



Brave "Puck."

The above little sketch is a tribute to the wonderful nerve and heroism of the New York *Puck*, who, with true Democratic and Republican fearlessness, boldly throws mud at the Marquis of LORNE, notwithstanding the high rank of that nobleman, and the fact that only a few hundred miles of railway, an imaginary boundary line separate the daring journal from his very presence. The recklessness of *Puck* is still more wonderful when we remember that the Marquis cannot answer back, and that if he did attempt to show fight he would have to destroy the entire American army before he could reach the offender. *Puck's* pluck is incomprehensible to Canadian editors!

Worthy of a Poem.

Tweed, March 3rd, 1879.

To Charles Clairmont, *Sarnia*.

Can get Sisters of Charity from Kingston as nurses, provided authorities secure temporary hospital.

THOMAS DAVIS.

GRIP is sorry that he cannot have this brief telegram printed in gold, as it deserves to be. It is from a Catholic priest in an eastern Ontario county, to a citizen of a village in another part of his parish, in which it had been reported that small-pox had broken out in several Protestant families. No Catholic was known to be afflicted, but the reverend father, with a true Christian heart, in the presence of trouble became a pastor to all alike. It need scarcely be said that the Sisters of Charity gladly consented to go on this mission as soon as word was sent them, but happily it was found that there was no ground for serious apprehension as to the disease spreading. This manifestation of brotherly love must be grateful to all who have a regard for the well being of our country, as well as to the Protestant people of Marmora. GRIP lays aside his jester's garb to grasp the hand of good Father DAVIS and say, "God bless your reverence, would we had more like you in all the churches!"

ACCORDING to the Bothwell Times the Rev. Mr. BEE, of Toronto, preached three sermons in that town on Sunday last. This circumstance adds prophetic beauty to the lines of Dr. WATTS:

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

The Hon. Members.

Extract from Notes of our own Private Secretary, taken at alphabetical interview of M.P.'s to obtain correct knowledge of requirements of different constituencies of Dominion, etc.

FROM P TO Q.

MR. PRUNE, M. P., *Cataractus*.—Highly polished manner and great command of language, of the blank very order. Has evidently æsthetic tastes, and mind romantic. Seems imbued with lofty thoughts, arising through long contemplation of grandeur of local scenery. Is heavy on poetical quota-

tions, seemed desirous of delighting Excellency with original sonnet of his own composition. Couldn't go it. Stand him off by looking at watches for time. Hon. member much interested in Kaministiquia River; delighted with river; as a river, compares its "delta" to that of the Rhine, Danube, Nile and other historical streams; but unfortunately it has a habit of filling up with mud every spring; is therefore in favor of P. A. Landing for terminus of Railway. Is a strong Conservative, and has lately been the victim of Grit turpitude. Has triumphed and is now "all serene." His constituency is the oldest, finest and most respectable in Ontario. He furthermore adds that its Capital has within its corporation the best pasture for cattle and ranges for artillery practice in the Dominion.

Mem.—Think there was a great lyrical poet lost when hon. gentleman unfortunately took to politics.

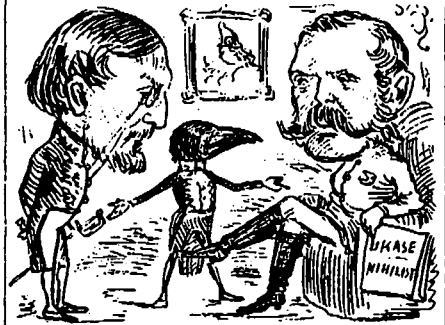
MR. QUIMAL, M. P., *Ramcaster*. This gentleman is apparently possessed of a vast fund of anecdotes which he seems desirous of recounting, though entirely irrelevant to the subject of conversation in hand. He likewise has the peculiar property of asking the most extraordinary questions. When asked as to the requirements of his constituents he said that one of them desired to be a Notary Public, when he (Mr. Q.) replied that he was glad of it, as he was no tory himself and did not care how public the acknowledgment was made. Here hon. gentleman laughs, and looks enquiringly at Excellency, who seems puzzled. Asks me why does the Capital of Canada resemble JOSHUA of Holy Writ? Inform him I see not the slightest resemblance. Says the latter made the sun stand still, and "Ottawa's tide the trembling moon." Objects to Sir JOHN politically, but admires him as a domestic man. "He is so fond of TILLEY and the Baby." What on earth does he mean? Hope he's not crazy. Asked if he will kindly explain. Hon. gent. says it's only his joke (!) Perhaps it is, but can't see where it lies. Governor looks grave. H. G. "smiles all over" and exit.

Mem.—Have learned since that this is the "funny member" of the House, *par excellence*. Must enquire why.



"THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT!"

It is said that a party of twelve caught 144 suckers one night lately at the Don. "LARRY" says this *baits* the police, who consider a dozen of the species a large haul. Perhaps they are not always a-fishin'(). But doesn't this strike the reader as rather a gross transaction.



A Czar-tain Remedy.

MR. GRIP feels for Russia in her present distracted condition. He sympathises with the poor Nihilists, whom "leagued oppression" has driven to the desperate extremity of insurrection, and he sympathises with the despotic, though feeble Czar, whose crowned head must lie very uneasily indeed, just now, if, in fact, he ever goes to bed at all. This feeling of compassion for all concerned has caused Mr. GRIP to give a few of his busy moments to profound consideration of the whole Russian question, and it is needless to state that the result of that consideration has been the conception of a sure and czar-tain method of settling the whole unpleasantness—a method which GORTSCHAKOFF could never have hit upon, with all his experience in statescraft. GRIP's plan, like all the inspirations of true genius, is very simple; it is nothing more nor less than this—Reconcile All the Antagonistic Elements. If the Diplomatic world here strikes an admiring and incredulous attitude, and anxiously asks, *But how?* GRIP, in reply, leads his old friend DUFFERIN into the presence of the troubled Czar, and addresses his Imperial Majesty to this effect: "Here, Mr. CZAR, is a gentleman who can do the job. You abdicate the throne in his favor, and let his genius for tickling the popular heart have full play, and if he don't pour oil on the Rushin' waters and have them all nice and calm within a fortnight, you may send me to Siberia. We had him out in Canada, and after five years he left our shores with the tender regard of both Grit and Tory; and Mr. CZAR, any man who can mollify the Canadian Grits and Tories will think it only child's play to tame the hearts of Nihilists. This is my specific. As the doctors say, give it a fair trial."

The Earl of Dunmore brought out a wedding march at the Opera in London on the 13th inst., which he was requested to compose in honour of the marriage of the Duke of Connaught. He led the orchestra himself, and the march was pronounced a success.

It appears an English earl
Can do something more than twirl
A mere ornamental stick, for note the fact;
In the operatic field
DUNMORE did the baton wield,
And has pleased the British public in the act.

To compose and lead a Royal
Wedding march was truly loyal;
And though MENDELSSOHN might not approve the score;
Yet let foreigners confess
That, instead of doing less,
Britain now can say with truth she has Dunmore.

A DETROIT baker wants to know what is the greatest knead of the hour? Our greatest need is to get bread cheap.