

Sue Sox.

According to our voracious contemporary the *World*, the latest addition to the *Globe* editorial wardrobe.

### Nihilism! Beware!

A COMMUNISTIC MEETING IN TORONTO.

Among things not generally known is the presence of a Nihilist or Communistic Society in our very midst. Who would believe it? Not your reporter, certainly, had he not ocular and oral demonstration of the fact. Last night as the narrator was taking a stroll in pensive meditation along one of the quietest streets of the noble and aromatic ward of St. John he described a quartette of individuals standing at a corner of a certain street—to name which would be to "give the thing away"—who on being approached proved to be a few of the reportorial staff of the city papers. There was the ubiquitous Charlie, the marine man of the *Mail* (who appeared to be a wakening to life at the approach of navigation), the police reporter of the *Globe*, and the poetical Khan, who stood gazing silently at the moon as if seeking inspiration from that orb to help him with a "Ballad."

"What cheer, brothers?" sang out your reporter as he came up.

"Whisht, ye divote," said the Khan, "we're piping another chicken main. About a dozen disguised sports have gone into that house opposite, and another cockfight's on sure. I'll get all their right names this time, or by the Holy Grave I'll know the rasin why."

"Cheese it," said Charlie, "there's another bloke going in."

"I'd advise them to top their booms and sail large," said the *Mail* man, hitching up his trousers a *la matelot*.

"20 and costs for them sure," said the *Globe* man.

"If we only had Johnny Hodgins or Reburn now," said Charlie, "we could demand admittance."

"Aye, or Sheehan or Burroughs" said the Khan.

"Or Brown or———" said the *Globe*.

"By yon palid moon!" said the Khan, folding his voluminous ulster around him, "let's try it. Sure they would take us for sports. Forward!"

We advanced to the door and knocked. The door was partly opened and a decidedly North of Ireland voice asked "Who d'ye want till see, young mon? This is a respectable house I'd have ye all till know."

"Good men and true," whispered the Khan. "Anter," said the voice. The Khan had accidentally struck on the password.

Following the man from the "Black North" we were ushered into a long room, where, to our astonishment, seated at a long table, were about a dozen strange and foreign looking men, each with a large revolver before him. "Who are you?" shouted a fierce looking individual at the head of the table; "Aristocrats?" and he and the others at once "covered" us with their pistols.

"Don't shoot!" said the Khan, "we're not Aristocrats. Do we look like Aristocrats?"

"Not much," said the fierce man, "but who are you, and what in thunder do you want here?"

"Well, sir," said the Khan, trembling, "we're—we're reporters."

"Reporters! Have you any money?" thundered the chief.

"Not a rod in the gang," replied the Khan.

"Are you willing to pool your salaries with the effects of the bosses and divide the sum equally for the public weal?"

Reporters (all)—"Bet your life!"

"But gentlemen, who are you?" asked the *Globe* man with some trepidation, "bus. is bus, and I must get my copy in pretty soon or I'll get the bounce."

"Now see here, my youthful kid," said the fierce man, turning savagely toward him, "you're from the *Globe* I know, you're so exceeding fresh. We are Nihilists! that's the sort of hairpins we are; and if you don't swear not to betray us we'll blow—"

Chorus of Reporters—"We swear!"

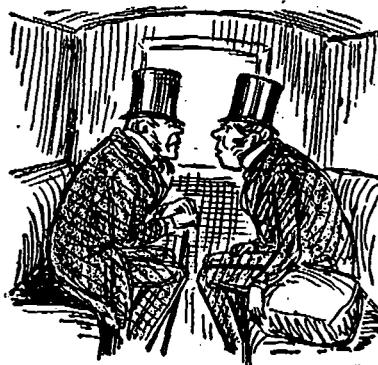
"All right. Now that one and all of you are of us, I will, after we drink confusion to all tyrants, introduce you to the brethren. Brother McGowan (to sentinel), bring wine." "Feth I will thot," said the servitor, as he placed a jorum of "rye" upon the festuro board that would gladden the heart of a *Globe* commissioner.

"Now, gentlemen of the Press, I will introduce you. This is Brother Nicolavitch Sonofswitch of Moscow; this, Michel Millocoteaux, of Paris; this, Herman Broedschoffer, of Berlin; this, Beppo Bumbohell, of Rome; and this, O'Mulligan Spuddo, of Dublin. Who I am, you may inquire of Brother Shwaub, of New York. Now fill your glasses: Confusion to all tyrants. Hurrah! hullool! rah!"

"Would you know our programme, 'tis this. All members of all Canadian Governments are to die; so are all the leading members of the Opposition, to show that we are not partisans of any political side. All Bank Managers, Boss Railway Officials, and Newspaper Proprietors are to be sent to the galleys which will be ready for their reception on Lake Sengog. All public and private property will be divided among the citizens, including ourselves (especially ourselves). The first names on the Black List are John A. Ned Blake, Tilley, Tupper, Cartwright, Mowat, and Fraser."

Enter McGowan. "Disparse gents, disparse! There's Inspector Ward and a squad from No. 2 comin' to pull ye; take the back dure and retreat!"

We all rushed for the rear and escaped by the door and windows, and after scaling divers fences soon found ourselves free in the College Avenue. "By yon lustrous star!" said the Khan as he gazed sadly at a portion of his ulster fluttering on the top of the nearest fence, "but this bates cock-fighting!"



### Unanswerable.

Scene.—Any Public Conveyance.

Forward Stranger.—And pray, sir, why do you not answer me when I speak to you?

Backward Stranger.—And pray, sir, why do you speak to me when I don't answer you?



### Feeding the Lion.

The second great banquet to the Hon. Edward Blake, the young lion of the Reform Party, (whose prophetic destiny the Rev. Dr. Grip feels assured is to cat up all the Conservative menagerie) came off on Thursday night at the Queen's Hotel—at least it went on on Thursday night and came off early next morning. Of course it was a splendid triumph, both for the *chef* of the Queen's Hotel and the chief of the Queen's Loyal Opposition. High spirits pervaded the company—though nothing much stronger than coffee was on the table. Wit and humor ran riot, and *repartee* ruled the hour. The speech of the evening was, taken all in all, as fine almost as Mr. Grip himself could have made—or even Mr. Phipps. It admirably foreshadowed the policy of the Opposition, namely, to get into office—which, to say the least of it, is statesmanlike.

### In Memoriam

WM. MORLEY PUNSHON.

Born 1824, Died 1881.

Another light gone out, another sob  
To echo through the world of living hearts;  
Another tomb where lingering Grief may bend  
And plant immortals bedewed with tears.  
The Minister is dead.

'Tis well to drape the church in solemn black,  
For she has lost a great and faithful son,  
Whose feet were swift in all her paths of service;

Whose consecrated gifts were humbly laid  
Upon her altar for the Master's sake.  
Yet hang not black alone, let flowers of faith,  
White flowers of hope be mingled in the pall,—  
He is not dead, but sleepeth.

The Preacher's gone.  
The silver tongue that held our hearts in thrall  
With witchery of eloquence, is dumb,  
And the keen eye whose flashing winged the words,

Is lustreless and dull.  
No more on earth shall Sabbath multitudes  
Sit at the banquet of his lofty thoughts;  
But those white lips shall move again with life  
And have at length sublimer utterance.

The Orator is dead.  
The busy world no more shall cease its strife,  
And sit aside to gaze, a raptur'd hour,  
As the deft artist with a Raphael-touch  
Brings back to life great heroes of the past,  
Or paints the sacred scenes of holy writ:  
Yet men will not forget those splendid themes  
So splendidly depicted by his hand,  
And in this hour, when sinks that hand in death,

And Punshon's spirit joins the august throng  
Whose tale he told so well.  
We think of him as *Christian*, travel worn,  
Christian the Pilgrim, safely home at last,—  
From all the labours and renown of earth.  
"The Jordan's passed, the blissful haven  
reached,  
And now those waters once so boisterous,  
Ripple in peace on the eternal strand."

J. W. B.