

“WHIG AND TORY.”

“Ive only this to say about you thaird party,” said Archie McFee to William Tompkins at the corner of Yonge and King Streets yesterday afternoon, “that it savors oow muckle o’ ravalutionary tendencies; noo if these growing chieles wha’ ca’ themsel’s the Young Leebereals wud but reflect a wee they wud see the folly of the coorse they hae taken.”

“I quite agree with you, Mac,” responded Mr. Tompkins, “it is but a wedge, a wedge, Mac, the small edge, of course, to dismember the greatest empire the sun ever shone on, whose morning drum, sir, beats round the world, sir. It is an insidious attempt to haul down that flag that never yet was unfurled, sir! An attempt to nullify, if not altogether to demolish, the Glorious British Constitution, sir!” continued Mr. Tompkins, warmly.

“Aye,” replied Mr. McFee, “let the chieles, if they aur Leebereals steck tae their ain proper colors and the grand auld pairty, let them read their *Glob*—”

“Their what?” interrupted Tompkins.

“Their *Glob*”, of course, mun; ye ken it still raprasents the bone and sinew and intaligence o’ the country.”

(Tompkins) “The deuce it does; why, the people the *Globe* represents have always been rebellious. I haven’t forgotten McKenzie and the rebellion of ’37 if you have! Let them read the *Mail*.”

(Mac) “The *Mail*! Hech, mon, an’ who reads sic trash as comes out daily in you scurulous sheet! Ye’ve a muckle deal to say about McKenzie and the raballion, but what about Cartier and a’ the ither great Tories that had tae flee in the auld times. Hech, mon, ye must be daft!”

(Tompkins) “Well, I say, confound a Grit, anyway!”

(Mac) “And I say, confound a Tory!”

And the two great upholders of loyalty departed their different ways in high dudgeon.

—B.

IMPOSSIBLE.

The last Hibernian bovine (*Anglicé*—Irish bull) that has escaped the lips of the son of St. Patrick who has most recently set foot on these shores was to the effect that “if, bo Jabors, he had to live this loife all over agin, he w’d be ashooting of himself afore ever it began.”

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS,

WHICH, WE BELIEVE, ARE ABOUT TO BE INSERTED BY SEVERAL WELL-KNOWN PERSONAGES.

FOUND—

A policy. Address: EDWD. BL—KE.

STRAYED from my mind, some years ago, two pale-colored, feeble idens, nam’d respectively: “Sense of Justice,” and “Political Purity.” Any person giving such information as will lead to their recovery will be liberally rewarded by applying to JNO. A. M—CD—N—LD.

Note: Of no use to the former owner.

WANTED—

A tutor, who, for a few hours nightly, will undertake to teach the art of ENGLISH COMPOSITION. Payment in the shape of advertisements. Address: The *GLOBE*.

WANTED—

A prescription for a STRENGTHENING TONIC. Address: The *WEEK*.

URGENTLY NEEDED—

A PROGRAMME. YOUNG MEN’S CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION.

MONEY TO LOAN—

On mortgage security, at lowest current rates, second and other mortgages purchased—N.B. when margin is sufficient or covenants ample. Any business returning good interest will be carefully considered. Address: Dr. B—RG—N, M.D., O.M., M.R.C.S., F.R.C.P., F.O.S., A.S.S., B.L.G., Surg. Gen’l.

ELEPHANT FOR SALE—

White. Answers to the name of “Arcado.” Address: ALEX. MA—NG.

ENGINES—

High h.-p., good as new, not yet tested, but in first class condition, all connections complete. Address: “WATER WORKS,” Toronto.

WANTED—

A SEWER; also a BASEBALL Club. Address: TORONTO.

FOR SALE—

THE SMALLPOX. Address: MONTREAL, QUE. N.B.—No reasonable offer refused. Tenders invited.



THE FRENCH MAID.

Mrs. Smithkins.—My greatest trouble with my former maid was her inability to speak English. I hope you understand the language better.

The French Maid.—Dade, me’am, yez needn’t throuble about that. I spake English so well yoz wud hardly know I was Frinch at all!

ATTENTION!!!

Have you a sense of fulness after a heavy meal?

Have you a cavity in your jaw after a double tooth is drawn?

Are you troubled with corns?

Are you ever sleepy at nights after a hard day’s work?

Have you a feeling of soreness after being kicked by a mule?

Have you a strong taste in your mouth after eating onions?

Does your hair ever turn gray?

Do you ever work between meals?

Are you a boy or a girl?

Have you a strong aversion to soap and water?

Then you are from Montreal, and have:—

Smallpox,

Cholera,

Muco-purulent discharge (see Toronto Mail for farther particulars),

Tetter,

Salt-rheum,

Lumbago,

Colic,

Piles,

Etc., etc., etc.

Take Smith’s “OH-NO-DON’T!” for the tooth, it is dead shot every time, and even if you are hopelessly crippled for life it will cure you at once and permanently, even if you have been taking patent medicines.

N.B.—Will warrant a cure if patient will take 100 quart bottles as per instructions. See wrappers for directions.

POP!

With aid of lemons men make lemonade; With fusil oil is whiskey manufactured. May not Old Rye be called, then, *fusilade*? A fusilade that many a glass has fractured.

OH! IF.

NEW SONG TO BE INTRODUCED INTO THE OPERA OF “TELL.”

Oh! if a tailor would only tell
The amount of fat that gives that swell
To the chest of the dude, and of others, too,
We should learn some things; but he looks at you
And says that he must not tell.

Oh! if a “fonetic” would only tell
The world some sensible way to spell,
Instead of causing all folks to smile
By introducing Josh Billings’ style—
But this the crank can’t tell.

Oh! if some doctors would only tell
The reason their sufferers never got well,
We could then dispense with these medical elixes,
And people, when ailing, could doctor themselves.
But the “sawbones” will not tell.

Oh! if some sculler could only tell
How it is that Hanlan moves his shell
So swiftly over the water’s breast,
They’d jump for joy; but, as may be guessed,
That secret they cannot tell.

Oh! could some Toronto ladies tell
The reason that no one calls them “belle.”
They’d give all they’re worth this thing to know;
So the reason now I’ll try to show,
For I think I’m able to tell.

One reason is that they’re too much dress;
And powder and rouge are a filthy mess;
And patchouli’s fragrance is far too loud—
For a single drop will perfume a crowd.
They are too little nature and too much art,
They are too much head and too little heart;
They are too little real and too much sham,
Too little sincere, too much gush and “flam”;
And sensible people know full well
That beauty alone does not make a “belle.”
At least not the pure quill article.
That’s all.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES.

Juliette.—You want to know the origin of the term “masher.” If you refer to a potato masher the “origin” is self-evident; but if to a young man of lady-killing attributes we are of opinion that it is a corruption of the French *ma chère*, which, being interpreted, meaneth “my dear.” But, fair Juliette, take our advice and have nothing to do with a masher, some one will tell you ma sure.

Miles.—You want to know who took the pits at Batoche. We give it up. There has been any quantity of contradictory stories about the affair. However, a gentleman from the Saskatchewan who called on us yesterday says they were not taken at all, as the pits are there yet.

Tincheel.—Do we want a subject for a cartoon, and if so, will we pay you for it? No, Mr. Tincheel, we don’t and we wouldn’t, but we do want a subject for the School of Anatomy, and the doctors will pay us for it. We will be glad to see you at any time, Mr. T.

O, COME OFF!

Coeval with the report of Prof. G. Smith’s interesting account of Canadian Political History the *Globe* takes the opportunity of telling its readers the apparently hitherto unknown fact, that the Tories are just the same now as they were in ’37. It also informs the public that at one time Canada was under the rule of the Family Compact, likewise that Sir John Macdonald during his career has committed diverse political crimes and misdemeanors, notably in connection with the C.P.R. All this has perhaps occurred to a great many of the Canadian people before, but why at this late stage give the whole thing away in public print. But stay. The “leader” must have been written for the edification and benefit of our lately imported friends from beyond the seas, gentlemen from Hingland, Oireland, and Scootland, else why the revival of this olden, hoary and time-stained story, “Familiar to our thoughts as household words.”