

PAUL PRYISM.

MR. GRIP, —Sir,—The Press has too many privileges. I rejoice to observe that in our fair city a move has been made towards curtailing them. St. James' Cathedral Vestry have nobly inaugurated it. They rigidly excluded reporters from the recent meeting at which the little suit was discussed. What is the result? Why, we have a succinct report in the city papers—short and sweet, and devoid of all the long, senseless record of discussion which serves to make reports of this nature uninteresting. Just read this as a model epitome of the whole proceedings:—

"The best of feeling prevailed, and all those who took part in the discussion of the subject were unanimous in favor of carrying on the suit."

Then let me give you an extract from a little more extended account of the meeting in another paper:—

"Canon Dumoulin explained the position of the case, and counselled the vestry in the most solemn terms to abandon the appeal."

Thus, you observe, the outside public have an intelligible idea of the whole business, and the newspapers have more space to devote to their continued stories, which the majority of readers are by far the most interested in. Let the crusade against Press usurpation go on! There is altogether too much prying on the part of newspapers into other people's affairs.

Yours truly, ANTI-INTRUDER.

ALLOYED PLEASURE.

Half the people invited to the Czar's ball declined.

Well, you know a ball is a ball, but a funeral is a funeral. You can't mix the two with any sort of real comfort.

"NEEDS NO BUSHIL."

On Wednesday Mr. Geo. Owers, living near Anderton's brewery, lost a valuable cow by being run over on the track near Anderton's brewery.—*Barric Paper.*

You see —. But this paragraph had better be given ungarished.

DIFFERENT TASTES.

Emperor William's favourite flower is that most prosaic, pretty, uninteresting corn flower, the blue bottle.

Probably, just to be obstinate, the Emperor's right-hand man fancies the black bottle. Of course, if any one talked to the Kaiser about it, he could say it was his own Bis.

TRADE-MARK TROUBLE.

General Booth wants to register "Blood and Fire" as part of a Salvation Army device.

Bro. Boyle, of the *Irish Canadian*, will utter a vigorous protest against this. "Blood and Fire," is just close enough to be an infringement of the Celtic device, "Blood an' Ounds."

A JOYLESS EXISTENCE.

The meeting of the three Emperors will probably result in joint measures against the anarchists.

Meeting and making fresh laws against the Nihilists seems to be about the only real fun the three Emperors ever have. That is, of course, unless you count looking out that they don't get poisoned off or shot.

UNWILLINGLY WISE.

Sir Leonard Tilley once spent several weeks visiting the manufacturers, and telling them how prosperous he had made them. Why should he not also visit the farmers and tell them what he is doing to keep up the price of wheat?—*Globe of 13th.*

History records, with immortal hands and with satirical impartiality, the failure of every form of human government to accomplish the happiness of the human race.—*Mail of 13th.*

If the editor of the *Mail* could always conscientiously reply to the editor of the *Globe* neatly as he has this time unconsciously, he might do to guide the destinies of the Conservative party.

SCANDALOUS TREATMENT OF A DEMOCRAT AT THE MOWAT BANQUET.

MR. GRIP, SIR:—If hereafter the general tone of the *Toronto News* is less agreeable to the Grit party, the head pushers of that moribund organization have only themselves to blame. I have been disposed, as a democrat, working for the overthrow of the cete tomfoolery under which Canada now groans, to lean somewhat to the Grit side on most of the questions of the day. My paper has consequently been regarded by Reformers with respect, even with affection. I am sorry to demolish this kindly relationship at one fell swoop; but, as I said before, if this is done it is not my fault, the blame must be put upon the heads of the organizers of the late Mowat Banquet, or, to be more explicit, upon the heads of the waiters who carried soup on that occasion. I went there, sir, as became a democratic citizen, in a claw-hammer coat of exquisite workmanship. I did not go primarily for a meal, but I took my place at the table out of respect to the delegates present. I was patiently awaiting the speeches, and had I remained to hear them my affinity for the Grit party might have been greatly strengthened. But, sir, I did not hear them. I left the banquetting chamber early in the evening in what I may mildly term a towering pas-



sion. The waiters, sir, had ruined my good coat by systematically pouring soup down my back. I told them plainly that I did not want it externally, but that had no effect. I raised my arm in a gesture of disapprobation, whereupon they poured soup down my coat sleeve. Sir, I am a democrat, and as such, love my fellow men, but I draw the line at this sort of outrage. The downtrodden Serfs of Russia may, if they like, allow the Czar to pour soup over them, but as for me, sir, I give notice that I will not submit to such an indignity. I will make it a point to write my political leaders in future with that coat on, and if the Grit party is made to wince, they will know the reason of it.

Yours truly, E—D E. S—D.

ITEMS INCITING TO RIOT.

(DIPLOMA AWARDED FOR BAD PUNS AT THE FAIR)

"She claims damages from me," Duke Darmstadt explains, "because I would not continue to kalmine."

The veteran cannibal, notwithstanding the strict orders of the missionary that there was to be no more of that sort of work, had dined off his second cousin. So the missionary called him to task and severely said: "Didn't I

issue an ultimatum——. "But the veteran cannibal interrupted him with, "Good! all time ate 'um! me too?"

"That's a pretty good picture of Oscar Wilde" he remarked, looking in the book-store window. Just then his friend called his attention to a "bob-tail" coming down street on the full tear, the driver doing his best to down the brake and check the galloping animal. "That," he observed, "is also a pretty good picture of an 'oes-car wild."

"The heir apparent?" ventured the book-agent, pointing to the infant in the crib. "No," replied the reigning monarch of the house, "the 'air isn't very apparent, just yet; but I guess it'll grow in course of time. And this is what drove the book-agent in terror from the door.

THE BANQUET.

BY AGRICOLA GRANGER, SR.

Concern their ugly peters! do they call this here a banquet, Where the sassy waiters bring around, and fore your nose they plunk it, Whatever just comes to their hand, whether beef, or pork, or mutton— They sling it thar before ye, and they don't care a darned button

Whether you like the dish or not; they expect that you will stow it.

And fill yourself with ancient pork, and then hurra for Mowat!

Now whar's the Goulet, extra dry champagne, and commandator, And Haute Sauterne? when I want some I'm laughed at by the waiter;

And when I ask for simple beer he says "I'll see you later."

I see the fellow's got me down as quite a small pertator, I've a good mind to take a glass and at his big head throw it,

I am so dry, in vain I try to sing out 'rah for Mowat!

Mr. Blake is very fine in learned dissertations, But after all I'd just as soon be served out with my rations;

Sir Richard too, we all heard through; he is a lengthy talker;

But still it's windy grub to take when hungry as a hawk, or

Dry as any royal speech at opening of "the session," Spoke by Lieutenant-Governor; but this is a digression—

If the high joints have regard for us, this time they failed to show it;

But whar's the use to raise a fuss, 'twas not the fault of Mowat!

A PRE-EMPTED CLAIM.

"I do so like him," the mother was saying at the tea-table when the talk turned on the new curate.

"Yes," remarked pater familias, "he is a man after my own heart."

Then the little seven year-old spoke up:—"But he needn't come looking after sister Lou's heart. For I heard her telling Mr. Smith in the parlor last Sunday night that her heart was all his, and——"

"Jane!" broke in the mother sharply.

And Jane, with a look of astonishment in her blue eyes, ran off after "Sister Lou" to the kitchen to ask if she was sick, because she had left the table so suddenly and looking so red in the face.

E. P. Roe, the most popular American novelist of the present time, will begin, in *THE CURRENT*, during the first week in November the publication of his serial, "An Original Belle," which he believes will prove the greatest story he has ever written. It will include as a feature, the result, most graphically told, of a careful study of the New York riots. The heroine will be of an entirely new type, it being the author's purpose to portray a beautiful and cultivated young woman who, instead of resting content with the admiration of men, devotes her splendid qualities of head and heart to prompting high impulses among the suitors for her smiles, and to making men of those who incline to fashion's follies.