



Doubles and Quits.

This is a sketch of a very pathetic incident which took place in London recently. It represents Lord BEACONSFIELD slighting Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI—actually treating him with cool indifference, notwithstanding that poor TRACY had done great things for the Premier, to wit, had gotten him up a Policy as precious and beautiful as a golden wreath. Further comment is unnecessary; but we cannot help adding the poet's line,

“Man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

P. S.—The reader mustn’t mistake the above for a picture of Sir JOHN giving Mr. PHIPPS the cold shoulder. Not at all!

When it becomes generally known that HANLAN is in the habit of drinking ginger ale the homestead idea will be dropped like a hot coal.



A Curiosity.

The Reverend (that is, rather Reverend) STEPHEN G. LAWSON, editor of the *Frederictonian*, Charlottetown, P. E. I., is a journalistic curiosity, and so the enterprising Mr. GRIP has caught him, and put him on permanent exhibition in a glass-case. It may be stated that this tolerably Reverend editor’s forte is chaste and churchly language. His latest phrase is being extensively quoted and admired. It is a description of one of his Island contemporaries as a “living, headless, featherless, Fenian rooster!”

The Reform Servant Boys.

In the Reform house there are two little hired boys. We cannot call them boys-of-all-work, because only one of them appears to make himself generally useful. This is SANDY, a most honest, industrious and faithful fellow, who scours the political knives, cleans the party boots, and does many other plain and prosy chores. The other lad, NED, is of a different temperament. He is of a highly poetical organization, and cannot bend his mind to any political work of a rough ordinary description. His time is mostly spent in attending to a beautiful statue (resembling himself) which stands in the main hall-way of the Reform House. To keep this precious image free from every speck of dust is NED’s most congenial task. In every speech he makes, the dusting and polishing of this ideal figure form the chief feature. Of course it is pleasant to see a servant boy developing habits of cleanliness and a taste for beauty, but at the same time, he shouldn’t leave all the hard work of the place to be done by others.



Indian Education.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
On Agriculture is so far behind,
Whom learning hitherto has failed to charm;
Poor Lo the Indian’s to be taught to farm!

The good Sir JOHN, the father of the land,
His red child’s wants does clearly understand,
And likewise understands, does shrewd Sir JOHN

How to get rid of doubtful hangers-on.

What boots it though these “Teachers” do
not know
A strawstack from the handle of a hoe,
By scores they’re shipped off to the lonely West,
To form the nucleus of a future pest.

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,
In scalping-knives doth lofty pleasure find,
May yet reverse this Educating rig
And teach these precious teachers how to dig.

We read that Lord Chelmsford arrived lately at Plymouth, and was much cheered on landing. Glad to hear it; he certainly wasn’t much cheered by his success as a leader in South Africa.

Having scanned the horizon carefully in all directions, and discovered no signs of a foe, GRIP makes bold to say that the Royal Opera House people GOTTHOLD of a good attraction when they secure the Octoroon Company.



More Weight Wanted.

Several years ago, a certain long-headed old chap remarked that if he had a good stout lever, and a suitable fulcrum, he could move the world. This was not idle blowing, it was plain mechanical fact. And no doubt the long-haired chap in our picture, Monsieur CHAPLEAU, could hoist JOLY out of his Treasury seat in Quebec if he had a lever of honesty, a fulcrum of truth, and a good deal more moral weight and strength than he at present possesses. The futility of his attempt in the lower House having at length become apparent to himself and his desperate accomplices, they have called the old lady of the upper House to their assistance, and she has stopped the Supplies, as depicted elsewhere in our pages. And now the fun is about to commence. GRIP hopes those Frenchmen will have the grace to put ice on their heads in time; and he also sincerely trusts that the insane old Legislative Council will persist in its present course, for nothing will tend so much to the early abolition of that effete institution, and the establishment of good government in Quebec as the outrage about to be perpetrated by the dismissal of JOLY.

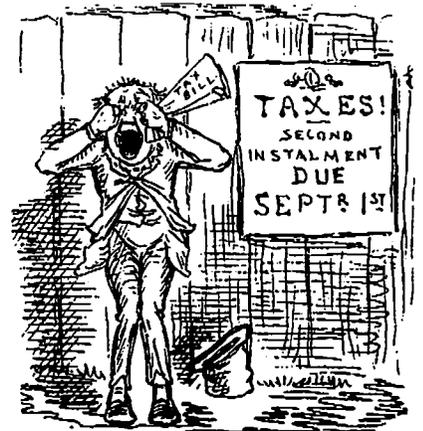
A Plea for Tarte of “Le Canadien.”

The Grits would mince-meat make of TARTE,
And *Le Canadien* sell or barter,
Forgetting in their inmost heart,
That persecution makes the martyr!

His policy they fail to shake,
For he defies both dart and dart-er!
They’re not content to give and take,
And scorning TARTE but makes him tart-er!

They help him public aims to gain—
Now smart, the critics make him smarter;
Till by-and-by his ample train
Of friends shall bring him “star and garter!”

Despite *Rouge* gibes TARTE will not rest,
Nor yet back down or ask for quarter,
Though foes may set for him a net—
At last they will but “catch a Tartar”!



THE CITIZENS’ BAWL!