



Politics in North Oxford.

MR. PATULLO (*on his canvas*).—MICHAEL, I'm delighted to see you! Fine morning, isn't it? How's your wife and the little ones? Why, you're looking first rate. I hope your married daughter is getting along nicely, and—by the way, I suppose I may count on my old friend MICHAEL for a vote in the approaching election?

MICHAEL.—Bogorra, sir, ye can't thin. I have no vote this time. Didn't ye know I am a candydade mesilf sur, in the Reforman intrhests?

MR. PATULLO, (*curtly and energetically*). Well, I hope to be N. P.'d if I've met a man in this whole Riding who hasn't said the same thing!



The Beginning of the End.

OLD MRS. SENATUS.—O doctor, I'm glad you're come! I've ben took suddin agin with another attack of the *Globe*. I'm afear'd my constitution can't hold out long agin it if it keeps on.

DR. MAIL.—Alas, my venerable and I may add *valuable* friend, I'm inclined to take your own melancholy view of the case. I'm afraid your time has about come.

When Greek meets Greek then each rubs the other's nose. It's a friendly way they have of "Hello, how's your folks."

When lovely woman feels less jolly
To find her fair hair turned to gray,
There's no art in *Bow Bells* or *Follet*,
Can bid lost youth's departure stay.
There's no device her scalp can cover.
However deeply she may sigh,
Gray hair can never win a lover—
The best thing she can do is—die.

The fire-place is a grate thing, but an old oyster can punched full of fine holes is a grater.—*Proof Sheet*.

A Conservative Balled.

Dedicated without permission to M. H. C.—t. Esq.,
Montreal.

Mid great men and statesmen
Now living or gone,
Be they ever so noble,
There's none like Sir JOHN!
A charm in his eyes,
And each curl of his hair,
His voice is so sweet
And his promises fair,
JOHN.

There's no man like JOHN;
There's no man like JOHN!

When JOHN is from home
Pleasure beckons in vain,
Oh! give me the sound
Of his sweet voice again,
With the jokes sounding gaily
That come at his call,
Give me these and his *influence*,
Dearer than all;

JOHN,
JOHN;
Dear, sweet JOHN;
There's no one like JOHN;
There's no one like JOHN!



The Niagara Ghost.

The old foggy town of Niagara has seen a ghost, and each particular hair of each particular citizen doth stand on end like quills up on the fretful porcupine. There can be no doubt of the fact of the visitation, for we have seen it in the papers that an old farmer who was leaving the place about the w tching hour when graveyards yawn, actually saw the ghost-spectre near the roadside, and like a sensible man immediately turned his horse's head and galloped back to town at a pace that *Goldsmith's Maid* never dreamed of. The apparition! according to all accounts, takes the particularly frightful form of a Woman in White, and many conjectures are rife as to whom or what she or it may mean. MR. JOE KIRBY, whose legal opinion is certainly worthy of respect, holds that the ghost is WILKIE COLLINS' heroine, who has either escaped from the pages of a novel in the local library, or has been materialized and projected forth from the brain of some young lady of Niagara, who has recently been sitting up at night and poring over that fascinating work. MR. MCGAW, of the Queen's Royal, whose business is far from brisk at this season, gives it as his opinion that Niagara is dead, and it is only natural that her ghost should appear. MR. GRAY, being a non-resident, does not care about prying into the local affairs of Niagara, but he may be permitted to suggest that this alleged ghost is the outraged Muse of Poetry, who has come to take a terrible revenge on MR. PLUM.



Gladstone's Irish Policy.

SCHOOLMASTER GLADSTONE.—Now, just as soon as there is decent order in this school I will proceed to hear you recite your grievances, but not before!

The New York *Graphic* gives the following as amongst the thoughts which devout New York worshippers have when in the sanctuary, ostensibly devoted to the worship of the Almighty:

"This sermon is a bore."
"How much longer will he preach?"
"I'm hungry for dinner."
"That man isn't at all bad-looking."
"I wonder if Emma is engaged."
"Well, if old Mrs. Foo-Foo isn't wearing a turban, too."
"I wonder how much that bonnet cost."
"It sounds as if he was going to close up the sermon."
"I've a great mind to have it trimmed with scarlet."
"I must order a pair of new shoes to-morrow, and the material for that wrapper, and visit Mme. X's to try on that dress."
"There's Ed. Cochunk we saw at Newport last summer."
"How that girl does lace."
"Amen! My! isn't it nice to get out again."



What's up Now, Politically?

MR. ANG—A M—rr—n has got on those checked trousers again!