



Grip welcomes G. B. back to the land of the living!

**The Tea Seizure.**

The very latest illustration of the adage that "History repeats itself" is given on the last page of this number of GRIP. Our Minister of Customs, emulating the heroic and now universally applauded action of the citizen of Boston, who hurled the British tea-chests into the waters of their harbour has seized and (figuratively speaking) disposed in a similar manner of a cargo of what he considers Yankee tea, lately arrived in the harbour, of Toronto. It is doubtful, however, whether future generations will give him unqualified praise for this deed. In fact already there are some who fail to see a complete parallel between the cases, but affirm that whereas the Boston incident was a display of patriotism, the Toronto affair was a display of ministerial stupidity. This question will be settled when it is officially decided whether Messrs. LAMBE'S cargo was a direct shipment from Japan, or a crooked consignment from New York. Meantime, Mr. GRIP is not amongst those who speak of Mr. BOWELL'S conduct with severity; in the temperate language of DICK DRABEYE we are inclined to say, he means well but he don't know. It would be profitable for the Minister, however, for his future guidance, to study DAVE CROCKETT'S maxim: Be sure you are right before you go ahead seizing things.



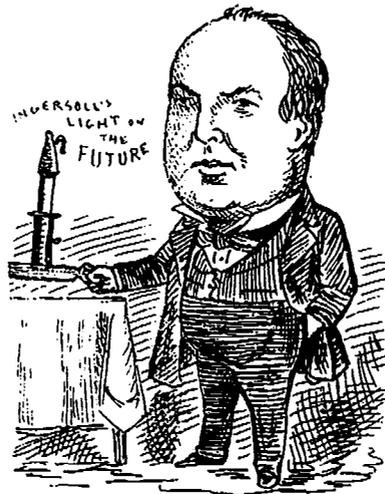
**A Parliamentary Gulliver.**

"After recess, Mr. FARRON resumed his remarks. He said that some hon. gentlemen might think he was too hard upon the ex-Finance Minister (cries of "Oh, no," and laughter) but he had no intention

of dealing too severely with that gentleman, for he of all men had been instrumental in returning the Conservative party to power."—*Report of Budget Debate, Globe, March 31.*

**Aspiration.**

She was a maiden of twelve summers. A far-off look of trust, of faith undimmed by the rude touch of time, lay in her dreamy eyes; her glad young life seemed to blend in harmony with the soft beauty, the tender melancholy of the scene o'er which she gazed. He was of maturer years, of radiant brow and "sapient eye serene." His arm was gently wound about her, her golden head was pressed against the collar of his coat. The vision of her fair young beauty passed before him like a gladsome dream and—he was happy. "AMELIA," he whispered, "will it ever be thus? Will the current of our love be ever suffered to ripple on as now like the smoothly-flowing numbers of some soft melodious song?" She said, "GEORGE, how much better you look in your Sunday suit than you do in that odious butcher's apron! You won't always be a butcher's boy, GEORGE, will you, dear?" "No, AMELIA,—a thousand times no! What? chain my lofty aspirations within the narrow circle of a plebeian occupation,—fetter the noble instincts of my soul by iron bands of rough, unwholesome toil? Never! dear one, never! hence base ambition, hence lowly lot and grovelling fear,—Creation's heir, the world is mine!" "Oh, GEORGE, that will be so nice, and we'll make old Mr. GRIFFIN give us peanuts and taffy then, won't we, dear, and we won't have any naughty butcher's aprons that don't look nice on GEORGE, will we dearie?"



**Suggested Peroration for Ingersoll's Lecture.**

Ladies and gentlemen, you have given me a very patient and respectful hearing; you have good-naturedly received my jokes, albeit they must have grated harshly on the feelings you have hitherto spoken of as sacred; you have applauded my utterances of moral truth, and you have listened to my fiery invective against things you have all your lives considered holy. Now, let us brush all this aside, and put the whole matter in a nut-shell. I don't know any more about the hereafter than you do; there may be a hereafter, or there may not. We have to do with the present life, and the question is, which is better here and now—Christianity or Atheism? Is there any balm in either of them for the pains and trials of this weary life? Has Atheism any purity, strength, and beauty

which Christianity does not possess, and as a matter of fact, are Atheists better, purer and happier men than Christians? These questions each of you must answer for himself, and without any reference to the froth and chaff with which I have entertained you for the last two hours.



**Lower House Inquisitiveness.**

The other day old Madam Senate, at Ottawa, was requested to send in a full account of the moneys paid to her members on account of their valuable services last Session. She did so, but with a very bad grace. By the mouth of Sir ALEX. CAMPBELL she gave the Lower House people to understand that although they had an undoubted right to look into these matters, she thought it highly impertinent of them to criticise anything they should find in the returns, for in the interest of the harmonious relations of the two Houses such critical examination was best left to the old lady herself. This may be very fine and dignified, but from certain alleged facts which have reached Mr. GARR'S ears, it is by no means a work of supererogation to look into the purses of our Senators after pay-day.



**Public Indignation!**

Conservative Chiefstain to the would-be Assassin Bennett.—What do you mean by attempting to put Mr. BREWSTER out of existence, you miserable wretch! Do you want to ruin the prospects of the Conservative Party and bring the Grits into office again!!