



THE COLD FACTS.

SKETCHES IN OUR SENATE CHAMBER.

CANADA CARNIVALS.

A PROTEST.

If there is anything in the literary or pictorial line that would impress the European with the beauties of our Canadian clime it is the carnival supplements of the Montreal papers. Everybody is depicted as being clad

either in beaver or buffalo robes, or wearing strange suits of blankets, moccasins and woolen night-caps that nobody elsewhere wears. And oh, those toboggans! the man in "furrin' parts" would imagine that all Canadians have one of these primitive vehicles eternally dragging after him, and the natural conclusion must be that Canada is a land of perpetual ice

and snow; that the inhabitants in their *outré* costume are unlike anyone else, and that people come from "the States" to witness the antics of these strange beings in their national pastime. The papers don't attempt to show that all these torchlight processions of snowshoers, skaters, and tobogganists are merely on the warpath for their own amusement, and their costumes and paraphernalia are as distinct from their ordinary vocations and routine of life as they can possibly be. People, as a rule, don't associate the ordinary Englishman with a suit of white flannel, a willow club and spiked shoes, or a red cutaway coat and a plug hat on the back of his head, then why in thunder should everything in the way of Canada illustrated, be in ice? A healthy man with warm underclothing can "knock around" all day in Quebec without an overcoat in winter, except, indeed, in exceptionally cold weather. Folks "way down south" this winter have been frozen to death! Yet people imagine mosquitoes are buzzing the year round there, amid the orange and lemon trees! If an unsuspecting emigrant should leave the blustering, blood-freezing breezes of Liverpool docks in July or August, and find himself on Champlain-street, under the Citadel of Quebec, he would say, while his eyes stuck out of his blistering head, "Blowed hif I don't think this must be the West Indies; where the bloomin' thunder is the Hice Palace?"

FIRE!

A youth in a gunmaker's store,  
Had a head the bright color of gore;  
Last week the young feller  
Went down to the cellar,  
The cause of some noise to explore.

He thought that it might be the cats,  
Or a large healthy family of rats,  
So he got a long pole  
Just to stir up each hole,  
And a ponderous pile of brick-bats.

Well, a he was prying around,  
With his rubicond head near the ground,  
The sill young goose  
Took some powder layin' loose,  
For to kill all the rats he was bound.

But the youth did not take proper care,  
And the loose powder fell 'mongst his hair;  
Tho' his locks were "not loaded,"  
The powder exploded,  
And the young man went up in the air.

At length he came down on his back,  
And his boss, when he heard the loud crack,  
A teleph ne went for  
The doctor was sent for  
And the youth was sent home in a hack.

The moral of this little rhyme  
Should be studied by all in the line  
Of deadly explosives,  
Fire arms or corrosives,—  
Discharge all your ambitions in time.

RUM PUNCH.

"Punch; or, the London Charivari," is a rum'un. This remark is suggested by the following jokes in the pages of that journal of January 12th, and what GRIP considers to be a sort of humble and colonial attempt to imitate the same.

JOKE 1.—"Change of Ireland's emblem \* \* instead of Shamrock the real rock ahead."

JOKE 2.—(Re Mary Anderson and her dinner to destitute boys) "Bravo, Mary! you're the Gal-a-tea who gives the Boy-a-laugh."

JOKE 3.—(Mrs Ramsbothan says to married niece) "While you were out the turkey-cock called for a christmas box, and I gave him five shillings."—It was the turn-cock.

JOKE 4.—(This one is a terror) THE CRY OF THE NEW YEAR'S CHILDREN. "Hang out our stockings in the outer hall." And while Santa Klaus pops in the toys, may be added, as the children are asleep, "The cry is still. They come," Oh, shades of Thackeray and Jerrold!