



AT THE BAR OF PUBLIC OPINION.

CHIEF MAGISTRATE LORNE.—AND SO, PRISONER, YOU ELECT TO BE TRIED SUMMARILY?

PRISONER.—YES, YOUR WORSHIP, THE SOONER THE BETTER FOR ME. DON'T DELAY IT BEYOND JUNE, WHATEVER YOU DO!

Election Returns,

AS TELEPHONED TO GRIP.

GRIP.—Hello! Br-wn!! The *Globe* seems to be pretty well posted on elections. What are your private convictions on the matter, and who told you all about it?

BR-WN.—Hello! Grip! my private impression is that elections will be right on top of us before you can say Jack Robinson in Chinese. Nobody didn't tell me nothing about it. The idea of the proximity of elections was spontaneously original and "evolved," as Dr. Wild expresses it, from my own inner consciousness.

GRIP.—You forget old boy that Dr. Wild has sagely observed that you can't "evolute" a thing unless it has been first "involved." Ha! ha!! Ta! ta!! Hello! B-nt-ng! When are elections coming off?

B-NT-NG.—Hav'nt the remotest idea. Say, couldn't you find out for a fellow? Br-wn will tell you. He knows all about it. Guess he got the Chief three shots in the wind and pumped him dry.

GRIP.—Hello! Bl-ke! Hello!! Hello!!! wake up old man! what 'bout elections? When are they due. State briefly their rate of approximation and give reasons for your answer.

BL-KE.—Hello! assimilate with the utmost acceleration the truth, the elections will transpire in the immediate futurity and possibly sooner. This is of course at variance with my conception of reform interests, but Brown has said it and he evidently knows, though I think myself we'll need another scandal against the government to make a success of the thing.

GRIP.—Hello! Johnny!! what date for elections? eh? come now be candid for once in your life.

SM J-HN A. McD-N-LD.—Don't know yet. Fancy I'll need a few more tall chimneys before I start the election boom. Brown is off his base on the point, and I am not sorry. When his little election boom dies out mine will begin. Twig? Bye-bye.

Michael James McGuffin.

A LEGEND OF CAUGHAGETOWN.

Long years ago in Cabbagetown Lived Michael James McGuffin, He'd say "I'm from the County Down;" If any man tried bluffin' Or wanted to scare Michael James He'd never swear, or call him names, But up he'd walk And coolly knock Out of that man the stuffin'.

Now Michael James enamoured was With Mary Jane Ann Moran, He'd broken several large sized jaws Of young men who, adorin' The lovely Mary Jane Ann, fair, (Struck on her shape and auburn hair), Had for her hand Made a demand In language most implorin'.

McGuffin had a rival who Was gall and wornwood to him, And deeper still his hatred grew (Although he hardly knew him), When Mike found out that every day He'd bring Miss Moran to the Day, And there aloft, Sail in a boat, "Be gob!" said Mike "I'll chew him!

"I'll bust his head!" said Michael J.; "And throw him in the gutter!" So when he met them out one day, Not one word did he utter, But hit his rival on the ear, And Mary Jane cried out, "oh dear! You are a tough, A nasty rough!" Quoth Michael "Bring a shutter,"

"And get some men to carry home Your lover. Go and nurse him!" And Michael J., with heart of stone, Did sore revile and curse him, "And as for you, Miss Mary Jane, You treated me with deep disdain, Oh how you've lied! You are a snide!" Said she, "I'm no such person?"

A cop dropped down upon the row And said, "Here, what's the matter? Come move on here! just clear out now Or soon the gang I'll scatter!" But still there on the sidewalk prone Lay William Henry John McCrone, The rival who, Knocked black and blue, That Mike did sorely "bather."

Oh I who can tell the subtle ways
Of woman in her dealings
With men? Sometimes his hopes she'll raise,
At others, crush his feelings!
So Mary Jane Ann, strange to say,
"Kungin" again with Michael J.,
And poor McCrone,
Cried out Ochone,
Mavrone! or such like squealings.
And Michael James and Mary Jane
Got married shortly arter,
"To hide the truth, 'twould be in vain,"
Miss Moran proved a tartar.
If Michael James would come in tight,
Or even stayed out late at night,
She'd rise from bed
And break his head,
Or choke him with her garter!
McGuffin first essayed to "kick,"
But she yelled out "Sic semper
Tyrannus! I'll soon make you sick,"
(You see she had a temper),
And one fine night she and McCrone
Did all poor Michael's savings "bone,"
And off did go
To Chicago,
But Mike don't much lament her.
"O tempora! O Mores! they
Have left cum dignitate
Pari passu, four pretidre conge."
Said Mike, "They did it nate. He
Thinks he's got a charming prize
But when he gets both of his eyes
Bunged up and black,
He'll say 'go back,
V'er not the clean votatv'!"

Contented Artisans.

SPARROWS.

Just opposite my dwelling, in a very quiet spot,
A couple of mechanics have secured a vacant lot;
They started on a building just a day or two ago,
And the progress they are making is anything but slow.

I hear them in the morning, though 'tis scarcely break of day;
They call unto each other, but I know not what they say;
It cannot be a trade dispute, nor "strike," it seems to me,
For they are always hard at work and happy as can be.

I know these workers labor for the very best of firms;
And fancy, too, they have their lease on rather easy terms;
Indeed, I'm not surprised to see their house so quickly grown,
The pick of all the lumber in the city is their own.

And they not only build their house, but furnish it as well,
They are the best upholsterers that in the city dwell;
No vulgar ostentation in their furniture is shown,
Their carpets and their couches are composed of softest down.

And when their house is finished, what a pleasant thing to see
How very well the builders and their tenants will agree;
And at the tenants' sitting, too, when happens that event,
The owners will be happy quite with kisses for the rent.

R. CROOKENDEN.



QUOTATIONS FROM GREAT MEN.

"I could paint Mackenzie so black that his friends would not recognise him.—Sir Charles Tupper.