



Davin the Scientist.

A couple of individuals came to town the other day and opened an exhibition, their stock in trade being a living rooster with his head cut off. Before the show had been going on long the enterprising proprietors thereof were apprehended at the instance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the case came up before the police tribunal in due course. The defendants were fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, who is not only a brilliant lawyer but an eminent scientist, and as a necessary consequence they got off scot free. Mr. DAVIN's line of defence was that there was no cruelty in the case at all. This he proved by shewing that the rooster had not really lost his head any more than the counsel for the prosecution. He still retained a certain amount of brain—a good deal more than was possessed by many roosters whom he (Mr. D.) was acquainted with. This was not intended as a covert allusion to the city aldermen or other respectable persons. The learned counsel went on to shew that the cruelty in such a case all depended on the amount of material that was taken off the head. For example he himself had been robbed of all his hair, and yet he had felt no pain or inconvenience, and did not think of bringing an action against Dame Nature. Scientific experts were put in the witness box to corroborate this theory of the learned counsel, which they did to the satisfaction of the Magistrate, and the happy defendants left the court in company with their brilliant adviser, who metaphorically speaking wore a rooster's feather in his legal cap.

Elegant Extracts from the reflections of a National Tomnoddy.

Vulgarity is so much an English characteristic that one is always inclined to suspect a well-bred Englishman of being a man of rank. The Englishman of rank however seldom incurs suspicion in the way indicated.

There are no vulgar Irishmen,—the nation is too imaginative to sink into the sordid commonplace which is the essence of the vulgar character.

If all but Scotchmen were destroyed there would be no vulgarity. It is after all a quality ascertainable only by comparison with refinement, and in a Scotch world there would be nothing with which vulgarity could be compared.

The reason why a vulgar Canadian seems so very vulgar is that one expects a perfectly free man, who must have had opportunities for education, to be high minded, easy and refined.

The most offensive animal in existence is the Canadian, who, in trying to pass himself off for an Englishman, imagines that he deceives his hearers into the belief that they see a foreign and not a native flunkey.

The meanest of all flunkies is he who, being awed by rank, assumes to it an insolent demeanour. It's a lower depth is reached by the individual who brags of being insolent when he really acted the lick-spittle.

As one is so much in his own society he should strive to make that as refined and agreeable as possible.

The Rev Dr. JOHN HALL is said to have received over \$10,000 in wedding fees during the last year.—*Exchange.*

Wouldn't it be more appropriate to spell him Rev. JOHN HAUL?



INDEPENDENCE

LEADS TO



ANNEXATION.

Exempt us from Exemptions.

MR. GRIP hopes that the Hon. OLIVER MOWAT will be deeply impressed by the cartoon in this issue, and that he will not after examining the picture and remarking upon the faithfulness of his own portrait, quietly relegate it to that capacious receptacle of forgotten lore which he calls his consideration. The subject of the abolition of exemptions is one which has had consideration enough, and now demands action. If the Premier feels disposed to do a genuine kindness to his struggling fellow citizens, he will signalize the new year by easing them of the load of taxation they have to bear under the present unjust system of exemptions.



The Maine Political Trouble.

Reformed gamblers may be classed among the ex-ports of this country.—*Marathon Independent.* And vicious children among the imp-orts.

The Bystander.

THE BOOK.

An Idyl after Tennyson.

"Speak, babbling book," said I, and in this rhyme
The cerulean Stander-by replied.

I leave my haunts to hoot and spurn
In many a lively Sally,
The things that most Canadians learn :—
The *Globe* and *Mail* I rally.

On thirty texts I lay it down ;
I keep my readers busy ;
Poke fun at BLAKE and GEORDIE BROWN ;
And take a slap at DIZZY.

And still toward UNCLE SAM I go
Across the brimming river,
Canucks may come before they know
To go that road forever.

Poor Nation, did you die, your wits worn out,
Striving to make Canadians think like men ?

I moralize on Tory ways
In stinging sharps and trebles,
Consume with scorn Lord LYTTON'S bays—
And fling some well aimed pebbles.

O'er many a British sin I fret ;
Frown down the Jingo's shallow ;
And more than once I earn and get
The praise of schoolboys callow.

I chatter, chatter never—no ;
But loquaciously deliver
The thoughts to make Canadians go
Cross Uncle SAMMY'S river.

But GEORDIE chatters more than book : he's heard—
Old GEORDIE—every day where spreads the *Globe*

I hear the stout rag baby shout.
Though others say he's wailing,
He yet may turn both parties out
Though in the States he's failing.

With here and there a slight mistake
O'er men and things I travel :
Some epigrams of value make,
Some knotty points unravel :

Queer inferences draw, and show
Just how, across the river
Canadians really ought to go
And lose themselves forever.

Oh—darling ALEXANDER GALT—the one,
The only man who gets a word of praise.

I rail at wicked party plots
From carulean covers,
I show that liberals and Scots
Of Grit stripe can't be lovers.

I slip, I always gloom, I glance
On him who party swallows ;
Long to get GEORDIE down and dance
Upon him till he hollers.

And always still I plainly show
My writer's nervous shiver ;
In fear Canucks will never go
Cross Uncle SAMMY'S river.

A clock pendulum is bound to keep time
if it has to swing for it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*