

"Lobengrin." This gave rise to a brilliant *mot*, which is circulating freely through the *salons*, that Wagner's music is not car-tunes. The radical press denounces the Government's action as a transparent subterfuge. *L'Assommoir* says, in addition, "the honor of *la belle France* must be maintained at any cost." The mob are singing the *Marseillaise*. There were only ninety-two arrests made to-day.

PARIS, Sept. 26.—Order is completely restored. The firm action of the Government has paralyzed the malcontents, and by a judicious concession to public opinion, the obnoxious name "Wagner," has been removed from the cars. An apology has been made to the German ambassador, and it is understood that several editors of the radical press will be prosecuted. The Left Centre bitterly assail the Government, but all danger of immediate hostilities has been happily averted.

THE BELL-SAUNDERS MILL.

BY "GRIP'S" SPORTING EDITOR,

COME listen awhile, brother sports, till I tell
Of the scrap between Aldermen Saunders and Bell,
An encounter the greatest of poets might sing,
Recalling the palmist days of the ring.

The Committee on salaries met to discuss,
And wound business up with the usual fuss,
For Saunders excitedly said that, "begosh,
What Alderman Bell said was nothing but hosh."

Then Alderman Bell in his turn grew irate,
And requested of Saunders his reason to state.
But "bosh!" replied Saunders, and so they waxed warm,
Until the Committee broke up in a storm.

Outside of the Chamber foregathered the twain.
From further encounter they could not refrain.
Their language grew loud and their anger rose higher,
Till Saunders, indignant, said, Bell was a liar!

Oh, had I the pen of a Homer to sing,
The feats which these heroes performed in the ring.
(Now do not, kind reader, be too categorical—
The "ring" that I speak of is just metaphorical.)

The wrath of King William was awful to see.
He drew himself up and exclaimed, "This to me?"
Then striking a gladiatorial pose,
Got in his left duke upon Saunders' nose.

Though Saunders was staggered, he rallied at once;
And guarding himself from a rap on the scone,
Squared off in good form as the ring ever saw,
And rattled King Billy with one on the jaw.

Round two—Both the sluggers came smiling to time!
Bets in favor of Billy—twelve cents to a dime.
Bell forcing the fighting and making good play,
Saunders seeming desirous of slipping away.

After feinting by Saunders, Bell gets in his right,
Saunders strikes from the shoulder with all of his might,
Taking Bell on the mouth and encouraging hopes
Of his backers—then deftly slips down at the ropes.

Round three—Saunders groggy, he clearly begins
To wobble uncertainly round on his pins.
Bell, though showing some punishment, feeling first-class,
With a hit 'twixt the peepers sends Saunders to grass.

Round four—Interruption by Alderman Hill,
Whose conduct uncalled-for in stopping the mill,
When the scene was affording the height of diversion,
Seems to call for much serious animadversion.

The event is historic—'twill live I'll engage
For many a year upon history's page,
And fathers to children the story will tell
Of the elegant scrap between Saunders and Bell.



CAUSTIC!

JACK—"You reject me. Then I shall never love again!"
MAUD—"Why? Am I your only wealthy lady friend?"

JOHN DRYDEN'S ESCAPE.

HON. JOHN DRYDEN, the distinguished quartette, has a special distaste for everything in the complimentary banquet line. (We call the Hon. John a quartette, because he is four distinct men, or, at least, is doing the work of four men, which is the same thing practically; 1st, he performs the duties of Minister of Agriculture, which are enough for one man, and no slouch at that; 2nd, he personally manages a four-hundred acre farm, which is as much as another good man could do; 3rd, he superintends the travelling dairy and all the farmers' institutes in the Province—enough work to fully employ another able-bodied person; and 4th, he is, during the present season at least, making the circuit of the fall fairs, delivering speeches, etc., which furnishes work enough for still another fellow). Well, we set out to tell how the poor gentleman escaped being bored to death a few evenings ago by a most fortunate accident. He was on one of his fall-fair missions in a town up in the west, and after the labors of the meltingly hot day were over, he was hankering for his bed with great hankeration, seeing that he had to leave for his next engagement very early in the morning. It was then broken to him by one of the local magnates that a grand complimentary banquet was to be tendered to him that evening, to commence about ten o'clock. Hon. John is a submissive man with a martyr spirit, and he refrained from assaulting the important local personage, but he made up his mind that there was no sleep for his weary eyelids that night, at all events. He knew he was in for a lot of dreary twaddle of formal toasts and speeches that would worry him until about three o'clock a.m. He only smiled a wan smile, and thanked his informant for the intended honor. In due