

Scene at Grand Opera House.

*Fashionable swell (adjusting his scarf).—*JONES, do you notice the number of glasses levelled at me?

Plain Jones.—Oh yes. Zoology is becoming a fashionable study with the ladies now.

The Fiend of the Sewer Gas.

A horrible stream ran foul below,
A horrible stench was there,
A horrible form did floating go
Upon the poisoned air.

That poisoned all a cavern long,
Long, and narrow, and low,
Covered and arched with brickwork strong,
That under us here doth go.

And the form did sing a horrible song,
For the Sewer Gas Fiend was he,
And his jaws of bone, as he flew along
Did grin most dismally.

And he sung—Above they're a jolly lot
In house and in mansion tall,
But little they know of the power I've got
For I am the king of them all.

For a system of pipes are here below,
All specially made for me,
And my venomous breath up any doth go
That I choose, right speedily.

And the beauty above shall breathe that breath
And sickening quick shall fall,
And the mansion's lord inhale his death
As he walks within his hall.

And the doctor sedate shall soon be rolled
In his carriage over me,
And shall learnedly talk of typhoid, or cold,
Or speak of pleurisy.

And the chemist pound with pestle great
The drug of protracted name,
But I shall control the patient's fate,
And my pipe convey the same.

And the diggers of graves shall wealth amass,
And the makers of coffins too,
And the Board of Health shall let it pass
As Boards be wont to do.

And he floated on beyond my sight,
And the rank and deadly fume
He sent to left, and sent to right,
To every house and room.

Hard Times.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Screw. The former, we may remark, is well named, but the latter is only "married into the family."

Mr. S.—Hard times, hard times. Everybody complaining—no money—no work—no anything. We must economize, Mrs. SCREW; it is our duty to the country.

Mrs. S.—Why so? We have enough. Now, when money is scarce, is the time to benefit the country by spending it.

Mr. S.—No! no! Madness! Wastefulness! Look at CROOKS—awful example—immense surplus exhausted already. Same excuse, of course—not his money—not yours. But it's mine, ma'am. Economize; use less fuel, groceries, meat, dry goods, everything; Duty to the country—universal poverty—must economize!

Mrs. S.—All the people you deal with are suffering from scarcity of work or money. How are you to help the country by depriving the tailor, grocer, butcher, draper—all with whom you deal—of part of your usual outlay with them? You will put what you save in the bank, where both you and the banker have money you cannot invest.

Mr. S.—Nonsense. Women know nothing. Prove it to you any time—ADAM SMITH—MILL—all the fellows. Economize! economize! economize!

That Gritty M. P.

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And tricks that are vain
The Gritty M. P. is peculiar,
Which the same I would like to explain.

O. M. was his name
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
He was wonderful "fly,"
But the way that he gammoned the Tories
Was remarkably clever and sly.

Which there was a big grab
And O.M. took a hand
And the House was quite filled
With that hungry Grit band,
For to work for a paltry \$600
Was a thing they did not understand.

But the Tories were gulled
In a way that I grieve
And the public was fooled
Which O. M. I believe
Voted 24,000 odd dollars
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the grabs that were made
By that Gritty M. P.
And the tricks that he played
Were quite frightful to see
Till at last he upset the decisions
Of judges on Grit purity.

Which it woke up the *Mail*
And it said "let us see"
And the rest of the papers
All cried "can it be
We are ruined by Gritty corruption"
And they went for that Gritty M. P.

Such a shindig ensued
And they all took a hand
And the joke was tabooed
All over the land.
And O.M. was rated most roundly,
For the games he did well understand.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And tricks that are vain,
The Gritty M. P. is peculiar,
And the same I did fully explain.

The Premier on the Huntington Speech.

THIS is the answer given by the Hon. Prime Minister to myself and other representatives of the Press when we asked whether or not he endorsed Mr. HUNTINGTON's speech. We wanted our answer, Yes or No.

"Gentlemen, I'm exceedingly glad you have called, I anticipated the pleasure of giving you my views on the matter and I may venture to say my colleagues are of the same opinion as myself, with perhaps the exception of Mr. BLAKE who undoubtedly has an opinion of his own. In looking over the speech it struck me most forcibly that he might have touched on a great many topics which would be interesting to Quebecites, such as the new liquor law of Ontario, the universal admiration expressed for it, and giving honor where honor is due. I attribute the success of that measure to the ladies. Mr. CAMERON, the leader of the opposition, with his usual chivalrous devotion to the fair sex, waved all objections to the Bill, which he otherwise might have raised. Gentlemen, those two thousand ladies have immortalized Mr. MOWAT's government and I wish another deputation would wait on Sir JOHN and compel him to explain what curious tactics he is adopting this session; that pleasant reply of his instead of moving an amendment to the speech from the throne puzzles me not a little. But reverting to Mr. HUNTINGTON's speech, it's quite unnecessary for me to say anything further in regard to it, my letter to Archbishop TACHE will explain everything."

We expressed ourselves as perfectly satisfied.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT AT OTTAWA.