



A Useful Senator.

It is reported from the capital that Senator BOYD, of St. John, N. B., has become very popular, and is a great favorite among the gentlemen of both parties. Any one who has ever had the good fortune to meet the Senator, or even to see his beaming countenance, will find it easy to credit this announcement, for a more merry and genial Irishman never landed on these western shores. Sour-tempered cynics may say that Senator BOYD shows bad taste in being happy while St. John continues to suffer from the financial depression which drew tears of sympathy from the tender-hearted Sir LEONARD, just before the general election, but it should be remembered that he can't help it. Good humor, perennial mirth are constitutional with him, and the facial conformation technically called a smile is a circumstance over which he has no control. Senator BOYD's forte is telling good stories, of which the hero as well as the moral is invariably PAR. In the illustration above is depicted what we suppose is by this time a familiar sight on Sparks Street, and we hope Mr. BOYD may long live to act as a mollifying bond of union between the parties. If he fulfils this mission he will at once gain the unique distinction of being a Canadian Senator whose usefulness is not entirely gone.



The Pacific Slough.

Then I saw in my dream that Sir CHARLES TUPPER went on and first thing he knew he found himself in the midst of a big slough of Despond, and the burthen on his back became so heavy that he thought he would never be able to keep his head above water. Then *Bystander*, who perforce had accompanied him, got very impatient indeed, and inveighed against the whole project in the most chaste and forcible English, declaring that, so far as he was concerned he would go back, as he was quite positive that the City of Destruction lay on the further side of the Slough. But Sir CHARLES kept a steadfast

eye ahead, and struggled manfully on towards that side. [When our informant left the scene the gallant knight was still struggling. We must leave it for future chroniclers to tell whether he ever succeeded in getting out or not.]

Correction.

The Markham *Economist* refers to the *Globe's* valuable diatribes against "distillery fed milk." We wish to inform our rural contemporary that he has got the subject all mixed up. The *Globe* does not charge the dairymen with feeding their milk on distilleries, but with feeding their cows on swill.

The Canada Temperance Act—the act of putting three gallons of water into one gallon of whiskey.

A Waterloo county paper tells of a boy having been "accidentally shot near the brickyard." A narrow escape.

BILL DONNELLY, of Biddulph, has declined an offer from the manager of a roaming theatrical company, to lecture for \$5 a night. BILL says he's not in the Roman Line now.



The Gladstones.

In the late general election in England no fewer than three GLADSTONES—father and two sons—were returned amongst the representatives of the people. Illustrated papers usually take advantage of remarkable incidents of this kind to give portraits of the persons involved, and that is Mr. GRIP's only apology for presenting his readers with the above faithful sketch of the Right Hon. WM. EWART and his two boys on their way to Westminster. It is only right to say that the portraits of the juniors have been evolved out of Mr. GRIP's inner consciousness, though the closeness of the family likeness leads him to believe that they cannot be far from accurate.

The Height of Familiarity—Calling a hen Biddy.

When BULWER LYTTON wrote the "Coming Race" he must have been thinking of the Hanlan-Courtney affair.

"It may be sport for you, but it is death to us," said the conversational frog of the fable. And every time we hear of a switchman being caught by the foot, and held till the locomotive superannuates him, we can't help thinking that the "frog" has turned the tables on us humans, and that, now, we know how it is ourselves.



Jingo!

BEACONSFIELD needn't feel entirely desolate, if it would be any consolation for him to know that his genius, so emphatically reprobated in the old world, is manifesting itself more and more in the new. If the reported debates of the Canadian House of Commons reach him in his retirement at Hughenden, he will no doubt be delighted to find in a recent speech by his alter ego, Sir JOHN, a delightfully Disraelian expression, to wit, "an auxiliary kingdom." This term the Premier used in the debate on Sir A. T. GALT's appointment, applying it to Canada. Now if the Dominion is an auxiliary kingdom, the Governor-General is an auxiliary king, and the great question arises, why shouldn't Lord LORNE have a crown? Mr. GRIP anticipates Sir JOHN's next move in the game by giving an illustration in advance of the next interesting event which will probably take place at Rideau Hall. BEACONSFIELD is dead; long live BEACONSFIELD! Canada is going to have a standing army and a navy as soon as Sir LEONARD's till gets full again; and next summer Sir JOHN proposes to go off for a few weeks to the western wilds of Ontario to look for a scientific frontier. We are to be a great people and all we hanker for is a crown for the MADQUIS:

We don't want a king,
But, by jingo! if we do,
We've got the very ministry
To put the matter through!



Dosed, pro tem.

Mr. TILLEY.—There! I've given the brat a good dose of Soothing Syrup: I don't think it'll trouble me agin for a few months.

A correspondent asks to be informed "if VENNOR is dead?" VENNOR—VENNOR—let's see? The name is familiar, but we can't place the man. Hold on, wasn't he defeated at the last general election—or had his boat sawed—or something?