



WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

Miss GUSHINGTON—"I do so hate this kissing *every* body. Positively you are the first person I've enjoyed saying good-bye to."

not all used up in one generation." In view of the peculiar kind of genius and ability which comes to the front at Ottawa, this is a very melancholy reflection. A succession of Sir Thompsons would be enough to redeem the *regime* of Sir John Macdonald from obloquy by contrast.

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THE New York *Herald* maintains its reputation for dash and enterprise. It has announced prizes for the most successful guessers at the popular plurality of either Cleveland or Harrison. To the person making the closest prediction it will give a trip round the world free of expense, the one who comes next will be given a return trip to London and Paris, and the third a return trip to London. Predictions must be made upon the coupons printed in the *Herald*. The competition is only open to "residents of the United States." We suppose the exclusion of Canadians, even though they are *Herald* readers, is part of the American policy of retaliation. GRIP, having the gift of prophecy, could easily secure the prize were it open to Canadians, but anyhow, come to think of it, we haven't time to go round the world just now.

UNINFLUENTIAL.

"MARS is in Opposition," quoth the sage.
"Who's he?" exclaimed Sir Abbott in a rage.
"Some Blue-nose Senator I guess or such;
Oh well, his influence don't amount to much."

THE LITERAL FACT.

MISS DASHER—"Mamma, your flirtations with Col. Oldboy make me tired."
WIDOW DASHER—"Don't use those horrid slang expressions, Bella."
MISS DASHER—"But it's a fact, you do make me tired. I cannot go a step-father."

A MIDSUMMER TOPIC.

NOW doth the weary editor
In dearth of topics, strain
His intellect much over-taxed
And rack his fevered brain.
The situation doth he scan,
But all is dull and dead.
Then in despair he pens a screed:
"Is Mars Inhabited?"