

Parliamentary.

The following Petitions to the Lieut. Governor in Council have been handed in by different members to Mr. GRIP, for his (Mr. GRIP'S) revision and approval :

From the Corporation and Citizens of Toronto.

A Petition—"That the Workingman's Rights orators be granted permission to shovel fog off the Island without charge, for exercise."

From OWNEY COSGROVE, Esq.

A Petition—"That the Public Works Department do armour, or cause to be armoured with six inch steel plating, the *facade* of his Hotel, in anticipation of the customary ovations in March and July of each year."

From The Globe Publishing Company.

A Petition—"That the editor who writes the gentlemanly leaders in the *Mail* be summoned before the Bar of the House to prove that the said newspaper is conducted by gentlemen for gentlemen, &c."

From The Mail Publishing Company.

A Petition—"That a Bill be introduced to prevent the Bohemians of the *Globe* newspaper from transferring sensational smothering stories from English scenes to Canadian territory, and that a committee of the whole be formed to enquire into the authorship of their heavy philosophical articles adapted from the English Quarterlies."

From Everybody.

A Petition—"That the weekly journal known as GRIP may be bound yearly in Morocco, and authorized by the Educational Department as a Text Book in the different High Schools of the Province.

Slippery Friendship.

False friend of mine
Why did'st thou take me, on the New Year Morn
Through all the gilded and successive haunts
Of fashionable dames, where lurk the snares,
The brain disturbing snare of liquid woe,
And when I was by deep imbibing full,
Propose that we should spend the afternoon,
The skating rink upon? If that thy head
Be unimpressible by potent draught,
Then know'st thou mine is not. Why should'st thou then
Believe it relishes the frequent whack
Upon the sounding ice? Begone, away!
Address me never more!

Clerical Diplomacy.

The congregation of Littletown to the Venerable Bishop BUSTER :-

Your Lordship—We have to acquaint your lordship that we wish the Reverend Mr. JOLLYFELLOW, of Timbuctoo, as our preacher. We shall raise the salary, and make things comfortable, and hope your reverend approbation.

The Bishop to the congregation of Littletown.

My Dear Brethren—I have appointed M. SOUTALK, of Bigtown. I manage these things—as see canon, ritual, fathers of church, &c., &c., &c.

Fraternally yours,

BUSTER.

The congregation of Littletown to the Bishop.

Your Lordship—We hereby give your Lordship notice of suit being commenced in Chancery against you.

Result—If congregation wins, BISHOP is snubbed. If otherwise, congregation leave church. Either way, it will show a pregnant fact. Canadians are opposed, both in politics and religion, to nominators nominating for them what they would rather nominate themselves.

Charge to the Jury in a very Civil Case by a St. Thomas Judge.

Gentlemen: It appears to me that the plaintiff is a skunk; I observe you look blue at such language from this bench, but that don't affect my decision. He is a liar, and a sneak, and a mean, dirty ignoramus. If this is not borne out by the evidence, all I have to say is that you, gentlemen of the jury, are a truculent lot of vile knaves, and it affords me gratification to be able to tell you so to your faces.



It is "hard" times on Toronto Bay.

It's very easy to treat an acquaintance coolly nowadays.

A CERTAIN class of physicians conduct their business by the eclectic light.

A TORONTO lady was disappointed because Mr. GAILY was not with the Troubadors.

"TITE Girls Home" is the heading of an article in the *Globe*. Well that's where she ought to be.

THE reason the Opposition had to go to London for a leader was because the Toronto *Leader* is dead.

DAVID MACLAWS (West Elgin) is a good name for a law maker, you may take your affaDAVID on that.

At the coming elections the Ontario Premier will endeavour to overcome all opposition by trying to MOWAT down.

An article is going the rounds, entitled "Numbering the Heart Beats." That's easily done, but who can number the dead beats?

A MOTHER'S love for her only child is nothing compared to the love the party out of office has for this benighted country.

SIX months from now we will be putting little chunks of this weather in tumblers and inhaling the coolness thereof through a couple of straws.

WHO says our great orators are dead? EDMUND BURKE emerges from his long obscurity to receive a gold watch at St. Thomas the other day.

It is a sad spectacle to see a Yankee paper copy that piece about the Princess LOUISE'S tin teapot from the Hamilton *Spectator* and credit it to the *Speculator*.

If the party named VENNOR who predicted a mild winter will call at this office, he will hear of something to his advantage. (Now is the time to get up clubs).

JOURNALISM is bound to wave in Canada. They long had a *Banner* in Chatham, and now they have raised the *Standard* in London. The editor's efforts never flag.

THE reason that the author of "Beautiful Snow" is so hard to find is because he (or she) knows that he (or she) would be lynched immediately during the present weather.

A NOVA SCOTIA paper says that the HYDE estate in England, worth \$12,000,000, expects to get a claimant in Nova Scotia. A sort of game of HYDE and seek—the heir as it were.

"PROTECTION?" exclaims Sir JOHN, in a sort of mystified manner, "Protection? Oh yes—come to think of it I have heard the word—before; certainly, of course, we mean to have Protection, and will protect ourselves in our fat offices just as long as we can—you bet—we'll have lots of Protection."

ONE blessing belongs to this season, and that is we see no more advertisements like this since the holidays :

TEACHER WANTED.—A male teacher (Normal preferred) wanted for S.S. No. 10 Crunchem Township. Must be a man of experience, with good testimonials. First class certificate if possible, who is prepared to take charge of a large school without an assistant. Salary \$300. Apply to Ketchum and Skinsm, Trustees.

WHAT a thing Science is!—Two wheels of a railway car having so crushed a boy's chest that death instantly ensued, Dr. KENNEDY states at the inquest that he died of the shock to the nervous system. (*Mail*) This is the bewildering profundity of investigation. It is clear, that only for nervousness nothing would hurt us, however.

AND now ye careful muffled man, doth step so gingerly along the slippery icy walk, he picks his dangerous way, when dashing down the hill there comes a boy upon a sleigh. (The rest is to be read slowly and solemnly) Where now is that much muffled man? He lieth on the snow. Where is ye little jovial sleigh? Ye sleigh no more shall go, and where ye boy, ye gladsome boy? He is, ye muffled man, below.