



### THE SERVANT GIRL'S GYMNASIUM.

ARRAH, Biddy, shtep in till I tell yez the latest,  
The greatest note iver yez heard in yer life;  
Faith its Paddy McFadden 'ill be left the natest,  
If he think he'll get *me* for a poor teamster's wife.

Sure its illigant ginty they're makin' us all here,  
Wid lovely tay-meetins an' music an' sich;  
An' a lovely jimnaisyun right in the hall here,  
Where all sorts of capers they're going to tache.

Sure, thim ladies the shoes off their feet are just wearin'  
A trapesin' the city from cock-shout till night,  
A beggin' for cappers an' rippin' an' tarin',  
Till they get every wan to come down wid their mite,

To the *Tyigram* boss sure we're mighty behowldin';  
He lep off his chair wid the dint of surprise;  
To think of us poor sarvint gurrils blue-mouldin',  
For want of the manes of some good exercise.

Sure out of his oyes the big tears they came rowlin',  
An' (savin' yer prisince) he nivir once swore!  
"Here's sivity-foive dollars towards it, and Howlan'  
An' plinty of others," sez he, "moight give more."

All fur a jimnaisyun fur poor sarvint gurrils,  
As haven't no chance fur to take exercise;  
Sure the way round that big pole we capers and whurrls  
'Ud make ivry quill av a porky-pine rise.

There's Sarah-Ann Snooks, her who cooks for Miss Midgin,  
Now (savin' yer prisince), widout ary a lie,  
She'll rowl heels over head like a big tumbler pigeon,  
An' hang be her toes, an' wink straight in yer oye.

An' after the fun an' the big binidiction,  
There's Paddy McFadden, av coorse, at the dure,  
I couldn't go home widout dacent protiction,  
I knows what is due to me, Biddy, asthore!

An' sure, if it wasn't for that same jimnaisyun,  
The divil an exercise I'd get at all  
From the toime I get up ivry minute I saize on  
To wash thim front steps off an' clane up the hall.

An' the way I musht fly round a dustin' an' swapin',  
An' makin' the breakfast an' doin' up chores,  
An' doin' the bedrooms, an' all the time kapin'  
Me oye on the childer whin scrubbin' the floors.

On Monday there's washin', an' sich a big ironin';  
On Tuesdays, all day long I shtand on me fate;  
An' Win'sday, whin Missis photography's larnin',  
It's thin I take baby out into the shtrate.

Thin Thursday's resavin' day, I musht be dreshed  
To open the dure whin the bell rings, an' sure  
It goes all the toime, till I wish it was smashed,  
Or that Missis herself 'ud just mind her own dure.

I declare when I'm out for an hour in the avenin',  
I'm so tired I can scarcely luck out av me oyes,  
An' I feel its jimnastics so badly I'm wantin',  
An' what I need most is some good exercise.

Ye see, Biddy, health's the fursht *con*-sideration,  
An' health I can't have widout some exercise,  
So this avenin' I'll take yez up to the jimnaisyun,  
An' show yez me heels soarin' up to the skies.

BARNEY O'HEA.

### AN ENQUIRY DEMANDED.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—The Ontario Government has just filled the chair of Political Science in the Provincial University, by the appointment of Mr. W. J. Ashley, M.A., of Oxford. I do not know this gentleman personally, but have no doubt that he is a very respectable person, as his certificates of character represent. I very much doubt his fitness for the position, however, as I understand that his views on political economy are opposed in many respects to those of Sir John A. Macdonald, and must therefore be erroneous. I am told that Prof. Ashley holds the following National Policy Doctrines to be false:—

1. That the producer and not the consumer pays the duty.
2. That a high tariff, which puts extra profits in the pockets of the protected manufacturer, thereby increases wages.
3. That an increase in the cost of living, caused by tariff taxes, does not decrease the purchasing power of wages.
4. That combines are good for the country.
5. That the consumer has no rights which a Government is bound to respect.

In short, sir, I am informed that Prof. Ashley is a believer in the unspeakable heresy of Free Trade. This is a grave charge, and I think, in the interests of the university and the public, an investigation should be demanded, before the Professor is allowed to begin his work. Yours truly,  
N. P. BOODLE.



THE REV. GENTLEMAN (*in conversation with his rural parish-ione*)—"Yes, I am strongly in favor of the movement now on foot to increase the influence of the laity."

THE PARISHONER'S WIFE (*who has just come up*)—"But, preacher, they are grumblin' at the price of eggs as it is!"