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LE TRIBOULET is published every Saturday.

LE TRIBOULET.

Ottawa, Saturday, 1st November, 1879.

SQUIBS.

There are many reasons why Sir John Macdonald should be entertained at a banquet by the Conservatives of Ottawa. The *Globe* only gives fifteen, but there are at least three times that number—if they could only be ascertained. The principle reason, is not heretofore mentioned, that as he "stuffed" Beaconsfield, his friends in Canada should in turn "stuff" him, and the Capital should not be behind hand in the good work. Who knows but Sir John may be really hungry—or thirsty!

The members of the City Council forgot to sing "Auld Lang Syne" at the close of their Pinafore performance the other night.

Why did Ald. Lang write such a feeling letter to Ald. McCrae officially? For a cod.

It is strange that scarcely anything is now heard of Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Sir Richard Cartwright. Perhaps the "cart" containing their panoramic exhibition of the country in ruins has got "wrong" side up in some ditch.

The Hon. Mr. Tilley would like to have a Reciprocity Treaty. He dropped in to see Uncle Sam about it the other day. Uncle Sam told him to wait Tilley's ready to negotiate such a thing, and then to call in again. Samuel Leonard said he would, and since then he has been busying himself examining "the hum" in Western Ontario, where he has found the business boom rolling along all right.

An agent who had sold a Dutchman some goods was to deliver them in the afternoon at the residence of the purchaser. The Dutchman gave him the following directions: "You shoost goes behind the church, den you turns up do right for awhile, till you sees a house mit a big hog in de yard. Dot's me."

Floor Oil Cloth from 35 cents per yard up, at H. H. PIGEON & Co., 551 Sussex Street.

OBITUARY POETRY.

"Those who have tears to shed, prepare to shed 'em now."

GONE TO A WARMER CLIME.

Old Si Mulligan
Will ne'er get fall-again
For he's kicked the bucket over,
And now resides where clover
Is never supposed to grow,
And where unemployed laborers
Can get no shovel to snow.
P. S.—Si's address can be surmised.

DEATH OF WILLIAM JONES.

The mule stood on the Market Square,
So mute, and calm, and quiet,
That William Jones, with carmine hair,
Tho't he couldn't raise a riot;
But he tickled up the "animile"
With a little birchen switch.
And in less'en two second after
He lay mangled in the ditch.
Verdict of the jury: "Struck by lightning—
mule exonerated from all blame."

CLIMBED THE GOLDEN STAIR.

Gather up his playthings
That are scattered o'er the floor
For little Willie Wangler
Will never need them more—
He clambered up the stairs
From bottom to the top,
And then from the banister
He took a sudden drop.

Willie was a lovely child,
With green eyes and yellow hair;
In spirit very meek and mild—
But he's "climbed the golden stair."

DEATH OF A DECK HAND.

The coal-heaver stood on the barge deck,
With shovel in his hand;
But he had so much "benzine" on board
That he could scarcely stand.
He cast a look around the barge,
Then hove a glance ashore,
And lifting high his grimy hand
Swore "he'd shovel coal no more!"
But he lost his equilibrium,
Which, of course, he didn't orter,
And fell ker-cluck, ker-wack, ker-plump,
Right down into the water.
The hole he made so quickly closed
That he was lost to sight,
And no trace of him could be found
Although they fished all night.
And when the question now is asked,
"Where did Red Herring go?"
The bargemen shake their head, and say,
"Down!—Down! to shovel coal below!"

THE LAST VICTIM.

Drinkwater was a temperance man
Who abhorred the flowing bowl,
And hated liquor in all its forms
From his very inmost soul.
But by trade he was a mason man,
Who worked on scaffolds high,
And one fine day the poles gave way
And he most suddenly did die.
A jury was empanelled
Of honest men and such,
And the verdict they rendered was,
That "He took a drop too much!"

Skins dyed and made over at H. L. COTE'S, Rideau Street.

FUN.

LACONIC BUT ELEGANT

"John Jennings, you're drunk!" said Mr. O'Gara, J. P. to a gay-looking personage in the Police Court.

"I acknowledge the corn, your Honor; 'twas old rye."

"You admit the allegation?"

"To save yer Honor trouble, I do."

"How long will it take you to evaporate? You're steeped in alcohol."

"About one hour, on my own back door stoop."

"Elsewhere?"

"I should be stoopid yer Honor."

"Often this way?"

"Jamnis! nunquam! nimmer! never!"

"What, never?"

"Well, hardly ever."

"Go home and dry up."

"I'm a limekiln, yer Honor."

Go to H. H. PIGEON & Co. for the cheapest Dry Goods in the city.

"It seems to me," said a customer to his barber, "that in these hard times you ought to lower prices for shaving." "Can't do it," replied the barber. "Now-a-days everybody wears such a long face that we have a great deal more surface to shave over."

People cannot go down from the bridge straight to Rideau Street. There is no use talking they can not do it. And why? Because they must stop at the Metropolitan Restaurant and have a glass of Patsey's good liquor.

Lawyers are never more earnest than when they work with a will—that is, if the estate is valuable.

What an effect climate has on natural development! In California, they make alcohol out of beets. Here we make beets out of alcohol.

Tapestry Carpets very cheap, at H. H. PIGEON & Co.

Which are the lightest men—Irishmen, Scotchmen or Englishmen? In Ireland there are men of Cork, in Scotland there are men of Ayr, but on the Thames there are lightermen.

Blankets, Flannels, Dress Goods, and Tweeds, at the lowest prices, at H. H. PIGEON & Co.

It was a funny but expensive way the five year-old lad of describing the decorated military officer, he pointed out to his mother, as "The soldier with all these baggage checks on his coat."

We call the attention of our readers to Mr. J. E. BRANNEN'S advertisement.