



### PROFESSIONAL AMENITIES.

[SCENE—*The Retiring Room at a Popular Concert.*]

FIRST FAIR ELOCUTIONIST (who has just returned from the stage, after rendering "Barbara Freitch")—"Er—how did you like it?"

SECOND DO. DO.—"O, splendidly! you did it awfully well. Especially the old woman's voice. But then, of course, you ought to!"

### MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To The Right Hon. Sir John Sparrow Thompson,  
Praymeer of Canada.

DEAR SIR JOHN:—

I N omittin' to minshun yerself an' the YALLOW MARTIN, whin alludin' to sich purty birds as GRIP an' the Phaynix last weck, I pledge my veracity that no offinse whatsomever was intended. Indeed I wudn't be cock shure but that the same Yallow Martin is quite equal to a Paycock at laste; an' if it plazes ye, I'm prepared to say so. And as fer the Sparrows—although no great beauties to look at—they are so chirp, an' pugnashis, an' so well able to hould their own, that I'd back 'em for anything,—even agin the grate American Aigle himself. 'Tis wan of sich that should have gone to Washington jist now. Or why didn't yez think of Grip? The Larke that has been sint may be a sweet singer, an' able to whistle Yankee doodle dandy, but tis a plucky bird, like Grip, or wan of the Sparrow family, like yerself, that's wanted, at this time, to take the consait out of the proud bird o' freedom. A loud crowin' rooster, like wan ye know at Ottawa, won't do; nor a bantam, like Tom Daly, that crows in an' out of sayson, nor any av the blackbirds an' vultures that yez are keepin' roostin' upon the moulderin' branches av the decayin' Tariff trec. Grip, wid his cuteness an' sthrong bake, is the only Bird that fills the

bill—for where he found he cudn't compate upon aquil terms, he wud be shure to win afther the ould fashion, by puttin' a grain o' salt upon the tail of the aigle. An' that's as much as any representative ye sind to Washington will be able to accomplish.

An' spakin av birds: Isn't that fearsome fowl that feeds upon politishuns (See GRIP No. 2), a cawshun! I said A CAW-SHUN,—VERBUM SAP.

Give me respectful compliments to Wise Aberdeen, who needs no cawshun,—

Your thrue frind,

TIM O'DAY.

### CIVIL SERVICE WIT.

TWO members of the Ontario Civil Service passing along College street the other morning, on their way to the Parliament Buildings, one remarked: "How rapidly they build houses nowadays," pointing to a neat three-storey house, "they commenced that house only last month and they are already putting in the lights." "Ycs," rejoined his companion, "and next week they will be putting in the livers."

(P)SHAW! Head of the Executive Committee is it?—Why Sheppard and Thompson are the Head(s)men of the Council.