



ANSWERED.

MUSICAL AMATEUR (*much interested*)—"Er—do you play by ear, my man?"

CURE VIOLINIST—"No—by hand, don't you see?"

for a while to hit British imports more severely than we do at present, that cannot be helped. British interests would in the long run be more benefited than injured by free trade between Canada and the Republic.

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THERE is a profound moral involved in the following characteristic ditty in Gilbert's new comic opera. It has its political application just now, when smooth-spoken "patriots," whose ultimate design is boodle, are softly purring around the innocent electors:

When hungry cat
On helpless mouse
In sportive humor pounces,
Her playful pat
So treacherous
No fell intent announces;
He thinks she yearns
For game of play
Provoked by pure affection.
But soon he learns
To his dismay,
That game is vivisection.
Her talons quit
Their native fur—
Apart she fiercely rends him,
And, bit by bit,
At length to her
Digestive regions sends him.
"Beware of games
With feline friends—
They're generally hollow!"
So he exclaims
As he descends
Her comprehensive swallow.

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EVENTS have abundantly justified the cartoon published in our last issue, entitled "Adieu, Mercier." Since it appeared the revelations before the commissioners have grown worse, and have involved Mercier in

such a way as to make it impossible any longer to indulge a hope of his personal innocence. The bolt of Quebec Liberals has begun. The convention at Richmond honored itself by passing a strong resolution condemning Mercier and his gang, and other self-respecting Liberal organizations will, no doubt, follow suit. If now we could only find Conservative conventions denouncing the Ottawa boodlers as plainly, there would be some hope for the country after all. But meantime, the Ontario Conservatives have swallowed the Haggart pill without the slightest contortion.

OUR new mayor * made a * good * by emphasizing the great democratic idea. He went down to the City Hall on Inauguration day, in the spirit of Cromwell, and said, metaphorically, "Take away those haubles"—meaning the shiny plug and white gloves that have lent glory to the Clarke *regime*. And he doesn't propose to wear them on regular council nights, nor their accompaniment, the swallow-tailed coat. All of which meets GRIP's approval. And when the old clo' man calls round for the discarded garments, we trust mayor Fleming will also drop the antiquated "your worship" into his bag.

GRIP would lay a wreath of affectionate remembrance upon the grave of WILLIAM HENRY HUSTON, late principal of the Woodstock College. A nobler young citizen, or a more promising career, Canada has never known and lost. Never did man more intensely take to his heart the injunction, "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And William Huston's hand was put to the grand work of instructing the young,—their hearts as well as their heads. His life was brief, but it was a glorious success. His name is enshrined in the generous souls of schoolboys all over the land. What nobler Westminster could any man ask?

AT THE ART GALLERY.

BORAX (*looking at picture*)—"Now, I wonder what on earth that figure in the foreground is supposed to represent."

SAMJONES—"Ah, that's a poser."



X-ASPIRATING.

BAD BOY (*to newly arrived Englishmen*)—"Beg par'n, gemmen, but you're dropping something!"