



### THE "NAPOLEON" HAT.

These young women are not fooling away their time, as you may suppose, reader. They are engaged in making a hat, *a la mode*.

### HIS NATURAL LEADER.

THE present city council promises to be above the average for honesty and ability, though it would perhaps be too much to hope that it will be entirely free from inside cliques and coteries. It would be nothing but natural, for instance, that Ald. Lamb should feel disposed to follow Ald. Sheppard. The latter has nothing to do with crooks, of course.

### THE HUSKIN' BEE.



'VE been lookin' from the hill top o'er  
the fields of wavin' corn,  
An' thinkin' 'bout the fun we'll have,  
a huskin' in the barn.  
We've never had a Huskin' a Parin'  
Bee or Dance,  
Yet Dad's for ever talkin' 'bout  
givin' boys a chance.

He's kinder g'nst the dancin'; to his mind 'tain't jist correct,  
But says as how he's willin'—if the Pastor don't object:  
'Cos whenever its been talked about there's allus been a row,  
An' I ain't so awful sartin but what there'll be one now.

Most everybody hereabouts has a huskin' in the fall  
But somehow or another we've not had one at all.  
'Cos whenever its been talked about there's allus been a row,  
An' I ain't so awful sartin but what there'll be one now.

Ennyway I've been a reck'nin' 'bout how many there'll be—  
Jake Brown says how he's comin', 'an his sister sed she'd see:  
An' then there's Billy Morton, with his girl, what's got red hair,  
An' Sandy Jones that's courtin' Prescilly Ann St. Clare.

Zeke Smith 'll do the fiddlin', 'an likely bring Doll Thorne,  
That's the one he's been a sparkin', sence ever I was born:  
Jest like as not old Jones 'll come, perhaps Samantha too—  
An' Elder Hawkins with his wife, an' all their noisy crew.

Well, now, begosh! that's cur'ius, there comes old Deacon Horne  
A cuttin' cross the medder, an' strikin' fer the corn.  
Bet ennything he's comin' to talk about the Bee,  
An' try to stop the dancin' or the fiddlin', don't ye see?

Now the Deacon 's sure to argie the case upon the ground—  
That no sich thing as dancin' in the "good book" can be found.  
An' how a feller 's sinnin' to hev' fiddlin' at the Bee,  
'Cos its g'nst the Methodist doctrin' an' their "Theologee."

Well I h'aint much good on argymnt, leastways on thet ther kind,  
So I'll jist keep on a hoein' while the deacon speaks his mind.  
An' kinder look my maddest, 'an sometimes scratch my head,  
But never once disputin' 'bout what the deacon said.

It'll jist be like the deacon to make a little swear,  
When he sees I'm not disputin', an' actin' kinder queer,  
Then dad 'll start a whissel, or else begin a hymn,  
Jest like he does in meetin', till the Deacon swears ag'in'.

But 'tain't no use a wonderin' 'bout how its goin' to end,  
The Deacon 'll do some talkin', on that ye may depend.  
But dad'll likely end it, by sayin'—well—he'll see—  
So its likely there'll be dancin' at the Huskin' Bee.

T. M. Humble.

### NOTES ON THE GREAT HAGARTY—SCOTT—ROSS— M'LELLAN—KIRKLAND—McINTOSH IMBROGLIO.

MISS HAGARTY'S chief cause of complaint against the Honorable Doctor George William Ross is that when she returned from Europe she found herself "Scott free."

Mr. Hagarty's letters to the press would seem to indicate his belief that an English translation of "Hic jacet" should be placed over somebody's door in the Education Department.

The Honorable Minister's trouble appears to consist chiefly in his having a poor forgettery, or a good one—which?

Dr. McLellan's vindication of his chief exemplifies what is known to the scientific world as self-deglutition, but as in the case of the feathered species, it requires more than one of them to make a summer.

### A SLIP OF THE PEN.

OUR acknowledgments are due to Saturday Night for a very generous "send off" in its last issue. Admonition is blended with praise in a fatherly manner that we quite appreciate, but when the writer, "Mack," warns us to avoid the mistakes of the "old" GRIP and steer clear of "annexation" among other fads that he names, we deem it a duty to call his attention to this slip of his well meaning pen. It is true that (through an enthusiasm for humanity which we hope was pardonable) GRIP used to be perhaps too much in earnest for a mere jester on the questions of Prohibition, Just Taxation, Free Trade, and other great questions, but not a line was ever written or drawn in support of Annexation, if by that term is meant the political union of Canada and the United States. "Mack" will kindly make a note of this. Meanwhile we are willing to believe that the word found its way into his catalogue inadvertently.

QUERY?—Should not a good practical farmer like the Hon. John Dryden be styled one of the judges of the land?



"AFTER THE BAWL IS OVER."