

Mail Latin.

"The additional risk to the permanence of the *status qui* which is involved &c.—*The Mail*, 23rd March, 1876.

A journal which is edited by an Oxford man, ought to be free from such monstrosities as *status qui*. Has *THERSITES C.* lost his Latin grammar? He had better rub up his *qui, quae, quod*, for a few more blunders such as the above would seriously endanger the permanence of British connection.

Our Staff.

THE rural press is fond of publishing authentic information of the *personnel* on the staff of City journals. To forestall that sort of thing in our own case, we fearlessly inform our country friends that our own staff consists of the most eminent journalists in the Dominion (on salary) and the following among other great names on a purely honorary basis.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD is our chief punster, as our readers have no doubt detected before this. When we want anything specially classic and gentlemanly, we apply to our dear friend Mr. *THERSITES C. P—Tt—s—N.* Our nursery rhymes are contributed mainly by Professor *G—LDW—N SM—TIL.* Mr. *G—RD—N BR—WN* does our religious articles, and Dr. *T—PP—R* our able perversions of political economy. For Christmas poems we are indebted to Lord *D—FF—R—N.* The meritorious editor of the *Law Journal* is responsible for the lively notices of events *in banco*, and the force spent in them accounts for the dryness usually exhibited in the editorials of the *Journal*. The croaks and pecks are *GRIP's* own performance. It is not true that Mr. *THOS. WHITE, Jr.* writes our anti-clerical-interference-in-politics articles. On the contrary they are contributed by a man who believes that the Church, as such, has no right to dictate to men how they shall vote.

Scene near Ottawa.

Enter *MACKENZIE* in perturbation and frowns. To him *SIR JOHN*, smiling and confident.

MACKENZIE.—Ha! *SIR JOHN*, what din ye think o' yon diveesion? Ye're oot—oot—oot for a' eternity.

SIR JOHN.—No hurry, Mr. M. When I go in, I have a way of staying in. My majorities do not generally fall so suddenly as some you know of.

MACKENZIE.—Ye suldna hae takit up Protection. It was a fause stip I did'na expect o' ye.

SIR JOHN.—Allow me, Mr. M. I have not the reputation for mistakes your Finance Minister has contrived to fasten on you. Your mistake was in not adopting Protection. By next session the question will be generally understood, and every politician who has incautiously backed Free Trade will be dubbed "incapable" for life.

MACKENZIE, (gloomily).—Ye may be richt. *Exit.*

SIR JOHN, (jovially).—There's a good time coming. *Exit.*

Manners at the Theatre.

DEAR MR GRIP.—

Why do you not launch some of your "Parthian shafts" against those barbarians who frequent the Grand Opera House, and who, the moment an act is ended, rush frantically from their places as if their lives depended upon reaching the street (or the BAR ROOM), in the shortest possible time, and they were trying to do it in the "fraction of a second"? Their departure one would easily forgive, it is their return that is so undesirable. Just as the curtain rises upon a deeply interesting scene, and every nerve is strained in the endeavor to hear the opening words, in they come, helter skelter like a troop of wild Indians but much more rudely. One would imagine that liberty, life and the safety of their country were at stake, and only to be preserved by the utmost noise, and at the expense of common courtesy and consideration for those absurd people who actually go to the theatre for the ridiculous purpose of *hearing the play*. Then just as the eager listener has given up any attempt to hear what the actors say, and in a state of wild exasperation is *trying* to think it not worth hearing, that the "Local House ain't worth much" &c., a burst of laughter from the fortunate few in proximity to the stage overturns this piece of philosophy and proves that one has missed perhaps the only point in the scene.

The ill bred bears! their horrid noise
Reminds one of a troop of boys
Released from "durance vile" in school
To run and jump and play the fool.
Dear Mr. GRIP, a *snub* is needed
And would from you be surely heeded,
Pray throw yourself into the breach
And to these men a lesson teach,
Tell them they'd better stay away
From concert opera or play,
Or else behave as people ought
Possessed of manners, sense or thought.

The Lay of the Collarless; or, The Woes of Adolphus.

Who takes my washing from my room,
And though I scold and fret and fume
Will keep my clothes till "crack of doom,"
My Landress.

Who takes six shirts and brings back one,
Ten collars and returns me none,
Until my stock is almost done,
My Landress.

Who takes my handkerchiefs away,
And lets them always *absent stay*,
While I must for their washing pay:
My Landress.

Who lets me matchless stockings wear,
Although "the thought I cannot bear,"
Because my things she will not pair,
My Landress.

Who takes my clothes to Tom or Dick,
My collars to Harry and to Mick.
(While I must purchase more—*on tic*)
Were she a man I think I'd kick
My Landress.

Who, when I of my losses speak,
Still tells me with unequalled cheek
She has not got the things I seek,
My Landress.

And, when I ask her, never knows
Where shirt, cuff, sock, or collar goes,
While Tom, Dick, Harry, sport my clothes,
My Landress.

Who tells incomparable—*fish*,
And with consummate brass *replies*
That my complaints do her surprise,
My Landress.

Who's earned my deep undying hate
And may for my forgiveness wait
"Till Judgment speak the doom of fate,"
My Landress.

Oh! who would mourn, or who would weep,
If some dark gulf "severely steep"
Should overwhelm full fathom deep
My Landress.

The Bonus Chronicles.

1. And it was in the days of the great king, even the king *MACKENZIE*, in the province of the satrap *MOWAT*.

2. And it came to pass in the city, the city called Toronto, which is by the shore of the great lake.

3. That certain men of Belial gathered themselves together. And to them came every one that was in debt, and every one that had gone surety, and every one who had been a robber, and also certain others who wished to be.

4. And they said one to another, surely our case is grievous, for shortly the sheriff will deliver us to the officer, and we will be cast into prison.

5. And they said, Go to, are not the people of the city fools? Let us demand of them a bonus, that we may live, and not die. And it shall be that they will give us a bonus upon railways, and upon factories, and upon mines, and upon all schemes that are on the earth, and in the waters under the earth.

6. And it came to pass that the people of the city gave them bonuses, for they said to the people of the city, ye shall make much more thereby. And the people of the city, borrowed much money, and gave it to those who did ask bonuses.

7. And when a certain time was passed, the debt pressed heavily on the people of the city, and they looked around, and there was none to pay the debt. And the men who had taken the bonuses had gone into distant lands, and did eat, and drink, and make merry.

8. And the sheriff took hold of the inheritance of the foolish people, even the people of the city, and did sell the same.

6. And there was great lamentation in that city.

New Books.

Spontaneous the Parson: By the author of the last of the Fat-uns.
Blue-nose. A Novel. By Mrs. MUDDLEHEAD.