

**Dr. Goldwin's Advice.**

Now in Depression's circles there was joy beyond description,  
For Dr. GOLDWIN had dropped in, and given his prescription;  
And said all other plans of cure are only botheration, now,  
For we'd in fact, exposed ourselves, and caught an "isolation," now.

The medicine that's needed is, he told in language fine, Sir,  
A something strong enough to sweep away the Customs line, Sir,  
The road to get this means of cure is closed, he told us now, Sir,  
But still he thought he might as well just call and tell us how, Sir.

Away flew all the joy with which we'd greeted this physician, then,  
For he had only come to say that this was our position, then,  
"You're sick," he says, "and like to die; but if you're still enduring,  
Perhaps I, at some future time, may bring the means of curing."

But GRIP must say, while thanking him for his communication,  
To wait for physic till one's dead don't help the situation.  
A good Protective dose, GRIP thinks, is what the country needs, now,  
And more and more adopt his view, as day to day succeeds now.

**Current Events.**

No 4.

**Mc Darlint Grip.**

Oi have jist putt down the *Mail* paper afther radin the last letter av that Hamilton gossoon "Rupert," an Oi hastin to inforum yez that its my opinion he is practizin for a situation on the staff av GRIP. Sure Oi dont blave there's air a funnier man in the country, and nayther does "Rupert," Oi'll be bound. Thim jokes av his about the artists of Hamilton is too rich intoirly for the use av the daily paper, and Oi hope yez'll washte no toime but sekure his sarvice at it takes two years.

Spakin av Hamilton puts me in reminbrance av the Cilation av the St. George's Secities, that tuck place there the other day. This reminbrance is far from plisint on account av carcumstances, bein' that Oi was refused a tecket fwthin Oi persented meself at the dure as your rprisintatif. "GRIP," sez the big red luckin Englishman what stud furninst the dure, radin aff the card Oi guv him, "GRIP," sez he, "ye can't come in here; we don't rookignize dthat treasonable publication," sez he, handin the pasteboard back to me. "Fwhat d'ye mane by thim remarks," sez Oi, feelin me danther risin, and spontaneously clutchin me blackthorn wid a firum grasshp, unbeknownst to him, "Oi repate," sez Oi, "Explain yerself for stigmatizin me paper as wan dthat is threasonable!"

"Oi have more nor wan raison now, sence I've hard ye spake," sez he, "Oi have two gud raisons now."

"Mintion thim at wanst!" sez Oi, wid detarmination.

"Whell!" sez he, growin redder nor befoor, and shwellin up to the pint av buustin wid rage, "Didn't yez lately make a threasonable cairtune av JOHN BULL in the Turkish shstocks," sez he, "as mutch as to say dthat Hingland wud not stur air a hair to help thim Sarvians becase av being intrested in money matthers wid the Turks, and doesn't the papers av the country be praisin dthat cairtune and sayin ye sarved JOHN BULL as he deserved? That's me furst raison," sez the Englishman, bringin his fisht down wid thermendus force.

"Go an wid nummer two," sez Oi.

"Whell! nummer two," sez he, "is shart an to the pint, to whit namely, dthat you are not an Englishman but a PADDY. Luck at that now," sez he. "We don't admit forreners, so we don't, by GEORGE and the Dragon!"

Misther GRIP, wud ye have me bring disgrace an yez all, by acceptin the hospytality av braf-ayters like thim, afther dthat? Oi axed no moor for intrince thim, sur, but av Oi didn't gev that door-kaper an his frinds me opinion av Saxin injustis till Oireland, Oi hope Oi may niver see the O'DONOVAN ROSSA in pace.

Me remarks tould on the assmblidge at wanst, as ye might blave av ye cud only see my right eye this blessed mornin, and the apparince av me nose, to say nothin av bruises.

But as this subject has rayched a painful pint, wid your permission, I wud change it to wan more in kapin wid the Consarvatif Reacshun.

The *Mail* kipt on ANGLIN and at last it caught MICKINZIE. Wud dthat pass for a joke av RUPERT'S? Whell, I do be thinkin its no joke to Misther MICKINZIE anyhow, givin his friend the Spaker av the House a bag av munny for extry printin and thin bein foun out. An didn't me noble *Globe* go down an its mappy bones an confiss dthat it was a job? F'what Oi say is, let thim go to the country an *that* issue at the prisint toime, an sec af the Grits wud stan the tist. This is fwhat Oi was tellin me pollytickel frinds at the Untid Empire Club, fwthin Oi was dinin there thother night wid Sur JOHN and JOHN BIVERLEY *alias* the Broozer, an' FRID CUMBERLAND an citrey. It was unanimously resolved wid a resolution, writ by Sur JOHN hisself, dthat Pashific Skauld was a dead issue, an the questun forminst the country at the prisint toime is "Grit ANGLIN and Fishy Jobs."

TERRY TIERNEY.

**The Seven Poor little Boys.**

There were sev-en lit-tle boys. And one made ta-bles, and one made rail-way cars, and one pitch-forks, and one shoes, and one su-gar, and one glass, and one made cop-per ket-tles. And the States sent ta-bles, and cars, and forks, and shoes, and su-gar, and kettles cheap-er than the lit-tle boys could make them. And the lit-tle boys were all out of work, and were starv-ing. And they wanted the Gov-ern-ment to rise the tar-iff, and keep out the Yan-kee goods, so that they might have some-thing to eat. But Mr. BROWN of the *Globe* would not let them have a tar-iff, and he said "Go and be farm-ers." But the lit-tle boys did not go and be farm-ers; they went a-way to an-oth-er coun-try, and no-bo-dy has seen them since.

**The Dream of the Local Editor.**

Three ladies falling down trap-doors, producing dislocations.  
Three heavy suits for damages against the Corporations,  
Six counterfeiters caught with lots of bogus quarter-dollars.  
Three female teachers to be fined for over-thrashing scholars.  
Two bakers losing all their bread because its weight was not full.  
Ten jolly fellows taken up who had of whiskey got full.  
Five babies tumbling all at once from seven-story houses.  
Four citizens all beating their four unresisting spouses.  
A great collision on the line close by, all gone to smash,  
A bankrupt merchant running away and hooking all the cash,  
Seven awful conflagrations here and there about the town,  
Two burglars nabbed just up the street, and three elopements down,  
Oh! did'nt then that local make his pencil go like steam,  
But suddenly he woke, and lo, behold, it was a dream.  
And horribly that local's face with disappointment bent,  
He passed from us, and no one knows where to that local went.

**Davin tells 'em What to Do with Brown.**

DAVIN shows to our legal profession where lies  
Their course, with examples and rules.  
Now DAVIN must be most remarkably wise,  
Or our lawyers remarkable fools.

**Grip Returns a Favour.**

The *Telegram* has copied GRIP's editorial in his assault case. This is encouraging. The *Telegram* has noticed him, and now GRIP will get along. But he will not be ungrateful; he will do the *Telegram* man a kindness. He therefore informs him that a raw beefsteak is sometimes extremely efficacious.

**Canis Doost.**

As, looking round me once of late,  
I sought a Theme to find,  
On which I might expatiate  
And light each darkened mind.

I saw a friend upon the ground,  
Beneath the tree-shade flat,  
Brown Rover, once in field renowned,  
But now inclined to fat.

Well knew I what was in his head  
By what was in his eye.  
Could he have spoken, he had said,  
"Lay pen and paper by.

"The cruelties in Turkey done—  
Why worry if they're true?  
Why gauge the heat of Afric's sun?  
It STANLEY bakes, not you.

Seek not each distant mis'ry; but  
Take pleasure; there is none  
But rest;" he yawned; his eye-lids shut.  
The oracle was done.

ARGUMENTUM BACULINUM.—J. B. ROBINSON did'nt do much for the measure in the House; but since that, with one wave of his arm he has convinced 500 editors (many of them staunch Free Traders) of the necessity of Protection.

CLASSICAL REFERENCE.—The editor of the London *Free Press* being asked the meaning of the celebrated passage concerning "the attendant train of evils, ever ready to despoil the few joys of mortality," replied that it referred to the *Globe* and *Mail* special. He then fainted, and was borne senseless past the windows of the sympathizing *Advertiser*.