



TRANSFERRING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

FATHER DEWART (to the newly appointed guardian of the "Guardian.")—"But, my dear young friend, are you quite sure you are strong enough for the position?"

PRESTO!

MR. Gladstone declines to express an opinion upon the House of Lords question because of his retirement from the leadership, and this should have been an equally good reason for his keeping silence in other government issues, one would think. But the Grand Old Logician does not hesitate to deliver his mind strongly on the subject of Local Option, and this in a sense violently opposed to the policy of the Cabinet. In a letter to the Bishop of Chester he says that for years he has considered Local Option an imposture in so far as it pretends to be a remedy for the drink evil. This expression has thrown Sir Wilfred Lawson and many other followers of the G. O. M. into convulsions of amazement, as it was chiefly on pledges to secure Local Option that Gladstone last came into office. He appears to be something of a Grand Old Flopper, does Mr. G.

AN ANTIDOTE.

WHEN a fellow's sweetheart arrives at an adverse conclusion, and the "thundering 'No' point blank from the lips of a woman" has been fired into his cardiac region, instead of going and drowning himself in a place like Toronto bay and spoiling a lot of good water, we advise him to read the following extract from Rilot on Diseases of the Will, and find out how she made up her mind:

"The mechanism of will action seems to be as follows: The incitation starts from the so-called motor regions of the cortex (parietofrontal region) and follows the pyramidal fasciculus called by some authors the voluntary fasciculus. This fasciculus which is formed by the grouping of all the fibres coming from the motor convolutions, descends through the oval centre and forms a small part of the internal capsule, which as we know penetrates into the corpus striatum like a wedge into a piece of timber. [That is, humanly speaking, the idea starts in the upper story, in which there is, of course, something lacking in the case just supposed, wanders round among the bundles till it drops through a hole into a dish stuck in a beam on the next flat.] Then it follows the peduncle (the uncle rather than the aunt, observe) and the medulla, where it undergoes more or less perfect decussation and passes to the opposite side of the cord (it's all up with a fellow after that) so forming a great commissure between the motor convolutions and the gray matter of the cord, from which are given out the motor nerves."

Now my friend, it is perfectly plain how it all happened. You must find a girl that decussates more perfectly. As to

the past calmly reflect that the whole thing is "like a wedge in a piece of timber" and go joyfully on your way.
Charlie Wanderson.

THE JUBILEE OF KNOX COLLEGE.

GOOD old Knox College, greetings!
Mister GRIP, robed in black plumage looking clerical,
Would take his stand amongst the ministers,
Who doff their soft felt hats and bow their heads
To do thee homage at thy jubilee.
'Tis fifty years since first thy open door
Invited students to thy learned halls,
There to be fed, not on fantastic doubt.
But on plain, Scottish common sense,
And honest brose of Christianity.
And what a noble record thou hast made
Through all that time!
Session by session thou has calmly sat
And taught the sturdy Presbyterian faith
To earnest men, who have more manly grown;
And tho', perchance, few pulpit orators
Of golden tongue have learned from thee the trick
Of tickling groundling ears with pretty words,
Thou has a splendid brood of solid men
Who preach and teach to-day throughout the world,
And help to move things onward!
Fifty years—thou hast but come of age;
To-day thou art in glorious strenuous youth,
With all thy course before thee stretching far
Up the celestial hill to'rds shining heavens
Of noble things and great accomplishments.
We, standing each within his little life,
May hail thee as thou passest on thy course,
For we are but a moment here to say
Hail and farewell—thy life is made of lives,
Thou growest old but with perpetual youth!

MAJOR Kennedy is going in for a second term. This is simply a statement of His Worship's intention, not a prophecy as to the result of the contest.



A TOUGH CONTRACT.

THE PRESS.—"Miss Canada says she's got important work for you at home, and hopes you are through with this Irish job."

BLAKE—"Through? Go, darlint, an' tell her I don't seem to be as near started at it yet as before I begun."