



UNAPPRECIATIVE.

PATER (who has no ear for the vocal gems of Italian opera)—“Hi, there, Arabella, let up on that ‘singing.’ You’ll have the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals down on you presently! See how poor Ponto is suffering.”

SQUARING THE ACCOUNT.

“GIMME a ticket to Winnipeg, second class,” said a rough but shrewd looking countryman to the C.P.R. ticket agent the other day, poking his sun-burnt face into the pigeon-hole. “How much is it?” “Thirty-one dollars, sir,” replied the agent as he pushed the ticket to the applicant.

The latter pocketed the pasteboard briskly, and started off.

“Hold up, there!” shouted the agent, “you haven’t paid for that ticket!”

“You bet I have,” responded the passenger. “I read in the *Mail* the other day that your railroad has received \$155,494,360 of public money, which is just about thirty one dollars per head by the population. You figger it up and see if this don’t jest about square up my share.”

And he disappeared.

“GRIP’S” CRONY CLUB.

FIFTH NIGHT.

THE brilliant company assembled in MR. GRIP’S palatial banquet chamber on the occasion of the fifth meeting of the Crony Club, embracing as it did the talent and accomplishment of the community, disproved very decidedly the current saying that “everybody is out of town.” MR. GRIP took the chair amid the customary applause. “Gentlemen,” said he, “I am privileged to introduce to you this evening a representative of the Dominion Senate, whose lot it has been to draw the blank ballot. The mem-

bers of our Upper House seldom come in contact with

the common people, and the appearance of the venerable and distinguished gentleman will therefore be invested with a pleasing novelty. I beg to introduce the Hon. Mr. Noodle, who will entertain us with a song.”

The hon. Senator, a gentleman of some seventy-five summers, came forward with a feeble gait, and in a tremulous falsetto warbled as follows:

When the grave, sagacious fathers of the young Canadian nation
Sat down to frame the Act which made the great Confederation,
They put a very prudent and profound provision in it,
Whereby they formed an Upper House of Parliament—the Senate.

For twenty years this Upper House has filled its lofty mission,
Tho’ I regret to say it’s met with popular opposition;
And now-a-days it makes me grieve to hear the people naggin’
And callin’ it a nuisance and the fifth wheel to the waggon.

Instead of furnishin’ a check on hasty legislation,
And supervisin’ measures with a calm consideration,
They say this second chamber has become a humbug hoary,
And the abject tool and servant of John A. the wicked Tory.

They cry out, “What’s the good of it? it isn’t even funny,

But does a mighty lot of harm and costs a pile of money!
It’s proved a fraud and failure, with no redeemin’ feature,

So let us make an end of it, the moribund old creature!”

With all of which I disagree, as I need hardly mention,
And so would these wild radicals if they enjoyed the pension—
The thousand dollars yearly, which now so excites their loathing,
And this as long as life shall last—and all for doing nothing!”



MR. PAUL PRY:

“Not at all curious, but then he’d like to know, you know?”

WHETHER there is any foundation for the rumor that the University of Toronto, following up its new departure, proposes to confer the honorary degree of B.Sc. (Bachelor of Science), upon Mr. J. Lawrence Sullivan, of Boston?

WHETHER it wouldn’t be a good scheme to settle the racial question in Canada by arranging a hand-to-hand encounter between the valiant Col. Denison and the blood-thirsty Col. Amyot?

How much longer it will take to convince the Postmaster General that the two-cent drop-letter regulation is bound to be a financial failure.

WHETHER the Catholic pic-nic party at Peterboro’ on Dominion Day were aware that the British flag which decorated the grounds was suspended upside down?

WHY the Hamilton authorities don’t turn the hose on their Public Library Board so as to cool it down to a business temperature?