

King Konking Holds the Key!

"A government of the people by the people for the people shall not perish from the earth!"
 - (Author died before Garfield's inauguration.)

Lines to a "Plant."

Suggested by a Visit from a Collector.
 Dear shrub whose praises are unming,
 Whose beauty scarce admitted,
 Accept the tribute of my tongue,
 One pen how'er unfitted.
 While rhymers strive in aimless ways
 To eulogize thy neighbors,
 'Til there's scarce an unturned phrase -
 'Thon't wot their then labors.
 The rose contrasted seems less bright,
 The lily's vein no slimmer;
 The magnolia's aroma slight;
 The dahlia's lines much dimmer.
 The jealous tulip bites its lips,
 The pansy sinks to earth,
 The aster feels its wealth's eclipse,
 And droops before thy worth.
 "What's in a name?" No creed of mine,
 These time-worn words enfold;
 Much worldly wisdom lanks in thine
 Beloved *marigold!*



His Deliberate Choice.

Alexander III, proprietor and sole editor of *Russia*, has missed a fine opportunity of proving that he is not an ass. The people of his Empire asked him which he would do—take a pen and sign his name to a document granting the common blessings of civilization to Russia, or live for a little while in a chattering dread and then be blown into atoms by a bomb-shell. He deliberately chose the latter. The world may now watch its morning papers for the usual big headlines over the Russian news.

Our Representative Max.

At Home, Thursday A. M.

Most Worthy "Grip":

The office boy whom you have sent up for my account of the press trip to Collingwood yesterday finds me in bed. You will have to postpone it to next week. They had crackers and cheese on the special car going up, and H. Jolliness Mumford was very attentive to his guests, consequently I feel more or less broken up this morning and can't do the subject justice. I will get up a nice little thing about it for next week, which one of your artists can illustrate with sketches of Gregg, Mumford, G. A. Diner, Freed, Hudgson, Capt. Campbell, etc. Meantime I have only to say that the Great Northern Transit Company have a line of the finest propellers I ever clapped an eye on, and control a clean route from Chicago to Ogdenburg. I should like to take a trip to Chicago this summer (as your Representative) on such a boat as the Manotolin for instance. But I will talk to you about this when I come down town. *Adieu* for the present; I must have another little snooze.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



Pope in the Musk-g-Muddle.

We understand that Sir Charles Tupper is on his way home, if not already at Ottawa. We are delighted to hear this, not only because it indicates that he is restored to health, but also because perhaps he can do something to help his unfortunate colleague, J. H. Pope, out of the mud-hole he has fallen into. Though it isn't exactly a mud-hole, either; strictly speaking it is a musk-hole—musk-g, being a certain sort of mire, about the consistency of porridge, which is sometimes used by shrewd contractors when building embankments for an easy-going Government. Musk-g, however, is as bad as ordinary mire for begrinning the hands of a Cabinet Minister, and poor Mr. Pope appears to be thoroughly covered with it. To descend from the symbolism suggested by our sketch, we trust Sir Charles Tupper will be able to get the Acting Minister of Railways out of the unsavoury mess he appears to have got into by paying the contractors on Section A, C. P. R., a large amount of money on a claim which (if the facts are properly given to the public) certainly looks like a fraudulent one.

Our Book Shelf.

We have been honored with a copy of Senator Macpherson's latest pamphlet in defence of the Government at Ottawa. The worthy author undertakes to prove that our rulers are prudent and economical. The Tories say he has succeeded admirably; the Grits pronounce the pamphlet a parcel of sophistry and bosh. The respectable citizen must read the pamphlet for himself.

The Intellectual Development of the Canadian People, by Mr. J. G. Bourinot. This is a neat and tasteful reprint of Mr. Bourinot's admirable series of papers contributed to recent numbers of the *Canadian Monthly*. The author has brought together the results of extensive research, and has given us a book well worth of attentive perusal by every Canadian.

Gauger's Practical Speller.—This little work, which belongs to the Publishers' Educational Series, is intended for the use of schools, but will also be found a very handy adjunct to every business man's desk.

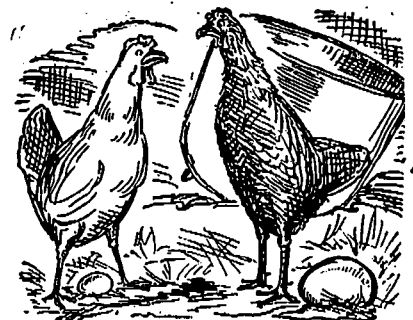


A Mystery of St. James'.

Ne'er to his sacred duty doth he pass,
 E'er (Sabbath nights) he hath turned off the gas;
 This action many fail to understand;
 It is not bashfulness that moves his hand;
 But simply that the lamps are useless quite,
 For he himself's a shining pulpit light.

The Power of Music.

In days of old,
 As I've been told,
 When earth was young and mellow,
 A player came,
 Orpheus by name,
 A very clever fellow.
 And on his lyre,
 Which could inspire
 Such tones, you'd almost fear it,
 He struck a note,
 A sportive goat
 Pricked up his ears to hear it.
 A louder strain,
 And all the train
 Of birds and beasts excited,
 With leap or bound,
 Came crowding round,
 And stood entranced, delighted.
 The mighty oak,
 His rootlets broke,
 And marched along so proudly,
 And hand in hand
 A sappling band
 Rushed on, applauding loudly.
 The very stones
 Heard the sweet tones,
 And bounded from their places,
 And rolled along,
 A motley throng,
 With rapture in their faces,
 O ancient day!
 Now passed away!
 Orpheus has no successors;
 The slender twig
 Don't care a fig,
 For the most skilled professors.
 And sharps and flats,
 Like dogs and cats,
 Tear our poor souls in pieces,
 'Till the sweet maid,
 Who kindly played,
 At length more kindly ceases.



No Room for Egg-otism.

Philosophical Hen.—O, shet up your cackle! I regard a big egg as a sign of a weak intellect under the present state of affairs. When people begin to sell eggs by weight instead of by the dozen, it will be time enough for respectable hens to exert themselves. Meantime, small products for small encouragement is my lay!