

Letter from Lady Maude McMuffin, to the Honourable Glendowline Fitz Paget.

OTTAWA, March 8th, 1879.

My Dearest GLENDOWLINE:

Here we've been in Canada for months, and not a single line from you. I assure you nothing can be more delightful than a winter passed here; you must positively come out and see for yourself. The people are awfully charming and amusing, especially in their endeavours to assume our home style, and manners, which of course you know, love, is quite out of reason. Still, dear, it is flattering to us, and I am on the whole charmed with the good souls. We have a Parliament here, with a Speaker, Sergeant-at-arms, House of Commons and everything; one could almost fancy oneself in Westminster. The House is now in session, and the members are all here—so are their sisters, and their cousins and their aunts. We, of course meet them at the public gatherings, which the Marquis is obliged by virtue of his office as Governor to give, and are often amused at the *grancheries* committed by the guests, who are indeed quite a source of enjoyment to us while *en famille*. And how delightfully ridiculous they are too. I used to imagine when in England that this was a land of perpetual ice and snow, chiefly on account of the photographic views sent to us with background of icebergs, and surroundings of falling snow and snow drifts. What, my dear GLENDOWLINE, is used to convey this Arctic if not artistic effect? Why, Liverpool salt! nothing else, I assure you. The artist makes his scene of cotton batting, or wool, or something of that sort; gets his subject in pose, and besprinkles him or her liberally with salt, and there you are! Sometimes a stuffed moose skin is brought on, which gives a fine effect, but almost always snow-shoes or skates. Why the people do this is a mystery to me, as it conveys an erroneous impression at home, and suggests a close proximity to wolves, bears, and all sorts of horrid things. For my part I have seen no animals as yet which could be described as "beasts of prey" (excepting the office seekers) nor has anyone with whom I have come in contact ever beheld them, except behind the bars of a cage in the strolling menageries.

I am told that in summer time the weather is exceedingly warm. I wonder that no pictures are given to us of sultry nights, and mosquito nets, or hot afternoon scenes, with sun stroke accompaniments that I hear so much about here. Everybody seems to choose the cold side of the picture which is certainly the most picturesque. But *apropos* of our social festivities. Do you know that we have our JENKINS, yes positively a colonial JENKINS, who describes the ladies costumes and *personelle* as accurately as if we were actually in Belgravia! To you and me, dear, of course the idea appears absurd, but do you know that the good people have as great a notion of exclusiveness (as applied between themselves) as anyone of *rank* could desire. They snub each other with a *hauteur* that I supposed only belonged to dear old Lady JAMESJAMUS when an inferior approached her, (you must recollect the dear old creature whom we used to meet at the Countess of COMCOTTE'S). Dear me I fear I must conclude in order to catch the English mail, as we say here. Now do write by next steamer.

Ever thine,
MAUDE.

Hon. GLENDOWLINE FITZ PAGET,
No. 42 Belgrave Square (up stairs),
London, England.

P.S.—Love to AUGUSTUS. Will write soon.

The Sloth of the Budget.

'Twas the voice of slow TILLEY; I heard him complain
You ask Budgets too soon; you must come here again;
As the door on its hinges he steadily squeaks
I'm not ready—I may be—in one—two—three weeks.

A little more talk and some more declamation,
Thus he wastes all our days to our great aggravation,
And when he gets up he stands folding his hands
Not at all like a man who his work understands.

I passed by his garden; I saw the wild briar
Which is called the depression, grow broader and higher,
While the clothes that hung on him would soon turn to rags
If it wasn't for some foreign loans that he begs.

He was set to a job, thought to be posted in it,
Six months back, and don't seem to know how to begin it,
He may be good at dreams, or at eating and drinking,
But's an awful slow hand at a Budget, I'm thinking.

The above has been sent to GRIP, who is afraid he has—it seems to him as if he had heard something that has some of the same words elsewhere. He begs the gentleman who writes to the *Mail*, who says he was twenty years intimate with some London author—(and indeed some valets do keep their places a length of time)—to see if it's not a plagiarism. GRIP will be so much obliged to him.

Fable II.—The Wolf and the Lamb.

A wolf and a lamb were quenching their thirst at a clear stream called Civil Service.

"How dare you," said the wolf angrily, "disturb the water when I am drinking?"

"That cannot be," timidly replied the Lamb, "since the water flows from you to me."

"When I was in a tight place five years ago," said the Wolf, "you turned against me."

"How can that be," replied the Lamb, "when I was not then in office?"

"Well then," cried the Wolf, "if it was not you it was some of your Party," so saying he turned on the Lamb and tore him limb from limb.

MORAL.—If the Premier wants to dismiss a Grit office holder he can easily find a pretext.



THE pea-nut business is at a stand still.

Is Mr. ANGLIN fishing for Government jobs?

Is curling a defunct sport because it is always played out?

WHY do they call the man who makes no speeches the Speaker?

WHEN a lady in a Turkish Harem is whipped, does she consider it a *Haremlik*?

THE performing elephant "National Policy" is now all completed except *de-tail*.

Now let somebody get off something about the tariff having a tariffic effect on trade.

THE original Italian Opera Company is a ragged Italian, a hand organ and an ancestor of DARWIN.

"Man wants but LITTA here below,
Nor wants that LITTA long."

WHEN Mr. WHEELER, of North Ontario, tries a political race again it won't be a HURD-le race.

Toronto has "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink," when the water pipes get full of sand.

QUERY: Is the wearing of beards and mustaches a factor in the great contest of civilization against *barberism*?

THE Duke of Newcastle is dead. This is the second time he has died since he was out here with the Prince of Wales.

ON account of the immense amount of speaking done at Ottawa, Montreal has concluded to reduce the price of gas.

THE *Mail* calls GEO. BROWN the Grit *Don Quixote*. Is this an insinuation that the Senator is going to fight MILLS again?

WHY can't a man leave a situation without the papers speaking of his "severing his connection"? Why can't they say he "quit the job"?

MR. WRIGHT went seven miles in six minutes on the Hudson in an ice boat. As CROCKETT remarked "Be sure you're Wright and then go ahead."

OUR funny contributor on being asked to write a "Bill of Fare" for bankers, declines on the ground that a bank is a bill affair already. Dis-counts one for our contributor.

THE Methodist Church of Woodstock seems to be the Church Militant. The Rev. Mr. PARKER seems determined to fight it out with the trustees and we trust 'ees able for the contest.

THE son of the Empress EUGENE is about to leave the prints imperial of his feet on the soil of Africa. It will not add to the safety of the British Army to take a *little Nap*.

MR. DOMVILLE, Ministerial, appears in the House with his arm in a sling. We trust this is not intended to be emblematic of the political situation of the Government on the Tariff question.

MONTREAL is overjoyed this week. Mayor BEAUDRY has been ousted from office, and Madame ROLLAND has given birth to quadruplets. Four these blessings the people are duly thankful.

THE first mention of Algoma is in the poem "Lord ULLIN'S daughter," where the boatman said,

"Algoma chief, I'm ready,
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady."