

KNOCKED OUT.

SULLIVANICS.

John Sullivan, the champion,
Can deal some mighty knocks, sir;
But there is one whom I will back
To be a better boxer.

A champion boxer is my man,
No pugilistic f.k.k.ir;
Lives there a greater boxer than
The sad-faced undertaker?

There is another greater than
The strong John Lawrence Sullivan
More popular, that is to say,
As you'll allow, sir, any day.
It is a drink—not rye and rock, sir.
But good Beck beer—the champion Beck, sir.
Manufacturers of this beverage please remit.

WHO GOVERNS THE DOMINION?

POLITICAL CONVERSATION.



THE MANUFACTURER.—We govern this country. Nothing to do but to go to Sir Leonard, give him his instructions, and get a tariff made to suit us. Go home again, form a ring, hold meetings, raise prices, reduce wages, haul in cash by the wheelbarrow load, buy estates, acquire political influence, return members through employee's votes,—what do you call all that? The manufacturer governs the country, if anybody does!



every time. Sir John and the Bleus are tugging might and main to keep it out of the hands of Ontario (its proper owner by the way). Mr. Mowat and his special constables are hauling all they know to hold on; pull devil, pull baker. In the meantime who's getting the oyster, my boy?—the contractor! We're getting the timber; we're getting hold of the mines, and if the blessed old award isn't soon settled, they may take the territory who likes, for between fire, chopping, and grabbing of mineral deeds, and vested rights in everything round,

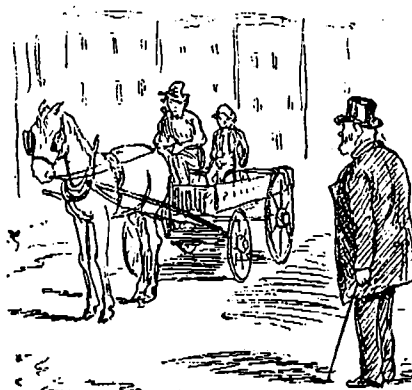
THE CONTRACTOR.

—We govern the country, we form your Syndicates, make ourselves into great corporations, get your whole northwest, or, what's as good, the chief influence in it, for building your Pacific road. Wasn't that a superlative bargain! What do you think of a farmer selling you the fic'd before his door on condition you would cut him a path up to his house? Then look at the Boundary Award country. Why, we have the whip hand

we'll have all the good there is in the disputed territory either in pocket or in claim. How can Government help itself? We sway votes, I tell you, my boy. The contractor rules the country. Hooray!



THE QUEBEC BLEU.
—Now, Messieurs. It is not ze case. I—moi—mcs compatriots—zey rule ze country. Sare John—sare Tup-paire—Sare anyvon—zey do ze bidding—ze ordaire—ze directionne—of ze grand parti Bleu. Sare John he rule de land—ze Bleu he rule Sare John. Ze parti Bleu he give Sare Tilley leave to favor ze manufactur-aire wiz ze bonus, ze tariffe, ze subsidy: he give Sare John ze per-mission to make ze grande oration in ze mai-son—zat is, in ze House; he give Sare Tup-paire leave sell ze Nord—ze Ouest—ze Manitoba—to ze Syndicate conditionnement zey build one track across ze same. And he ordaire Messieurs Sare John, Tup-paire—all ze remainder—ze balance—zat is left of ze parti Conservative—zat zey attack ze Rat Portage—zat zey prevent ze Haut Canada—ze Ontario—from get-ting ze land. Ze parti Bleu he ordaire—Sare John—all ze rest—zey must obey. Ze parti Bleu he rule ze land, and shall do it continual-ment. Ze race superieur know no equal, nor it shall not nevaire.



HE WAS A PHILOSOPHER.

I.

Going up Church-street a few days ago, old Mr. Hunkspaddle observed a man and a boy calmly seated in a light wagon, which was standing in the middle of the street. As the incident was not of a very extraordinary character, the good old gentleman was not much struck by it, but on returning three hours later the man, boy, horse and wagon were in precisely the same position as when he last saw them. This seemed strange to old Hunkspaddle, and he enquired of a policeman what the meaning of the matter might be. "Balky horse," replied the minion of the law, laconically, as he sauntered on. "H'm!" muttered our old friend, "that man takes it very philosophically," and going up to the party in the wagon he remarked, "Balky horse, eh?" "Yes," replied the occupant of the vehicle. "Won't budge, eh?" continued Mr. Hunkspaddle. "Nary budge," replied the other, "bin here three hours and it's after six now; but it's all the same. 'Hah! you're a philosopher,' remarked our old gentleman. "Yes, a bit of a philosophede," was the answer, and old H. strolled away, and as he passed down

Church-street at 9.30 a. m. next day he noticed the same horse, wagon, man and boy just leaving the spot where he had seen them the previous day. "Been there all night?" he asked the man. "Yes, bin thar all night," was the answer. "Time can't be of much value to you," suggested Hunkspaddle. "No, not much; not to me," replied the philosopher in the wagon.



II.

"Ah!" exclaimed old Hunkspaddle, as he came home at noon, "I see that fellow's been and fixed the door bell." "Yes," replied worthy Mrs. Hunkspaddle, "and he left his bill. Here it is." "Whew! what's this," exclaimed the old gentleman, raising his eyebrows as he scanned the account; what does he mean?

To 8 hours fixing bell; two	} \$ 3 20
men at 40 cts. per hr.	
" 13 hrs. overtime at 80c....	10 40
" Material.....	2 00

\$15 60

What the doose does the man mean?" and then it flashed over his mind that the man with the balky horse was his plumber, and the overtime was easily accounted for. And he marvelled no more at the man's philosophy.

MILITARY NEWS.

SEE REPORT OF GEN. L.—'S CONDUCT AT COBBOURG.

COLONEL.—A beautiful day, general, is it not?

GENERAL.—You're a liar. It looks like rain.

COLONEL.—We can't expect the troops to show off to advantage in this weather, then.

GENERAL.—That's a lie: they should do better if it rains.

COLONEL.—Well, I hope it won't rain.

GENERAL.—What a lie! You know you wish it to rain cats and dogs. If it did it would wash some of your men clean. You don't look too clean yourself, &c. &c. &c.

IGNORANCE.

SCENE: PARLOR. TIME: EVENING.

(Dramatis Personæ—Paterfamilias and his "Only Hope," aged 12. The latter is busy at his lessons.)

Only Hope (suddenly looking up from his books)—"Pa, who was Shylock?"

Paterfamilias (with a look of surprise and horror)—"Great goodness, boy, you attend church and Sunday school every week, and don't know who Shylock was? Go and read your Bible, sir!"—*Glasgow Chief.*

Handkerchief flirtations at the beach are sea-wives that are not sad.—*Boston Star.*