

**The "Great" Marriage Question.**

Who dips his pen with bitter gall,  
And uses it with wit so small,  
To write about us women all?  
"ARTIZAN."

Who follows with a smirking sneer,  
Because some pretty little dear  
By no means cared to have him near?  
"ELIGIBLE."

Who blubbers forth quack sentiments,  
And passes on us, Innocents,  
Most equi-vocal compliments?  
"SOMEBODY."

Who tells us, with conceited pride,  
How many might have been his bride,  
But there, you know, he never tried?  
"BACHELOR."

Who writes a little common sense,  
And makes us ample recompense,  
For insolence?  
"OLD BARNEY."

Who sadly mourns for "days of yore,"  
When girls unheard of virtues bore,  
Some fifty years ago, or more?  
"ARTIZAN No. 2."

Who boldly lends a helping hand,  
And manfully defends the hand  
Of spinsters in this happy land?  
"A MARRIED MAN."

Who, after all that he has read,  
A "happy thought" takes in his head,  
And vows he'll go at once, and wed?  
"WISDOM."

Toronto, October 30th.

HANNAH.

**Court of Error and Appeal.**

GRIP C. J. Presiding.

**TURNER VS. ROBINSON.**—Action as to certain rights to titles in West Toronto. Suit dismissed with costs. The learned judge stated that the plaintiff need not be plaintive, as he could go to the Supreme Court, and he had it on the highest legal authority that the defendant couldn't. He understood the defendant to say, however, that he didn't want to, until the American system of election was introduced into our judicial appointments. If so he hoped the court would wait a long time for the defendant to take his seat. He would not commit him for contempt, but he contemned him for committing himself in such a manner.

**ROBINSON VS. BLAKE.**—This was an action arising out of the former one. The chief justice thought of non-suiting, but had changed his mind. The plaintiff was certainly in "error," but would probably be convinced of it when there would be no "appeal." He would need all his resources to meet the defendant should he enter an action against him, for his words rendered him exceedingly lie-able. He would remind him of the proverb, "children and fools, shouldn't handle edge tools." Case dismissed. U. E. Club to pay costs, as plaintiff was "non compos" when he instituted the action.

**"JUST ENOUGH OF LEARNING TO MISQUOTE."**

The 'good' that men do lives after them.  
The 'evil' is oft interred with their bones.  
So let it be with CÆSAR (WILKES.)—JULIUS CÆSAR.

"Does a blue hitching post look better than a red one, is the question that agitates Detroit."—*Free Press*. If one party is well red on the subject, they will make the others look blue unless they find a hitch'n the proceedings somewhere and post-pone the discussion.

**"A Meddling Priest."**

Stick to thy altar, and thy cassock, priest!  
Shrive souls, and sell indulgences,  
Nor lead thy hireling band to quell the state.  
Save thine own soul,  
Shave thine own poll.  
And let the simple voter be."

*"Twist axe and Crown."***Short Essays on Social Subjects.**

A JUVENILE CYNIC.

I met a young man the other day who, when I asked him how the world was using him, surprised me by replying that a Mocking Destiny had made him a Cynic.

I expressed polite concern, and begged him to disclose some of the signs which led him to think he was thus afflicted. He did so with much melancholy affability. He said:

"I know I am a cynic, for I wear my hair long like the poet TENNYSON, and read the works of BYRON and EDGAR A. POE. I go to evening parties, dressed with studied negligence, and instead of mixing with the glittering throng, I lean against the door-post with my arms folded and my brows contracted, as you have seen Mr. FECHTER do on the stage. When asked to dance, I say gloomily that life is too short for such frivolities. If the offer of an introduction to a nice girl is made me, I decline it on the ground that she would not understand me. If I am sure of my girl I do sometimes engage in conversation, and I explain to her that life is a barren desert, that friendship and love are delusive names, and that a man of intellect is seldom appreciated here."

"Well," I admitted, "this looks bad. But I pray you, analyze unto me your soul. What are your feelings? What do you think of things?"

"I am satisfied that this world is singularly hollow."—(It is, I interrupted, if we are to believe the men of science,) "that society is artificial, treacherous, and selfish. If you cannot stoop to the empty, idle conversation which is fashionable in society, you are neglected. It is well-nigh impossible to find in a ball-room any one who has a longing for the impalpable. The man of filthy lucre is preferred to the man of mind. I have found it to be so. A red-faced loud-laughing ignoramus is made much of, while I, who have just taken an unusually good degree, am left to my own dark thoughts. Why?—"

"Why?" I said, "because you are a highly gifted young ass. This disease you profess to be suffering from is not cynicism—it is self-consciousness run mad; it is the very quotidian of egotism; it is conceit at the crisis. You'll get over it, after you have been knocked around a little. Like measles and hooping-cough, it is a disease to which childhood is peculiarly liable. You think you are a genius, as many of us do at your age, and you are not, as you will soon be forced to admit. This admission will mark the first stage of your recovery." The last I saw of this young man he was inquiring for a ledge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade, and expressing the hope that he could get there by rail.

**Croaks and Pecks.**

HUM-DRUM.—Kettle-drums.

DOMINION NOTES.—Postal cards.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.—The orations of the demagogues last week.

RUNNING EXTRAORDINARY.—What hope for an Alderman, when ROBINSON ran races with the Mayor in the Park and beat him.

"FIVE husbands and a-dying to re-marry."—*Free Press*. If she gets the same number again—then instead of dying she will re-live; and if one of them is a widower he will re-wive.

OUT HERODING HEROD.—The Protection policy of the Conservative Government stopped at 15 per cent duty. The Free Trade policy of the present Government advanced the tariff to 17½ per cent.

LT. COL. G. T. D. was *not* present at Balaklava, and will not therefore appear at the commemoration dinner. He understands charging, however, as the Emigration accounts will show.

JOHN A. talks about his friend, Mr. ROBINSON'S "Old, manly, unaffected tone." Curious people are asking if the tirade of Saturday night is a fair specimen.

THERE is no use pitching into the young ladies (bless them) for sporting the pull-back dress. They are just at the age when people conduct their habits.

"SOME Canadian papers want a law to force men to vote."—*Free Press*. Yes some editors de-vote law-its of time and very forcible arguments and bring a "Big Push" to bear on reluctant voters. "Will you be one?"

"THE wife of Omaha's Mayor locks the doors on him after 10 p. m."—*Free Press*. And when he does arrive after that hour, we suppose his wife ex-tends a hearty welcome to him and he shouts "Let go-O-maha."

"MISS CAVENDISH the English actress is coming. She's fine cut."—*Free Press*. "Snuff to make a person wish she were here, as we suppose she will have a good company to-back'er. Hope it won't end in smoke—for we shall certainly give her a puff when she comes along. All who choose to go to see her will please wear a "plug" hat and we hope to cegar-mentsto match for she is no mere-sham.