

THE "GLOBE'S" FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

SHADE OF G. B.—"You're doing nobly, Willison; a splendid paper; up to its best form in *my* day—'neither advising nor submitting to arbitrary measures'—but, laddie, what's the meaning o' this new-fangled coupon scheme? I hope it's no' some modern Tory notion!"

A PROTEST.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO RUDYARD KIPLING.)

O H! East is East, and West is West, as Kipling truly swears,
And your Western rhyme, with its novel chime of the prairie loudly blares;
For town is town and green is green and both have their claims 'tis true,
Quite as extreme, as a high-toned team and a bicycle built for two.
The Western verse, which the editor terset, reats with all tenderness,
Must have for its theme, a fairy dream of the prairie's verdant dress;
Of picnic life, and a mock at strife with a soft succumbing soil,
Of buggy rides and trackless wiles, and a prompt return for toil;
They chant the white high stars at night, a life on the rolling lands!
In a little home over "deep rich loam" where the buffalo browse in hands.

But at fifty below, when the blizzards blow and his discomforts mock,
The newest chum must be on the bum to water and feel the stock;
In summer heat when the suns rays beat in the harvest field he's found,
As shockers bend, set the sheaves on end, and picket the shaven ground,
Then East is East and West is West, but he'll deeply wish he never
Misunderstood the likelihood of a picnic life forever.

Poets may prate (at a prefixed rate) but they stop behind to test
The winter fare, not in prairies bare, but where life is at its best;
They do not sigh for a station high, unsecure on a bucking horse,
But pleasure prove in the good old groove where dinner exceeds one course,

Nevertheless if they should confess longing for something more,
"There's room for all" is the battle call of the emigrant agents corps.

Oh! East is East and West is West, guff's puff, and printer's ink
Will carry as much, with never a smile, as a man-of-war would sink;
And the prairie wild and the Indian child, make a very smooth tale to grind,
In an easy chair, with something where one can reach it when so inclined.

H. R. W.

GRIP'S GUIPS.

JONES.—"Who is that sporting looking man?"

LADY.—"He is a bar-tender down town."

JONES.—"Hump, he looks more like a bar tough."

MR. WATERS rose in his dignity the other day and declared that he was *not* "a pigeon-stool for the Government." Notwithstanding the gentleman's impressive manner, the statement was greeted with laughter all over the place.

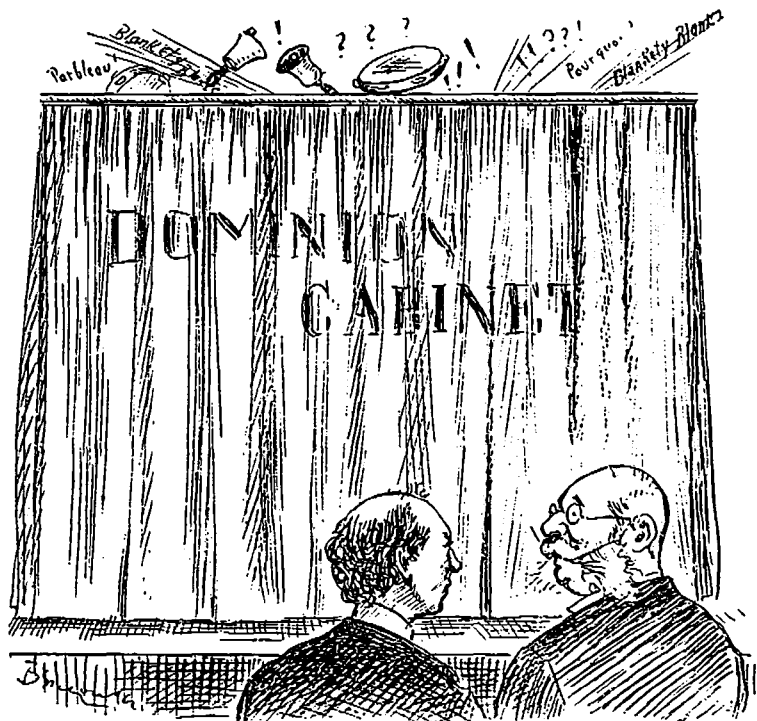
MR. JAREZ SPENCER BALFOUR can while away his time on the tedious journey from Argentine to London by reading Stead's interesting story, "Two and Two make Four." He will probably find it interesting.

"WITNESS, keep your temper," said the lawyer, "you needn't get cross about it."

"Then," replied the badgered one, "you stop cross-questioning me."

BAD FOR THE FOREIGNER.

An Irishman, bound over to keep the peace towards all her Majesty's subjects, exclaimed. "Then jist wait till I meet a foreigner!"



THE OTTAWA CABINET.

I.

CARTWRIGHT.—"Just listen to the racket that's going on in the Cabinet!"

LAURIER.—"Yes; isn't it glorious?"