



### A "Mare's Nest."

We have often been puzzled to understand the meaning of the term "mare's nest," an expression which has become incorporated in the language of popular political discussion, but has escaped the notice of all the standard dictionary men. Our thanks are therefore due to the Hon. Sir ALEX. CAMPBELL, the leader of the Government in the Senate, for a recent official utterance, which quite clears up all perplexity surrounding the term. It was in the course of one of those bear-garden debates for which our Upper Chamber is now famous, that Hon. Senator ALEXANDER called attention to the fact that a highly respectable and aristocratic member of that Chamber, Hon. G. W. ALLEN, had received \$670 as sessional allowance in February 1877, when he had only put in eleven days of attendance, the rest of the time having been spent by the honorable gentleman attending to private business in Europe. This announcement was met with something like "pooh-pooh!" from the gallant knight, whereupon Senator ALEXANDER said, "Do I understand the Hon. leader of the Government to say that is a mare's nest?" "Yes!" promptly replied Sir ALEXANDER. It is clear from this that a mare's nest is something which don't amount to anything. In other words it is a perfectly proper and square transaction, in which a perverted eye may discover something crooked. But surely there is something wrong about this definition, for we are inclined to agree with Senator ALEXANDER that this little affair is by no means a Mare's nest in the opinion of the public.



### "I Congratulate You Both!"

The *dénouement* has at last been reached. On Tuesday good ALEX. MACKENZIE formally doffed the togger of the leadership of Her Majesty's

Opposition, and donned the habiliments of a "simple sailor lowly born." Sir JOHN, with an expression of affectionate sincerity, promptly stepped across the floor of the House and shook hands with the new "private member," warmly congratulating him on the auspicious event. Mr. RALPH RACKETT BLAKE, in accordance with the well known plot of the piece, makes the opposite change from the fore-castle to the quarter deck, and Sir JOHN will, of course, congratulate him also, though he may not be able to do so without a sly twinkle of irony. GRIP is heartily glad the suspense is over, and now settles himself back comfortably to "see what he shall see." The members of the Opposition, too, must feel greatly relieved. Poor fellows, they have been stumbling along through the session after a most uncertain fashion, scarcely knowing to which of the leaders their allegiance was due. Now that this point is settled, we expect to see them form into line, dress up, and quick march to victory.



### Retaliation Gone Mad.

OR, UNCLE SAM TRYING TO BITE OFF HIS OWN NOSE.

The world in general will be astonished, and the Managers of the Grand Trunk and Great Western railways in particular will be somewhat grieved, at witnessing the mad attempt which our hitherto-considered shrewd Uncle SAM is making to bite off his own nose by means of the Hurd Bills. If the proposed measure becomes law Miss CANADA's proboscis may also be seriously disfigured, and this consideration causes us to feel even worse about our Uncle's foolishness than we otherwise might. We have not space to give a lengthy summary of the Bill, but a fair idea of its true inwardness may be gathered from Section 3, which we quote:

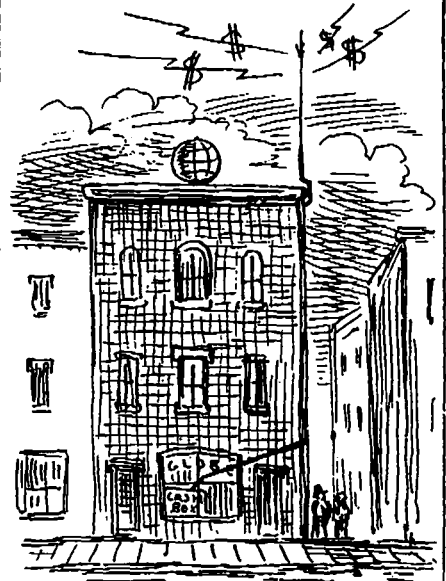
Section 3.—"That there shall be levied, collected, and paid a duty of 30 per cent. *ad valorem* on every railway car manufactured in the Dominion of Canada and brought into the United States, and on every railway car owned in whole or in part by any railway company in the Dominion of Canada and brought into the United States for the purpose of being used in the transportation of goods, wares, or merchandise from any point in the United States into or throughout the Dominion of Canada."

### Canundrum for the Crews.

Why is this year like the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race? Because there are two eights in it.—Punch April 3rd.

Yes, and only one won.

An American paper says COURTNEY is working "like a horse." Probably a saw-horse.



### The Globe Lightning Rod.

Anything from the pen of a *Globe* writer is sure to be deeply interesting, highly moral, slightly lugubrious and veracity itself. The press is a wonderful institution and there are some very wonderful fellows connected with it; not the least amongst the number being some of the gentlemen on the *Globe* staff. Genius, fortunately, is not confined to any country, and it fairly shines in the back sanctums on King street east, for it remained for a *Globe* writer to perform the very difficult feat of extracting money from the clouds. There is no longer any occasion for panics. Tightness in the money market will be a thing of the past. The national currency men are heavily discounted, for all that remains to be done is to purchase a conductor from the London Copper Lightning Rod Company (this is not an advertisement) and dollars will immediately run down it into whatever receptacle may be placed to receive them. GRIP admires enterprise, even in the person of a lightning-rod pedlar, and when he read that a Canadian company—under the blighting influences of the N. P.—could actually furnish its agents with credentials and carry out its agreements to the letter; could really increase its facilities for manufacturing and only employ the services of the best workmen, turning out an article which is imperishable and not affected by gases, when we were assured of all this in a *Globe* editorial (?) we could only rush out and embrace the first copper lightning-rod man we met. However much the suspicion may haunt vulgar minds that the *Globe* has introduced a new system of financial advertising, it must be conceded that this London company is under the most distinguished patronage, and that brokers, bankers and money-lenders will make advances, if required, upon the most favorable terms. The N. P. has much to answer for, for here is a Toronto daily newspaper of high standing, actually indulging in the droll eleemosynary freak of opening its editorial columns to advertisers. People have often remarked that, a plodding, cautious, Conservative mind is rarely receptive of new ideas, or of variations upon what already exists. The *Globe* dispels these illusions, and for the future advertisers will be able to reckon the cost of editorials by merely estimating the number of lines they contain at so many cents per line.

"Anxious Engineer" asks us how he may "learn to write well." Write it w-e-l-l, my son. There be those who write it with one'l; but the best authors double the final consonant.