

**(Glove's Request.**

I'll write thee, dear, on that sweet day  
Sacred to Hymen and our loves,  
A *billet-doux*. "Thanks," she did say,  
"And send me, dear, a box of gloves."

"I'll revel in fond words," said he,  
"In rapturous lines of love I'll linger,"  
"Thanks very much," she said, "but see  
They're right about the little finger."

"No sad cold thoughts my heart to chill,  
No sad cold look my soul to freeze,  
The sun shines only at thy will;—"  
"Yes, dear," she said, "three buttons, please."

"O, how I yearn for that sweet day,  
I languish sadly till it comes"—  
"Ah! so do I," she said, "and pray,  
See that they've got the proper thumbs."

"You'll send me in return, my sweet,  
A lovely cutting from those locks,  
A glossy curl:—"Those bags are neat,"  
She said, "but I prefer a box."

"Thy breath to me is like the spring;  
Yes, 'tis a new born bliss I feel,  
Like that the primrose pale doth bring,"  
"Primrose? Oh, no! get *Eau de Nil*."

"Soon thou'lt be mine—my own—my queen,  
Of all on earth Eve's fairest daughter;  
List to my sighs." "What do you mean?  
Oh! size, I see: six and a quarter."

"Adieu, sweet jewel, fairest fair,"  
(Sounds of a kiss an echo caught)  
"Good-bye," she cried, "and take good care  
My dear, you're not a button short."

DART.

**Current Events.**

Misther GRIP,

SIR:—I was amusin meself this lasht wake at the show goin on among the clergy in the Angelican Synod. Manny a gud laugh I had in me shlave, though moshtly fwat I felt was a feelin av contimpt. Yez are aware that av coorse I belong to the Thruve Church av LEO XIII, an yez can imagine fwat I wud be thinkin to hear thim that calls thimselves Protestants gettin up an goin on wid actions as if they wor the sons av that same church. They kem to the conclusion that the pracher av an English Church is a praste, though I blave it isn't the custom av sich to perform the blessed mass, an it bothers me to untherstan how a man can be a praste av he laves that out. Misther BLAKE was there, an he sez, sez he, "that's rank Popery!" Hear, hear, sez I to meself, an fwihy don't they go the whole pig, an not be makin gossoons av thimselves an ivery wan that belongs to thim. Shure, sur, isn't it jist loike little children playin wid dolls—the loikes av Father JOHNSTON an DARLING an thim, wid their candles, an crosses an confessionals? I have in me heart a sort av respict to wan loike Father MACNAMARA that comes fair out wid fwat he thinks, an, aven I have no hard falins to Misther PORTS an min loike that, though the poor crathurs is on the way to perdition, bein out av the Thruve Fold, but, sur, away wid this Tomfoolery av playin at Popery. Av they are Catholics fwihy don't they say so, an come to St Michael's inshtead av kapin up the xpinases av St. James an all thim other churches. these hard toimes?

But I lave this topic to the *Globe*, an thim other religious dailies, an turn me attintion to other things that's goin on.

I suppose yez hard about the riot in Quabec. It's a bad affair intoirely, an I'm afear'd that JOLY an' thim is at the bottom av it. I shuddn't wonther av they got it up be way av intimidatin' the Consarvatiff opposition, an' howldin' on to their places. I think av writin' to the *Mail* to foind out av this is so.

The prospex av me clever countryman DAVIN looks brighter nor iver in Haldimand. He was howldin maytins ivery night lasht wake, an' the way he rowled out the iloquence was powerful. He is sure av the sate if plenty av the people votes for him. but, afther all, he foinds it no shport doin' the canvassin, there is so many young wans av unprepossessin apparence to kiss, he sez.

TERRY TIERNEY.

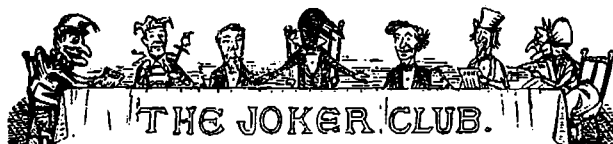
**How to Pay Money—with no Money.**

It was the Quebec Government  
Who were not long about  
Well executing their intent  
To put the others out.

The putting out and getting in  
Was difficulty small,  
But now the trouble does begin  
To bother one and all.

The people carefulness demand  
Or they will turn them out,  
The members carefulness won't stand,  
They'll send them right about.

What can unhappy JOLY do,  
With nothing these to pay?  
Why, borrow straight some millions few—  
The true Canadian way.



WILL Mr. HAY reverse nature by going to grass?

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE."—The Exhibition at Toronto.

THERE is a tin boat on Waterford pond, and if you have the tin, you can get tin it and have a sail.

WALKERTOWN defeated the R. R. bonus by-law. Just as GRIP said. That place is a Walker-town.

MANY in York seem to think the Dunkin Act an "Act more honoured in the breach than the observance."

THE Government will have the election after harvest, hoping it will go against the grain of the Conservative party.

IF the Government desires popularity, it should make it a crime to have a political speech longer than five minutes.

PROBABLE TEXT FOR THE GOVERNMENT NEXT FALL.—"The summer is past, the harvest is ended, and we are not saved."

MILLS said recently that the elections would not take place till after harvest. If a good grain harvest takes place it will give the mills a chance.

PITY the Finance Minister! These warm days he is struggling not only with the Fly-on-the-wheel, but with the same insect in the butter, molasses, and milk.

ARCHERY is the coming recreation. The London *Advertiser* gives over a column editorial to the subject. The *Advertiser* always was noted for its arch ways.

THE Press Association of Ontario go to Chicago this year, on their excursion. Boo. JACKSON was over the route, and we are glad to hear *Era* ceived a cordial welcome from our American cousins.

WE don't want to covet our neighbour's wealth, but we were just thinking how many trips to Scarboro' Heights Park we could have this summer if that \$25,000,000 had fallen to us instead of Misther MCCARTHY of Limerick.

There is a happy year,  
Far, far away,  
When we shall never hear  
Speeches every day;  
When that jolly time comes round,  
No speeches in the papers found,  
From the rostrum not a sound,  
Silence comes to stay.

THIS skeleton sermon may be filled up and preached in any of our fine new churches: Text, "Provoke one another to love and good works." *Provoke*, by building a handsome church; *one another*, (i.e.), thou who don't need new churches; *to love*, (i.e.), of display; and *good works*, (i.e.), tea parties, strawberry festivals, pic-nics, and other labor to raise the necessary funds for the unnecessary grandeur.