

SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....	\$ 1.00
Six months.....	50
Three months.....	25

INVARIABLY PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

A free subscription for a year is granted to any one getting us six yearly subscribers.

LE TRIBOULET is published every Saturday.

AGENTS.

The only agents of "LE TRIBOULET" are:

TORONTO.—The Toronto News Co.
MONTREAL.—Oct. Thibault, 126
Montealm Street.

QUEBEC.—Ferdinand Beland, 261 St.
Jean Street.

LE TRIBOULET.

Ottawa, Saturday, 15th November, 1879.

SQUIBS.

Lost—a number of silk gowns, by several Provincially-appointed Q. C's. For particulars enquire of barristers at the Supreme Court.

It was a small piece of business for an Ottawa paper to state that a city lawyer was going on a pleasure trip to Australia, particularly as the initials of the handle of his name are "D. B." and an inference might be drawn therefrom.

"Of such poor stuff are we made!" was the quotation used by a lawyer at the Supreme Court, when sat upon by the presiding Chief Justice the other day.

King Cetewayo wants a dozen of his wives for company, and John Bull does not know what to do about it, as Polygamy is against the law of his country. Cetewayo is evidently a "bully boy with a glass eye" with all that the expression implies.

Prof. Goldwin Smith has declared that the world is on the eve of a great smash-up in regard to religion, and believes that the theory of evolution will be universally adopted.

Napanee girls are naughty. Some of them are said to go around dressed in men's clothes. But this is not all, they smoke, chew gum, ring door bells, and are the terror of store clerks, according to current report.

THE BANQUET BOOM.

All hail to the chieftain!
Great is Sir John A.
Peace reigns—fall rains, and grain is on the rise throughout the country.
It is all owing to the National Policy.
Flour is also on the rise—any one with a grain of common sense knows that flour should always be on the rise.

Well-bred people are aware of this fact—and 'tis well, as Shakespeare would say. Sugar has also increased in price. But that is nothing.

It is not the consumer who pays the tax—according to Tory argument.

But even Conservatives begin to doubt the correctness of former ideas in this respect, from the light of actual experience.

The Redpaths of Montreal are pursuing the even tenor of their way.

Their refineries are in full blast, producing sanded sweetness.

The Cabinet Ministers will be able to give the people of the country lots of "tally" at approaching banquets.

Political pic-nics will likely be scored off the slate for several summers to come.

There will be no need of them—their "usefulness is gone," as it were.

The Banquet Boom now resounds throughout the Dominion.

The echo of the Quebec one has not yet died away.

And Ottawa has caught up the sound, and will send it rolling along westward.

The 27th is the date fixed upon for the demonstration.

Neither Mackenzie, Cartwright, or Blake will be present.

Tupper, Tilley, and the Premier will have it all their own way.

It will be an illustration of Toryism Triumphant.

Gratism is dead—it was buried.
But Teddy Blake is again awake.

And who knows but there may not soon be another shaking up of dry bones?

Dictator Brown is making the *Globe* resound with rallying cries.

Reform is needed—in shoes, so far as the Great G. B. is concerned.

It is saddening to gaze upon coffin-shaped mud-splashes.

The statement is made that George Brown's cast-off shoes are used as burial cases for pauper children.

This is evidently intended as a grave joke.

Sir Samuel Tilley has been looking for the "hum of industry" of late.

He has found it "to hum" at Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal and other places.

But there are still unemployed laborers in the land.

Some of them "look for work and pray that they may not get it."

And while taking sun-baths at the street corners, think hopefully of the time when the soup-kitchens will again be opened.

The feast of reason and flow of soul must continue.

So must the National Policy.

The Peanut business may be at a stand still.

But the edging-carts moves along steadily, day after day.

In addition to which the musical saw of the wood-saw is heard in all quarters of the land.

While the Banquet Boom resounds o'er hill and valley.

Let all unite in singing, "Hurrah, for Canada, our Home."

GENTLE WORDS.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;

Oh, No! but lager beer's the stuff
To quench the thirst of man;
And when he cannot get enough
Let him tackle the water-can.

SITTING ON THE STYLE.

"I'm sitting on the tile, Mary,"
He said in accents sad,
Removing from the rocking-chair
The best silk hat he had;
And while he viewed the shapeless mass
That erst was trim and neat,
He murmured, "Would it had been felt
Before I took my seat!"

"I'll join you presently," said the minister to the young couple, as he went for the church key.

It being claimed by one of the sterner sex that man was made first and lord of creation, the question was asked by an indignant beauty how long he remained lord of creation. "Till he got a wife, was the reply.

When the girl who has encouraged a young man for about two years suddenly turns around and tells him she can never be more than a sister to him, he can, for the first time, see the freckles on her nose.

Rural etiquette: Guest—"Don't you know any better than to walk into my room without rapping? You see I am all undressed!" Servant—"Oh! you needn't excuse yourself, mum; I don't mind."

The Parson—"I'm very sorry to hear, Mrs. Brown, that you were present last night at a Plymouth Brethren's tea meeting. I have often told you that these doctrines are highly erroneous." Mrs. Brown—"Erron'ous, sir, their doctrine may be, 'at their cake, with Sultany raisins, is excellent!"