

**That Little Place.**

I am sure I ought to get it this election. I don't know very well who is going in; but I am certain to be friendly to the party who is in, and to deserve well of them—at least well enough for that. They are sure to have some violent political opponent who has a place. Well, put him out of course. What right has he with a place? He says all sorts of things against them, I don't. I am sure no one has a greater reverence for Canada's greatest statesman, SIR JOHN MACDONALD, and it is impossible to have greater faith than I in the acuteness and business capacity of the excellent MACKENZIE. I am certain the Pacific scandal is perfectly excusable, and that the patriotism of those who abused it is worthy of all praise. Who can disapprove of the liberality of the Conservatives in office, or fail to approve the economy of the Reformers? The Pacific Railway is being built in a manner entirely excellent and there is no doubt it would have been so done by the other party. Holding these views, how can they refuse to—that is to say, any longer refrain from—I mean—that little place, you know?

**Tierney in Trouble.***Mr. Grip:*

I wanst hard a pracher say that loife was ful av changes an vicioustudes but I niver felt a haporth about the remark till now. Begorra, sur, that pracher niver spokke a thruer word. I am havin the binifit av some apearance at the prisint toime. Yez may remember that me lasht letther was writ fwhin I was in clover, as wan moight say, spindin me holidays wid NORAH at the Pint Farrum, an av coarse it was brimmin over wid happiness. I am afear'd the prisint epistle will be far different on account av carcimshtances—manin the General Eliction. Yez know that I how'd an appintement from Misther MICKINZIE to go to the owld sod as immigrantin agint, an yez can judge av me proivate falins fwhin I shtate that I have the eliction returns herc on the table forinist me fwhile I write. NORAH has jist retired into the cook house wid a shlow shtep—I suspect to wape. She kem to me a fwhile ago an axed me fwhat was the matter, obsarvin a cloud on me brow. "Matther, is it?" sez I. "Luck at thim," an I pinted me finger at the returns. "F'what's thim?" sez she, so innocent. (NORAH bein a dacent, respectible famale, doesn't know annything about pollytics.) Her eyes wor fixed on me face wid a luck av mingled affection an distrust in the Reform Government.

"F'what does thim things mane, TERRINCE, darlint?" sez she agin. "They mane," sez I "that I have been castin a prognostication into the horoskope av the future." sez I, "an I have kem to the conclusion that me cake is dough." She understud me figurative langwich at wanst—she knew that some calamity like the sword Demosthenes was impindin over the house av TIERNEY, an that's the raison she wint out to wape.

I am thyrin to luck at me fate wid calmness. Manny's the toime I repate to mesill out loud, "TIERNEY, you're no longer an Immigrant Agent—go back an work on the road." Be japers, but I wish I had shiuck to the owld Chafetin. I am never done upraidin mesill, but thim, how cud I know MICKINZIE was goin to be turned out? Av it hadn't been for GARGE BROWN, now, this fareful slaughter av the Innicints wuddn't have kem to pass. Belune GARGE BROWN an BLAKE, bad luck to thim both, the loaves an fishes an the shwates av office are in the clutches av the inimy. GARGE BROWN has disgusted the people wid his big feet, an BLAKE has hurt ther falins wid his retirin disposition, and thim the hard times comin down loike a wulf on the Fold—thim is the ilimints that led to this disaster, an me losin me affice. Whell, I must bow to me fate, I expict. Back to the road I will go, an there I will carve out a scanty subsistence wid me pick ax till such toimes as the public comes back to its senses an sinds MICKINZIE back to power, an me wanst more to the enjement av the well ained Immigrant Agency.

Yours wid resignation,  
TERRY TIERNEY.

**The New Government Condemned!***Mr. Grip,*

SIR.—I demand that Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD and his colleagues be forthwith expelled from power, having obtained the same by false pretences. Sir, the MACKENZIE Ministry were kicked out on account of the hard times, and the National Policyists promised to abolish the hard times if we would put them in, and they have not fulfilled their pledge. I have carefully taken notes since last Tuesday, and I find, sir, that the times are just as hard as ever. Let us have a change, or the country is lost.

Yours &c.,  
A DISGUSTED CONSERVATIVE.

THE cook who accompanies HANLAN to Lachine is an adept in the preparation of row beef, oysters on the half shell, (s)culled port, float-ing island, and spinnach, as well as all the ordinary diet of champions in training.

**The Unpledged Voter.**

9 a.m.—(Knock at door—enter Canvasser).

Well, Mr. TIMID, I have called to bring you to vote. You are on our side, you know, and—

MR. TIMID.—I only said, you know, I could not pledge—

CANVASSER.—Certainly not. Could not pledge yourself to the other side. No sensible man could. Come along!

MR. TIMID.—But, sir, I really—(door opens; opposite canvasser appears).—Come, Mr. TIMID, waiting for you; your vote is ours, you know.

1ST CANVASSER (striking attitude).—No, sir, TIMID has promised.

2ND CANVASSER (grand position).—Sir, he is pledged.

1ST CANVASSER.—Sir, he is not.

2ND DITTO.—I say he is!

MR. TIMID.—Gentlemen, gentlemen, (runs into corner).

1ST CANVASSER.—Come, my dear sir, with me; never mind that minion of corruption!

2ND CANVASSER.—This way, sir, I despise that tool of treachery.

MR. TIMID.—But really, gentlemen, I never—

1ST CANVASSER.—Never promised him, of course you didn't. (takes TIMID by one arm).

2ND CANVASSER.—Never said anything of the sort to him. I knew it was impossible. (catches TIMID's other arm).

MR. TIMID.—Really, gentlemen, I can't vote for—

1ST CANVASSER.—For him. No, you're not an idiot. (pulls him one way).

2ND CANVASSER.—Can't vote for him. None but lunatics do that. (pulls him other way).

TIMID.—Ow!! Police!! (a constable enters and saves him from being pulled in two).

**The Lay of the Freshet.**

It's horrid nasty, so it was, and me as owned a house-ther, Clean and nice, and smooth and bright, you couldn't have found a mouse there,

When it happened to be, as one might say, just in the middle of night here,  
Cries my husband to me, "O SALLY" says he, why the water's a comin in right here."

And I jumps out of bed when he says it Sir, and being sleepy that minit,

Didn't know what he meant, and O what a shock, slap up to my waist I was in it.

Which it may be cold bathin' is healthy, but in the small hours to take one Promiscuous quite and unknownst, is sufficient to completely wake one.

And back on the bed up I climbed, and that moment the bedstead went floatin',

(A good deal of timber was in it) like the ark in the Bible what's wrote in, And straight to the doorway I sails, where JACK from the waters all ragin',

Took me upstairs—a mercy the children all went off last week to Bobcaygeon.

And if you'd ha' seen us afloat a shiverin' waitin' for light there, While timbers and rafts and dead elephants like seemed washin' again' us all night there,

You'd have said who went on the flats of the Don was a flat to build his mansion

There, and your heart to the dwellers on hills would have turned with pleased expansion.

And when it went off it didn't go off, at least it left behind it. Two feet deep of mud, and as for a floor, there's nobody able to find it, Things a stickin' about, and I waits to get help, but when I cries out to JOHN for it, he

Yells, "Let me fish for my boots, though I very much fear they're as lost as the Clear Grit majority.

And I wants you to know that I am a going somewhere where it's higher,

That is if so be I gets my things ever out of this mire, And if as I does, and I finds out some place to live in, why I guess it Wont be where no rivers can play such tricks in the way of a freshet.

**A Specific.**

In the editorial column of Thursday's *Globe* we find the following paragraph.

If Courtenay beats Hanlan at Lachine next month it will be an undoubted surprise to the many friends of the boy in blue, and take a deal of money away from our city. Friends of both parties resident in Canada can somewhat recover their loss by using only Morse's household soaps.

If MORSE'S soap is a specific for the mortification which sets in after an unpleasant surprise, why doesn't the *Globe* recommend it to the notice of the Reform party. Let us soap for better luck next next time!