

Our illustration graphically and truthfully indicates, the relative position of the three principal actors in the scene.

The "Amnesty" question has been cast into the troubled camp; in hopes of securing the few wavering Irish votes. A favorable consideration of O'Donoghue's case is promised, for after election thought.

Mr. McKenzie shows his anxiety by prompting his junior to say "they'll do anything and everything, after the election" Mr. Laurier not a whit backward, has done the work to his own entire satisfaction and confidently assures him the pill has been swallowed and can be held over, till another similar occasion arises. As Mr. Laurier believes the sole political aim of the Irish people may be gratified by whiskey his apparent confidence is not misapplied. O'Donoghue's position can be understood: but beggars description. The shuttlecock of those political battledores, he suffers patiently and hopefully, fully convinced that his countrymen will have full justice done to him, and strike an equitable balance sheet between him and his enemies by delegating them to that obscurity from which they should never have arisen.

—They have a drink over in Levis which they call "The Morning Glory." Our tramp who takes it occasionally for the rheumatism, say it's scorching. It's a cross between a jumping toothache, and lingering death.



B-r-y D-l-n, First hears of the "Amnesty," grant; from our Tramp, and expresses no small surprise and alarm thereat.

"A liar shall never enter the Kingdom of Heaven." *Ancient Book.* That bars out the *Quebec Telegraph* man.

—The other day a Peter street man, who had begun to drink rather early in the morning, presented a check at one of our banks, and on being asked by the paying-teller "how he would take it," replied, "cold, without sugar."

Sitting Bull and Bartley are engaged on our staff—"A nod is as good as a wink"—

Michael Huck was badly worsted, a difficult feat, by Sir Vey Griffin in a wordy argument the other day; Michael is getting sponged.

Be cautious, John, as we've lagged the cat, and may lose the stormy.

A political author says, "In the street of By and By stands the charnel house of Never." that must be in the sunless shade where the people live who are Never in. In our Ecliptic shade is the street of buy and buy where live the men who advertise like everything. (The Eclipse is the best advertising medium in the City.)

Thanks, friend *Telegraph*, thanks, pray you we dont prove your winding sheet. A few errors of trifling moment have crept into your well intentioned notice; we are neither whig nor Tory; and running colors wash out, we are none of them. "The Eclipse" will regularly shadow at the hour of 10 A.M. every recurring Saturday without thought or wish of political pap. You would be nearer the mark if \$125.00 was figured as the outlay and which has not come out of a party fund, but its solely due to individual enterprise.



Prof. Lab-iero. "I have yet to learn there is a better man than me in the Dominion."

Amb. C-n-y, I will cherfully impress the required knowledge upon your deluded pato.

So mote it be. Let us have it, and may the best man win.

THE ECLIPSE
Mr. Sheehan has organized his class; a perfect
knowledge of the art imparted in ten lessons.
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