

THE TWO PREMIERS.

JOHN S.—What's wrong with you in Quebec? What are you running through all your money for? Why don't you do as I do? Look here, do you see these securities? (Pulls out of his pockets different securities for large amounts.)

CH—VEAU.—Ah! my good sir, you do not well understand the genius of my nation. They love to see the Government honoured and respected. They admire the elegancies of life, and the just claims of the Viceroy and his court are sure of full consideration.

JOHN S.—Just fiddlestick. An old lawyer like myself. Viceroy indeed! A trumpery note shaver. Keep him down, as I do with my Governor. Catch me allowing any such nonsense.

CH—VEAU.—You will not comprehend. We must have pomp, and those outward marks which show the great man.

JOHN S.—Great man! Great donkey you mean. Who's to pay for all this?

CH—VEAU.—Ah! we have always secured great financiers. We have had Dunkin, who could make a ten hours' speech on the budget, and prove that we had plenty of money. Then Joe says we will have plenty when it comes in, but that it has not come in yet.

JOHN S.—Tuts, man! don't talk nonsense. These two houses of yours are eating up all your grant. Don't come palavering to Ottawa for more. I voted for Nova Scotia to get an additional subsidy, but not for you—not a red cent shall you get.

CH—VEAU.—*Quel horreur.*

JOHN S.—Don't jabber; talk some kind of reasonable language. Would you like me to give a good swearing at you in Gaelic?

CH—VEAU.—You fail in the *bienséances*, you want *politesse*. *Vous êtes barbare.*

JOHN S.—A barber? You conceited prig, you. I can fiddle some, and did cooking in a shanty in my day. I question if ever you did anything so useful. Pay off those useless flunkies you have about you. Cut down the salaries. I can get as many scribblers as I want for a dollar a day, and messengers for three-and-nine-pence. Drop one of these stupid houses; it's as useless as a third wheel to a cart. Pay your members four dollars a day: they can live on half a dollar. Talk less and work more. Give up all your gold lace and frippery, and Joe may show securities too. Look after things yourself, and run the machine without all the useless gear you have. It's enough to make a horse sick to hear you talk. You poor creature, you; you'll have that unfortunate Province bankrupt in no time; and don't look to us for help.

CH—VEAU.—*Quel bet.* (Exit.)

JOHN S.—You bet! I think I've given him a bit of my mind; but what's the use, it'll do him no good.

(*Curtain falls.*)

If a man eats half a pound of potatoes a meal how many potatoes will be required to plant an acre of ground?

A rather clever "cuss"—*Historicus*. See his last letter to the *Times*.

EXTRADITION.

Two individuals of the American persuasion were lately overheard to discourse, in substance, thus:—

SMITH.

When rogues fall out, and lawyers flout,
And judges can't agree, sir,
Why, any tramp, or well-bred scamp,
Can go through you or me, sir.

They say the law has got a flaw,
(The law called Extradition.)
But how the deuce can that excuse
Such infamous misprision?

JONES.

It can't, 'tis true, but how can you,
Or I, the matter mend, sir?
If these same scamps have got the stamps,
Of law there is an end, sir.

With such a bench, why any wench
With friends could overreach us.
The maxim has, "*Necessitas*
Non habet any legis."

The truth to tell, this case *call'd—well!*—
I won't say they will win it—
But it's just this you'll find's amiss,
They say *the Devil's* in it!

FANCY BALL.

The *élite* of Ottawa held a meeting to consider the subject of a ball to Prince Arthur. Kimber, the gentleman usher of the Black Rod, proposed to have a fancy dress ball. Considering the fancy dress the little gentleman wears on all state occasions, the proposition was somewhat selfish, as a very little change would make him an exact representation of a monkey.

THE ELECTION FOR ST. MARY'S WARD.

Ald. Munro is said to be not quite so sure about his election. Mr. DesMarteau is going to oppose him, and with the assistance of a number of prominent citizens is going to hammer (*Martain*) him, or, perhaps, better, make a martyr of him. Cannot the Alderman find out some principle of mechanics to assist him in his dilemma?

MINISTERIAL FALLIBILITY.

Another case of this ailment developed itself on Thursday at the meeting of the Montreal Presbytery of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, Professor McVicar and Rev. Dr. Irvine "fell out by the way." The Professor expressed his readiness to "meet" the Doctor any day. The only person of whom he expressed fear, was the reporter who usually attended the Doctor. GRINCHUCKLE thought the press were above suspicion.

SLIPPERY—The side-walks.—Why don't the police give no peace to the ashes of the proprietors?