



"THE MINISTER'S WOOING."

REV. MR. SOOTER—"But, darling, speak! Tell me you love me! Give, oh, give me some token!"

MISS SWEET—"I've sent in fifty ballots for you to the *Mail*."

REV. MR. SOOTER—"My angel!!"

[Strains her to his buzzon, etc.]

SOME LETTERS

ON PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH'S LECTURE, WITH THE UNWRITTEN REFLECTIONS OF THE WRITERS.

Editor Slangwhanger:

I am surprised that any such low Socialistic [good word that—don't know exactly what it means] drivel as Prof. G. Smith's [ha! ha! "G." Smith is good] recent diatribe against England's nobility could find publication in any paper pretending to respectability. The fellow is evidently a low-bred cad, entirely destitute of the feelings of a gentleman. I am assured by intimate friends in England, moving in the highest aristocratic circles, [that'll let these blasted colonists know what my position is at 'ome] that he has been deservedly sent to Coventry by the distinguished society into which he is continually endeavoring to intrude. His evident distortion of history for the purpose of casting slurs upon the grand institutions to which England owes her greatness are only worthy of contempt.

Yours, etc.,

AUGUSTUS DEVERE SNOOKS.

Editor Blowhard:

It's a disgrace, so 'tis, to have the likes of Golden Smith assailing with impunity and atrocious invective the mainstay of the glorious British Constitution [bad luck to that same]. He's a schemer and a plotter, more betoken, that no loyal man ought to encourage, and wants to sell us out to the Yankees. What would England be without the aristocracy? Who was Wellington and Nelson and Lord Edward Fitzgerald—and—and Brian Boru and many others, as I haven't space to begin to enumerate? Aristocrats all of them. The professor had better go and soak his head. What does he know of history anyway? No, sir, he's a disgrace to his country. [Begorra, what he said was true every word of it an' more, too, but I've got it in fur the ould divil fur the way he's abused the

Irish]. Sure he's a Judas Iscariot that would sell his country for a \$10 bill.

P. MULDOON.

Editor Pulverizer:

Really the infamous audacity of Prof. Goldwin Smith must have reached its climax in that disloyal and incendiary utterances on "Aristocracy," delivered before the Young Liberals Club. [The confounded rascal wants to destroy the N.P., which is worse]. The aristocracy of England, sir, are far above the reach of this pessimist's [What is a pessimist? I've seen him called that before by somebody] ill conditioned and splenetic ravings. They are England's proudest boast and glory, and we Canadians, who pride ourselves above all things on our loyalty to the Old Flag, will never consent to barter our birthright for a mess of pottage [or to give up our right to tax British imports]. Envy, the basest and most malignant of all the passions which rankle in the breast, is the motive of this mendacious onslaught. It is painful in the extreme to witness the inroads which Anarchism is making in our midst, as evidenced by the toleration of a firebrand and disturber, who would overthrow the venerated institutions on which we pride ourselves, and make Britons forget their duty [on all articles of foreign manufacture].

Yours indignantly,

LOYALIST.

DOWN IN THE MARSH.

WE froggies that sing in the Don, Chug! Chug!
Care nothing for "nectar divine,"

The drink upon which we are gone, Chug! Chug!

Isn't cognac, lager nor wine.

But all day and all night, in prose and in verse,

We call for that drink made by Gooderham & Worts,

"Goodrum and Worts! Goodrum and Worts,"

"Good'rum—Good—er—roo—oo—m and Worts!"

But a time is coming quite soon, Chug! Chug!

So GRIP and the wise people say,

When the *ghost* from our *spirited* tune, Chug! Chug!

Will dwindle and vanish away.

No intoxicants then says the *Law* plain and terse,

And none shall imbibe either Goodrum or Worse,

"Good rum or Worse; Good rum or Worse,"

Good rum—Good—er—roo—oo—m or Worse!

J. W. MILNE.

INDUSTRIAL TYPES.

THE busy bee, the early bird and the hard-working Registrar of Deeds.

When the poorly fee paid officials read the *Globe's* list of "Earnings," won't they buckle down to work, being assured by Mr. Mowat that the more work the more fees?

What a splendid example of industrious energy is presented to us in the case of the Registrars of this city.

AN ANTICIPATED BE-REAVEMENT.

ON May 21st a large deputation of reeves from different parts of the Province will wait upon the Government and urge that the municipalities which have paid bonuses be refunded the amount per mile that the Government grants to new lines subsidized from time to time elsewhere.—*World*.

The counties and townships, which railroads have built,

Have long since their folly repented;

But it's no use to cry over milk that is spilt,

Though its loss may be deeply lamented.

So the reeves have got hold of a practical plan,

And it readily may be believed

They will bring on Sir John all the pressure they can

And the Treasury will be be-reaved.