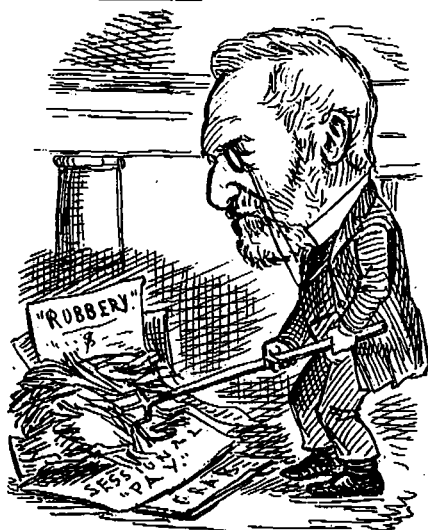




The Senate Must Go!

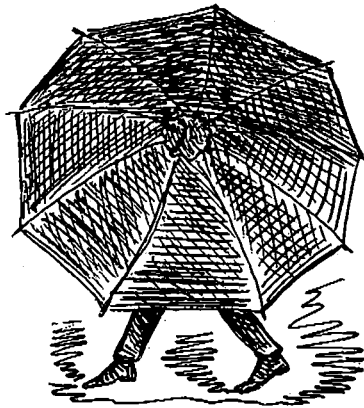
GRIP rejoices to see that the *Globe* has at last come squarely out for the abolition of the Dominion Senate. He felt sure the powerful arguments, pictorial and otherwise, which have from time to time appeared in his columns would sooner or later have their due effect, and now that his big contemporary has fallen into line to second his own efforts, the Senate is practically abolished. Its usefulness is gone, if it ever had any, which, with all deference to the Father of Confederation, we very much doubt. Not only is it a useless institution, it is monstrously expensive, being, in fact, just what is represented in the above cut—a leech upon the public purse. And these objectionable features are not mollified by marked ability, honor or dignity. The present Senate displays what limited talent it possesses in obstructing legislation; honor it cannot claim until it has purged itself of the presence of those salary-grabbing Members of whom mention is made elsewhere; and as to dignity, the scenes enacted during last session testify to its almost total absence. The Senate Chamber is now regarded by both parties as a receptacle for old partizans, whose services are supposed to deserve a money reward. This is a paltry idea, to say the least of it. If Grits or Tories want to reward their old allies let them do it out of their party funds; there is no good reason why the country in general should be taxed for such a purpose.



A Senatorial Hercules.

Senator ALEXANDER appears to have come out in the character of HERCULES, and to have undertaken a task analogous to that of the ancient hero in cleaning out the Augean stables. The honourable gentleman, in the latter part of the session just closed, made himself odious in the

eyes of some of his colleagues, also (by courtesy) "honourable," because he expressed his indignation at certain pieces of palpable crookedness which came to the surface, and announced his intention of cleaning out the Senate Chamber, so far as he was able to do so. One of the things which excited the ire of the Senator, and which is well calculated to have the same effect upon any honest man, was the discovery that not a few of the "grave and reverend seignors" had been taking advantage of the wording of the Act governing the payment of sessional indemnity, to pocket more of the public money than they were at all entitled to. Senator ALEXANDER called this *stealing* and *robbery*, which nasty words made the highly respectable culprits very angry. Of course he should have termed it "business irregularity," or something of that sort. Strong language, however, is one of the Senator's weaknesses, and he may have other faults, as his pay-grabbing colleagues allege, but that does not improve their case. Senator ALEXANDER appears to be an honest man, at all events, and GRIP will give him every assistance in making the Senate Chamber very warm for those who practice ways that are dark.



H. R. H. Prince Leopold.

Mr. GRIP, feeling certain that his readers would all be looking forward anxiously for a portrait of H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD in this issue, secured the above life-like sketch. Being a loyal subject as well as an enterprising journalist, Mr. GRIP felt bound to respect his Royal Highness' wish to remain *incognito* during his visit to Canada, and hence the umbrella, as a sort of compromise.

Nursery Rhymes.

[BY THE POET OF THE POTOMAC.]

There once was a Union Springs blower,
Who reckoned himself a boss rower,
But what between spills,
Wires, saws, and such ills,
His colours he oft had to lower.

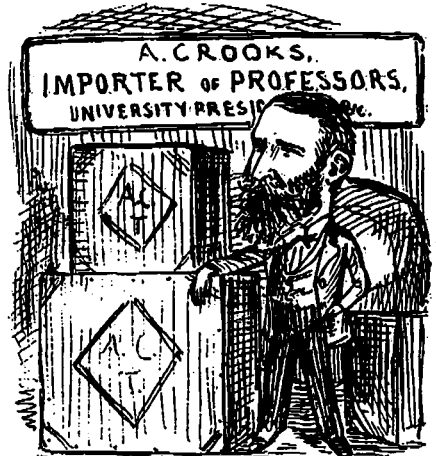
There now is another called RILEY,
The hinge of whose tongue is too 'levy,
In his own estimation
He "can lick all creation,"
But others don't hold him so highly.

A "boy" whom they termed "little Ed,"
Put on both of these duffers "a head;"
Or rather a *scull*,—
And they're now feeling dull—
RILEY'S moaning and COURTNEY'S in bed.

Why is the Government organ at Ottawa unlike *John Gilpin*? Because the latter was a "Citizen of credit and renown."

"Look at this coat," said Mrs. SNODKINS, holding up a garment rather gone in the seams. "It's in a nice state."

"Ah, yes," said SNODKINS, solemnly, "sew it's seams, sew it's seams."



Adam Crooks,

EDUCATIONAL IMPORTER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Begs to announce to his friends and the public generally that he is constantly importing

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENTS, PROFESSORS, ETC.,

direct from the Old Country, and is thus able to supply a first-class article at very moderate prices.

A. C. wishes his friends and the public generally to observe that he does not deal in professors of Canadian manufacture, as he entertains serious doubts as to the value of that description of goods. The tariff arrangement being very favourable, however, he is able to import the genuine Old Country article at very slight advance on the native commodity. A call is respectfully solicited from the managers of Canadian colleges and universities who may be in need of competent teachers.

A. CROOKS,

Local Warehouse, Front St., Toronto.

"It's a long race that has no turning."

A live Injun on the war-path—The Ticket Scalper.

The *Globe* of the 22nd advertises for eight deaf and dumb shoemakers. It will now be in order for some municipality to offer a *bonus* to a dumb barber.



On Canadian Soil.

BRUISER. (*log.*)—What do you mean by fetchin' out all them soldiers, and interferin' with us like this? Prize-fighters? Naw! We're members of the Canadian House on the way home from Ottawa!

(Officer begs pardon and orders a retreat.)