

NOMINATION DAY.

OLIO OF ODDITIES BY THE WEST TORONTO VARIETY TROUPE.

GREAT ARRAY OF STARS.

Under the personal supervision of CHAS. LINDSEY, Esq., who will appear in the latest election *role*. The inimitable contractionist and contortionist E. O. BICKFORD, will introduce his popular songs "Riding on a rail" and "Woodman spare that tree."

Prof. ROBERT BELL, M. P. P., will sing his great song "She's all my fancy painted her" and exhibit his soul stirring sign-boards.

Mr. ALDERMAN BAXTER, author of the "Saint's Rest" will appear as *Dogberry* and give some side-splitting extracts from his celebrated Burlesque on Justice.

The famous trio CANAVAN, ELSLEY and HAYES will exhibit an entertaining series of dissolving views.

Hon. O. MOWAT will repeat his perilous descent from the Bench.

INTERMISSION OF TEN MINUTES FOR A RIOT

after which the Conservative Association, under the guidance of Mr. BOULTBEE, ex-M. P. P., will introduce their highly æsthetic, peripatetic and serio-comical MENAGERIE, consisting of the following moral and instructive animals:

1. The Performing Elephant.....Ald. BAXTER.
2. The Orange Mare.....SQUARETOES.
3. The Versatile Pelican.....Mr. CANAVAN.
4. The Illiterate Bore.....Mr. BICKFORD.
5. The Trick Mule.....Mr. LAUDER.
6. The Dejected Clam.....Mr. E. CROMBIE.
7. The Prehistoric "What is it".....Mr. M. C. CAMERON.
8. The Precocious Oyster.....Mr. H. CAMERON.

besides a dozen or two of trained monkeys, stuffed bears, and performing puppies.

After the audience has been sufficiently convulsed with the antics of this "happy family" there will be a GRAND SET-TO between the National Rooster TURNER and the Game Chicken ROBINSON.

Then the Georgia Minstrels will appear under the leadership of Mr. BROWN, who has promised his unparalleled BREAK-DOWN of "The Ambassador" or, "What I know about Reciprocity," and render Ethiopian music. The programme is *recherche*.

Song, "O take that fool away"....Mr. G. BROWN.
Brilliant Break-down.....Mr. EDGAR.
Nicodemus Johnson.....Hon. Mr. MOWAT.
Stump Speech.....The black DIAMOND, M. P.

The musical prodigy, Hon. CRIS. FRASER will here play on the Scotch fiddle, perform on the Irish bag-pipes and blow his own trumpet at one and the same time.

Hon. Mr. PARDEF will appear in dumb show.

Hon. S. C. WOOD will execute a variety of grotesque figures.

Song, "Shoo fly, don't bother me"....Ex-Ald. THOMPSON.
Clog Dance.....KENNETH MCKENZIE.

After this, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH will exhibit in a separate tent, and Hon. Wm. McDougall will give his favourite JIM CROW performance outside the grounds.

INTERMISSION OF FIVE MINUTES FOR REST.

The Catholic League, led by Mr. JOHN O'DONOHUE and ended by Mr. J. D. MERRICK will here perform different feats of turning, balancing and summer-saulting, illustrative of the ancient games of Greece and Rome. The latter in the character of JIM BAGGS will sing "I'm a pilgrim."

Grand Finate by the Canada First party.—Tableau, HERCULES and his club.

Come one, come all, make a big push.

God save the Queen.

A Man Who Must Be Rebuked.

The following startling paragraph has been floating around in the newspapers:—

ANN ARBOR, Oct. 18th.—I have discovered this evening a planet hitherto unknown. It shines like a star of the tenth magnitude. Its right ascension is fifteen degrees and sixteen minutes, and its declination is seven degrees and three minutes north. It is moving west and south.

JAMES C. WATSON.

Now isn't this getting to be a little thin? Every few weeks this man WATSON comes out and announces with all the pride of an over-elated hen that he has discovered another of these choice planets—"only a few more left and they are going like hot cakes." Maybe he wants us to believe he finds them, when the whole corps of astronomers have been scraping the sky with their telescopes until it is worn very thin in spots, and have only been able to find one now and then. It's my private opinion he is humbugging us all, and that he don't find them at all, but makes 'em. You have seen one of those prestidigitateur produce oranges and eggs and apples from the end of a wand, or pieces

of money from the air? In all probability this man WATSON gets his planets in the same way. It may be that he has a corner on planets and is trying to bear the market. It is becoming dreadfully monotonous, and if he really does find them it is not a little alarming, since he may discover the last one—and astronomical existence would become a terrible bore with no new planets to find. In such a case the undevout astronomer might be expected to become madder than a March hare. If he makes them, isn't there the greatest danger of his using up the raw material of planets until there will be a regular dearth, and the advocates of the nebular hypothesis can find no more "star curds" to experiment on in the milky-way and will just have to float about in their own whey? There is another danger just ahead if WATSON keeps on at it this fearful rate. The supply of good names will not hold out. Great men are becoming scarce, and at this rate either we shall be obliged to call for a new supply of great men or WATSON has got to stop finding planets. Let this astronomical bo-peep, who goes ferreting out lost, strayed or stolen planets, be required to procure names for all his brood of planets before he turns them loose on a sad and scandal-burdened world. The Big Push Planet might do for the one first discovered, but let the next be called Brown by all means. It is really getting to be a nuisance, this sticking up a lot of *parvenu* and third class planets among the old-fashioned and wholly reliable stars that Sarah Jane and I used to worship over the front gate when we were young, and that used to rhyme so splendidly with Mars and bars and cars, not to mention cigars and "maminars." What with the new-fangled planets and meteoric belts and spectrum analysis and cataclysms, the heavens are no more like what they were when I used to be a boy than this year's morality is like the old-fashioned, straight-backed kind.

Yours sorrowfully,

TOMPKINS (with a P).

Croaks and Pecks.

EXPENSIVE SUITS.—"Tweed" suits.

CEASE rude BICKFORD blustering railer. Leave MCKENZIE'S track awhile.

THE NEW FAMILY COMPACT.—CANAVAN'S compact with JOHN BEVERLEY.

WEST Peterboro' may be said to be a "unit" in favor of the Opposition.

It is rumoured that another "Joly dog" is about to enter MACKENZIE'S cabinet.

CARTWRIGHT, the Finance Minister, is in England at present, where he is playing a lone hand.

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.—Mr. J. B. ROBINSON advocates protection. He needs it.

Si non e vero, a ben trovato.—CANAVAN, ELSLEY and HAYES are men of a retiring disposition.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Shop-clerks, bank-clerks, &c., were most devoutly thankful—for a holiday.

WHY is a "Coffin" one of the most useful? pieces of Cabinet-ware?—Because it is a "Receiver General."

BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE.—The Robins' son edging two fledglings out of the family nest.

MR. J. D. EDGAR is in dudgeons with the "pairty" because he did not get the West Toronto nomination.

SINCE "LAIRD'S" return from Nor.-west he has been preaching *Indian Meal* diet, as good for the interior.

DEMOSTHENES BICKFORD handles LINDLEY MURRAY without gloves. No wonder he is a terrible antagonist.

IF T'WERE DONE T'WERE WELL DONE QUICKLY.—TURNER says he will be in before you can say JACK ROBINSON.

THE POLITICAL HORIZON.—Since the HAYES has disappeared, both parties can see clearly. The archbishop exorcised him.

ANOTHER COUNTY HEARD FROM!—SCOTT, of West Peterboro' has won by one. The Local Opposition is increasing one by one.

WHAT BOOTS IT.—ROBINSON says TURNER'S principles are as elastic as his boots. Perhaps he may like to stand in his shoes.

SCRAPS.—BICKFORD says that Government lost \$400,000 by buying rails. Does he include their losses by his dealings in scrap iron?

HERALDIC.—Mr. J. B. ROBINSON has applied to the Herald's College for a coat of arms for BICKFORD in order that he may be qualified to associate with him, "a vestige of the Old Family Compact." It has been granted as follows:

CREST.—A cedar of Lebanon, uprooted (from nearest swamp.)

SHIELD.—On a field or, an iron bar sinister.

SUPPORTERS.—A custom-house officer rampant;—a policeman regardant.

MOTTO.—*Robur et as triplex.*