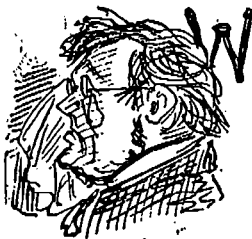


A Liberal's Lament.



AS ever there a more complete, disastrous rout, or dire defeat, than Tupper and his Tory crew has lately put the "Parry" through?

We thought to put them on the rack, to get the country at our back. Petitions to the people went: they

wouldn't sign them worth a cent.

Five hundred thousand voters might have helped the "Parry" in the fight. We only asked of them to sign—a mean ten thousand toed the line.

At meetings resolutions went contrariwise to what we meant. Except when tickets to the true were issued—then we passed a few.

And when our Leader, Edward Blake, at "ticket" meetings rose and spoke, and roused the country's blood and ire, with burning words of Patriot fire,

Behold! next night Sir Tupper came, and open meetings hailed his name, He twisted things at such a rate that people loved the Syndicate.

Sir William threw within the breach a Syndicate he'd formed to teach The country what a hollow quirk the bargain was. It wouldn't work.

And Parliament refused to hear his proposition—thought it queer, That seven candidates—all Grits—who'd been defeated, used their wits

To suffer for their country's sake, just when it suited Mr. Blake. In fact sir John, with roguish grin most stangly pronounced it "thin."

Then when the great division came, their huge majority the same Remained intact. They wouldn't rat, and disappointed us in that.

Indeed my faith begins to shake; the people do not seem to take Much stock in Opposition views, and that is why I've got the blues.

J. A. KASSE.

February.

In the days of ancient Rome, when Numa Pompilius inaugurated his N. P. of peace and political reform, the people of that once famous State celebrated a festival of twelve days' duration, which they called "Februalia," or the time of purification. During the course of this early clam-bake the interesting participants were supposed to make expiation for the short-comings of the past, and to indulge in all manner of goodly resolutions for the year to come. From this festival the present month derived its name. We, of to-day, are of course inclined to sneer at all such formal humbug; and yet we cannot but wish that our modern statesmen, who generally find themselves, about this period, on the threshold of a Parliamentary session, could hold some sort of feast of purification or "annual bath," for the purpose of brightening up their characters a little, before entering upon the important duties in which they are expected to engage. The Commons have met earlier than usual this year, and we suppose we must take them as they are for the present; but we would respectfully ask those of our legislators whose least failing is a habit of loafing around the Russell House bar, to use every effort to discover some satisfactory cleansing process, between this and the time when they are next called upon to cluster around the Speaker's chair.

One can scarcely walk round a block nowadays without encountering the "Turkish bath" man, whose particular apparatus is warranted to tone down the bather, and render him fit for

association with his fellow-man. What a pity it is that somebody cannot discover something that will thoroughly cleanse our politicians in reputation as well as in body, and fit them for their work! It is not hard to conceive that the thinning process would be extremely wasting in such an event, and that in many cases nothing would be left but a veritable "bag of bones!" But what of that, if the axe-grinding and corruption is gotten rid of, and unmixt respectability flourishes? Fancy Sir Leonard fresh from the stump, and yet warm with the exertion of impressing upon our people the visionary benefits of a protective tariff, being plumped into a bath which would take the decoction out of him and leave nothing but the innocence of very early youth! Imagine Sir John as he emerges from the "perspirer of purification," devoid of soft-sawder and guile! Picturo Sir Richard, without his customary readiness to favourably misrepresent his own administration of the finance department, and dilate on the ridiculously ruinous manner in which his successor handles the reins of office! And when you have, in your mind, passed the smaller political fry through the fiery furnace and brought them out as bright and beautiful as a new dollar, we flatter ourselves you will willingly join with us in crying, "Oh, for the annual bath!"

Some people, it is said, are inclined to derive the name of this month from an obsolete Latin word meaning the "end" or "extremity" of anything, on account of its having been the last month of the ancient year. This derivation might find some significance in these days of unlimited legislation, from the fact that the Acts of last session are generally made null and void by the legislation of the session which follows. All things have an end, they say; but few, perhaps, are quite as short lived as the ordinary Acts of a Canadian Parliament!



Punishment that is Punishment.

An agitation is going on at present on the subject of punishing incorrigible offenders in our prisons. It is claimed that the labour of breaking chunks of flint, to which they are now put, is by no means severe enough, and at the best is but poorly remunerative to the outside public. Grip is inclined to share this view, and that is why he hereby suggests to the Government, that prisoners who are unusually muscular and unruly, should be obliged to break Redpath's sugar. According to the grocerymen, our monopolist manufacturer is at present furnishing a brand of yellow sugar several degrees harder than some sorts of stone, and if this could be broken up before shipment it would be a great boon to the trade and the consumers. It would also be a good thing for Redpath to have this done at the public expense, and the Government might just as well do this further little service for their pot.

Some cold-blooded assassin has sent a bicycle to Gen. Garfield, but his fiendish design was balked by the General's emphatic refusal to attempt to ride it.



A Question of Identity.

MR. WALLACE, M.P. (*reads*)—"The Grip press are attacking Mr. Wallace with bitterness and injustice. Mr. Wallace is a man of sterling principles, and has the courage of his convictions."

THE RAO BABY (*interrupting*)—"That can't refer to you; they mean some other Wallace!"

Mr. O'Grogan reads the News and comments thereon.

"LONDON, Jan. 11.—The speech of Shaw, [the Home Ruler for Cork and one of the Government Commissioners to Ireland, in the Commons last night, caused a great sensation. Shaw was expected to curse the Land League Club, but instead of that he blessed them."

D'ye moind, now! Bedad, ould Balaam isn't dead yet, more power to him. Faith I an' its little wonder he'd be afther surproisin' thim. Maybe, perhaps now, who knows the ould blister met an angel on the way.

"His description of the condition of the peasantry in the West of Ireland was startling, and surprised the Irish members."

Bad luck to the mimbers, thin! that didn't know enough about their own country to be niver surprisid at anything at all.

"Shaw speaks of some Connaught farmers as rotting on their farms."

Och! wirra! wirra! will they iver be afther makin' an end of rot? Sure, what wid the dry rot and the pratie rot and the furmer rot in rotation, Och! but its an onfortunat country is ould Oireland anyway.

Grip on Trade and Finance.

Everybody is going to make lots of money now. This is how we are going to do it—by collecting only one million less of duties this year out of 54 millions of imports than we did out of 78 millions of imports in 1875. To do a smaller trade at the same expense is always the way to fit oneself for active competition with others. And yet money is easy, and payments are good, just because money cannot find full employment here and we have but little to pay for. Were it not for the threatening thunder of the *Mail*, we would like to suggest an "N. P." to protect us against the importation of money. If money is raw material, why not boil it down to as fine a point as possible in the seething waters of "protection?" Rumour places the boiling point at 84. The *Mail* would be at its boiling point long ere that percentage of protection against money was reached. How nicely it would read and how wealthy we would feel next year were we able to state that in 1880 we imported 10 millions of money free of duty, while in 1881 we imported only 7 millions on which we gained a revenue of one million?

The Indian Territory is the Lo'lands of America.

Four snakes were killed in a Maine editor's cellar last week. A pair of his old boots lay near where they were discovered.

An old fable says that "cats never can carry on a government." On account of their deeds of darkness and mewtinous conduct, of course.