

**The Hesitating Lover Coming from the Fair.**

Among a flock of sheep to-day,  
I saw an ewe most shapely grown;  
Ah! then I only wished to say,  
That ewe—that you might be my own.

The wish was old before I knew  
That ewe—was coy yet might be won;  
So, hang it! let me wish anew,  
That you—that ewe and I were one!

**Law and Agriculture.**

In responding to a toast at an agricultural dinner in St. Catharines the other day, one of the speakers made the remark that law and farming could never be carried on successfully together. This is very true, for several reasons. The farmer must live by his grains, and the lawyer by his brains. The farmer draws sustenance from his roots; the lawyer from suits. The farmer cultivates oats; the lawyer notes. The farmer thrashes his grain; the successful lawyer thrashes the opposing counsel. The farmer throws away his chaff; the lawyer keeps it for the jury. The farmer harrows up his ground; the lawyer harrows up the feelings of those he opposes. The farmer takes grist to other people's mills; the lawyer always brings it to his own. The farmer sows and reaps; the lawyer sues and reaps. The farmer encourages peace; the lawyer discourages peace. The farmer looks after his own acres; the lawyer looks after other peoples' acres. The farmer waits for his roots to turn up; the lawyer is always waiting for something to turn up. And, to conclude, the farmer sometimes feels feeble, and the lawyer always feels fee-bill. So you see, there is quite a difference between law and agriculture.

**Three Black Crows.**

Three city crows one morning near the post,  
Each deeming self in politics a host;  
Not months gone by in open conclave met  
To save the country, and—to have a "wet";  
And long discussed the grave affairs of State,  
Friend ALICK, BLAKE, and others did berate.  
With many a shake of head, and whisper low,  
And win't mysterious prepared to go  
To vinous cellar and o'er frequent glass  
Determine what should not, and what should come to pass.  
"For," said the trio, "what e'er we agree  
Must rule the others, else they traitors be";  
"My voice said, No. 1, with gesture most absurd,  
"Will in the West a thunder-bolt be(e)heard,"  
"While I," said No. 2, "the Pats can carry,  
Whether in West Toronto or my own Glengarry."  
"Aye, by the mass," said No. 3, "the truth ye 'ell us,  
The game's our own or I'm not Marcellus;  
These fellows must be taught (with this I drew a cork),  
I've learned a trick or two worth knowing in North York."  
"Aye, that you have," said 2, nor is't for me to say  
What curious tricks I've picked up from JOHN A."  
"Ye both have got the brains to fill the situation"  
Said 3, "And I'll be scribe to the association,  
With this agreed *nem. con.* these three black crows  
Reported prog. with many a croak,—then rose,  
Loud flapped their wings and never seemed so hearty,  
The great, the noisy three who formed the Tory party.

Since then you know the rest; on street, in club,  
The thousand rumours floating in the hub;  
The coming man—the one that's cast aside  
The "Party" hand-cuff'd with conscious pride.  
What cares the West Division? What the course!  
As long as the Party backs the winning horse.

And now the burden of this tale is told,  
And politicians young and voters old  
Have by our grace the mighty secret learned  
How the NEW PARTY CONSERVATIVE was formed.  
Should coming scores not expectation flatter,  
Or ballot boxes fond hopes rudely scatter;  
Should the wrong "nag" be forced upon the track  
And time-tried courser "scratched" for short-wind hack,  
In short, should the true party fail, we, GRIP, disclose  
What 'twas, what 'tis, what 'twill be—Three Black Crows.

**Croaks and Pecks.**

THERE is a "b" in every "bonnet."

HAY SCALES.—The voters' lists in West Toronto.

GOING IT BLIND.—Secretary WOODS at Brantford.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.—Hay is up in West Toronto.

GIN SLING.—FRASER using his sling as a trap for votes.

CALEDONIAN GAMES.—"A big push" by lang GEORDIE.

HEALING GRACE.—The pilgrims taking to their heels to save their souls.

GRIP'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—It is a serious business to make jokes.

*Lucus a non lucendo.*—Quotations from repealed statutes by the Attorney General.

WHAT old lady is universally courted, while her daughter is shunned by all? Dame Fortune.

DOES the new election law favor the Reformation, seeing it has produced so many protests and protestants?

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN.—What if the lions refuse to be satisfied with Hays—they are carnivorous and might chain him up.

NOT "a la carte."—When Mr. BROWN asked Senator SIMPSON to "come down handsomely," he was not asking for the Senator's photograph.

"SPEECH IS SILVERY, SILENCE IS GOLDEN," (*ancient Grit loquitur*).  
"Haeing got the siller, Geordie suld hae kenned hoo tae keep a calm sough about it."

"WILL YOU BE ONE."—This phrase has been adopted by "three card monte" men when endeavoring to entrap victims. It is not generally known whence it arises; but it is supposed to cover a multitude of sins.

CO-RELIGIONIST.—Even if he had bowie knives in his boots and a shillelagh up his sleeve he cannot be blamed. His position as a member of the Government compelled him to be well prepared. Cabinet Ministers are scarce, and especially co-religionist Cabinet Ministers.

SPECULATION is rife as to which of the candidates in West Toronto will be in the van on election day. Ald. HAYES' position is somewhat misty. TURNER may, not improbably, go back before the goal is reached. But CAN-A-VAN be lead by the Independent Conservative candidate?

THE *Nation* in alluding to Mr. HAYES' candidature in West Toronto, speaks of him as having pledged himself not to offer the government a "facetious opposition." Therein he greatly differs from McDUGALL, LAUDER, RYKERT, and that ilk. Their opposition is usually very facetious.

In New York, last week, Louisa Henser, a pretty girl of fourteen, attempted to commit suicide by drinking a quarter of a pint of red ink. This sounds ink-red-ible, but it is true. The physician didn't order her to swallow a sheet of blotting pad, because he didn't think it would be write.—*Norristown Herald*.

It wouldn't have been surprising if she had been successful in her intention, and then the doctors who held the *post mortem* would have had to go on an ink-quest. Eh?

A PERPLEXED GRIT.—A mixed Commission is now in session arranging the conditions upon which the campaign in West Toronto is to be conducted. They have already agreed on the first condition, which is, that both Grits and Tories cry quits on the subject of bribery tunds, and that all such personalities as "send me another ten thousand" and "big push" be eschewed.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?—PROBLEM I.—A. is in church—free church—at his devotions. B. is kneeling behind A. at her devotions. A. suddenly sits back before the men in Amen is fully ended and crushes B.'s bonnet over her eyes. What should A. do? Turn round at once and apologize to B.? Wait till the service is over and then apologize to B.? or keep cool and pretend not to know he has smashed B.'s bonnet?

N.B.—B. is young and handsome.

**Dedicated to Mr. Charles Fechter and His Yellow Wig.**

WHEN was HAMLET a howling swell? Answer (by Mr. FECHTER)—When he wore a "yeller" wig.