

and the only punishment for a Government is expulsion from office. If, therefore, Sir John A. Macdonald remains in power after the next election, all his acts are endorsed. The fact of the equal guilt of the Opposition in this particular matter has "nothing to do with the case," though it furnishes a good chance for the machine politicians of the Conservative party to becloud the issue amongst those who do not think clearly for themselves.

**P**ROMPT and vigorous action must be taken by Acting-Mayor McMillan and the City Council to head off that unexampled grabber, the C.P.R. The conference with the Railway Committee of the Privy Council at Ottawa made manifest the little game which the Syndicate is trying to work, and which they will succeed in working if energy, industry and money will enable them to do so. As nearly as we can guess, they now appear to want the city of Toronto, and the plain business before our civic guardians is to let them know, with all necessary emphasis, that they can't have it. The C.P.R. should not be allowed to become the owner of a solitary foot of land in this city. Give them whatever accommodation they may require along our Esplanade as tenants at a fair rental. But in the name of all that is involved in our future progress, don't let this grasping and merciless autocrat become our landlord!

**F**OR a reply to his query, "What's in a name?" Mr. Shakespeare's spook is respectfully referred to the Toronto Board of Works. At a recent meeting the following changes in the names of streets were adopted:—

- Lennox avenue to be called Marion street west.
- Duncan street to be called Wright avenue.
- Montague street to be called Starr avenue.
- Clark street to be called Cunningham avenue.
- Frederick street (St. Alban's) to be called Saunders avenue.
- Lorne street (St. Alban's) to be called Guelph avenue.
- Rose avenue (St. Alban's) to be called Thistle avenue.
- Coatsworth avenue to be called Trenton Terrace.
- Mitchell avenue to be called Grafton avenue.
- Prospect street to be called Vivian avenue.

If any member of the Board can tell us what particle of sense there is in these changes, and what purpose they serve beyond the muddling and mystifying the brains of the citizen, we would feel obliged for the information.

**A CLIMAX.**

'TIS true I've had full many a rhyme,  
Composed in sweetest vein,  
And once or twice my note of hand  
Rejected with disdain.

But now, alas! even I myself,  
And personal effects,  
A maiden scarcely turned nineteen  
With haughtiness rejects!

P. Kus.

**"GRIP'S" CRONY CLUB.**

SECOND NIGHT.

**T**HE palatial banqueting hall was more resplendent than ever on the occasion of the second meeting of the Crony Club, and every chair was occupied by a guest more or less distinguished in literature, science or art. Pleasurable anticipation marked all faces as Mr. GRIP rose to announce the Star of the evening: "I am glad to say that Fortune has guided the blank ballot this evening to the hand of the greatest of living Canadians. I'm sure you will all be delighted to hear from

MR. R. W. PHIPPS."



Mr. Phipps rose with the deliberation of a man who is in no hurry, as he is aware that the world must wait until he gets ready, and, letting his head fall easily back and calmly closing his eyes, he said:—Chairman, gentlemen. Don't know what I'll do, now I'm up. Haven't sung for ages, but *can* sing—(do anything you like, in fact)—but prefer just now to recite. Never learned any songs—all trash; not worth learning. Fellows can't write songs now-a-days. I'll write one some

of these times when I feel like it, but just now doesn't matter. Will make up a recitation for you—parody—as I go along." Then in a not unpleasant sing-song delivery, he extemporized as follows:—

Who was it, as a little child,  
With rapture drove his parents wild,  
For Genius on the cradle smiled?  
'Twas I.

Who was it, ere he learned to walk,  
And ere he donned his primal smock,  
Charmed people with his learned talk?  
'Twas I.

Who was it, as a lad at school  
(Tho' oft mistaken for a fool),  
The first in every form did rule?  
'Twas I.

Who was it that, at man's estate,  
Was *facile princeps* in debate,  
And stood the greatest of the great?  
'Twas I.

Who was it that, with fertile brain  
Gave forth ideas, a brilliant train,  
Yet never felt the slightest vain?  
'Twas I.

Who was it that, for country's sake,  
Allowed such folks as Edward Blake  
His precious thoughts to freely take?  
'Twas I.

Who was it made the great N.P.,  
That marvel of sagacity,  
When old John A. was up a tree?  
'Twas I.

Who was it able pamphlets wrote  
Which captured the bucolic vote  
On which to power Sir John did float?  
'Twas I.

Who was it after that did go  
And ask for a portfolio—  
But whom the Tories "didn't know?"  
'Twas I.

Who was it subsequently joined  
The other camp, where they're not blind  
To men of merit and of mind?  
'Twas I.

Who now writes Forestry reports,  
Crammed full of wisdom of all sorts,  
In style to stir poetic hearts?  
'Tis I.

Who talks for Mowat and Reform,  
And seeks to save 'em from all harm  
By quieting the Jesuit storm?  
'Tis I.

Who is the very greatest man  
That's flourished since the world began,  
Drum-major in the race's van?  
'Tis—hard to say.