

TWO METHODS OF "HOW NOT TO DO IT."

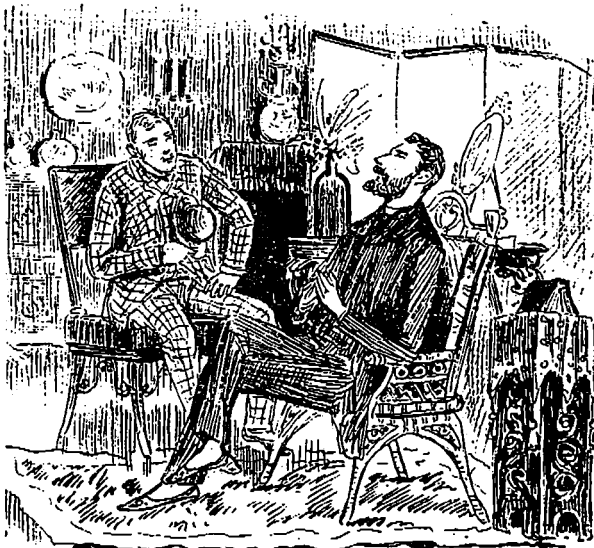
THE DOMINION PLAN.

WHEN the country demands some particular measure,
Which doesn't quite suit exactly the Premier's pleasure,
Sir John A. Macdonald will promise compliance
If on Tory rule they will still place reliance.
Years pass without action—the clamor's renewed,
And, when pie-crust pledges no longer delude—
When he cannot with safety from action refrain,
And hope the support of his friends to retain,
He gets out of the fix and secures his position
By referring the thing to a Royal Commission;
A few party heelers get handsomely paid,
And the measure is still *sine die* delayed.

THE ONTARIO PLAN.

When Premier Mowat is asked to abate
Some long-standing abuse in affairs of the state,
And to prove that the Grit party's loud-vaunted claim
To be truly "Liberal" is more than a name,
Deputations he greets with the serenest of smiles,
And earnest Reformers politely beguiles
By remarking, "I've noted each wise observation,
It shall have my most serious consideration."

The result's just the same—nay, not quite, for we know
That while Royal Commissions are but empty show,
They are apt to dip into the Treasury deep,
But "consideration" comes awfully cheap.



AMBIGUOUS.

Pastor—Well, Mr. Gallagher, what can I do for you?

Mr. G.—I've called to see you about the wine question, sir. I've been a total abstainer up to now, but as I've just reached my twenty-first year—

Pastor—Let her go, Gallagher!

(*Gallagher is as much in the dark as ever, as he doesn't know which he ought to "let go"—the wine or his appetite.*)

A CARNIVAL OF MUD.

MONTREAL is not going to have any snow carnival this year. Now is Toronto's chance. Why should not we attract visitors by the unique and characteristic spectacle of a mud carnival, for which this city possesses such unrivalled facilities? It could be held in the early spring when the mud is at its deepest and Toronto most frequently recalls its former *sobriquet* of Muddy Little York. A mud carnival let it be by all means. Montrealers have shown us how to make the best of what every sensible

and right-minded person considers an unmitigated nuisance and source of discomfort—the snows and frosts of winter. They make believe that they really enjoy the cold weather. Why should not we take a leaf out of their book and celebrate the apotheosis of mud, dignify, glorify and revel in our mud, seeing that we can't by any possibility get rid of it.

GRIP presents the following suggestions for a programme of sports and exercises which would doubtless by their novelty attract a large number of visitors from all points of the compass:

1. Extra deep and carefully neglected mud lake at the corner of King and Yonge streets as the principal attraction and scene of the games.

2. Grand torchlight procession of scavengers, street-sweepers and street arabs with implements.

3. Mud-splashing tournament, open to hackmen, butcher boys and expressmen.

4. Grand competition open to all pedestrians, with prizes to those crossing the mud lake with least detriment to their apparel.

5. Fishing for catfish and eels in mud lake.

6. Mud-slinging match, open to all practical editors and aldermen. This to be made the special feature of the occasion.

7. Prize oration and poem on the beauties and pleasures of mud, and its utility in promoting the public health and convenience.

As Toronto is entitled to the distinction of being the muddiest city on the continent, why should we not take a pride in it and endeavor to turn our undoubted pre-eminence to some practical account? Whatever objections some chronic pessimists and croakers may offer to this proposition it must at least be admitted that in the words of the author of "Bad Ballads,"

The novelty would striking be
And must attract remark.

TRICHOLOGICAL PROGRESS.

OF organizing societies, as of making many books, there is no end. One of the latest is the British Trichological Association, the object of which is "to trace the loss of hair to its true causes," and endeavor to discover a remedy. We do not notice the name of the Heir Apparent to the Throne on the list of leading members, though his patronage would be both significant and appropriate. It includes, as might be expected, some prominent members of the Whig party. The organization cannot fail to have an attraction, a capillary attraction, so to speak, for many to whom the bald statement of the tonsorial artist as to the rapidity of the process of cranial denudation is unsatisfactory. Whether a lady can become a member is not stated. Some perhaps would not consider her-suit-able for the honor. Certain it is that should a gentleman of color, whose appearance indicated a personal interest in the solution of the problem, present himself for admission he would be black-balled.

The inaugural address, dealing with the causes of baldness, is principally remarkable for its omission of any allusion to the well-known relation between a lack of the natural headcovering and a regular patronage of burlesque opera. All sorts of causes for the premature falling out of the hair were assigned, but no mention whatever was made of the fact long familiar to every professional humorist, that statistics clearly show that about two-thirds—some scientists place the proportion as high as