

A DIVISION COURT is a good field for the student of nature. Lately a plaintiff in a Division Court suit was closely interrogated by the Judge upon a point involving a small sum, when he indignantly asked, "Do you think I'd tell a lie and perjure myself for that amount?" It is at such odd moments of excitement that a man will reveal his true character.

ROCHEFORTE appropriately carries his *Lanterne* to Berne.

SINCE the notice taken by GRIP of 37 Vic, cap. 38, sec. 11, he observes that it has disappeared from the columns of a morning newspaper. He thereupon feels it incumbent upon him to repeat one of his pet phrases,—“I'm a devil, I'm a devil.”

“THESE be piping times,” say the men who are engaged on the Toronto Water Works.

“Ye Gods and little FISHES!” is the exclamation of a western paper over the marriage of a man named FISH. We reproduce it for the benefit of Mr. SAMUEL WILMOT.

THE *Mail* says: “Glanford Township is inflicted with sheep-worrying dogs.” What has Glanford been doing? It is just possible that it is being punished for its Grit proclivities; and that the importation of a few Tories would soon prevent the dogs from worrying—what they could not find.

THE Police Commissioners contemptuously refer to a prominent temperance man of the city as “one SHARP, key of G.” LUKE, not to be outdone, declares that *they* properly represent the key of E, three flats.

#### From Gay to Grave.

DIED.—At St. John, N. B., on Saturday, 24th ult., QUIP, aged six months.

QUIP was an enfant terrible. At its birth it was hailed as a funny child. This is the funniest incident in its history. Embarking on a witty existence its life was marked by the “soul of wit,”—brevity. Its projector worked like a horse to drag his enterprise along the straight road to success; but was unable to do so because of his attention to the adulations of the multitude who shouted out his unfortunate name, and incessantly called to him, “DAVID GEE.” QUIP was a comic paper: it was a paper to be laughed at. We have often been amused at its funny attempts at fun, and wondered if they were an average specimen of Bluenose brilliancy. It could not live. It did not have sufficient natural humour in its composition. Therefore in death it is lowly lying, as it too frequently was in life. It sometimes committed the sin of stealing from GRIP, and found that “the wages of sin is death.” SMITH, D. G., of QUIP editor and proprietor, having sent you bantling where it will never trouble St. John again, has himself made an *Advance* movement upon the town of Chatham, where he hopes to lead a better life, and, as he says, “endeavour to win the esteem and confidence of the people.” His ruling passion, however, is still upon him, so that he cannot avoid the satirical remark that “he trusts his connection with the *St. Croix Courier*, with the *St. John Telegraph* and with *Quip*, will be accepted as a guarantee of fitting experience.” We fear SMITH is an inveterate cynic; but we hope he will yet prove a credit to his well-known name. He has begun well by burying QUIP, over whose remains we beg to fraternally raise this monument:



#### The Fifth of November.

THURSDAY was the fifth of November, a day to be marked in the history of Canada, as it has long been in the annals of England, as the anniversary of the discovery of a plot. In the one case the English House of Commons was not blown up, in the other the Canadian House of Commons, as then constituted, was. In both, the result was a great deliverance from danger, and Canadians can chant:

Remember, remember,  
The fifth of November,  
When Sir John's big political plot  
Was squelched for the reason,  
The Grits smelt the treason;  
And they'll see it's never forgot.

#### Lo Trying.

I.

Lo flies to get a swallow, scenting rum,  
And Lo is bound upon a dreadful “bum,”  
When the braves scatter “something's got to come.”

II.

To get a swallow sneaks poor Lo, and tries  
To find in secret what the law denies;  
To get one taste he'd tell a thousand lies.

III.

Nor sip nor swallow has he had to-day,  
For sip or swallow wildly does he pray,  
'Tis well for him, that rum's put from his way.

IV.

But though the world forbids, he'll find a son  
Of SATAN, who will drink give for his gun,  
Then Lo will guzzle while a drop will run.

V.

Thirsting, to-day Lo could not, if he would,  
Forego his drunk, and be of sober mood:  
As well might hunger halt in sight of food.

Bytown.

CELIA O. NORTH.

#### In the Starlight.

THE Grit papers consider our twinkling, scintillating, evening contemporary a fixed star, as it is “a *Sun* of another system.” This luminary, the shimmering rays of which come from a perilous distance, sometimes casts erroneous reflections, as when it dimly demonstrated that the *St. Catharines News* had announced the absence of Hon. Mr. Mowat and other members of the Government in Paris, raising to the top of the Vendome column the bronze castings which form the pedestal of the statue. This is a mistake; for everybody who is even slightly acquainted with Ontario politics, knows that these Ministers but lately expended their whole available stock of brass to form a pedestal for a Canadian statute, known as 37 Vic., Cap. 38. For further particulars see *Mail*, issue of a fortnight ago.

#### Offended Dignity.

Scene: Parliament Square, Ottawa.

Western Editor, just arrived, (to kid-gloved military exquisite emerging from Western Block.) “Say! Where's SANDY MACKENZIE'S office?” M. E. (elevating his nose somewhat higher and bestowing a withering glance on hapless W.E.) “Oh! Aw! demnation! I'm not a messenger! I b'long to the Gawds!” (W.E. retires crestfallen.)

#### Plain Words from Truthful James.

J. G. C. to W. A. McD.

TELL me not in gloomy accents  
You will keep me out of stamps,  
For, see here, my boots don't lack rents  
To bring on the cold and cramps.

Spirits then I'll have to take Mac,  
To relieve the gripes and pain,  
For my stomach then will rake, Mac,  
And on you I'll lay the blame.

And I charge you, if this follers,  
It's your duty to come down  
With (we'll say) about ten dollars,  
Or I'll have to leave the town.

So, dear boy, relieve the needy,  
And I'll do the same for you,  
Then I pray you be not greedy,  
Or begad, I'll go for you!

Golden sayings—“Current Events.”

The American merchant when buying goods patriotically exclaims,  
“The dearest spot of earth to me is home.”  
Result of the North Renfrew election—Luke, xxii, 52.