



CERTAINLY NOT.

(Applicant hands in somewhat worn document.)

LADY OF HOUSE—"Ah, this is your 'character,' is it?"

APPLICANT—"Yes, ma'am. You won't mind it being rather soiled and gone, I suppose?"

THE RISE AND FALL.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO BOB HURDETTE.

WHEN first I glued her luscious lips,
All rich and ripe and red,
So fast to mine with Love's Lepage
That naught she could have said—

'Twas thereupon, oh, balmy bliss!
As nose inclined to nose,
While consummating Cupid's kiss,
'Twas then the Moustache Rose.

But, when a full-sized footstep chanced
To hump along the hall,
Into my Eilleen's eyes I glanced
And read—a disen-thral!

Whose 'twas her practiced ear right knew,
As mine did, too, full well!
She quick from my embrace withdrew—
'Twas then the Moustache Fell.

T. T.

A VICTIM TO SUSPICION.

IT is said that since the editor of the *Globe* discovered the infamous plot of the "Smashers" to turn the Equal Rights agitation to the furtherance of Tory ends, and exposed the nefarious conspiracy of Dr. Sutherland to use the New Party movement in the service of John A., he has naturally become suspicious of his fellow-creatures, and his life is more or less of a burden to him. The other day he dismissed his milkman, who was discovered at the back kitchen door with the servant girl concocting a plot to ruin the Mowat Government. The girl has of course received a month's notice.

The office boy who does chores around the editorial room has been placed under surveillance of the police, as the editor is firmly convinced that he is in the habit of purloining detached fragments of private correspondence from the waste paper basket and selling them to the unspeakable Bunting.

Strict orders have been given that peddlers are under no circumstances to be admitted to any portion of the *Globe* premises, as the editor has discovered that they are spies in the employ of the Ottawa Government.

Every day, before the editorial conference is held, each writer is obliged to empty out the contents of his

pockets in the presence of the chief, and to make an affidavit that he has had no communication, direct or indirect, with the myrmidons of the Tory party.

A faithful sentinel has been placed over the exchange department, with instructions to cut out all editorials in the Tory papers before they are sent to the editor-in-chief, and thus thwart the horrible design of the rascals to convert the *Globe* man to Toryism.

The coat of mail which the editor has been wearing for some time in anticipation of an attempt on the part of Mr. J. T. Moore to assassinate him, has proved uncomfortably warm during this mild weather, but nothing will induce the man of suspicion to lay it aside.

Newsboys on the street offering copies of the *Mail* to Mr. C., are at once given into custody on the general charge of conspiracy.

In short, our well-meaning but overwrought friend is in a bad way, and unless something is done for him soon, is in danger of becoming a monomaniac on the subject of Tory plots.

THE POLITICAL DOCTORS.

"REMARKABLE thing, isn't it," exclaimed Bloggs, "that the three Conservative leaders should all be members of the medical profession."

"How do you make that out?" returned Blinks.

"There's Sir Chas. Tupper. He's a fully qualified physician, isn't he?"

"Certainly, but that's only one."

"Well, the Premier and Minister of Justice are both Sir John's, too, aren't they?"

At last accounts Blinks was just pulling through the crisis.

"CAN I forget that night in June?" as the tom-cat queried of his mate on the re-opening of the concert season.



AT THE PLAY HOUSES.