



"WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP."

SIR HECTOR MCGAWBER.—I wonder if those Winnipeg people really do need better post office accommodation. They are bothering the life out of us about it!

George Elliot, an' hundreds av other names that shine like stars in the firmament of literature an' art! While in ivory spire av life, the unwritten history av woman is like the milky way in the heavens, a nebulous light av clustering stars whose self-denying life is so remote from the selfish comprehension av man, that only those partaking av their nature have the teleopic clearness av vision to see them as they are. "According to Darwin, man, in all that he does acts from profound thought." He does, eh? Does he act from profound thought when he goes galivantin' after a bit av a giddy girl, all feathers an' flowers, an' frizzes, an' bangles, but who is clever enough to torture him as she would a potato bug stuck on a pin? when he swears? when he chews tobacco? when he slinks into a saloon, the very passing smell of which sickens a good woman? when he uses all the powers av his "shapayrior" intellect to blarney over a young innoxpayrianced girl to her eternal destruction? Raley! now, does he raley act "from profound thought?" Oh, wisba thin!—"In past centuries neither one sex nor the other received any education." Shlick to the truth, me bye, yez know very well that what little bit av education was goin', the byos got it all; sure an' aint the wimmin hammerin' at the university doors in Canada now, in this tail ind av the nineteenth century, an' can't get in. He says, "the supremacy of women is sometimes met with among inferior races." Bad cess to him! Does he call the British race in England, America, and iviry-where else infayrior? An' don't the wimmin kind howld the supremacy there both in quantity an' quality? An' a grate lot more av sich stuff he trates us to, sich as, wimmin have no invention, (!) no composers among them, etc. Be jabers, thin, I never yet saw the woman who couldn't compose a schrammin bsby asier than any twenty min, an' may I live long enough to see the woman that couldn't invint the situa-

tion that best suited her purpose, aye an' circumvent the best man going. It's no use Mister Delauny, we may as well give in at wanst an' go halvers fairly wid woman, our kingdom is departed, luck at yon *Mene, Mene Tekel* blazin' on the dead wall av the future, an' all yer blurrin' an' rubbin' dirt over it won't rub it out. Besides it's nothing to be deplored after all, the happiest days av our life was when woman was shapreme, an' I know this, that whin women's voices are heard in the legislative halls av our Dominion, it's mighty few saloons, an' still fewer drunkards there will be in the strates thereof. Shpeed the day is the fervent prayer av

Yours sincerely,
BARNEY O'HEA.



THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON ADVERTISER AND HIS "ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY."

The Expurgated Zoo.

A BALLAD OF THE FUTURE.

(By Ja. Kayle.)

Bring your sisters, bring your cousins,
Bring your aunties too,
Bring your wives and bring your babies,
Down to see the Zoo.

Here you'll see the festive turtle
Climbing up a pole,
And the genuine "Wild Harry,"
Eating sausage roll.

When you see the funny monkeys,
Laugh you will, or bust,
For they all are wearing trowsers—
—Patton says they must.

Patton is the moral censor
And his order recent
Says that monkeys unclad are im—
"Moral" and "indecent."

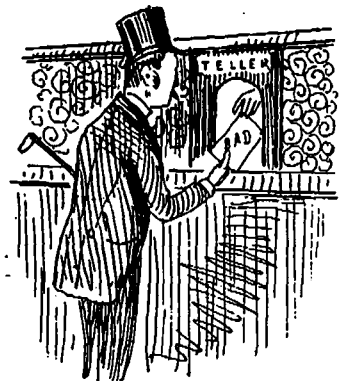
Bruin though you will not see,
(I'm a trade recorder)
For being "bear," he's been suppressed by
Mr. Patton's order.

You will miss the chimpanzee,
Him they had to poison,
For the bold, immodest brute,
Wouldn't keep his clothes on.

Now the owl sits solemnly,
Never more it screeches—
—Mr. Patton had its legs
Cased in leather breeches.

But the Zoo declines to be
So entire y sat on,
They intend to get a case and
Capture Mr. Patton.

When the beasts are fed each day,
He with solemn strictures,
Will perform his famous act of
Burning books and pictures.



AN "UTTER" YOUNG MAN.

To LEX, Montreal.

The writer of "The permitted crime" stands gratefully corrected. pleads ignorance of legal, local, or other law, save the broad, comprehensive, non-provincial one of right and wrong, and is powerfully glad to learn that there is justice to be had in at least one spot on top of this round earth—to wit, Quebec. As a rule Canadian—I mean Ontario legislators, aye, and for that matter, most legislators since Moses—have been awfully good to themselves, their heirs, and assigns, (male) in the way of making statutes and such matters,—so good in fact, really one feels sinister enough to believe that they framed them with an eye to future contingencies, and we confess we have but small hope that this disgraceful state of things will be amended in any hurry, unless, indeed, the franchise be speedily extended to the juster sex, in which case you'll soon see the lively time they'll make for certain types of the genus wolf, who under the present laws roam safely at large amidst the green pastures and by the still waters of Canadian Society. You go for 'em, Lex, and count on the unflinching support of

JAY KAYLE.

Hamilton, Oct 29th, 1881.