



**It Ought to Work both Ways.**

Mr. FAGEE (the Clerk)—“ Mr. Smith, I really must ask you for an increase in my salary. I have been working for you for several years at \$475, though I am, beyond a doubt, worth nearly double that to you, and I can barely make ends meet, let alone save anything for a rainy day.”

Mr. SMITH. — (mournfully) — “ Well, Mr. Fagee, I admit the force of what you say, and will—though cash is scarce—advance you \$25, making your salary \$500.”

Mr. FAGEE. — “ Oh! no, please don't do that, sir, for, as we did only \$300,000 worth of business this season, I wouldn't like to cripple the concern by making such a fearful drain upon it. Kindly make the advance \$12.50!”

[Mr. S. takes the hint, and FAGEE now rejoices in a \$700 salary.]



**The Apology.**

The above unpretentious sketch may serve as a suggestion for a historical painting, which it would be worth the while of any of our best artists to produce. It epitomises the greatest political event of the year—to wit, the *Globe's* apology to BAXTER—the greatness of which event is to be measured by the fact that this is the only case on record in which the leading journal has been known to go down on its marrow-bones before any man on public grounds. For this reason the document, as it appeared in the *Globe* of October 5, is worthy of reproduction, and its intrinsic merit is not in the least affected by the fact that a libel suit was the other alternative offered. Here it is:—

With reference to an article which appeared in the *Globe* of July 27, 1880, we think it our duty to state that there is no evidence to show, and that we do not believe, that Mr. Alderman Baxter shared in the profits or otherwise derived, or expected to derive, benefit from, or had a personal interest in, transactions referred to in the article, or that he was guilty of fraud in connection with them. The transaction referred to in the article, between the owner of the Brisley patent and the Corporation, we believe to have been a wasteful one, so far as the Corporation was concerned; but a majority of the Board of Works must bear the burden of responsibility for it as well as the chairman, Ald. Baxter.

**A Song of Lacrosse.**

AIR—(Everybody Knows it).

The finest game that ever was known  
Is the noble game of Lacrosse;  
It tries a man's muscle as well as his bone,  
The noble game of Lacrosse!

Your eyes get black and your legs get blue,  
In the noble game of Lacrosse;  
But what's the odds if the rubber goes through,  
In the noble game of Lacrosse?

(Chorus—All together):

One more tumble, one more tumble and to-oss,  
One more tumble, one more game of Lacrosse!

The Shamrocks and the To-ron-tos,  
Had lately a game of Lacrosse,  
They faced the ball in a graceful pose  
In that noble game of Lacrosse.

The ball went North, and the ball went South,  
In that noble game of Lacrosse;  
TIP ARTHURS got walloped across the mouth  
With a great big stick, at Lacrosse.

(Chorus of Indignant Maidens):

One more tumble, one more tumble and to-oss,  
One more tumble, one more game of Lacrosse!

A Shamrock hit one of the To-ron-tos,  
One more game of Lacrosse;  
McKENZIE hit him a bang on the nose,  
One more game of Lacrosse;

Merely remarking “ get thee gone hence !”  
One more game of Lacrosse;  
And the Irishman landed on top of the fence  
In this playful game of Lacrosse.

(Chorus of spectators):

One more tumble, &c.

LYNCH and GERRY came, cheek by jowl,  
In that noble game of Lacrosse.  
One of them gave the other a “ foul,”  
In that noble game of Lacrosse;

They came down together with terrible thud,  
In that noble game of Lacrosse;  
And the marks of their ears are still seen in the mud,  
In the spacious grounds of Lacrosse!

(Chorus of horrified witnesses):

One more tumble, &c.

All through the day, in mud and in rain,  
Fought those gallant boys at Lacrosse;  
Each side determined to capture the game—  
The *grit* game of Lacrosse.

The Shamrocks warmed their Saxon foes  
All through the game of Lacrosse;  
But they had to give in to the To-ron-tos,  
In this last good game of Lacrosse.

(Chorus of weeping sympathisers):

One more tumble, &c.

Now, here's success to the noble game—  
The noble game of Lacrosse!  
Lawn Tennis or Cricket or Base-Ball are tame  
Compared with the game of Lacrosse.

Though our bodies get blue and blackened our eyes,  
We'll still hurrah for Lacrosse!  
It's the only game for Canadian boys,  
Hurrah for the noble Lacrosse!

(Chorus—All together, boys!)

One more tumble, one more tumble and to-oss;  
One more tumble, one more game of Lacrosse!



**The Beauties of Moderation.**

PROMISING YOUNG MAN TO POPULAR YOUNG  
PASTOR—Lager (*hic*), thasall, Issureyou! (*hic*)  
Made careful 'stinction 'twen gooderbad, too,  
and drank moderate every time!



**The Political Twin Brothers' Yeast.**

Comment upon this pencilling will be needless to those who have seen the pictorial advertisement of a certain manufacturing firm, of the merit of whose productions we say nothing good, bad or indifferent. Of the yeast, in which these political Twin Brothers deal, however, we can decidedly speak. It works well, but the less people have to do with it the better.

**Notes from “the Gadfly.”**

DEAR GRIP—I hope these few lines will find you in good health, as they leave me. Perhaps you don't recognize my serawl, but don't you remember the *Gadfly* who caught you billing and cooing by the bubbling brook, among the green wood trees. Ah! you sly dog! But I won't give you away. Well, I've been buzzing around among the agricultural shows, which break out every fall, over the face of our “fair” Province, like an annual attack of measles. After taking in the little affairs at Hamilton, London and Toronto, I this week flew over to the Galway Show. That's where you get it. Possibly some of your readers may not be sufficiently up in their geography to be able to locate Galway with any amount of accuracy. Galway, then, is in the rear of Peterborough County—the back end of the lot, so to speak—and you are aware that the back end of the lot is always vastly superior to the front end. The agricultural possibilities of Galway might, by a superficial observer, be considered indifferent, but, let me observe, its undeveloped mineral resources are tremendous. Well, about the Show. What a splendid institution these Shows are! What a heap of encouragement is given the honest yeoman, when he carries off the first prize—25c.—for his six head of cabbage. Yes, he returns to his daily toils a new-made man. Determination to again carry off (to the hostelry) the envied reward, perpetually prods him on to increased exertion, and every time he gazes on his tub of sauer-krant, hope throws a smiling halo around the chopped cabbage. Some people sniggle at the prominence taken by Ladies' Work at these Shows. But they are unthoughtful and unphilosophic persons. When a reward is offered for the best hand-made shirt, unironed, (which reminds me that the undeveloped mineral resources of this neighborhood are immense) it shows that the officers of the Society are governed by true philosophic principles. How is a man to concentrate the powers of his mind on the abstruse problems of the farm, whilst being worried with a shirt so ill-proportioned as to be continually climbing out over his belt, at the one end, and surreptitiously insinuating itself around his ears at the other end. I haven't time to tell you about the Show now, but you can bet your life, old bird, that the undeveloped mineral resources around Galway are just prolific.

GADFLY.

A noose-paper—The death warrant.—*Baltimore Telegram*. The marriage certificate also. It is made of lines.