

as to ensure both efficiency and economy, you will have to apply to the financial agent of some successful candidate—either side will do.

DEAR GRIP,—Can you tell me what is the matter with the King Street footways? Between the holes in the walks and the men who are constantly employed in fixing them, I am always late in getting to my office.—LAW STUDENT.

If you would go to bed earlier and go round the other way you would never be late at the office. These walks were constructed with a special view to afford employment to men out of a job. The pecuniary interests of the bloated ratepayers who pay for the block-pavement are of no consequence in the eyes of a patriotic corporation as compared with the necessities of the men who can mend our ways and who would have nothing else to do if the corporation forethought had not left the gap open.

MR. GRIP,—Do you know when Sir John is going to spring the next elections?—VOTER.

Of course we know, but we are under a strict pledge of secrecy not to give it away before next Christmas.

DEAR OLD GRIP,—I know you are on the inside track of everything worth knowing. Does Sir John intend to hang Riel? Yours truly,—Q O R.

We are always ready to oblige a veteran of Cut Knife, and though it is a profound secret, we may tell you that Sir John will not hang Riel. He is too deeply occupied with more important matters. The man who is to hang Riel has been selected, and may be relied upon to perform his duty if called upon. Of course he will wait till Sir John calls upon him, and if the noble Chieftain inadvertently omits to give the order at the proper time, through pressure of urgent political business in Quebec, the actual hangman will delay the execution till such time as it is duly ordered. But under no circumstances will Sir John hang Riel. In fact, it is not quite certain that he will be hanged at all.

MR. GRIP,—Can you inform an anxious enquirer who is to get the Middlesex Registrarship? Believe me, your information will be regarded as strictly confidential. Yours,—ANX. ENQ.

P.S.—You might also say when the appointment is to be made.—A.E.

To answer the last question first, the appointment will be made just as soon as Mr. Mowat gets ready. As to the first question, the probability is that if Mr. Wood does not get it Major Walker will, and in the event of Major Walker not being appointed it is likely that Mr. Wood will. Either gentleman will fill the office with advantage to himself and honor to the people of Middlesex. A little later on we will be able to give you more definite particulars.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I observe that you are pretty well posted on the true inwardness of current events, and I want to ask your advice. Some months ago I passed a qualifying examination for the Post Office Branch of the Civil Service. I have as yet received no notification of being appointed to anything. Can you tell me why this is, and what I must do to procure an appointment? Yours,—STUDENT.

P.S.—I have taught school for several years, and have never voted, desiring to preserve a strictly impartial position, in accordance with the spirit of the Civil Service Act.—S.

What you want to do Mr. Student is to vote. Vote early and vote often, and be sure you vote for the candidate who will promise you the office you desire, if he gets elected. Tell him that the ballots of your large and influential family all depend upon the essen-

tial question—how you are to get this office. Only be sure you vote on the right side. It is a mistake to suppose you must not interfere in politics. Patriotism and the Post Office Department alike call upon you to interfere, only you must get your work in on the right side. It is a total mistake to be on the wrong side. The wrong side is the losing side. It is impossible to tell just now which is going to be the right side, but all you have to do is to be sure you are right and then go ahead.



IDIOMATIC.

(And they say English is the language of the future, too!)

French Visitor.—I call to see Monsieur Rollard.

Mail.—You can't see him, sir; he's not up yet.

French Visitor.—Vat you tell? I come yester, and you say can't see heem because he not down; now you say can't see heem because he not oop. Ven vill he be in ze middle, mademoiselle? I no compr'end!

LOCAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Among a string of "ads" we read thus: "Eternal Punishment by Dr. Cochrane assisted by Archbishop Lynch—" and here follows a string of highly respectable and theologic names.

GRIP was not aware that the proprietor of Sheol had sold out, but since he evidently has, we are glad to know that men of such reputation for good nature as the Venerable Archbishop and Dr. Cochrane have gone as joint partners and Co. into the Everlasting Punishment business. One never knows what may happen—and here we may as well confess, while we are about it, that the thought of that horrid demon, with his inevitable tail and red-hot pitchfork, has often, as Hamlet hath it, "given us pause." Now, however, that it is not to the tender mercies of the arch-fiend—but to those of the Archbishop and Dr. Cochrane we are to be consigned in the event of well—a contingency—we breathe more freely. The very fact that Archbishop Lynch will be assisted in eternal punishment by Dr. Cochrane is sufficient guarantee that both Catholic and Protestant will have the cat laid on fairly. That this change in affairs will produce reforms, we believe—and we prophesy that the first step will be the removal by the Archbishop, with the aid of a step-ladder, of the celebrated shingle which has so long hung over the gate of Sheol—and on which Dante saw inscribed: "Abandon hope, all ye who here enter." In such case we would respectfully suggest that the discarded signboard be

expressed prepaid to Toronto—to be utilized by being nailed over some prominent tavern door. We suppose the premature abdication of his Royal Sulphurous Nibbs is attributable to the fact of his whole time being demanded for the work of defeating the Scott Act, and other preventive measures here, and the devising of the formation of moderate drinking societies—in which it is imperatively necessary for him to appear and preside as an angel of light, and the champion of freedom of conscience.

LAWDEDAW ON EDUCATION.

The people of Towonto—and I may add, of Canada generally, have a mania faw education. The masses heah have got education on the bwain. They take it in fits. Some yeahs ago all the cwys was to waise the standahd; then they took anothah fit, and the cwys was "cwam"—"down with cwam"—they were cwamming the childwen into pwematawah gwaves—they cwild. My pwivate opinion is that the people are being too much educated. Why, if you educate the common people's childwen like this—wheah, I ask—wheah are we going to stop? what are we going to do faw sehvants? the pwospect weally is to a thinking man most discowaging. The people of the leafy village of Hamilton, fawty miles from here, are exactly of my way of thinking—they saw dangaw ahead—sons of cawpentaes, masons, and—aw—in fact, mechanics, sons of ewvy kind, were actually stepping in and taking univehsty honaws and gold medalls—wight fwom undah the noses of the sons of—aw—pwofessional men—aw—people of family—you know—most absurd state of things. Howevah, the *Times* took the mattah up vigowously, the collegiate institute was shown up as a dewwah of the wevenue, and so fawth—and this kind of thing was stopped—the whole school baud being now contwolled by two twustees, wemahkable faw their illiteracy, their paucity of bwains—and the hewiditawy qualities illustwated in the cawceews of their pachydermatous offspring. I considah the people of this village highly pwivileged in having faw their guide, counselaah and fwend such an one as the editah of the *Times*. The Towonto Collegiate Institute is conducted on the anti-co education plan—evidently the managahs of that institution considahed it a mistake, the placing of men and women togethaw on one planet—and they seek to wectify the mistake as much as they can, by keeping the boys and girls apah. It is against the wules faw a boy to spawk to a girl, aw—*vice versa*—and when they assemble in the pwayah hall there is quite a fixing of bows and combing out of fwizzes on the way by the girls—who, howevah, are not supposed to equint at the boys—and—aw—as I said befaw—*vice versa*. In playing ball it is astonishing to see how often the ball bounds into the girls' lawn—and the wush on the pah of the boys faw its wescue from the fawbidded gwounds it had landed in so accidentally. The childwen of the masses are completely excluded fwom higher education heah by high fees, high-pwiced books, and, as a mattah of cawse, only the childwen of those vevy well off can get admission. This is as it should be. What I say is—keep the masses in their own place—if they do pay taxes for the support of this institution that is no reason for their pwesuming to educate their childwen as if they were people of family.

It is a mattah of supwize, howevah, that in a school so vevy stwict, and so neccassawly exclusive, some of the teachaws should be found using such phwases as, "I'll box your ehns!" or, "Shet your mouth." There is no doubt, howevaw, but that this can be accounted faw by the too close pwoximity to the demowatic style of speech in the neighbowing Wepublic.