



Preparing a Bomb.

It having reached Mr. Grip's ear that the redoubtable Mr. Phipps was in retirement engaged upon some mysterious task which concerned the welfare of political society in general, and that of the Dominion Government in particular, a trustworthy secret-service representative was sent from this office to find out, if possible, what was going on. That official returns to inform us that he could not gain access to the mysterious den of the still more mysterious Phipps, the approach to his place of concealment being guarded by formidable notices to trespassers and admonitions of "No Admittance;" but by the use of certain arts known to the detective fraternity, he learned that the celebrated pamphleteer is engaged in making a fell bombshell which will shortly be projected where it will do the most good—or harm. In other words, Mr. Phipps is preparing a statement to prove his former assertion that the St. Paul Pacific Railway Syndicate are going to receive at least three hundred millions of dollars more than the Canadian Syndicate asked for. Let the members of a recreant Parliament stand from under!!

A Midsummer Knight's Journey.

On a hot day in the midsummer of the fourth year of the reign of the Douglas, a solitary horseman might have been seen slowly advancing over that plain which is described by Yankee geographers and other falsifiers of facts as "The North American Desert." He was travelling along the line of a certain road which was soon to be built, and seemed much occupied with the surrounding scenery. It was evident that he was not journeying to any holy shrine, as that portion of the country was singularly bare of such attractions, and it was also to be noticed that whenever he came to those portions of the land which the King had given to the company that was to build the road he would, on observing any evidences of superior fertility, exhibit signs of joy, and muttering to himself "The people shall hear hereof" make a certain mark on his shield as if to keep it in his mind.

Occasionally this horseman, who was evidently of noble birth, would, according to the custom of cavaliers when engaged in ordinary plain service, scour the surface for a short time, and although nature had plentifully endowed him with soft soap of a superior quality, he speedily became wearied with his exertions, and continued on his course. This particular plain had evidently not been scoured for some time, as it presented a very dirty appearance; but his irregular efforts did not at all improve it; in fact he confined his attention almost exclusively to that part owned by the king, and seemed much disappointed at finding that the rock did not appear immediately below the surface.

Now however, journeying slowly on, he disengaged his shield, a large one having sides lined with different colored metals, from his accoutre-

ments, and drawing some chamois leather from his pocket proceeded to burnish it most carefully; then, having satisfied himself with its brightness by arranging his whiskers by its aid, he slung it carelessly over his arm with the silver side out, and gathering the reins in his hand he urged his steed toward the setting sun. It might now be noticed that his coat seemed to have been turned at some past date, but in his own country it was known that this was not owing to his poverty but to a certain vow which he had made.

He had not gone far when there appeared in the distance a cloud of dust, from which shortly emerged another horseman, and on coming closer the Knight of the Shield was enabled to read these words blazoned on the stranger's helmet, "*Ruit oceano nox.*" From this motto, and from the bearing of the stranger, he was able to decide that the new comer was none other than his former chief, but now deadly foe, whom he believed to have gone to visit the people for whom he fought, and who no doubt was now returning to the Court. On drawing near the Knight of the Motto, addressing the other, said "Why ride you here? Know you not that this land belongs to a great company, even unto the Syndicate, and that you are forbidden, O Knight of the Double Shield, to wander over it or ride across it." Straightway, with winged words, answered the Knight of the Shield, "Lo, even now there will be no Syndicate—for that which it hath undertaken is too much for it; nor will the people aid it, for they groan under the burden they carry, and the Syndicate will fail; but another will arise, and I will aid it with my voice, and I will take stock therein—therefore do I ride across this land, and who is there to prevent me?" Then answered the Knight of the Motto, "You are beside yourself; too many deficits have made you mad; when the great railroad is built, then will your words be shewn to be untrue, for you were ever a false prophet and a small one, and you had better make a quick return."

Then the Knight of the Shield was greatly enraged and turning the brazen side of his shield out, he beat it on the head of his horse till a loud noise was made and said, "I care not, O man of the smooth face and wheedling tongue, for the rail road; if you were rail rode, and the Syndicate tarred and feathered, then would peace and plenty come upon the land," and pricking his horse with the spur of the moment he urged him against his adversary, but before he could reach him the shades of night fell between them and separated them, and tho' they panted for bloodshed they panted in vain, nor was even a woodshed sent to comfort them in their search, and wearied with their efforts they fell asleep, and when rosy fingered Aurora appeared they were far apart, and each continued on his road.



A Portrait of Good Friday.

The best press ever made—two loving arms.
A lady is always athletic enough to jump at an offer of marriage.



Mr. Blake "Feels Uncomfortable."

This little sketch will convey to the public mind some conception of what Mr. Blake means when he says that so far as he is concerned his present relations with the empire are not at all comfortable. He doesn't like being tied to his mother's apron-string, being a boy of high spirit and lofty aspirations. When placed in black and white, as above, this attitude does look a trifle humiliating; but public opinion in Canada for the present adjudges that, taking one consideration with another, this particular relation between mother and child is probably the safest and best. Some of the Conservative journals, we observe, are setting up a great howl of "loyal" indignation against Blake and his party on this Confederation of the Empire question. We are told that they are annexationists in disguise, but we give no more heed to this howl than we do that of the opposite party when they produce arguments to prove that the present Government are deliberately plotting to hand over the Dominion to Uncle Sam.

Voices of Spring

1881.

FIRST VOICE.

He called and spoke of gentle Spring;
She looked upon him from the sofa,
As if he were some unclean thing,
And murmured, *sotto voce*, "lofah."
"Why this coolness? Tell me, dear;
Why look thus reproachfully?
You told me I had naught to fear,
That you'd be ever true to me,
Then why this coldness, I implore?"
She scarce could answer (she was sneezing).
"Cold! Good gracious! shut the door,
You great big fool! I'm almost freezing."

The lover thought, "By love I'm sold,
It is not 'coolness,' it is cold."

SECOND VOICE.

The winds were gusty,
The streets were dusty,
It was the "wust" he
Ever saw.

The night a stinger,
Yet he had to bringer
To hear a sweet singer

At the opera.

They went, but nary a
Song or aria,
Or ought hilari—
—ous the singer sang.

Poor Prima Donna,
Her voice was gone a,
Cold was on her,

The Spring had sprung.

Once again I am a dupe he
Thought as he paid for the two-horse coupe.

A son of Erin being asked which was the greatest debating club in Ireland, replied, "The shillelah. And it's foremost in the hottest contests."