



Consolation.

Mr. GRIP.—*Au revoir*, your Highness; go home and enjoy your holiday; don't feel anxious about the Governor.—*I'll* take care of him for you.



"Looking to Washington."

Sir LEONARD TILLEY.—I thought I would drop in and see you, Uncle SAM, on the subject of a Reciprocity Treaty. Can't we come to some understanding on that matter?

UNCLE SAM.—I shall be only tew happy tew make a fair and square agreement with yew Canucks, providing yew let us hev a leetle the best of it as usual, Mister. (Details hereafter).

Scene in England.

A dinner-table. My Lord BEACONSFIELD discussing the situation with well-informed traveller. Servants gone.

DIZZY—And what do they think of my speech on Canadian affairs, in Canada, eh?

W. I. T.—Why, my lord, that you betrayed an unfortunate resemblance to the excellent turkey which formed such an important feature in our dinner to-day.

DIZZY—Ha! Stuffed, eh?

W. I. T.—If I may presume to say so.

DIZZY—Indeed! And by the Canadian Premier, of course.

W. I. T.—Well he has been known to miss-state. Perhaps by miss-take.

DIZZY—Well, they should have remembered that in England we are not accustomed—I mean we have a certain confidence—persons of condition, you know.

W. I. T.—Well, my lord, you at least have confidence in me.

DIZZY—And in any English gentleman. Happily, that remains to us, at least. And that—that person—cannot be relied upon, eh?

W. I. T.—My lord, you best know who was the high authority you quoted. But whoever it was, I assure you the statements are most unfounded—some of them directly contrary to fact.

DIZZY—Well, well. Whoever it was, I don't say. But he had little tact to play such a card at my table. By the way, you dine with the *Times* editor to-morrow. Ask him to look in here next day, will you, and in the mean time give him those LETELLIER views you have favored me with.

W. I. T.—With pleasure, my lord. May I presume to inquire whether the creator of "Rigby" will give us a "slashing article" on the subject?

DIZZY—Well, he's not dead yet. (And within a week the *Thunderer* gives Sir JOHN and his Ministers most particular fits on the Quebec coup d'état.)



A Scent-ence.

SCENE—Of course Toronto Court House.

JUDGE—Prisoner, you have been found guilty of burglary; have you anything to say why the sentence of the Court should not be pronounced upon you?

PRISONER—I only ask your lordship to remember that I have endured the odour of this court-room all day.

JUDGE—That is sufficient punishment; you are discharged.



The Zulu Question.

CETWEYAO—Now Massa BULL, what you goin' to do about it, now you've got me?

J. BULL—Blowed if I know, your Majesty,—now you've got me!



Heart's Ease.

This celebrated specific is respectfully submitted to the notice of the female public, especially of young ladies who suffer from complaints of the heart brought on by the deceitful conduct of wealthy old fellows who propose, write poetry, and then back out. It is a sure and certain remedy for blighted hopes, lacerated affections and all the other ills that follow breaches of promise. From hosts of testimonials in our possession we select but one:

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GENTS:—I have just received the \$4,500 Specific for wounded heart, and feel ever so much better.

Yours gratefully,

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Jolly as Ever!

Mr. GRIP still keeps an eye on the Quebec question. In the accompanying sketch the present phase of the difficulty is pleasantly presented. The siege of the Premier is still going on, but it is becoming rather more unpleasant for the besiegers than anybody else. The old lady of the Legislative Council is perceptibly losing heart in the struggle, for it is becoming apparent that the game cannot last much longer, and it must end in favor of her adversary. He, on the other hand, is growing happier all the time, and, as is typically represented above, he exhibits a lordly disdain of the "Supplies," in the consciousness that he has something just as good in the meantime, namely,—the confidence of a majority of the people, even in those sections of the Province represented by sympathisers with the Council.

Why is a disinherited son like a balloonist? Because he is an *heir o' naught*.