

**Equivocal.**

The Parson. (to inebriated parishioner)—
Drunk again, Johnston!!

Johnston—(in a semi-confidential tone)—
Sho'am I, parson!

**Grip to Alexander Mackenzie.**

MACKENZIE, while you stand alone,
Stout foes before, false friends behind,
Deserted, soon to be overthrown,
Feeling how thankless is mankind,
Let one impartial voice proclaim—
Would that its tones were stentor-loud,
Above the vilifying crowd,—
Honored shall be thy stainless name!

Full many a flout in bygone days
We put on thee in power and place,—
Satire may speak while lackeys praise—
No act of thine we jeered was base.
A homespun man, God's gentleman,
A character sound warp and wool,
Jest proof we found it—slanderproof
Thy enemies whate'er their plan.

And now, because the people turned
From thee in time of bitter need,
Because thy counsels wise they spurned,
And to thine enemies gave heed,
The men whom honor bound to stay
Thrice gallantly by thee when down,
Gibe at thy back, in secret frown,
And want occasion to betray.

Thy manners lack, they say, forsooth,
A something hard to be defined;
Thy truths are too austere in truth!
Thy way with knaves is thought unkind!
Not gently dost thou chide a fool
Who fain would guide the car of state!
These things offend the men of late
Who flattered all thy days of rule.

What matters it, thy work was good,
They cannot take the past away,
The future shall proclaim "He stood
Battling for right for many a day,
His was a steadfast, upright soul
That never quailed before a foe,
Ingratitude could strike him low,
But pure his name on history's scroll."

**Mr. Phipps' Reflections.**

This is a queer world. I have often thought this, though the form of words has been used by another. GILBERT puts them in the mouth of *Dick Deadeye*. Haven't my doubt GILBERT stole 'em from me. Saw 'em in some of my writings, and cabbaged 'em without giving credit, of course. They all do it. Have heard it affirmed that the whole character of *Deadeye* was copied from me. Don't doubt it. Never saw the play called *Pinafore*, but understand that this *Deadeye* is a man of brains whose words of truth and soberness fall flat on the mediocrities who surround him. Just my position. I am the only man of mind in the country, yet the people are so dull and insensate that they can't see it. However, if they can't see they can feel, and I fancy they are beginning to experience some of the effects of neglecting my counsels already. The country is being done to death by the N. P. and the groans of the multitude are a balm to my wounds. Let 'em groan! It will teach 'em to wick at JOHN A. when he plays a sharp game on me. If they had only known enough to put me into the place now occupied by the incompetent and butter-fingered TILLEY, everybody would have been laughing now instead of groaning. As it is, I am the only one who laughs. I have a policy—the Policy, which would transform this country in a twinkling, make it bloom and blossom as the rose, but they shall never get it. I will keep it in the privacy of my own writing desk, and just before I leave this cold and stupid world I will give orders to have it burned. Yes, sir, burned up! With my own hand I shall hold that precious document in the flame of a tallow candle until it is a black cluder, and then I will utter a grim ha! ha! that will fetch Canadians to their senses if anything will. Meantime I live only to amuse myself by roasting the Ministry over a slow fire in the columns of the *Globe*. I don't expect to purify them by the process—nothing could purify such a Cabinet. Nor do I hope to induce Sir JOHN to reconsider his decision, and give me TILLEY's portfolio. I wouldn't take it now. I will not under any circumstances lift a finger to get them out of the middle they are in—and they know I could do so by simply lifting a finger, if I would. No. I live only for revenge, and I intend to have it by making them feel what it is to have a gigantic task on hand and no mind

great enough to grasp it. And when, in the near future, the people, having apprehended the full consequence of my absence from the Cabinet, shall rise in their might and hurl Sir JOHN headlong flaming from the heights of power, he shall know the truth of the poet's lines,

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are, it might have been.

The Why and Wherefore.

The *Guelph Herald* seems to take exception to the sentiment,

"Pour forth Thine hot displeasure
On all who seek our wrong,"
expressed in the Governor-General's Canadian National Poem. The editor thinks it is not a Christian sentiment. It is a significant fact that the *Herald* man is one of the chief promoters of the Rag Baby Scheme.

**John Chinaman at Ottawa.**

[The Celestial Washee Washee, just started in business at the Capital, interviews the Premier and solicits the patronage of the Cabinet.]

Sir JOHN: Sorry we can't patronize your laundry; we are strong on economy, you know, and your rates are altogether too high. This other chap washes all our dirty linen in the *Globe* free of charge!

**Rather Fresh.**

Fresh young city housekeeper, making her Easter purchases (to Grocer):

Now, Mr. SOPE, I trust to your experience altogether; are you quite sure that these eggs are well laid?