



His Worship Abroad.

I wonder what the *Mail* means by kicking up all this fuss about dens of wickedness in the city?—I don't see very many!

EXTRAORDINARY DECREASE.—The *Mail* says that a cat, on fire with kerosene, "perished in the flames, together with a number of buildings."

Mr. BLAKE is going back to public life. Now we may expect him to "Hang all the sky with his prodigious signs." Let us hope they will not, this time, be mere Auroras.

The Builder.

(A MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN OLD SAXON RECORDS).

Nowe itt seemed to ye good GRYPPE that he felle intoe a dreame; and there appeared untoe hym as itt were two exceedinge foughe-featured knaves. And itt did also appear that one was a capytalyst and ye other a builder. And the fyrst knave did say to ye latter one:

"Prithee, Mastere Builder, canst not thou contrive to erect some cheaperre habitations? I get notte on these, by Saint SORFPLASTERRE, not a paltry hundredde per cente!"

Thenne dyd ye second knave squint awfullye, and dyd saye:

"Trulye, goode Sirre, I woulde faine pleasurre thee in this matterre, yf an I butte knewe howe to accomplishe ye same. Butt perhaps thou couldst give mee a fewe hints of thy pleasurre?"

"Canst thou notte, then," asked the firste, "mayke cheaperre foundaytions?"

"Sirre," answered hee, "they be nowe of poore brick, whereas they should be of stone."

"Canst thou not make themme shallower?" "Naye," sayed ye seconde, "theye bee now soe shallowe that ye froste woulde sure shayke ye house downe, butte thatt ye poore brick wille n'jt laste long enoughe to allowe ye sayme."

"Thenne itt maye nott be bettered; butt conste thoue notte use lesse valuable timber?"

"Truly," was the answerre, "itt is alreadye little betterre than rottenne, and much fallteth outt wherever it be pyled."

"What aboute ye painte? Mayke mee a reduction therefaine."

"Mye goode Sirre," sayed ye seconde, "wee use butte cheap leade and coale oil where wee canne, wherebye itt lastteth notte syx monthes. Alsoe wee doe putt inne earthe for sande, and poore lime, poore shingles, poore lockes, poore hinges, and doe cover alle over as neatlye as we may, soe thatt yee canne selle the house, after which yee neede nothings care."

"Nowe in goode truthre," replied the firste "I see notte thatt yee canne mende matters, soe thatt I muste do wytt 100 per cente till better dayes." And they passed from the syghte of ye goode GRYPPE.



"And Don't You Forget It."

Perhaps you noticed that big cartoon which appeared in the columns of the *Globe* one day last week. It was placed over the announcement of a dry-goods merchant, and the legend underneath was, "So and-so sells cheap clothing, and don't you forget it!" Mr. GRIP, who is jealous of any attempt of the common newspapers to trench on his special domain, is inclined to suspect that the picture referred to had a good deal of meaning in it which may have escaped the notice of ordinary observers. In short, he is of opinion that it was a political cartoon drawn by Mr. BROWN himself and intended for the special edification of Mr. MACKENZIE, in view of his incipient rebellion on the subject of abolishing the Senate. Of course the drawing was defective, as the Hon. GEORGE is a mere amateur with the pencil, but still the smaller figure bore a suggestive likeness to the ex-Premier; as to the other, it was still further astray, but may have been the venerable Senator's honest idea of himself. Mr. GRIP publishes an improved edition of the cut above, which will make its meaning clear at a glance. The new legend underneath should read, "I don't want to hear any more from you about abolishing the Senate—and don't you forget it!"

Hiawatha.

JOHN CAMERON's truly good journal, The *Advertiser* of London, Wants to get up a sensation, A sort of a "boom" for subscribers, And so it has published a notice Announcing a great competition, Open to all poetasters.

A sort of a go-as-you-please thing, For a prize—a nicely bound volume— To be given to him who shall furnish The best original "poem"

In the meter of *Hiawatha*, Subject, the late Quebec banquet Given to "Canada's Greatest" By his loyal and worshipping toadies. Now this will be fun for the poets, But just think of the editor's tribulation when slathers of manuscripts come pouring in on him, For to parody that *Hiawatha* Doesn't require any rhyming, And every TOM, DICK and HARRY Can reel it off easy as winking They'll get the *Globe's* tale of the banquet, And copy it all out *verbatim*, Cutting the lines with a scissors And fitting them to the right measure, And send them in car-loads to London. And that editor weary and wasted With wading through reams of nonsense Will forget he is on a good journal And perhaps fall to swearing profanely!

A Convert.

Speaking of the flattery which the Reform papers are at present bestowing on Mr. BLAKE, the *Ottawa Citizen* says:

We think that this is sheer ingratitude towards the only man who could have kept the Reformers together, towards the only man who could have done their party work with success, towards the only man who could have rallied them after their defeat, and towards the only man who, take him all in all, has the brains, the energy and the industry to lead a party. That man is Alexander Mackenzie.

What has induced the well-fed *Citizen* to desert its Obieftain in this fashion? It used to think that there was at least one other man who had the "brains, energy and industry to lead a party." Can that Quebec banquet have had anything to do with it?

It is telegraphed all round the world that eight lacks of treasure have been dug up in Cabul. Strange what ordinary things are thought unusual there. Couldn't dig anywhere in Toronto without finding at least one great lack of it.



THE ANTI-RENT MOVEMENT IN IRELAND.