

thoughtful. Remember whom you are interfering with in your attacks on the Senate. They must under all circumstances be stopped. Never mind what the Tory papers say about you. We will always defend you so long as you do what you are told. Think how much better it is to have an adviser always ready to tell you what to do than to harass your mind by thinking for yourself. We know you are very ingenious and very energetic but we don't want you to be either one or the other. Because one newspaper (we really forget what it is called) does what you tell it, there is no reason you should not do what we tell you. Now please do as you are told, there's a good fellow, and let us run the machine in the old way. Drat Canada First, that is if you don't object.

### Review.

*Dick Larkaway series of tales for young lads and lasses; 160th edition. New York: SLAP BANG & CO. (By our special revisor.)*

THIS series of charmingly natural tales, intended to develop the manners and morals of the rising generation, in all countries, is, we are glad to say, increasingly popular. The writer of them is well up in school and boy lore, and is backed by an artist of corresponding ability. Judging by the Larkaway adventures we opine that boys, now-a-days, are bolder, more nimble on their pins, more dashing, precocious, and certainly a good deal stronger, than boys were when we were small. We are sure at any rate, we never did such feats in field, flood, fight, frolic, foray and flirtation as LARKAWAY performs with ease and dispatch.—We make a few extracts from this racy and fascinating work.

LARKAWAY AT 11 MONTHS OLD.—Dick lay in his cradle. He sucked his thumbs—thumbs such as HERCULES might have envied, and CORREGIO painted. His truant nurse was on the area steps with a male "cousin". Lo! Butcher SMITH's fighting bull dog steals in, and snaps at DICK's nose. When did a LARKAWAY, old or young, ever submit to an indignity? DICK's eye shot fire. His form dilated. His muscles stiffened. Seizing the bull dog in his heroic infant grasp, it is but a second, and the powerful but ill-bred animal lies strangled on the carpet.

LARKAWAY AT 10 YEARS OLD.—"Come out of that 'ere!" roared LONG JACK, Squire NOBSTICK's "bully" head game keeper, as Dick undid the snare, and slipped the rabbit beneath his shooting coat. "Get out yourself," said DICK, and whipping a long squirt from his pocket, he dexterously shot a stream of dirty water into JACK's eye. LONG JACK, BIG HARRY, and LARGE FISTED NED, now made a rush at our hero, who planted his back against a tree, and defiantly waved his cudgel. Fearfully wondrous was the sight of that calm, pale, strong, and dauntless stripling—springy as India rubber, agile as a cat who dodges the bootjack which disturbs her midnight performances. In a trice JACK, HARRY, and NED, lay *hors de combat* on the turf. Their two large mastiffs fell brained upon the ground. It seemed almost the work of a conjuror as DICK, terrible in prowess, butted his intellectual head, glorious in Grecian contour, full into Long Jack's stomach, while with a scientific turn of his elbow, and a drive of his heel, he sent NED tottling with such force on HARRY that all three said they had "had enough," and invited him to stand the drinks.

LARKAWAY AT 12 YEARS OLD. Love! sweet Love! 'Tis the dream of youth! And what dear reader if DICK was only twelve, and Farmer JONES' niece thirty-five, the silvery ray of chaste Dian beamed forth none the less witchingly, nor did DICK spring less friskily from the School dormitory window to the ground (twenty-four feet below), because of said disparity of years. Oh! youth, youth! Now it was that Polly for the first time in her virgin experience found a fitting object for her heart's idolatry. Now did our hero stake upon POLLY's love all his hopes of felicity. How sweet, calm, and satisfied was the thrill which passed through their enamoured hearts, as DICK poured forth his tale of passion to his spirit's Sovereign. "Oh! POLLY," he murmured, "this is the hour which I have hoped and longed for.—Amid the seeming carelessness and lightness of schoolboy simplicity I have yearned for this trembling, restless glow, this subduing, engrossing feeling which stirs up all a man's dormant faculties, and pours consolation in hours of despondency brought on under the degrading yoke of vulgar ushers and pedagogues."

Hav'nt room for more extracts. But if DICK was such a charmingly terrible fellow at and before twelve years of age, your readers can easily apprehend what he was afterwards.

R. DE DICKE.

### Post Mortem.

DR. WILLIAM CANNIFF has just held an inquest at Messrs. HART and RAWLINSON'S, on a deceased infant known as "Canada First," whose birth about a year and a half since created some stir in political circles, and has given the results of his investigation to the world in a neat little pamphlet entitled "Canadian Nationality, Its growth and development." As might be expected DR. CANNIFF is a keen, incisive dissector, and applies the scalpel with considerable vigor to the mangled remains which have been so barbarously treated by friends and foes. The public verdict after the perusal of the pamphlet will no doubt be that the unlamented deceased committed suicide, though the Doctor thinks that "the unfortunate selection" of the name had much to do with hastening the death of the unhappy bantling. There may be some-

thing in this theory. Names often go by contraries. A high-sounding designation has a tendency to depress the wearer into insignificance.

The NAPOLEON BONAPARTES and JOHN WESLEYS generally fall lamentably below the ideal of generalship or piety before the mind of the fond parent—the GEORGE WASHINGTONS are just as likely as not to develop into editors or insurance agents, and is it therefore to be wondered at that a small and puny organization dubbed with the magniloquent title of "Canada First" should have succumbed to the pressure?

### A Queen's Birthday Nuisance.

If ever any man's whole existence was mistaken,  
It was the case most surely with the late Sir ROGER BACON;  
By finding out of gun-powder in his alchemistic vanity,  
He bequeathed a heavy curse on all subsequent humanity.

Now I'm not so much alluding to the sanguinary ravages  
That gunpowder and guns have made among interesting savages;  
Nor speak I of the cruel and unnecessary slaughter  
That so-called sportsmen perpetrate in earth and air and water.

The killing fellow-creatures oft productive is of booty,  
And slaughtering wild beasts is a necessary duty;  
'There's some sense in shooting game, and in hunting ducks and  
wigeons,  
But there's neither sport nor profit in the murder of tame pigeons.

But one of all the hundreds of gunpowder's abuses  
Would alone outweigh the whole of its most questionable uses;  
For we don't suppose the most enthusiastic of its backers  
Can attempt to justify the letting off of fire-crackers.

Oh, why don't they put a stop to these vile abominations?  
For their powers of doing harm make them more than mere vex-  
ations:  
Just think how many ladies have been seriously frightened  
By firing crackers on the streets in an age they call enlightened.

Then we've horses scared and bolting, and their drivers overturned,  
And as a climax now and then, some houses fired and burned.  
It wouldn't be amiss, nor much disrespect to Royalty  
If they only would suppress these displays of so called loyalty.

### On Behalf of Mr. M. C. Cameron.

GRIP rises spontaneously to explain that when, in the course of his speech at the COLFAX Collation the other evening, the Hon. M. C. CAMERON alluded to his new colleague, Mr. WM. MACDOUGALL, as one who "professed for the time being to be an humble follower of his," he did not intend that statement as a joke, and he hereby desires to convey a rebuke to the *Mail* reporter for putting "*cheers and laughter*" after it, as well as to the gentlemen who were present for "cheering and laughing" aforesaid. The passage in the newspaper is calculated to injure the reputation of the able and honest Conservative Member for South Simcoe. The phrase "for the present" is particularly calculated to do this, by seeming to insinuate that at some period, more or less remote, the aforesaid Hon. WM. MACDOUGALL would not be and continue an humble follower of the said Hon. Mr. CAMERON. GRIP authorizes himself to state, for the repose of Conservative souls, that Mr. CAMERON has the fullest assurance that Mr. MACDOUGALL will remain in his present relation to the Local Opposition—at all events he will remain in the Opposition ranks—until next time.

### Croaks and Pecks

The winner of this year's Derby had nothing to do but to *Gallop-in*.

MR. T. M. DALY says patriotism is a good thing, but procrastination is a better. He finds it more economical.

THE Tories wanted to run MR. GZOWSKI in Centré Toronto. Probably they thought that a *Pole* was just what they needed to enable them to "elevate the standard."

THE *Leader* thinks the clock in the Sheriff's office was too fast. We fear Mr. DALY and his supporters must have started by the *Leader* clock. Most things in that place are behind time. And yet it is a *Daly* paper.

It has suddenly dawned on the *Globe* that people sometimes get frost-bitten in Canada. What a long time Mr. BROWN has been here to learn this. But of course he kept himself in hot water all the time.

*Crooks for Monck*. That's wrong, anyhow. Bishops are entitled to carry them by virtue of their office. Besides, Algoma must be thawed out by this time, and ready for the innocent festivities of an election.

THE *Orange Sentinel* re-appears on Thursday after ceasing publication for about a month. A *Sentinel* should not be caught napping on his post in that fashion.