll get you a letter from the editor." "Don't interrupt me," shouted the attacking party, while she continued to pour forth the vials of her wrath; and all around gathered the frowning faces of the blisterers, with growls of "scurrilous press," "literary scavengers," "blistering too good for them," etc., etc. "Please, ma'am, do you put a rag between?" ventured the O. L. M., "and couldn't you put it on the editor instead of me?" Then the minority came to her rescue, and the O. L. M. was allowed to escape, going on her way a sadder and a wiser woman, for she vows she will never go near a "blisterer" again.

At the Door!

Mrs. Smith (sympathetically)—"Poor Mrs. Siren! they say she has been ordered to a warmer climate. Do you think she will go?"
Mrs. Brown (grimly)—"No, not while she lives."



THE GLOBE'S PATENT PLAN.

[The lady teachers in the Toronto Public Schools are greatly incensed at the action of the Trustees, who have responded to their petition for an increase of salary by granting an advance of only 5s, whereas the male teachers have received double that sum.—Daily Paper.

Editor of Globe to Lady Teacher.—You see, the male teachers are likely to devote their lives to the profession, and so it pays to give them high salaries; whereas the ladies—now, if you will just sign this, I think you will have no difficulty in fixing the Trustees!
(But of course she won't!)

The Cold Ground.

SCENE, FASHIONABLE MONTREAL BOARDING-HOUSE DINNER TABLE.

Charming Young Widow—"So, sir, Hugem-fast is really going to marry again already!"
Aesthetic Old Maid—"What a shame! his wife can hardly be cold in her grave!"
Lively Matron—Why, yes, Miss Robinson; with the weather we have had this winter, she must be quite cold." Tableau.

Perhaps.

One of the charges brought against the matron of the Hervey Institute during the late investigation was that she gave the children only rice with milk and water (lots of water) for dinner. This charge was pooh poohed by the ladies of the majority; probably they thought it excusable, knowing Mrs. Greig's own inordinate fondness for Rice.

Some Radical Views.

DEAR GRIP,—I am a student, but I am a radical. Yes, sir, I am a radical, every inch of me, and I am proud to confess it. I abhor conventionalities with an intenseness that would satiate even the hungry soul of Oscar in its wild yearnings utterwards. I am somewhat incoherent at times when I get worked up over the grand original ideas that evolve themselves from my inner consciousness; but that is a minor matter, and, if you have no rooted objections, I will proceed to give you the benefit of my ideas on things in general. The first principle I lay down is, that whatever is popular is necessarily wrong. To me this is a self-evident axiom, incapable of proof, because of its utter truth. (N.B.—Don't imagine for a moment that I am an aesthete because I use the word *utter*. I ain't. Anybody who has seen me will certify to that.) This principle being infallible requires, according to all scientific and metaphysical doctrine, an exception or two to strengthen it. I am happy to say there is an exception. Everything that is popular is wrong, except when I am popular; then I find it all right. I make this rule the guide of my life, e.g., by way of illustration, everybody shaves. I don't. Radicals should always wear beards. Most ordinary mortals wear stiff felts. I wear a skull cap. Most students sport elegant canes. I am addicted to the manipulation of a cudgel of unknown circumference. Yes, sir, I am a radical, and radicalism is bound to triumph. Grant me the truth of my fundamental principle, "*Si, illud me da, vis*," as the Latin poet exclaimed in the ecstasy of his phrensy, grant me that (and get people to believe it) and I will revolutionize the world. Once get the masses to believe that everything that is popular is wrong, and the golden age of poets' dreams will have dawned, the millenium itself will be upon us, and existing conventionalities will sink into the chaotic oblivion of utter nothingness. Say, don't you think that that last sentence is just a trifle poetic. If it is, I had better stop. There is no poetry about me. I hate the conventional; poetry is conventional, *ergo ipso* I hate poetry. There are lots of conventionalities around the college that enjoys the honour of my attendance, which I would like to see levelled to the ground, such as scholarships, medals, prizes, honours, and similar trashy frivolities. I have, of course, enjoyed my share of them, but it is the principle of the thing I object to. They are conventional and popular in all famous Universities, *ergo* they must be wrong and should be abolished if my fundamental principle is correct. As it is conventional to write long letters in which little or nothing is said, I will stop short on the assumption that you are highly impressed and instructed.

Yours unconventionally,

R. ADICAL.



SAD POSITION OF A STATESMAN.

It is always painful to record the fall of a man who has occupied a position of honour in society, and these feelings press upon us as we perform the duty of chronicling the fact that one of our most distinguished statesmen was the other day cited to appear before the bar of the Police Court. The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, whose youthful goodness gave hopes of a long and prosperous career of usefulness; whose studiousness in later years strengthened those hopes, and whose achievements in active life actually realized those hopes in a very high degree;—the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, who had risen from the humble avocation of a stonemason, to the highest dignity open to Canadian worth and genius in the realm of politics;—the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, whose name had become synonymous with the prompt and faithful discharge of duty—cited to appear before the Police Magistrate! Ah! reader, this is a terrible example of the danger to which all are exposed, and ought to be pondered by all who would escape the fate which befel this once good man. Little did the admiring throng that but lately surrounded the Reform Premier's carriage think that the day would come when their hero would be cited before the Police Court! Little did Mackenzie's good and honest parents dream that their beloved child would one day be hauled up before Denison! Alas! nobody could have believed that Mackenzie, the industrious, earnest, and energetic Mackenzie, would ever neglect to *clean off his snow*, and so be brought before the beak!



AN EVIL OF "LONG STANDING."

Which is not likely to be abolished until customers refuse to deal with store-keepers who will not provide means whereby their saleswomen can rest their weary limbs during their long hours of duty.