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LE TRIBOULET.

Ottawa, Saturday, 29th November, 1879.

THE CONSERVATIVE BANQUET.

CHEERS AND CHAMPAGNE.

A Full Report by a Full Reporter.

Rink Gymnasium Building, Ottawa, Capital of the Dominion of Canada, November the 27th, in the year of our Lord Lorn, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six.

The hour is 9 "p. x.," and there are several more than ninety-six present, not counting office-seekers, political hacks, and government brokers.

The gentlemen of the non-partizan Civil Service is largely represented.

It is a Conservative Banquet, and the banquet boom resounds plainly throughout the hall.

This is hall on that score at present.

The mottoes scattered around on the walls are most appropriate, one of them in particular. It reads, "And now the hum (bug) is again heard in the land."

The clatter of the knives and forks, and rattle of dishes, causes a hum of industry to rise that gives grief to the numerous small boys who have clambered upon the roofs and are now peering down through the skylights upon the festive scene.

The spread is a grand one, we were Guoin to say gorgeous—the waiters seem bound to "gorge-us," anyway, from the lengthy bill of fare presented.

Some of the guests are hungry—their appetites seem to have had a six months' sharpening.

There are at least 400 persons present. Sir John A. is in his glory—and best clothes.

Sir Charles Tupper "smiles" frequently, and appears quite happy.

Sir Leonard Tilley is apparently at home, notwithstanding the popping of Champagne corks.

The chair is occupied by Senator Skead. It is well filled—the Senator weighs well on to 300 pounds.

The "King of the Gatineau" is present—this is quite Wright.

"Alonza the Brave" never goes back on a champagne lunch, which is also perfectly right.

"Imogene the Fair" is not in attendance, but Mayor Mackintosh is on hand, like a wart, and as "organist" to the Party is ready to grind out any tune.

He is a citizen of Ottawa, and is supposed to edit the *Citizen*.

There are lots of the "big guns" of the Conservative Party scattered around the tables, and these will soon begin to "shoot off their mouths."

These fellows are all frauds.

The Champagne campaign has begun in earnest, although the thirteenth course has only yet been reached.

Some of the crowd are beginning to "whoop it up" already.

It has been said that no man can get drunk on champagne.

I fully b'lieve it.

There must be at least six hundred persons present.

"Here's to Sir John A. and the rest of the Ministers!"

Tenth glass of "sham-pain," an's level-headed as boot-jack—"sham-pain" not 'toxicating.

"Hurrah for John A.!"

If there's ten persons present there's ten hun'ed.

Gran' suc'cess—hic—gran' suc'cess.

"Here's John A. an' rest of—hic—boys!"

Some feller's gettin'—hic—drunk.

Sir John an' Tupper—hic—both look's though cross—hic—eyed.

Fully two thousan' people—hic—present.

Bankit gran' suc'cess—gran' suc'cess.

More "sham-pain" and cheers.

Chairman rises—says somethin' an' sits down again.

More cheers and "sham-pain,"—partic'ly "sham-pain."

Hurrah!—must be three-four—hic—thousan' present.

Premier John A. rises, 'midst awful yells an' smashing of dishes.

He speaks—listen:

"Gentlemen—feller-cityzens ov the yooniverse, ain't we proud—ain't we proud, I say, ov meetin' ourselves here to-night on this suspicious O. K. shun! (Cheers.) As representativs of the nobul Konserva-

tive Party, we are proud—hic—of ourselves, an' if we ain't we ought to be. (Cries of hear, hear! and applause.) The lava tide of Gritism—hic—has ceased to flow, but it is not so with "sham-pain." (Cheers.) The hum of industry can be heard—hic—in all the gin-mills throughout the lan'—the "flies on the wheel" have been knocked off by the victorious votes—hic—of a disinterested and degraded electorate—hic—the sun of prosperity has shown itself on the horizon an' is—hic—gradually ascending—the manufacturer grows wealthy at the expense of the consumer—hic—and the farmer gets better prices for his butter, eggs, pork, an' other grain products.—hic—(More cheers.) What if soup kitchens have to be opened—hic—to 'commodate unemployed labourers? Is'nt it better for laborers not to have anything to do—hic—than to have to earn a livin' by the sweat of their brow? (Cries of yes, yes! and cheers.) The N. P. has been a great success—hic—it was success Conservative Party—hic.

A voice.—It's long time 'tween drinks.

More "sham-pain" an' cheers.

Big time—y'hip, 'rah!

Come waiter fill the flowing-glass

'Till it does run over,

For-t'ni,ht-merry-mer-ke,

T'mor'ow'll get sober.

John A. you're drunk—beastly 'toxicated—ought to be—hic—'shamed self—I am—big crowd—twenty-five thousan'—more "sham-pain" please—

[NOTE.—The "full" reporter, who furnished the above, is now lying in the hospital undergoing general repairs.]

"HOW COULD I MISS IT."

An Irishman at a fair had wandered into one of the shows which was held in a tent. As he stood there he espied the impress of some one's head that was leaning against the canvas on the outside. With an Irishman's instinct, without a second thought, he up with his shillelah and struck the unseen head a sounding rap. He heard the victim fall, and ran out to learn the damage. He was met by a friend who inquired, excitedly:

"Who was it struck Denis O'Brien?"

"Shure an' I did," replied the author of the blow.

"Ah, beggorra! an' how could you go like that?" asked the friend.

"Faith an' how could I miss it?" was the crushing rejoinder.

That was a clever answer given by one rag and old metal merchant to another in the same line of business, at the Police Court, a couple of days ago; when asked by H. H., "Did you not purchase goods in my name?" George J. replied, "No, I did not—no one could get goods in your name anywhere in town."