



A PERFECT "CURE"!

The above sketch looks exceedingly harmless. You would scarcely think to look at it that in the words of so calm a journal as the *Montreal Witness*, it means *simply Revolution!* Yet such is the case. And if you have any right idea of the British Constitution you will agree in this startling opinion, when we explain that the picture represents a veritable fact, to wit, that a certain cure of a Quebec parish has asked—and probably received—permission from his bishop to apply to the *Local Government* for funds to clear off the debt on his *Church*. The Quebec Government is made up of men so pious that no doubt they would unhesitatingly meet this demand out of the public funds and think they were doing God service, but happily (in this instance) the exchequer of the Province is so very low that this scandalous transaction is out of the question. Ontario people will laugh at this innocent clergyman and his "new method of paying old debts," but let us ask what is the essential difference between this and the demand made by Denominational Colleges for public money in our own enlightened Province?

PLEASE X.

The arrival of a bundle of exchanges from the Post Office is a pleasing episode which happens once or twice a day. But every week has its red-letter-day, when our comic contemporaries come to see us.

Here is *Puck*. Great paper this, fine paying property; suits the Yankee public "right down to the ground." Keppler, who is "artistic director," has just built himself a little home that cost \$150,000. He seems to get more than \$10 a week salary. But why don't you draw more pictures yourself, Joseph? Why don't you give Gillam and Opper and Gruetz, and the other fellows a holiday once in a while, and sling your own quill offener? *Puck* is good pictorially, but awfully weak in the letter-press department, except when Bunner and Vallentine do themselves justice.

Here we have another New York comic—*Life*. Beautifully printed, a perfect little dude for elegance, but a dude whose brains outweigh his clothes. Both pictures and letter-press of the first order. The success of this journal is a vindication of the Yankee public from the charge of bad taste and coarseness.

The *Hatchet* comes from Washington. But goodness, gracious! Mr. Boddy, what do you mean by spreading yourself in such a style? Eight broad-sheet pages, with matter enough to scare the average reader to death. Take a

friend's advice, dear sir, and change your form to the *Puck* size; or give it another fold, and put a cover on and call it a weekly magazine.

This is the *Chiel*, a journal of Scotch wit, from Glasgow. Very neat little paper, but Mr. Blyth, see here: Why do you fill so many of your pages with fashion notes and local paragraphs, and theatre notices, and musical memoranda? That is not the stuff for a comic paper. And why don't you get Mr. Donnelly to do some good political cartoons instead of those everlasting pantomime sketches? Scotland's national paper ought to be aware that some of Scotland lies outside of the "second city."

The *Baille* comes from Glasca, too, but it has nae picture ava. The editor divides his attention between the kirk and the licensed victuallers, though every week he gives a litho portrait and sketch under the head of "men you know." The last one we saw was a woman. The *Baille* needs a couple of artists on its staff to be a really interesting journal.

POEMS FROM THE BIG SWAMP.

No. 1.—HOW SID GOT RELIGION.

BY THE KHAN.

Vas, he's the best exhorter round,
You're right when you said that thare,
He preaches a sermon oncommon slick,
An' yanks a most beoyotful prayer.
He'll tackle a text remarkable soon,
An' rustle, an' shout, an' sweat;
His sermons allus hez trimmings on,
An' cardinal tassels, yoe bet!

But he got religion oncommonly queer,
An' only lately 'twas done;
Vor Sid waz onst a terrible man,
A reg'lar son uv a gun.
By gosh, it was a regular fright
When Sid went off on a tear;
He'd fight his weight in wolverines,
An' rip, an' skip an' swear.

But a big revival wuz started here
By a lanky coon named Pine;
The way he raked the sinners in
Wuz most oncommon fine.
The penitent bench wuz allers full,
Till the pulpit place wuz hid,
He never stopped till he gathered all
The sinners round, but Sid.

When Sid found out they wanted him
He went right off on a bowl,
An' kem to church one ramy night
Ez drunk ez a Dutchman's owl.
He wanted gore an' wuz full uv fight,
So full you'd think he'd spile,
So he whooped a terrible yell at the door,
An' hooped a jig in the aisle.

'The preacher tried to soother him down,
But he got a clout in the eye;
He muttered a kind uv mournful prayer,
An' heaved a sorrowful sigh.
Sez he, "The sperit moveth me
To thump this wand'ring sheep,"
An' he hit poor Sid a terrible lick,
An' knocked him all uv a heap.

He kicked him over a bench or two,
An' over the stove, I swear,
A singin' away in mournful tones,
"The bootiful gate's ajar."
He banged him over agin the wall,
An' there he says, sez he:
"Sinner, oh why so ruckless grown,
Dost know Salvation's free?"

He bunged his eyes, he broke his nose,
He stove a rib er two,
An' never stopped till Sidney's hide
Wuz mottled black an' blue,
He licked him well an' then—he cried,
But wiped his tears away,
An' kneeling down he solemn said—
"My prethering, let us pray!"

An' Sid got up an' jined right in.
Altho' he could 'nt see;
An' yelled fer all that he wuz worth—
"I'm glad Salvation's free!"
An' ever since he's kep the faith,
It isn't any whim;
A better preacher does not live
In fifty miles than him.

AN ANECDOTE.

One day Col. Dennison, P.M., met a law student on his way to Osgoode Hall. The student looked very pale, and the kindly Colonel observed this. "You are studying too hard, my young friend, I am afraid," said he, in a sympathetic tone. "Not too hard, I hope," said the youth, "but I certainly am applying myself very closely. I have a high ambition. I mean to be your successor on the Police Court Bench, Colonel." "Indeed!" said the Colonel. "Yes, sir," replied the student, "and hence I am devoting myself to the study of Criminal Law with a view—" "Hold!" said the Colonel, interrupting him, "cease your fatal work. Drop your law, and turn your attention to your body instead of your mind." "What do you mean, sir?" asked the youth in perplexity. "I mean that if you intend to occupy that Bench and survive you must so train your olfactory nerves that they can successfully resist the worst smells that mortal man ever sniffed!"

And then the Colonel passed on.

THE DEJECTED MAID.



MID the crowd there walked a maid
Whose eyes were filled with tears,
Her steps were hurried and afraid,
She could not calm her fears.

Her crimson cheek did pale in hue,
Her heart was charged with woe;
Alas! alas! what should she do,
Wherever should she go?

It was not unrequited love
That made this damsel sad
And trembling, as a frightened dove—
That almost drove her mad.

'Twas not that Fred had proved unkind,
That weighed upon her breast,
Nor had she eaten Cheshire rind,
That never would digest.

She hurried on amidst the dust
And crowd all in a hustle;
To tell you now I's'pose I must,
She'd lost—she'd lost her bustle!

N. L.

THE DIFFERENCE IN MOVES.

"That was right nice in Harry Archer's landlord presenting him on Christmas with a receipt for two months' rent."
"Is that so? How did Harry feel over it?"
"He could scarcely return thanks in words; he was almost moved to tears through gratitude."
"A neighbor of mine was much more moved than that by his landlord."
"Indeed! How was that?"
"He was moved out of his house."—*Kentucky State Journal*.

THE HEIR APPARENT.

"Your father is entirely bald now, isn't he?" said a man to the son of a millionaire.
"Yes," replied the youth sadly, "I'm the only heir that he has left."