

SLOWCUM.—What is all this about? You are so sharp, **TONGUEGRASS**, one has not time to think. Oh, yes, to be sure—"raven lunatic"—oh yes, very good, very good. Now, really, didn't **SMALLWIT** mean it?

SPAKEQUEER.—Mean it! Yea, he did. But this is much ado about nothing. Let us to our muttuns. Don't for pity sake look so sheepish, **SMALLWIT**, if you can help it. **GRIP**, our patron saint, gives forth no uncertain sound. Bad, worse, worst! When things are at the worst, however, they are sure to mend. To croak, 'tis easy, but 'tis useless, and being useless, had best be—

RUDGE.—Beware, be not insolent, else—

SPAKEQUEER.—Insolent! I had no intention to it, but you spoiled my sentence. A pest upon you.

GRIP.—Have done, have done! **TONGUEGRASS**, speak, what is going on in what those who read us call the world?

TONGUEGRASS.—Very little, truly. Parliamentary matters scarcely furnish the scantiest food for reflection, except, indeed, for reflection on the constituencies that elected as their veritable representatives so dull-pated a lot of honourable gentlemen.

GRIP.—Were I only the bird I once was, I could pull them to pieces, and gorge myself full on their remains!

TONGUEGRASS.—Remains! Take nothing from nothing and nothing remains. A full-fed bird you would be then, a second **BACKSTIN**.

SPAKEQUEER.—Certes, so he would. Have at them again, **TONGUEGRASS**, give it them rarely.

SMALLWIT.—Aye, on the raw, though that could scarcely be called well-done.

OMNES (barring **Slowcum**)—Ha, ha, not so bad for **SMALLWIT**.

TONGUEGRASS.—If Homer sometimes nods, as Solomon used to say, I see no reason theoretically—practically there may be—why even our facetious friend may sometimes not nod.

SLOWCUM.—Dear me, I can never keep up. Let me see—yes, that must be it. "Rarely"—"on the raw"—"could scarcely be called well done!" That's it. Ha, ha, not so bad for **SMALLWIT**, eh!

SPAKEQUEER.—Macgregor, you are much too ridiculous. Gird up the loins of your mighty intellect, put on steam, and be not always a lumbering old coach. Methinks you were cut out for better things.

RUDGE.—Nay, bear not heavily on the little man. Some think thy wit is but a halting wit, a sort of dot-and-carry-one, making a point, doubtless, now and again; but how would you compare with friend Timothy here?

GRIP.—Bad, worse, worst! Bad, worse, worst! Everybody wanders from the point. Begin over again.

TONGUEGRASS.—We began at Legislative Halls. Have some mercy on us, and do not send us back to that place of slow torture. Did you ever—you are a classical bird—

SMALLWIT.—The Dickens, he is!

TONGUEGRASS.—I say, did you ever listen, with wearying ear, to the ceaseless drip, drip, from rain-deluged roofs? It may be, and what a jolly thing it was! But was it ever your ghastly fate to behold the slender form of **LAUDER** rise, and to hearken to his doleful harping on one string, endless, till quenched remorselessly by Mr. **SPAKEER**'s mandate.

SMALLWIT.—There's one comfort, he has never an app-Lauder! Even you, **Slowcum**, must see where the point comes in there.

SLOWCUM.—I do, I do!

SPAKEQUEER.—He does not even harp on one string. Methinks he does but fiddle.

SMALLWIT.—And 'tis all fiddle-de-dee.

TONGUEGRASS.—In the courtly **BOULTZEE** doth the other find a friend after his own heart, and much I wonder that in a small assembly two such **CÆSARS** should contend for fame.

SPAKEQUEER.—To them in **RYKERT** a rival dangerous I see.

TONGUEGRASS.—More dangerous, far, to friends than foes.

GRIP.—I'm getting hoarse. You'll have to come again this day week. Get out, all of you.

DUNDREARY ON THE SENATE.

"A PENNY"—some f-fellow thayth—"a PENNY thaved ith a P-PENNY gained." Now, thath all nonthence! I-I don't believe a w-word of it! Look, for inthstance, at the Thenate at Ottawa. There's a PENNY thaved from w-writing editorials for the *Montreal Herald*, but ith it a penny gained? Who gainth? Doth the c-county gain? Abthurd! Doth the potht office gain? Abthurd again. Gain—again! Why, t-thath several times! Now, if a fellow g-gainth a bad PENNY a great m-many times, and if t-thath f-f-fellow saves all those bad p-pennies, doth he gain anything? N-No! A bad penny thaved ith a good p-penny's worth of time lotht—that's w-what I think. N-Now, they thay this PENNY pwinted a pwivate letter belonging to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. Ith t-that square? By Jove, can—can any PENNY be square when the coin is wound? Is that a PENNY thaved and a PENNY gained? That ith a 3-cent s-stamp lost for Sir JOHN, though—because don't you ob-observe, when the letter was distracted—no sub—no abs—yes, that's it, abstrawcted—the stamp was no more good. B-but, as for the proverb, it ith like all those other b-beathly proverbs and things—wotten to the core.

GRIP'S ESSENCE OF LOCAL LEGISLATION.

(Contributed by Hon. Mr. Fraser.)

"Public Accounts" for break of fast—
Public Accounts for luncheon,—
Ditto dinner bill of fare
Keeps the House a munchin'.

"Public Accounts" at supper time,
Popperod and warmed again—
"Public Accounts" when bed time comes
By way of a (c) counterpane!

"PROTECTION" FOR GRIP!

GRIP only asks fair play. He claims protection for everything. Casting a business glance around he finds he is suffering from competition with foreign vandals. Your button-maker wants an unknown per cent. to enable him to sell home-made buttons at a profit. Your flannel-maker also wants a high tariff. **GRIP** strikes hands with the cotton-manufacturer, and claims protection against foreign prints! Why, by all that is reasonable, should *Punch* be permitted to show his detestable phiz in Canada? And those nasty cartoons in the American pictorials, why should they be suffered to come in? **GRIP** says they should all be excluded by a moderate protective duty of about 100 per cent.; and he, on his part, in consideration of such duty, will solemnly promise not to exact more than 25 cents per copy from the public. Can any patriotic Canadian have any objection to that? True, the farmers may complain, and may urge that they desire to get their fancies tickled and to buy their guffaws as cheaply as possible. But who cares a copper for the farmers or for anybody else? **GRIP** must be protected. He is one of the great industries of the country. He gives employment more or less permanently to at least two full grown men and one boy, and puts into circulation an immense number of five cent pieces. If he is not protected, how can Canada ever expect to become great or practically independent of foreign influences. If the Reform Government dare refuse **GRIP** protection, he knows how to put on the pressure. Caw! Caw!! Caw!!!

AN APOLOGY A LA "THE MAIL."

GRIP said some time ago that Mr. JOHN SMITH was a liar and a knave, whereupon an action for criminal libel was entered against us. The position of the suit is at this moment such, that we must do one of two things, viz.: (1) die dog, or (2) eat a hatchet. In other words, we must let ourselves down easy before the jury by a sort of apology, or we must go to court on the merits of our assertion, and lose the case. Of these alternatives, we choose the former. As a piece of strategy, as well as of candor, we deem it preferable. Therefore, be it known, **GRIP** regrets that, during an electoral contest, he should have deliberately departed from the rules of Christian decency and good breeding, by publishing and circulating a libel calculated and intended to injure the character of Mr. SMITH, and grievously wound the feelings of his family and friends. It was done, we assure the public, only for the purpose of destroying his political prospects. We have written to a man who knows Mr. SMITH intimately, and, until we receive a reply from that gentleman, we feel in duty and, what is more important, in policy, bound to say we don't think Mr. SMITH is a liar and a knave. But perhaps this opinion will be changed when we get that letter.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE respectable old lady of *Leader Lane* has just finished scouring out her Editorial pots, and a new order of things has been inaugurated in her kitchen. Having the pleasure of some personal knowledge of the new housekeeper, **GRIP** congratulates the patrons of the venerable journal on the prospect of palatable fare well served in the future.

COMPENSATION.

GRIP thinks that this effusion of the poet of *The Boston Advertiser* is too good to be lost:

Said a great Congregational preacher
To a hen: "You're a beautiful creature!"
The hen just for that
Laid two eggs in his hat—
And thus did the Hen-re-ward Beecher!

AN EPIGRAM ON THE NEW APPOINTMENT.

He who "sends coals to Newcastle"
The proverb deems at least un-sober;—
But here's MACKENZIE—always "straight"—
A-sending Wood to Manitoba!