



THE OFFICIAL "ORDER OF PRECEDENCE" IN CANADA.

(Something which badly needs to be abolished forthwith.)

THE TORY EQUAL RIGHTER.

WHAT'S that? "Our move on Mowat having proven all in vain
We should pull ourselves together for the Ottawa campaign,
And labor to put out Sir John, who for his party ends
Has ratified the Jesuit Bill to please his Popish friends."

Well I don't know that you can count on further aid from me.
Sir John was sort of in a hole—he had to, don't you see?
'Twas Mercier was at fault that time, and Mercier is a Grit,
I don't exactly think Sir John the man to blame for it.

It's possible to carry on a move like this too far
And so defeat your objects, all important as they are;
It seems to me just now that we had best go kind of slow,
So as not to turn against us public sympathy you know,

I believe in moderation—I am no sectarian crank—
This priestly domination is I own a little rank—
But if we want to gain our point and combat Papist rule,
We mustn't let these pesky Grits make of our cause a tool.

Look at Charlton and at Caven when we'd Mowat in a fix,
They came to his relief and both put in their biggest licks,
They thought no more of Equal Rights—oh no, they helped the
Grits—

They've acted all throughout the part of arrant hypocrites.

That makes me kind of weaken when I hear such fellows say
"It's getting time to turn around and try and knife John A."
I'll not be caught in such a trap nor for a sucker played,
Oh, old Sir John will hold his old—you needn't be afraid.

I do not like the Jesuits—I own I'd sooner see
The Government at Ottawa from all such influence free,
But I ain't going to help the Grits to fire old Sir John
While Mowat in Ontario is still a-hanging on!

REFINED MALICE.

GAELIC EDITOR OF THE MAIL—"I nefer did
like thon man Wullie Finlayson whatefer. I think I
have fixed him nicely."

FRIEND—"Why, what have you done to him?"

GAELIC EDITOR—"No fery much, but look you, he
does not understand ta Gaelic. So I just pit his full
name in seferal places in my Gaelic column—and he
will think it iss something fery bad I have said—and be
running all over to find somebody to translate it."

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

CHOLLY—"Say, Fweddle, do you undahstand all dis
wow about—aw—Equal Wights, I believe they call
it."

FREDDIE—"Aw—never bothaw much with politics—
aw—bad fawm—vulgah—you know. But—aw—the
Equal Wights movement seems diwected against the
Iwish element and I wather sympathize with it. I don't
like Iwish—ought to be all hod-cawwiahs and stwee-
cleanahs, and that sort of thing."

CHOLLY—"Ah, then you are a quasi-Equal Wighter I
suppose?"

FREDDIE—"What, do you mean to insult me? Cwazy!
did you say? Wepeat that language and I'll—I'll—nevah
speak to you again."

CHOLLY—"No, no, deah boy—I didn't say cwazy; I
said quasi."

FREDDIE—"That's a wepetition of the insult. I'll have
wevenge. I'll—"

CHOLLY (*much agitated*)—"Can't you undahstand?
Quasi, you know, not cwazy—not lunatic—nevah thought
of such a thing. Don't go, Fweddle. I weally didn't say
cwazy. It was quasi—q, u, a, s, i."

FREDDIE—"Aw—that's diffewent. All wight old
man. Have a cigawwette."

SPARE OUR BLUSHES.

(Extract from a letter to our bashful Editor.)

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to congratulate you on your happy hit
(here follows title of cartoon) in your issue of—. Laugh
is the word on all sides. It illustrates the situation *exactly*, and
many are the expressions heard from politicians of both stripes
that it is one of the best of your many clever tracings.

F.J.F.

HE WASN'T SINGLE.

GLAGRUNCH—"Terrible scandal about Wigglesbury,
aint it? They say that he is leading a double life."

BUMSTEAD—"No, you don't say so."

GLAGRUNCH—"Its a fact though. He got married
some years ago!"