

Parliament Boiled down.

Thursday, Feb. 20.—Mr. CHARLTON agitated for Protection against the Plague. Sir JOHN MACDONALD assured the gentleman there would be a strictly prohibitory policy enforced so far as that was concerned. The worthy Commons occupied the rest of the day in asking for returns, refreshments, and things to be brought down.

Friday, Feb. 21.—An address of condolence to Her Majesty on the death of the Princess ALICE was carried. Mr. CARTWRIGHT asked when the Budget Speech would not be delivered. Sir JOHN MACDONALD replied, next week. CITARLEY RYKERT said he smelt a rat in the Paymaster's office of the Welland Canal, and moved for papers to be brought down which would incriminate the Griets. The House arose at 4.50, having laboured without refreshments for nearly two hours.

Saturday, Feb. 22.—The Commons, exhausted with their labours on Friday (nearly two hours in duration) took a holiday.

Sunday, Feb. 23.—The Ministerial members attended Church; the Griets loafed around their hotels and boarding houses.

Monday, Feb. 24.—Mr. MILLS introduced a bill about the administration of law in the North West. The Ministry were put through their catechism again, and the House adjourned after working a whole hour and fifteen minutes.

Tuesday, Feb. 25.—The Speaker took the Chair at 3 o'clock. Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE said he wanted some work to do. He asked when the Budget Speech would be delivered. Sir JOHN MACDONALD said he didn't know. The House then adjourned at 3.30, and members' pay going on as usual. Several members were prostrated by overwork.

Wednesday, Feb. 26.—Being Ash Wednesday the House took a holiday, but about as much business as usual was done.

The Weathercock.

Sir JOHN he went just in September to cure
The depression, all duly and truly;
But the weather was terribly warm just then,
And he wished to cure it—coolly.

October, November, December came on,
As if missioned our people to kill off;
"Oh yes, the depression," said old Sir JOHN,
"I'll cure it—with the chill off."

And another new year is now rolling along,
The depression still unintermitting.
"Oh, give us some time," quoth jolly Sir JOHN,
"I'll cure it—weather permitting."

But GRIP says to Sir JOHN—"It is plain you'd no plan,
Though a pian you loud swore you did know,
Now, get out for a weathercock, give us a man
Who will cure it—weather or no.

"The Ball."

IT has always been the custom of GRIP to send a representative of the most prosaic order of mind to report any festivities of note, which, in our country's present state of social transition, may be held. Acting upon this rule, we selected a young man of native birth, whose youth and incipient manhood had been passed on the "old homestead"—(this was of course before he entered the Law Society). He styles himself, BLANK BLANK, B.A., Oxen. We at one time mixed him up with an obscure school in England of that name, but find, in accordance with and prompted by the divine uncertainty (and subtlety) of the Law, he chooses to assume the "style" from the fact of association with a homely and Saxon animal of his childhood days. We regret to say, that being carried away by the scene, he has disappointed us, so we merely give his notes, instead of the elaborate and minute report with which we had hoped to entertain and delight our readers. The following are the main particulars of his observations:—

"Arrived at Ottawa P.M. train. Queer place; look of expectancy on everybody. Irish hackmen, French ditto, and all importunate. Secured by F.H.M. Told him to drive to Russell House. Drove there. Satirical shouts and reflections from opposition cabmen. Russell House fine, but reception not. Porter says to other porter, "Here's another of 'em." Wonder what he means? Takes me for office seeker; mistaken for once, ha! ha! Evening—prepare for ball. Find hands too big. *Mem.*—Never buy cheap gloves. Get carriage, and join *cortège*. Every one anxious, overpowered, and all that, by future honours, and so forth. Just the same as calling on the Queen. Mothers particularly anxious as to "make up" of daughters; everybody nervous; nervous myself. *Arrive at Hall.* A vast vista of claw-hammer coats, necks and shoulders, floral wreaths and bouquets. "Gold chains" (as *Mail* friend observed at time). Atmosphere laden with perfumes, somewhat complicating; inharmonious contrasts; jockey club, brandy, essence of cinnamon, (from Western ladies) bergamot, graduated tones of musk, and hints of patchouli from all. Found atmosphere rather languorous, music

voluptuous, yet at times brassy. Try to find and take notes of swells from old country. Can't distinguish. Always on reference make mistakes—give it up. *Midnight.* Study up points of Ghillie Gallum, (spasmodic dance; think it G.G., don't know). Go to refreshment room; refresh. *Mem.* Must take notes of ladies dresses—*must*. Not up in technicalities; think of getting married to get up some;—go back and refresh. Think I have some idea now. *Mem.*—Leave names blank until revision, if get stuck put in Mc something. Try and describe. *Mrs. MC*—looked beautiful—maroon tartan overskirt, cut low and bias with high joint Jemissette with number one cotton duck, rope yarn insertion, trimmed with soldiers' buttons. *Miss Mc*—gorgeous! radiant! panier frill, and diagonal of Lisle thread, frescoed saque, with running gear leading aft. *Miss MC*—boss brunette, shell jacket, gold chain, overflowing skirts of pale *Compte de Juna*, havresaquos and cross belts of blue and silver. Here find myself a little out;—refresh. Call *Mail* man to assistance. *M.M.* says "unfortunately" nothing on necks and shoulders but gold chains. Can't see it. Anxious for description. Ask *Globe* man. *G.M.* refers me to milliner for detail. Good! Just the thing! smart fellow that *Globe* man. *Mem.*—Call on milliner in morning. *Later*—Go to refreshment room, find champagne and claret-cup, bowls depleted. Ask waiter for wine; get it. *Mem.*—Where did I drink wine like that before? recollect; never mind. Enter festive scene again. Heaviest swells departing. Notice a relaxation of stateness; mothers forget syntax, daughters ejaculations hardly *comme il faut*. Aristocratic fathers touch upon respective "interests," talk timber, teas, sugars and agriculture. *Mem.*—One aristocrat takes a private chaw of tobacco. Go to refreshment room. Waiter's eyes glassy. Ask for wine, gives me brandy; brandy better, much. Would like to talk to the Princess now, or His Nilbs—I mean the Governor. Now is my time to get acquainted with Royalty. Start; confronted by a man in Windsor uniform. Obstructs my passage; call him a pampered menial, and "go" for him. Man in uniform calls Governor. Inadvertently display note-book. Gov. sees it. Am forthwith kicked out of Hall. *Mem.*—Gov. doesn't believe in newspapers. Wind cold from Rideau to Russell House.

Reform!

We have been given to understand that the country is at present in the hands of a Government composed of very bad men, but we can't believe it after this. In fact we are convinced that the present Ministers are unusually good and proper persons, especially the Minister of Customs, who is so exceptionally pure-minded that he has ordered the destruction of a number of Dr. Fowler's books on *The Science of Life*, under the act for the suppression of Immoral Literature.



MR. CARTWRIGHT is anxious to attack the Elephant, (S)TILLEY can't Budget.

CHICAGO has a new paper called the *Editor's Eye*. The proprietor is probably a gentleman like Mr. BRAY, and intends writing his articles in the first person.

It is all very well for the Opposition at Ottawa to pretend to be loyal, but when they scoff at the very first speech Lord LORNE makes, and call it meagre, thin, etc., appearances are against them.

THE Glasgow Bank directors get eighteen months each, and yet not long ago a young man in the same city was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment for a much less offence. Still they talk about justice in Britain!

THE Editor of the London *Advertiser* has initiated a new and wicked practice—that of writing fictitious sentences and crediting them to the Conservative leaders, by name. Give it up, JOHN; it is neither witty nor honest.

It is stated, ironically perhaps, that the Government desires to protect the iron forging industry. The fact is there is too much forging in this country now, and it is bringing our most accomplished penmen and forgers to the penitentiary.

THE Detroit *Free Press* says, "DAVID N. MURRAY called at this office and furnished us with a manuscript copy of 'Poor Old Horse, Let Him Die,' which was found among the papers of his father-in-law, the late THOMAS HORSEMAN, of Malden, Ont." Wonder if the old gentleman intended the verses as his own elegy.

"CROOKED-EYED CREIGHTON," said the St. Thomas *Journal*, referring to a respectable and well liked member of the Local House. Then the *Journal* waited for somebody to laugh. At last accounts not a preliminary snicker had arrived. The Editor ought to move out west with this sort of writing.