

The Happy Return.

Enter tall Scotchman, carpet-bag in hand. Enter to him another Scotchman, bearing French dictionary.

TALL SCOTCHMAN.—Eh, MACKENZIE, mon, ye leuk awfu failit.

MACKENZIE.—Welcome hame, GEORDIE; I hae langit for ye. I hae amaisit worn mysel to a shadow in learning the French dealeec. (*throws away book.*)

GEORDIE.—Hoo's a' wi' ye? Hae ye keepit him doon?

MACKENZIE.—Ye shall obsairve (*rings bell; enter Mr. BLAKE, bowing profoundly.*)

MR. BLAKE.—Allow me, Mr. BROWN, to offer you my humble congratulations on your safe return. Mr. MACKENZIE, what commands shall I be favoured with this morning? (*Aside.*—This is distinction. Ordered around by Scotch printers and masons! *Gnashes his teeth with closed mouth.*)

GEORDIE.—When I lifit ye frae humble life, and exaltilt ye intil the deegnified poseeshun ye at present occupy ———

MR. BLAKE. (*Bows.*) Certainly, sir, I am very well aware ———

GEORDIE.—Ye'll be gude enough not to interrupt'.

MR. BLAKE.—Of course not, sir. Excuse me. (*Bows.*)

GEORDIE.—As I remairkit, when I exaltilt ye, I by no means expeckit ye wad exhibit ony signs o' impairment upstairism sic as ye ance displayed at Aurora. But as I hae been gi'en to understand ye hae made amends ———

MACKENZIE.—This pairson has apologeezed maist profoundly, and expressit his determination never mair to hae an oopenyan o' his aim.

MR. BLAKE.—If any further apology for that most unfortunate, ill-considered, and ever-to-be-regretted mistake be required, or any additional assurance of submission and becoming modesty in future be necessary, I am most ready to furnish them.

MACKENZIE.—Ye needna' gie ony mair. But I maun remairk that ye hae nae been sac usefu to the pairty as the chairacter we receivit wi' ye led us to expeck. Ye hae losit ye'er puoser o' oratory. Ye're voice is nae langer potent among the masses—nae mair a speerit michty to wark mecracles for the cause. I doot ye are na' sensible o' ye're debts to the cause ———

BROWN.—To the Pairty.

MR. BLAKE.—What I owe to my gracious patrons is imprinted on my soul. (*Clenches his fist secretly.*) If, however, in force of statement I have in some degree become less vigorous; perhaps, when it is remembered how little there was to say—how few were the important measures brought forward ———

MR. BROWN.—Eemportant meesures, sir! Ye suld hae callit sic as were gi'en ye eemportant! If ye hae half the abeeleetes ye pretendit, ye suld hae compellit folk to conseeder them a' eemportant! Ye suld hae imaginat plenty to say. Ye are no confin't to the truth! Wad ye daur to stan' there, and say ye wad pit regaird to verity before regaird to pairty?

MR. BLAKE. (*Wildly and his eyes rolling.*) Anything, anything, gentlemen, I crave forgiveness for my remissness. I will in future—yes, I will sing the songs of Judah even by the waters of Babylon—I will do—excuse me, I am ill—I—(*rushes into next room, falls on sofa, and tears his hair.*)

MACKENZIE.—Noo! What think ye o' yon'? Is na he weel subjieckit?

GEORDIE.—Vava weel. As I tauld ye, this is the meethod whilk we tak' wi' the *Glob* writers. Keep them doon, brak their speerit, and turn the spitefu' anger o' their subdued souls against the opposite pairty. Mon, ye suld see the powerfu' editorials they write after castigation. Noo, yon' chiel will write a gran' Clear Grit oration the day, and hae it ready when wantit.

MACKENZIE.—Gude save us! No anither Aurora one?

GEORDIE.—Na, he's over weel broken in. Gie me joy! I hae sauld Bow Pairk! Nae mair coos and bullocks. Noo I am aff to Toronto! The *Glob* shall flourish noo, mon!

MACKENZIE.—ROBERTSON has startit anither *Telegram*.

GEORDIE.—Nonsense, he has na funds.

MACKENZIE.—GOLDWIN has gi'en them.

GEORDIE.—The de'il! (*Pitches the astonished Premier three yards out of the way, and rushes maniacally for the railway station.*)
[*Scene closes.*]

A Question for Disraeli.

Dear Mr. Grip.—Are we going out of our holiday on the 24th of May? I want to find this out before I buy my fire-crackers. Pa says there isn't going to be no holiday because there ain't no Queen now. He says the Queen has changed to an Empress, and the Empress's birthday is over two weeks ago. Please tell me how this is. I used to have good fun on the Queen's birthday, and I like the Queen. I never seen her though, but ma told me she is a good woman. I am sorry if she is dead or gone away to India as pa says, and I ain't going to buy any fireworks for an Empress. I don't know much about them kind of women, but I have heard Pa say that they are often cruel and nasty. I hope the Queen is going to give us a holiday. Please let me know. From

TOMMY TOMBOY, Aged 10.

The Unmentioned One.

GRIP last week asked of some Central Prison authority, (if there be any authority in charge there) if Barber, the Educational Depository book robber, had escaped just as a second true bill was found against him. Well, nobody said nothing. But the bookseller who had suffered most in the matter tells GRIP that he wrote letters proclaiming the escape to the *Globe*, the *Mail*, and another daily, none of which inserted them or mentioned the matter. Newspapers were given us, said Chesterfield, to conceal the news.

The Herzegovina.

It shouldn't surprise us, of course, in the least,
To hear that a rising's occurred in the east.
And if Russia and Britain fall out on this head,
There may be another take place in the bread.

THE DESOLATION OF TYRANNY.—The Khaleefeh, Abd. El-Mak-en-zee, was, in the beginning of his reign, an unjust monarch. Being one night unable to sleep, he called upon the Sheik Tup-Er to tell him a story for his amusement. "Oh Prince of the Faithful," said the man thus bidden, "there was an owl in El-Mon-tral, and an owl in El-Tor-ontah, and the owl of El-Mon-tral demanded in marriage, for her son, the daughter of the owl of El-Tor-ontah. But the owl of El-Tor-ontah said, 'I will not, unless thou give me as her dowry a hundred desolate manufactories.' 'That I cannot do,' said the owl of El-Mon-tral, 'at present; but if our sovereign (may God, whose name be exalted, preserve him) live one year, I will give thee what thou desirest.'" This simple fable sufficed to rouse the Prince Mak-en-zee from his apathy, and he thenceforth appli'd himself to become a thorough Protectionist.—*Lane's Eastern Fables.*

Freedom Verging on License.

Unconfined, there's no doubt, education should be,
And it's pleasant to have all the city schools free.
But to ask Eighty Thousand Hard Dollars a year,
Seems making a good deal too "Free" with us here.

A NEW SOURCE OF ENJOYMENT.—GRIP notices, in an account of the celebration of high mass for the soul of a deceased person, last week, in St. Michael's Cathedral, the following exquisitely national definition of domestic calamity:—"On scenes of public sorrow and national regret, we gaze as upon those gallery pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration; but domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment."

GRIP observes in a long letter on Eternal Punishment, in the *Telegram*, signed "Vveri Vindex," a statement concerning "thumbscrews and boot-jacks" being used in Dark Age tortures. As people who sign themselves defenders of truth should know the truth, GRIP begs to tell this defender that the boot was an iron case, in which the knee-joints were crushed, and was never called a boot-jack, a more modern instrument of torture, which should be applied to Vindex's cianium.

Onions are a perfect eyesore and the market is so cut up that many of the leading Operators are shedding tears.

Mint is much enquired after by Members of the Jewish persuasion; it being considered a certain specific for Jew lips (Juleps).

Pigs are decidedly tight; and so are many of the dealers: we have notified the police of the fact, and expect there will be a great run upon them shortly.

Chickens are lively and holders are crowing over the bargains they expect to make in "Scratch lots"; while buyers are looking forward to stirring times and hope to excel (eggcell) as the Season advances.

THE Grand Trunk advertise that their Queen's Birthday tickets are only valid for return on that day. But, suppose the excursionist is delayed by sickness, wouldn't an invalid ticket be just the thing for him?

THE prevalence of the late genial Spring weather has brought out the early Loafers in great abundance. The market is completely glutted with them and a sample may be obtained at any corner for the merely nominal price of a drink.

THE Corn (and Bunion) market, we understand, is much excited, and it is shrewdly suspected by the knowing ones that some Leviathan Speculator has been putting his foot down heavily, and that it will be well if we can get through the next few weeks without some great smashes.