

**SLOWCUM.**—I was going to say I am afraid there is no hope of securing any protection for home manufactures. Even comic papers will have to stand or fall on their merits.

**TONGUEGRASS.**—So much the better. GRIP will have no rival at home at all events. My prophetic eye sees a not distant time when every man with any claim to intelligence will be a subscriber to GRIP.

**SPAKEQUEER.**—In that good time coming other people will laugh and we will grow fat.

**RUDGE.**—What think you of the *argumentum ad hominem* applied by KIRBY to the offending editor of a weekly contemporary, by way of answer to his "bit of a joke?"

**SPAKEQUEER.**—The learned gentleman who presides at the Police Court does not seem to think KIRBY deserving of very severe censure. In fact, he scolds the plaintiff and lets the defendant off with a nominal fine.

**TONGUEGRASS.**—Public men are open to criticism in their public capacity only. Their characters, in so far as they affect their fitness for any public office of trust, may possibly be looked upon as public property. Until the arrival of the Millennium, it is by no means likely that the critics will cease to find in officials of all degrees, in M.P.'s and M.P.P.'s, abundant food for animadversion and ridicule, and with this they should be satisfied.

**SLOWCUM.**—But if I should say something very witty, even if a trifle personal, concerning some man, must I take the consequences of being not merely pounded in the street—I am not a HERCULES, you know—and perhaps of being compelled to recline in moist and unclean clay, but also of having to receive magisterial lectures?

**GRIP.**—Serve you right, serve you right, if you do.

**TONGUEGRASS.**—You are running a very heavy risk, SLOWCUM. Your biting speeches will cause you to come to grief undoubtedly, and I would advise you to take out an accident policy.

**SMALLWIT.**—Honesty is the best policy, though some people think—to judge by their actions—that it, like a policy of life assurance, yields no results till after death.

**SPAKEQUEER.**—Their code is to be honest as long only as it is the best policy; comforting themselves, perhaps, by saying—'tis their poverty, not their will, consents.

**TONGUEGRASS.**—If a poor man picks up a purse containing much money, and does not use it for himself, but finds the owner and makes prompt restoration, he is honest, and the world applauds. If, however, DIVES believes virtue to be its own reward, and neglects to hand the honest poor man, who has restored to him his money, a bonus for his honesty, he (DIVES) comes in for anything but applause. The general idea being that honesty must be made immediately lucrative, or otherwise it will cease to exist.

**SPAKEQUEER.**—Were I to pick up that purse you allude to, I think I should carry it to the careless DIVES to whom it belonged, but I might not put myself out of breath in the doing of it. But, did I know that a tithe, say, of the contents were to be mine, how mine honesty would give wings to my feet!

**SMALLWIT.**—You would, in fact, pursue him with perseverance.

**TONGUEGRASS.**—A judgment will pursue you and overtake you, too, if you go on like that.

**SLOWCUM.**—Ah, now, you should not check but rather encourage PATRICK, who, like most of his countrymen, is bashful. Let him practice being witty—

**TONGUEGRASS.**—Yes, certainly, but he should not be Smallwitty.

**RUDGE.**—What were those cannon firing for the other day?

**TONGUEGRASS.**—Cannon! They were only the small guns going off from the halls of local legislation.

**RUDGE.**—And the band?

**SPAKEQUEER.**—The "Opposition Quartette" playing "the Cameron Band."

**GRIP.**—Say, TONGUEGRASS, what is the question of the hour?

**TONGUEGRASS.**—What will he do with it?

**RUDGE.**—Who and what?

**TONGUEGRASS.**—RIEL and his vacant chair.

**SPAKEQUEER.**—Amnestied or not amnestied, that is the question? There will be much expenditure of red-tapeism in arriving at this simple fact, and the House will persist in not being "seized" of what is patent to everybody. RIEL will take care that he is not seized either.

**SLOWCUM.**—What a farce his whole proceedings are! Why does he not either surrender and be hanged to him, or else keep out of the way altogether?

**SMALLWIT.**—How he can ever expect to get off scot free I really can't understand. The Ottawa policeman has a warrant out against him, so has Attorney CLARKE, and to judge from the accounts from Red River, there will be many to bar him from Frouvencer.

**GRIP.**—Drop him, the scoundrel.

**TONGUEGRASS.**—What a nice legacy has been left to the Minister of Finance! Deficit is a nice word to be staring him in the face at the outset. A good chance, the manufacturers think, to increase the revenue by practically prohibiting the importation of goods from which revenue is now being derived.

**RUDGE.**—Their motto is—when manufactures flourish the country prospers.

**SPAKEQUEER.**—If they into much hard cash can turn the exigencies of the moment what care they? Methinks CARTWRIGHT will not be led by the nose.

**SMALLWIT.**—He knows too much for that. CARTWRIGHT won't drive the cart wrong.

**TONGUEGRASS.**—Have done! Your pledges are worth no more than a politician's.

**GRIP.**—I am weary. Disperse.

## CONSTITUTION OF OUR PARLIAMENT.

[FROM "GRIP'S" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

OTTAWA, April 1.

I once dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls, and my dream has now come about as nearly true as most dreams do. I believe in dreams, don't you? My wife does also. She on one occasion had a vision—she was not the Dream Woman, however—and she in her beauty sleep saw and behold three black sheep were in a field with three black crows sitting upon them, and periodically making inquisitive investigations into their dusty fleeces, apparently causing no small torment to the muttons. My tender-hearted spouse, endeavouring to drive off the crows, in the effort woke up. She was much impressed with her dream. That day her aunt's brother-in-law on the maternal side deceased, bequeathing our Joe One Hundred Dollars. She knew something was going to happen!

Some houses are built of bricks. This House has some bricks in it, undoubtedly, and some wood as well, but the architectural construction of it is various in its character, decidedly of the composite order. It is ecclesiastical in its ABBOTT and its PORE, who have one CURTON between them, and a KIRK, in case there should be a secession and a consequent desire to run a clerical side show. There is also a public HALL, which, on a pinch, is by no means to be sneezed at.

Since BAKER stayed at home there is no one look after the loaves, but ANGLIN may still be depended upon to have an eye out for the fishes, and his lures are now cast in pleasant places. In order to keep him from talking so much they have made him *Speaker*, and he will now have much rest.

Did you know that REVUE-ALL has been elected Poet Laureate? It was not he, however, who invented "Marie Alexandrowna," which nobody can deny. His principal business now is to compose Mother Goose's melodies for the BAUX and the very YOUNG from Waterloo. The dangerous KILLER has not done any breaking of his special commandment as yet, but there is a COFFIN always ready for any of his victims.

Political epicures will rejoice to know that there is a COOK among them, but this is of less importance than it might otherwise be, inasmuch as the only delicacies he has handy to him are two CUNNING-HAMS.

The most diminutive man in the House is LITTLE. BIGGER—who has lately, in the Election Court, asked for an enlargement—rauks next in stature.

It cannot be denied that the Government has one POWER, and that by no means an unseemly POWER. The Opposition must view with alarm the formidable POWER the Administration are always ready to put forward.

From Moss being already attached to the Cabinet, a superficial observer would at once conclude that it had grown ripe with age. This is only another substantial proof of the unreliable nature of circumstantial evidence.

That the Opposition are not altogether in the wrong may safely be assumed, inasmuch as they have WARENT on their side, but in this they are no better off than the Government. The leading man from British Columbia is not Minister of Militia; he is, as yet, only an A.D.C.

BARREN gives one a poor idea of the fertility of the district of Algonia. I know is a firm believer in something or other, he does not exactly know what. The BOWELL from North Hastings, it is to be hoped, will not have many complaints. If Orange w(h)ine—usually a specific in intestinal disorders—can avert so undesirable a disaster, the electors of N. H., need have no apprehensions on this point.

East Toronto and Mrs. Quoi are represented in some way, but *don't know who* comes from there. Chicoutimi sends an EARNEST SIMON. RAY is not from the setting sun, but has his source in the East. BROOKS is Sherbrooke's choice, and has nothing to do with Three Rivers nor does he rise in Two Mountains—one would be enough for him. BOWMAN will probably draw several long bows, but it is difficult to tell what he will keep in a quiver. We met (QUIMET) by chance is here, and a lot more, one or two regular bricks for such a workman as the Premier to work with, and many more decidedly wooden, but all are just now pining to be at home. Good bye!