



INADEQUATE.

MULROONY—"Fwhat do you t'ink av me mootache, Morty?"

MORIARTY—"I t'ink it looks loike wasteful exthravagance, so I do."

MULROONY—"In fwhat sinse?"

MORIARTY—"Be usin' the whole av yer lip for only wan mootache loike that!"

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITURE.

TAKING the *Globe* as our great ensample in portraiture, we are happy to present all gentle GRIP-pists with a few thumbnail sketches of Parliamentarians—members and officials. It is quite unnecessary to vouch for the accuracy of the likenesses, because the typography will enable any one to tell who's who, and, anyhow, should the proper distinction fail to be made, our sketches, like those of our *confrere*, possess this great merit, that "you pays your money and you takes your choice," and one is quite as good as another at best.

Our first picture presents the lineaments of the greatest statesman in our Provincial Legislature. He was born in New York, it is said, and nobody will deny that New York is the greatest State in the Union. May he be spared long to advocate justice to the old settlers, and ample appropriations for colonization roads.

Number two is only an official, but an eminently useful one.

Few salaried personages are more worthy of an advance in annual emoluments. His case is now under consideration by the Hon. A. M., but as he is of Quaker origin, and as Quakers possess no political influence worth speaking of, it is not likely he will get a "rise."

Our next sketch is that of a

man who, having failed to earn a livelihood for himself in Ontario, has been farming for a number of years in Montana, but who always "bobs up serenely" when the House meets, to perform very onerous duties such as few are qualified for, unless they have mixed in "society," you know. As an adjunct of the House he is

invaluable, and for the credit of the Province the Government ought to import a good many more of him.

The Member for the finest constituency in Ontario is the subject of number four. He is a self-made man, and comports himself accordingly. The pages of the House have much regard for him. He frequently addresses them as "You young devils," and they seem to like it. He never speaks "on the floor," not, perhaps, because he can't, but probably owing to his having to occupy so much of his time in thinking.



Everybody must recognize our next. This gentleman often wonders himself how in thunder he ever got here. Those who know him best are similarly puzzled, and the longer one is acquainted with him the more the wonder grows. He has been nominated for another term. As an entertaining speaker at tea-meetings he is a great success, and

he gives upwards of \$50 a year in prizes at township shows for the best pair of knitted mitts, best pair of men's socks, best ten pounds of butter, best log-cabin quilt, best rag-mat, best embroidery, best ten turnips, best crochet, best ten varieties of apples, and so on.

Number six is a proxy member, that is to say, he wouldn't be here only for his wife. She is a great favorite in the county which as he says he "has the honor to represent." She is very charitable, and is a busy worker in the cause of Missions. He would willingly resign, but she won't let him. She contends that her influence as the wife of a Member is much greater than if she were known only as the wife of a village storekeeper.



In sketch the seventh we perceive the brightest page in the House. He is only fourteen years of age, yet he can read in the third book, knows most of the multiplication table, and writes a fair fist. So clever is he that his parents have to take him away from school for two or three months every year to act as a page and earn \$50, or so, in getting

drinks (of water) for Members, carrying books and posting letters for them, etc.

HE WAS A DUDE.

HOFF—"I hear that Litewaite is your boon companion now."

SCHOFF—"Litewaite? Bah!"

HOFF—"Exactly. Your bah-boon companion." *

