

THE ring managers will presently begin to realize the fact that the citizens of Toronto have begun to take some interest in the affairs of the city. The days of under-hand deals appear to be over. How emphatically the ballots said the other day that the cattle market should remain where it is, but that the gang of jobbers should be removed outside the limits! It was as good as a picnic!

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MR. EDGAR has been afforded an opportunity of investigating the Prince Albert Colonization Co. business, and now we may get at the truth of the charges so long persisted in. Whether the result will be to Bowell out the Minister of Customs, or to prove that John is immaculate White, time alone can tell. Let us hope, however, that Mr. Edgar may have strength to go through with the "painful" duty which he has undertaken with so much "regret."

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"MR. JAS. C. JAMESON is my son-in-law, it is true," said Mr. Bowell, pathetically, "but I did not know that was a crime." Surely a man of Mr. Bowell's standing and education has not been all this time laboring under the impression that it's less wrong to be anybody's father-in-law than his mother-in-law!



LEFT IN CHARGE OF THE BABY.

Little Hec.—Dear me, I do hope I shan't be kept long in this state! I thought it would be fun to mind the child, but I'm pretty sick of the job, I can tell you!

HOPE DEFERRED.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GRETCHEN VON SWINECOOP.

FRAGILITY FREEMONT sat at her boudoir window watching the blue and saffrin tintings of the western sky where the evening sun was slowly descending, painting the whole horizon with that lovely *Mezzo Soprano*, coloring only to be seen in autumnal Canadian atmosphere or an artist's studio.

Fragility Freemont was in sooth a lovely girl of petite, though slightly *embonpoint*, figure, with her wealth of tawny hair arranged in the pure *renaissance* or cottage loaf design, surmounting her wellvoirdupoised head. Her nose of the *Milesian-Græco* order, and slightly *retrousee*, gave a piquancy to her *tout ensemble* seldom seen even in classic marble. Her costume was elegant in the extreme,

and imported from the *Magazin* of the celebrated Worth of Paris, which, as our fair readers will readily believe, made it worth far more than if made in Paris, Ont. A bodisi of *Clairi de lune Gros de Naples*, surmounted by a magnificent *parure* of Rhini diamonds of the first brilliancy, subjoined by an over-skirt of Limerick lace and Irish friese trimmed with verbenas and gladioli and superb pair of *brodegums*, or shoes, of maroon Spanish leather, adorned and set off her fair person to the greatest advantage.

No wonder she had ensnared the heart of Caleb Watkins, Jr. There she sat musing, deeply thinking, pondering on the undefinable and the unknown. Ruminating on the mutability of the unseen, and hesitating as to which course she would pursue. Suddenly she arose and stood erect, sweeping inadvertently her pet poodle-pup Pollilop under an *ormulu* dressing table with the western part of her train, causing that intelligent animal to howl like a Brandon blizzard.

"Did I think," she muttered between her pearly teeth in a hoarse manner, like the voice of the breakers dashing against the cold grey stones. "Oh, dear! that Caleb Watkins would dare play me false. I would crush him as I crush this, ha! ha!" and seizing her new \$15 hat (procured at a discount of 25 per cent. from Le Bong Marshy), she hurled it at the affrighted poodle. "Did I but think he would deceive and disappoint me this evening I would—I would—teach him a lesson that he will never get in the long curriculum of Wycliffe College. I'd—"

"Ha, Fagy!" interrupted a cheery voice, as a dashing fluid-faced youth, accompanied by an odor, more of cigars than sanctity, burst into the room. "Did you think I was going to go back on you?—not much. Ye see the Governor thinks I am going to the college to-night for private study. If he thought I was going to the theatre with my dosy posy he'd raise Hail Columbia, for the old man's gettin' just a leettle too fly to suit me. Hurry up daisy, the couse waiting." "Oh, Caleb, what a relief! Oh, but did you know my feelings when I thought—how-ever all right! Away we go."

Need we tell the gentle reader that Fragility Freemont and Caleb Watkins sought the hymeneal altar before the lenten season. We trow not!

THE W. C. T. U. REPLIES.

ST. CATHARINES,
March 29th, 1886.

MR. GRIP:

SIR,—In reply to your latest conundrum—"What do you believe to be the best way of regulating a mad dog—tying a tin kettle to its tail or shooting it?"

We reply, from the various communications received at this department of the P. W. C. T. U., that the majority of your contemporaries (in Toronto) believe in hanging a twelve quart high license tin kettle to this mad dog, and sending his victims to M. PASTEUR for treatment.

Many of them somehow labor under the delusion that the virus of a mad dog is in the wag of its tail rather than in the bite of its jaws. I presume that is the reason why so many advocate this "tin kettle high hand system." They say of this mad dog—"Shooting don't shoot"—or prohibition don't prohibit.

Yours,

MINNIE PHELPS.