



LATEST HAVANA FASHION.

THE BASHFUL M.L.A.

MY DEAR GRIP,—I represent a rural constituency and, although I have sat in the House during two sessions, I can't get the hang of putting questions, and I hate to ask anybody. I am well nigh bursting, however, to ask a few posers, and as all the intelligent voters in my riding read GRIP, I would be glad if you would give me just a little space for some questions which I certainly intend asking when I get a little better acquainted with parliamentary routine.

1st. What is the amount of "recoup" the Government has received from the school-book publishers for renewed plates, as promised by an honorable minister two years ago?

2nd. What are the duties performed by a certain "Deputy Minister" who is in receipt of \$3,000 a year?

3rd. What is the true inwardness of the Municipal Commission, and why has all the money paid been handed to only one of the two commissioners?

4th. Whether this paid commissioner will be the new Minister of Mines, in acknowledgment of his profound knowledge of minerals?

5th. Is it true that the successful candidate for the most recent professorship had his papers in the hands of the Minister of Education before the advertisement appeared?

6th. How long it is proposed to let the Insurance Department be subjected to mis-rule?

7th. Whether the "drinks" supplied from the sub-chambers of the House are sold on license or given away—in either case, by whom?

8th. Why so many volumes may be found in private houses all over this Province, and stamped, "Legislative Library, Ontario?"

9th. Why the Government don't pass a bill for ballot in electing Separate School Trustees, now that the Archbishop is out of the way?

10th. How long it will probably be before the Government's eyes are opened to the true inwardness of Central Prison management?

11th. Whether certain asylums (and their heads) don't require to be overhauled?

12th. Why the Opposition does not take hold of such questions, which those behind the scenes declare to be great scandals?

This isn't half of my budget, but it will prove to my constituents that I am, yours truly,

WIDE A. WAKE.

THE EAGLE'S OPINION.

THE Birds and Beasts of prey having assembled for their usual meal, the king of the latter, presuming on his station, offered a plate of very spare ribs to the king of the former; whereupon the Bird of Liberty enlightened the world in general and the British Lion in particular, on the subject of Pauper Emigration.

My friend, you mistake my meaning quite,
And also the strength of my appetite.
I asked you in the politest tones,
To pass the *meat*, not this dish of bones.

I love to pick bones myself it is true,
But not those already picked by you.
Don't think because I am lank and spare,
That my daily food is such poor fare.

Go, bury them in your own back yard,
And bring me a better lot, old pard;
Or in the slop basin they go, my friend,
Where I flung the tea leaves you used to send.

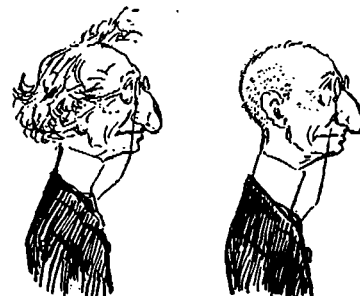
Can I feed my young, those tender things,
My bank directors and railway kings,
My thriving brood of millionaires,
On the garbage flung from your back stairs?

Nay friend, I want muscle, heart and will,
The zeal that climbs life's steepest hill,
The patience that meekly bears the goad,
Though flesh may faint and fall on the road.

Toil-blinded spirits with sluggish brains,
That hear not the sound of their muffled chains,
O, these are the kind of slaves I crave
For this land of the free and home of the brave.

When they fly from the wolves of hunger and cold
I shelter such sheep in this western fold.
Their fleece of gold I quickly seize,
And harry them down into wrecks like these.

WILLIAM MCGILL.



BEFORE—AND—AFTER

SIR JOHN'S late visit to the House of Commons' barber-shop.