



ROMULUS AND REMUS, THE POLITICAL TWINS.

(DESIGN FOR A BRAZEN GROUP TYPICAL OF CANADIAN POLITICS PROPOSED TO BE ERRECTED IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE, OTTAWA, BY THE MUNIFICENCE OF MR. GRIP.)

O'Toole on the Boom.

WINNIPIG, MANITOBY, March 1st, '82.

MEATHER GRIP,—Shure an' it's mesilf fales loike shakin' yer fish, me boy, I'm in sich shpirts. "An' f'wath is the raison?" sez ye. Howld yer whisht, an' I'll till ye the sacrit from wan ind to the odther. Shure an' wasn't I in Ould Oireland a few wakes forinst Decimbar, a warruckin' on me bit av a place. But me sowl was put out av me betwane lan' laguers, an' lan' lords, an' that ould divil, Gladshstone. Ye darsent call yer nose yer own fur fare av bein' clapped into some bashile or anodther. "Bad sorau to it!" sez I to mesilf; "I'll imigrate to some place wher wan kin live dasent an' quite loike." An' shure I made up me moind to go to the Shtates, whin wan day I was in Lim'rick I got howld av a copy av the Markis av Lorne's spache at Winnipig, an' it changed me iday at wance. So I wint home, an' I sez to me wife: "Judy," sez I, "ye'd bether pack up the childer, fur I'm goin' to imigrate to Canada be the nixt shtamer."

"Och, Larry, jewel," sez she, "an' don't go loike a good man. Shure we'll all be drowned in the say, or aten be thim wild cannibals, the Canajins."

"Cannibals!" sez I. "An' f'wath d'ye mane? Shure an' they're no more cannibals than yersilf!"

"Och, yes, Larry," sez she, "the praist sez so."

"Bad luck to him thin," sez I, fur I was gittin' mad, "an' it's tellin' lies he is!"

Me ould woman hild up her fishts. "Och, honey," sez she, "an' a wicked man ye are to shpake av the praist loike that. I hard him say they wuz cannibals wid me own ahrs, an' he sod there wuz lines an' toigers an' odther wild bastes as thick as yo plaze."

"I don't care if there wuz a millin lines," sez I, "I'm goin'; so pack up yer duds, an' nono av yer chat, or I'll line ye, yo ould blather!"

Shure an' she kipt moighty quite afther that, me lad, an' it wuzn't more than a wake till we got on the shtamer, bound fur Quebic. We rached the ind av our thrip in the latter part av Novmber, an' ather spindin' a few days viewin' the sanery, we shtarted fur the Quane City. It's moightily plazed I wuz wid it, an' I soon flt loike wan av the citizius mesilf. But

I wuzn't there long till I hard iviry wan shpakin' av lots in this, that an' the odther city in Manitoby; an' to foind out f'wath it all mint, I jist wint to wan av the sales. Bliss yer sowl! I wuzn't hardly in whin the faver shtruck me, an' I wuz biddin' away loike mad. I got howld av a quarther av a dozen lots in as foine a city as I ivir hard till av, an' home I wint, feelin' loike an imperor.

"Judy," sez I, as I thung me cap in the carner, "Judy, I've spikilated!"

"Wirra, wirra!" sez she, "an' it wuz a sorry day whin we lift the ould sod. F'wath'll the childer do now?"

"An' f'wath's the matter?" sez I. "Is any wan goin' to ate ye?"

"F'wath's tho matter?" sez she; "an' d'ye nade t' ax that an' ye gone an' turned proteshtint?"

"Proteshtint!" sez I; "an' who's turned proteshtint?"

"Didn't ye say jist now," sez she, "that ye'd spikilated?"

"May the divil spikilate ye!" sez I; "shure wid yer toigers an' proteshtints ye'll be the dith av me. It's makin' me fortin' I am; that's f'wath I mane bo spikilatin, so git in ordther, fur we shtart fur Manitoby nixt Chewsday."

Will, to make a long shtory short, we rached hare six wakes ago, an' I shtarted out to foind me lots, but shure it wuz no aisly job. At lasht I axed a gentlman at Portish Lapperairy if he cud till me wher I'd foind thim. He winked wid his lift oye, an' sez he, "Ye'r sowld, me lad. Thim lots av yours ain't worth tiu dollars, so ye may rist aisly about thim." Shure I didn't belave him at furst, an' I sarched fur a wake ather thim, an' I did foind thim, too, but the divil a tint as much wuz widin twinty moiles av thim! "It's sowld ye are, shure enough," sez I, an' I flt loike kickin' mesilf fur bein' sich an omadhaun. But I didn't wape long, fur an iday saized me, an' I turned auctionare. Bliss yer sowl! an' it wuzzent a wake till I had Judy an' the childer dreshed in silks, an' mesilf marchin' up Main-Strate wid a shunoke-shtack hat on me hid an' me thumbs in the arm-hovls av me visht. It's a made man I am, an' I'll soon be an im pee. Judy sinds her besht respiks to ye.

Yours obadiently,

LARRY O'TOOLE.

Results of Travel.

SCENE—*Aesthetic Club, London, England.*
Pots of lilies. On table, *Ruskin's Stones of Venice, Rosetti's Poems.* On walls, *pre-Raphaelite Murys, Giotto's O, &c.*

DRAMATIS PERSONA—*Aesthetes awaiting Oscar Wilde's return from America.*

Rosetti—Our delicate apostle, concrete emanate of all the spirituality of the beautiful, returns to-night. Let us all hail.

[Enter Oscar hurriedly.]

All—All hail.

Oscar, brusquely—How do ole fels? Shake! Silence prevails.

Oscar continues—What, no'er a chin? Pull down your vests. Let us smole a smile. Nominate. Dwey tagers? Pick me-up? Cobbler? Smash? Say!

Symptoms of uneasiness among the aesthetes.
Oscar, boisterously—What, silent all! and silent still? Du tell. O, hunky dory!

Aesthetes make for the door, exclaiming—He is possessed by a Yankee devil!!!

In Anticipation of a Change in the Tariff.

GRIP to Sir John—Never say die! Polly put the kettle on, we'll all have tea. Hip, hip, hurrah!

"Established industries should not be hastily interfered with" *Vide Mr. Mackenzie's speech.*
"Whistle and I'll come, Filley, my lad."

OAD TO THE BIG WHAIL.

Composed while kamly gazin into his veloominous jor, and a feelin' of him occasionally.



WHAIL! jiganatik and prodjus animile!
How sick yu must be of bein' gazed at

By countless multichoods of kewrius fokes, And havin' pins and things run inter yu! Eksaggerated sardeen! How very dri Yu must be after bein' wet so long. But I forget. Yu air defunk-ek-Seedingly so—and never wosten agen Kin wag yure elefantine tale. Nor snort, nor pranse a round az formerly of yonr. Yu air a tremenjus broot and no mistaik, And inust a had to go outside to turn Around without a steppin' onto yureself. How okwerd must it be to gro so big And phat, that yu don't kno whot to do With yurself. But nevertheless, I bet Yu was a giddy burd when yung And had a good time permitously A swishin' round with that there tale, and blow'n Hole buketsful of water thru yure knose, And chasin' littler fishes round the bloo. Bloo see. I wonder wot yure age might be, And ef yu knode the whail wot swollered Jonah; Or praps yu was a juvenile, and not Arrovo onto diskreshun which akounts For yure bein' here ez ded ez eny klum. Yu went ashoar down inter Noyv Skosha, And got left, wich was foolish for So large a whail. Yude probably kno better ef Yu got annuther chance, wich probably yu wont. Stoopenjus kritter! yu must waz ez much Ez Mister Baxter in his stoking feet And mil' whot lodes of korsits yu will maik, And guse-oh! and St. Ja.—I bez yure parding— My mistaik. Yu never hurd of *her*. I wish I hadnt. I wish I saw yu wen Yu hed the Boys Home in your mouth wich happened lately, and must have ben a grate And glorious site, and worth a quarter eny da. O mighty and orful beast, and has it cum To this; that yu are stuffed with ha and hawled About the country for a sho. Alass! How are the mitey fallen, and wot are we A kummin' to!

SCHANTON.