

productions. That last hit of ours was particularly good. "And now Briggs, you know, I tell you all this in confidence; I don't want a soul to know about it just yet, so don't breathe a word about it at present—will you? Come and have a drink." After he has imbibed he gets still more communicative. He gives us his views upon Canadian politics generally, and "defines his position." He goes in for forming a third party—both the present organisations are effete—played out. "Sir John can't rule the country for ever, and the Grits are always impracticable, so what the country needs is for the young men to combine and form a new party on a more progressive basis." Possibly his views lean towards Canadian Independence. Often however he is a thorough going party man, and bases his claims on the fact that his party what a little new blood. Sir John or George Brown, as the case may be, told him so, and promised to favour his candidature. We don't doubt it in the slightest, for ever since he had the assurance of their favour he has been working like a Trojan for the party—stumping and canvassing—spending money and time in the cause to show his zeal on the faith of this promise.

Somewhat or other he never gets elected; in nine cases out of ten he isn't even nominated. Meet him a month or two after the elections and he doesn't seem so much interested in politics as he used to be. His pocket constituency has gone back on him in some unaccountable manner. The "old man" wasn't able to spare the money necessary, or the former member obstinately persisted in running again. The farmers with remarkable stupidity failed to see that a Toronto lawyer was the man to look after their interests, and went after some old ignoramus who couldn't speak half a dozen sentences of English, on the absurd ground that he was a local man—"Sectionalism, sir is the curse of this country."

So he subsides again into his original in-significance for a spell, but the chances are that he will come to the front again with his claims at the next election. It is not any wonder that he so seldom attains the object of his ambition after all, when we consider that on a moderate computation there are enough of these youthful legal Parliamentary aspirants in Toronto alone, to furnish at least two candidates for every constituency in the Province, and then leave enough over to supply Manitoba.

#### JOKELETS.

THE VOCALIST'S PARADISE—Sing-Sing.

THE POINT OF A SENTENCE—The full stop.

GIVE a dog a bad name, and its just the same to him as any other. Common fare.—The thoroughfare.

A TABLE of Interest.—The dinner table.

AN end always to be kept in view.—Dividend.

WHEN is a man not a man? When he's a little hoarse.

WHAT things increase the more they are contracted? Debts

A WORSHIPPER of Bail (Baal)—A committed prisoner.

NEVER kick a man when he's down, unless you are sure he can't get up.

THE man who collected his thoughts, had a great difficulty in collecting his accounts.

WHAT sort of a soldier would do most service in a night attack? A "light" dragon.

WHY is a barber like a meridian? Because he passes from "pole to pole."

WHEN does Sir John A. display most physical strength? When he moves the house.

A YOUNG lady at the Gardens last week declined frosted cake, because she thought it might give her cold.

AN early Spring.—Jumping out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.

A HIGHLAND taste is said to be illustrated in the wish to have a "Ben Lomond of snuff, and a Loch Lomond of whiskey."

A DOG with two tails was seen in Yorkville last week; one belonged to an ox, and was carried in the dog's mouth.

If you dislike a child, and beat it, how does that prevent it having the small-pox?—Because you whacks an' hutes it—(vaccinates it).

Our reporter, who has actually tried it, says, that although there are three scruples in a drachm, the more 'drums' one takes the fewer scruples one has.

"THE MAN WHO KNOWS, ETC."—Since the publication of the article entitled "The Man who knows how to run a Comic Paper," about a dozen of our friends and acquaintances have indignantly remonstrated with us, on the ground that it could not have been intended for any one but themselves individually. Some of the number have cut us dead, vowing never to have anything more to say to us. We sincerely hope they will carry out their intention.

#### THE UNCHANGING ORGAN-GRINDER.

Good policeman, move the minstrel, playing still before my door,  
Pass him onward, ere quite through my nerves auricular he bore;  
Lo, he bangs the clanging cymbals, blows the organ, beats the drum,  
Yet from all in tune unchanging, still the self-same measures come.

Long ago, 'mid March winds blustering, loud the doleful ditty rung,  
Softly smiling came the spring-time—none the softer, though, he sung;

Unfatigued by fierce July's heat, still he rattled, banged, and blew—  
Take him hence! in pity take him, lest it squeak all winter through.

"Horrible Pacific Scandal! Base Sir Hugh! Corrupt Sir John!  
Worthy—Honest—Great McMullen! Purest-motived Huntingdon!"  
Thus he singeth, thus he soundeth. If thou wilt not go away,  
Change the tune—oh, change the subject! rest our ears for once to-day.

Pacify thy cry Pacific! oh, be done with Huntingdon!  
No, he changes not, and goes not! still the weary sounds roll on—  
"Wicked Cartier! Vile Macdonald! Awful, awful Dufferin!"  
Pray, policemen! soldiers!—some one! stop his never-ending din!

#### MACKENZIE'S ADDRESS.

Grits! wha hae to Blake aft said,  
"We to Lattle man be led,"  
This time we a' maun boo the head,  
And gie the Tories victory.

Dinna greet or look sae dour,  
This is nae time to test our power,  
But mak guid use o' ilka hour  
Tae pit them in a q-audary.

Wha can be a Tory knave?  
Who can dare Brown's wrath to brave?  
Supportin' not oor charge sae grave  
Agin the Tory Ministry.

Wha the man sae guid and braw,  
As will in spite o' Queen and law,  
Wark for the Tories' final fa'  
Reformer!! slyly follow me.

By the Opposition's pains,  
When Reform a vict'ry gains,  
The man wha noo the cause maintains,  
He shall weel rewarded be.

Let McMullen noo lay low,  
His testimony is nae go,  
This is nae time to strike the blow.  
Caledonians! bide a wee.

#### TO MR. TILLEY.

And thou art to be knighted! In old days  
Thou had'st been well regarded. We had said  
This man had served his country well—has kept  
His good name all unstained—his honor clear;  
And, leaving public life, a record leaves  
Of worthy actions, such as patriots  
May well applaud, and statesmen imitate.  
Hast thou been such? I know not, and I say  
To thee, good sir, I have no means of knowing.  
Where should I learn? From journals? They conceal  
What truths suit not their purpose. From the words  
Of politicians? I do stand, and hear  
These men deceive the people. I but trust  
Thou meritest the honor—that thou dost  
How should Canadians know?

#### JUVENILE PRECOCIETY.

Clara—"Now, Georgy, you mustn't tell stories; don't you know where you will go to, if you tell stories?"

Georgy—Guess I'd go to church, just like Pa does!"

#### ABSENT MINDEDNESS.

Young Simmons to would be Aristocrat—"You don't happen to know the Tompkins's, do you?"

Would be Aristocrat—"No, we don't know those persons."

Young Simmons—Excuse me; no offence, I hope; only Tompkins requested me to hand you \$10 he owed you. I see I must be mistaken; pray pardon me. [Exeunt Simmons, grinning profoundly.]