

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH BROS., Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Postoffice, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the fool.

Injustice to the Orangemen.

R. GREP, Sir,—I wud lock til gat the privilege av spakin a few words threw the loyal columns av your paper, to give expression to the indignation sir, that is felt be me and many other Orangemen, consarnin the ensult that has lectely been offered til us be the Government. I have writ til the *Meel*, which I have always taken that paper, bein a good Consarvatiff as all

the mibbers av our glorious, pious, and immortal Protestant order is, but, sir, they refused til prent me letter, and traited me wuth contempt. Sir, I say we are bilin over wid anger an wrath at this action av the Government, meen ye that, now! I suppose yez know what I am alludin to, namely the orthers the have given out that Oringemin belongin to the Suvil Sarvaco howidin government situations must kape a suvil tongue in their heads an kape from spakin insultin towards the Papists. Has it come to thus, in Canady, sir, that the glorious prenciples av Protestantismes to be trampled down in the soort av way? Has the walls av Derry been definded in vain, and has the wathers av the Boyne been med red weth the blood av good solid Protestants wuth no better result nor this? Is the Twelfth av July to be blotted out av the mimory of Christians be the tyrant heel av a Government in the Dominion of Canady? Be the mimory av the Cavan Blazers, an the fifes and drums av Londonderry, no! Sir, I thought this was a free country; I was towld that the gran prenciples av suvil an religious loberty took pleece in Canady. But sir, what keim av freedom do yez call it whin a Protestant in the Suvil Sarvice is towld he must refrano from spakin out what he thinks av the accursed system av Popery, an darsn't aven about "to h—l with the Pope" or he will be turned out av the situation he got be votin for the Consarvattiff Party? Yes, sir, I'm wan that goes in for makin up a new Party—wan that will let is kape our offices an say what wo plaze about the Papacy! I've quit takin the *Meel*, an I take no paper now but GREP, whech I know to be a leberal paper in the thrue sense of the word.

Yours thruly,
DONNEGAL MCGUIRE.

The Legislative Symposium.

No. II.

The regular meeting night of the Legislative Symposium having again arrived, the House adjourned early and there was a general rush to the refreshment room and a clamor for oyster stews, &c. Pardee happened to observe carelessly that there seemed to be quite a *furor* and was stuck for the first round, though he vehemently protested that he hadn't the slightest intention of a play on words, and that if he had he would have done something better than revamp so time-honored a witticism as *few raw*. The Commissioner sighed as he pocketed the quarter which the waiter returned out of the \$2 bill which he planked in payment, and drawing a memorandum book, made the following entry, "Unforeseen and unprovided for—\$1.75."

"Well," said Dr. Boulter sympathizingly, "if I did have to pay a fine for a joke I'd make a better one than that, anyhow."

"I don't think you could, Boulter," observed Meredith with a malicious twinkle in his eye.

"Why, yes I could too—nothing easier."

"For instance?"

"Well he might have said that the boys are a jolly set of *raw-oysterers*."

"Very good, very good indeed, Boulter," said the urbane Symposiarch. "Drink up gentlemen—another round—as for me I'll take a cigar."

"But—but—" stammered the portly doctor, "I didn't propose to make any joke—not at all—I was only trying to improve on Pardee's pun. It's the same old joke. The feller that was up in the Police Court said it was the same old drunk, you remember."

"Oh, come now Boulter, that won't do. You're fairly in for it," said Pardee; "Why, you might as well try to get the railway committee to revive the grouping clause as to get out of it now."

"Next!" said the Symposiarch.

No response for some time, until at length Striker, with some remark about an observation said to have been made by the governor of North Carolina, said he would put his humor in the form of a conundrum, and that they might order their soda water while he was thinking it up. After five minutes deep reflection he evolved the following:

"Why is the present session like a hog stuck between the rails of a fence?"

Every one gave it up of course, and then Striker triumphantly gave as the answer, "Because it's mighty difficult to tell how long it'll take to get through."

Striker was just about to settle the bill when somebody exclaimed, "Why Striker, there's no joke about that, you know."

"Is that your official ruling?" he asked, appealing to the chair.

"Yes," replied the Symposiarch, "strictly speaking, that is not a joke, although I suppose we'll have—"

"So much the better for me," shouted Striker, "somebody else may pay for this round. If I haven't made a joke, of course I'm not liable."

There was a whispered consultation and finally the Symposiarch said, "Well, toll Phillips to make out the bill in due form for 'shovelling snow' and send it in to the Department to-morrow. Now, gentlemen, we will have a song from Brother Launder, with tambourine accompaniment by Caldwell, to the tune of 'One more River to Cross; you will please join in the chorus.'"

The Opposition leader here rose looking very dignified, and hastily draining his goblet, drew a roll of music from his pocket and began thusly:

When we want a Professor our boys to teach,
One more river to cross,
Mr. Crooks goes to England his end to reach,
One more river to cross.

CHORUS.—One more, &c.

They say that Canadians have no brains,
And don't know enough to go in when it rains.

'Tis Oxford and Cambridge that must supply,
The learning of this com-mun-i-ty.

We haven't enough of the cultured sort,
So first-class professors we must import.

'Tis very strange that if this be true,
We don't send to England for Ministers too.

Let's write to Gladstone this very year,
And beg him to ship us a new premier.

If England's to find us our men of books,
They can send us a man to improve on Crooks,

Now then all—together,—Chorus.

One more river-r-r
One more river to for-r-r-dan
One more river
One more river took Ross.

"Our friend" said the Symposiarch, "has a fine mezzo soprano voice, though a trifle shaky in his upper register. His rendition is characterized by an intense soulfulness which imparts to the execrable sentiments of the libretto, a vorisimilitude which may momentarily appeal to a shallow sentimentality though naturally repugnant to every right minded man. I am afraid he is at heart a Communist, if not a Nihilist. Nevertheless *encore!*"

"When you remark, noble Symposiarch, upon the soulfulness of the melody," said Badgerow, "the thought naturally occurs that it is very natural inasmuch as the piece is a *solo*. Not quite so much water as last time, waiter, and don't forget the lemon."



Sir John's Absence.

The prolonged absence of Sir John Macdonald from the House since the passage of the Syndicate Bill was commented on all over the country, and everybody appeared to be at a loss to account for this strange conduct on the part of the Premier. It may therefore interest the public to learn that the right honourable gentleman was in retirement in his study, with the series of Grip's Syndicate Cartoons before him, endeavoring to convince himself that he had performed an act which reflected credit upon him as a statesman. Eventually he gave up in despair, and has returned to his seat looking as jolly as ever.

Waiting for the tied—the crowd outside of St. James' at a wedding.

Query.—Ottawa off place like Ottawa forever remain the capital of Canada? is a question that Ottawa heavily upon people who care for such matters, which, I trust, dear reader, is more than you or Rideau.

"My dear," said young Mrs. Golitohum as she took down her back hair, to Mr. Golitohum, who had just come in redolent of onis root, "My dear, why are you like Toronto harbor?"

"Perhaps because I'm not deep enough for you, love," ventured Mr. G.

"No," calmly said Mrs. G. "No. It's because you always have a bar near your mouth, and a lot of buoys around you. Do you see the Point?"