

THE MODERN BELLEROPHON.



THE scene is changed, tho' not the goal,
The steel is tamed—the Gorgon's foal
Now feels his weight: the Rider's on!
The new high-souled Bellerophon!

His arm is bared, his eyes flash fire,
He rides to slay Chimera dire;
His high soul glows, for gore he yearns—
At Mowat's evil deeds he burns!

"Say not," he cries, "my task is done,—
Nay, by the gods, it's just begun!
A sword was olden Belto's hope,
But mine's my new ophthalmoscope!



I'll slay this Dragon of the day
As champion of the P.P.A.,
His dark career I'll end, I vow,
For I'm the chap that knoweth how!



I'll use my best bi-nocular,
(A weapon new to modern war)
His race nepotic, root and branch,
I'll bury like an avalanche.

I'm scion of a fighting race,
And to no foeman will give place,
Ask of the rebels of Batoche
If I'm a slouch in war, begosh!

Behold me in my coat of mail,
And let my craven foes turn pale,
No wonder Mowat's pluck doth ooze,
And Hardy's shaking in his shoes!

So forward go I to the fray,
This huge Chimera to slay;
To-morrow he'll no longer be,
My country, keep your eye on me!

GIRLS AND POLITICS.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—

PEOPLE think that because girls like balls, pretty frocks, and chocolates, they're no good at politics. Perhaps we're not, but we're just splendid at canvassing, and it can't be harder to get votes than it is to collect dollars for bazaars and charity concerts.

Of course we don't understand much about reciprocity, Free Trade and Boodling, and haven't the faintest desire to vote, but we're awfully good judges of the nicest men, and most of us know how to get round the most disagreeable ones. We've lots of ideas, too, but out of Boston, you know, society girls don't parade them. We keep them for occasions, or the decorating of rooms, even our best young men don't get more than the fringe and accoridian plaits of them, until after we marry them; they are our reserve forces kept to prevent the weary monotony of the time when we leave off being angels. It wouldn't certainly be much use sending us round to canvas for the votes of old ladies; they'd prefer substantial, agreeable, middle-aged gentlemen to ask them,—but we could do great things for budding aldermen and mayors if they got us to canvas the young men of their wards. It seems queer to us how little men understand women. You've only got to see all the comments of the newspapers on their not voting largely for the Plebiscite to know that.

In the first place people (that is feminine people) don't like names that are hard to spell and may mean anything, as one of the girls said she "wouldn't join the thing for anything, even if she had a vote, because it reminded her so much of Roman History." None of us blamed her, for the wags would be sure to guy us and call us Plebs, which would be a great trial to our nice patrician natures, and tend to make them disrespectful to us. Surely, too, if woman are admitted into political life, it's rather hard to set them first thing to pulling up weeds with such old roots. Whatever old ladies may like, young ones don't care for violent work, and if we can't get the easy part of political life, perhaps we're better out of it.

Polly Pencherman.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—After one of the Hon. John Dryden's successful elections in South Ontario, he was escorted to his home by an enthusiastic crowd of friends and supporters. Refreshments were abundantly served—Mr. Dryden's eldest daughter making herself a most charming and attentive hostess to the guests. In the speechmaking and cheering upon the occasion, her ears were saluted with the cry, "Miss Dryden for ever!" "Thank you, gentlemen," she replied, smiling and very demurely, "but I really cannot agree with you; I do not wish to be Miss Dryden forever." The young lady has since become a happy wife.

About 200 dead mens names were left on the voter's list in Montreal until lately. Perhaps this is the reason Montreal so seldom returns a live Alderman.

There is a dwarf in Montreal who is said to be so small he has to get on a chair to lace his boots.

A new bicycle has been invented with runners attached for riding over ice. Johnny suggests that it be called an icicle.

WE take authority to deny that Mr. John Creran, Q. C. has accepted the Editorship of the Hamilton *Templar*.

THE prohibitionists see quite clearly the Mowat in Ontario's eye, but what about the beam in that of the Dominion?