



SEVERE.

CADLEY—"What are the rules of this club about paying accounts, anyhow?"

SKINNER—"You ought to know. You are the best posted man in the club."—*Harper's Weekly*.

or Tory, who believes in it. John Bull's next move will be in the direction of sweeping away the tariff he has, not in the direction of making it higher to please the Colonies or anybody else.

IT is announced that Mr. Tarte has taken action to recover damages against Uncle Thomas for his breach of the Independence of Parliament Act. The case seems clear enough, as the Uncle acknowledged that he was the real owner of the subsidized steamer *Admiral* during nine years, in which he sat and voted in the House. He is liable to a fine amounting to over \$1,000,000, and he ought to be made to pay it.

THE Quebec boodle case is as bad as anything that has yet been revealed at Ottawa. The evidence given up to this writing (Monday 17th), indicates a straight steal of \$100,000 by Pacaud, who is Mercier's right hand man. Can there possibly be any explanation forthcoming which will divest it of criminality? Not that we can imagine. And if not, let Quebec rise and turn the rascals out!

MR. JONES, the editor of the *New York Times* who died a few days ago, rejected a bribe of \$5,000,000 cash offered by Boss Tweed to induce him to forego the publication of certain documents exposing the doings of the Tweed ring. Here was a case of moral heroism which Mr. E. A. Macdonald ought to sit down beneath the shade of a Bellamy tree and profoundly consider.

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

"Is it hot enough—"
Click! Bang!
Through the street the echoes rang;
Once the victim gasped and died—
Justifiable homicide."

A LOYAL TORY'S LAMENT.

THE PAINFUL DILEMMA OF MR. JOHN A. MACDONNELL, OF ALEXANDRIA.

MY feelings are outraged—I'm sorry and sad,
My pride in my party is gone;
There's a work that I wish to possess very bad,
The life of the recent Sir John.
I love to dilate on his glorious career,
When the Grits he bedevilled and fooled,
We never shall equal, I very much fear,
The statesman so wisely who ruled.

But, come to find out, I can't get such a book
Without paying tribute to Grits;
Such a thought drives me wild—you can see by my look
That I nearly am driven to fits.
There's Adam's biography—every one knows
That of Grits he's the rankest—each page
At our dearly loved party deals venomous blows,
The thought of it fills me with rage.

The other—Macpherson's book—may be all right,
Sir John's nephew must surely be sound,
But my feeling was much the reverse of delight
When the measly prospectus came round;
For a name met my eyes which is potent to thrill
My bosom with hatred and wrath,
"GRIP Publishing Company." Bitterest pill!
Its fragments I strewed on my path.

Oh, villainous scheme! Oh, degenerate days!
Fiends! Miscreants! Traitors! Begone!
Shall they glean Tory shekels by sounding the praise
Of the great, good, lamented Sir John?
Between Adam and GRIP which is worst of two ills?
Loyal Tories will doubtless agree
That 'tis cruelly hard to bring grist to such mills,
But we *must* have the book, don't you see?

STILL IN BUSINESS.

MR. BROWN (*returning to his old home after years of absence and chatting with a former acquaintance*)—"By the way—is old Mr. Flint still in the sulphur business? I suppose he is."

FORM. ACQ.—"Well—I hope not. But then—one can't tell."

MR. B.—"What do you mean?"

FORM. ACQ.—"He's dead."

THAT'S WHAT IT WAS.

MRS. BEWZER—"Sick, indeed! Don't tell me! you're drunk. That's what's the matter with you."

BEWZER—"Your mishtaken, m' dear. 'Sure you it's all-coholic."



FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

"He flew to the rescue