

## Croaks and Pecks.

A MAN in London had both legs cut off by a locomotive the other day, and a correspondent says—but of course we are not bound to believe him—that the Police Magistrate has ordered his arrest for vagrancy, because he has no visible means of support!

TALKING about poor relations, Johnson says his gardener is the most *seedy* man he knows.

A DISSOLVING VIEW.—The prospects of the Treaty.

MEN OF THE "TIMES."—The staff of one of the Hamilton papers.

THE POPE says St. PETER's barque is attacked by vipers. The *Mail* says the *Globe* is being stung by the vipers it fed. What generation of vipers; singular, all female vipers—of course there are no *Mail* ones.

A LICENSED VICTUALLER favors us with this: Why is it that Mr. LUKE SHARPE is so much opposed to the use of spirits? Because so long as a person has the spirit in him, he does not need an undertaker.

IF THE late King of the Fiji Islands should be cremated would he be "burnt in ef-Fiji?"

IS KING KALAKAUA a descendant of the *Black Prints*?

WHY is VICTORIA C. WOODHULL like one of BRET HARTE's stories? Because she is TENNIE C's partner.—("Tennessee's Partner.")

THE best weapon for soldiers to use when "hemming in" the enemy. The *needle-gun*, which is also the best for making breaches.

WHY is the stage of a theatre like a bird? Because it has "wings," and "flies."

ARE PULLMAN conductors more liable than others to pulmon-airy complaints?

### All the Fun of the Fair.

SCENE.—The Parliamentary Fair Ground.—Various booths scattered about.—Great Crowd.

SHOW NO. 1 (Exterior.)

Enter on Platform—Von BUFFERIN, Manager, Mr. MACROOSTER, and others.

Von B.—Hi! hi! hi! Walk up! walk up! Be in time! The performance is just about to commence. Hi! hi! (*Beats a gong, and retires.*)

MR. MACROOSTER.

Walk up! walk up! Come and see the best thing in the fair! Nothing like it for genuine fun and public instruction! All my own! Did it all myself! Found it in my own nut! Bring your wives and families! Bring your grandfathers and grandmothers! Bring your uncles and aunts! No money returned, except bad. No second price. Observe the lion, ladies and gentlemen—the lion—the only lion in the fair. He looks scrumptious, but is quite docile, and roars as directed. [Mr. E. BARE roars.]

YOUNG POLITICIAN IN CROWD.—Please, Mister, does he bite?

MACROOSTER.—Only those who don't pay. (*People rush up the steps.*)

MR. DASH-ON.—Is this the place where we can see "*Beppo Rehabilitated, or Virtue completely triumphant*?"

MACROOSTER.—This is the shop, sir; but ahem!—we've substituted "*The returned prodigal—or five years outside the paternal portico.*"

MR. DASH-ON.—Then you won't see the colour of my money. (*Exit to another establishment.*)

AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.

GRIP.—Pretty fair, don't you think?

RICHARD DE DICKE.—Um! Wouldn't be much without Johnny and the lion.

GRIP.—Yes, they save the piece. But it's a long way behind what these shows used to be.

RICH.—And a long way, indeed! Why, when I was a lad—(*Exeunt, recounting early recollections.*)

EXTERIOR OF BOOTH NO. 2

Senator B. and others promenading.

S. B.—"Now's your time, ladies and gentlemen! Now's your time. Walk up! All the latest novelties from Wellington St. and Washington! Fine dissolving view of the Reciprocity Goblin and other things never attempted before in any theatre—North polar police in primitive fig-leaf, on skeleton horses, bobbing around, with Pacific slope surveyors and Himmigration Agents on the high gambol. Statistics and newspaper postal reforms, in tall feather! Real live Saltoaux Indians! And our own original giant manufactured expressly for this establishment!"

VOICE FROM CROWD.—How much to the pit, Mister B., to see the Goblin dissolve?

S. B.—"A dollar on a hog, and twenty-five cents on a turkey." Joke! ha! ha! The price for the pit, Souny, is as much as we can squeeze out of you.

ANOTHER VOICE.—You're sure you'll show all you say, maister!

S. B.—A weel! Ye ken, we may, or we mayn't. You pays your money, and we takes our choice. Hi! hi! hi! (*Beats gong. Great struggle to get in.*)

AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.

RICHARD.—Don't like it.

GRIP.—Don't you? Well now I think it's—

RICHARD.—The goblin vanishes nicely—but there seems a want of—

GRIP.—Fun, perhaps, you mean.

RICHARD.—No, life—earnestness. The actor appears too prominently.

GRIP.—That may be accounted for, MacMissus is good in the General Utility line.

RICHARD.—And SCRIMPSON as the Model Bank-manager—ain't he jolly? (*Exeunt.*)

EXTERIOR OF BOOTH NO. 3.

O. MOTE, the manager, shouting through a speaking-trumpet made of a bundle of *Globe* newspapers. Troupe of Directors, dressed as acrobats playing at leap-frog.

O. M.—The only Pantomime in the fair! The most gorgeous ever produced! Five Clowns! Undoubted monkeys! Certified savages! Costly pictures! Damask Couch! No end of fun, regardless of expense! And the Lolygopterus alive! alive! (*Grand war-dance by Directors.*)

SULKY BOX.—(*With scrap-book.*) I've been in, and I seen the couch, but I ain't seen no Molygoptomous. I wants my money back, I does.

O. M.—Now, then, what's the matter with you? Did you see the clowns?

S. B.—Yes, five on 'em—Duffers!

O. M.—Well, my boy, you shall have your money—leastway, money's worth. Go to the buffets and tell them to give you a glass of beer, and a sandwich. (*Exit SULKY BOX in high glee to buffet.*) Walk up! Walk up! Be in time. Positively last exhibition in these parts!

YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.—Is it as good as last year, mister? That was a good 'un.

O. M.—Ax me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. We've lately had a fire here, and it's singed us a bit. Walk up! Walk up! All the fun of the fair! Alive! Alive! (*People rush up.*)

AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.

GRIP.—Well, its pretty good!

RICHARD.—Ye-s; not so bad as it might be.

GRIP.—Not much show, except the couch, and the pictures. The monkeys are funny.

RICHARD.—SNOOKS and MCKILLAR are a mistake.

GRIP.—And the manager seems only middling.

RICHARD.—Let's go and have some oysters. (*Exeunt.*)

### To a Magpie.

MR. POPE OF THE PAST TO THE KNIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

Magpie, who from out thy cage,  
War on passengers doth wage,  
And as each one doth thee pass,  
Call'st him coward, fool, or ass,  
Sometimes thou mayst call him true,  
But we don't think much of you,  
No, Magpie, no.

Magpie, magpie, you've been hung  
In our Senate, where your tongue,  
Silly screaming false and true,  
May exceeding mischief do.  
Reconstruction's needed there,  
Why?—to put you where you were.  
Yes, Magpie, yes.

### An Official Reply.

The *Mail* calls upon some faithful member of Parliament to ask the Premier, "Who is SOARE?" GRIP anticipates the reply of the witty first minister: it will be—"Weel, frae a' indications, I should say the Editor o' *The Mail* is."

### Dramatic Information Extraordinary.

The *Globe* critic informs the public that *Pizarro* "is a melodrama, founded upon Kotzebue's 'Stranger,' translated by Thompson and considerably improved by the master hand of Sheridan." That sapient critic forgot to inform the public—and we hasten to supply the information—that the tragedy of "Neck and Neck" is founded upon Shakespeare's comedy of "Hamlet," translated by Jimuel Briggs and considerably improved by the talented author of "The Adventure of a Tow Boy," now appearing in the *New York Weekly*. We humbly wait for more information from the *Globe* man.