



"Sinner" and "Saint."

It is said that "two heads are better than one," and, acting on this adage, GRR assumes that the picture he herewith presents will be considered by art critics an improvement on the sketch published a few weeks ago. In that illustration there was only one head—that of LAWSON, the Saint, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., whom public opinion had placed in the pillory for conducting his paper, the *Presbyterian*, in a manner unbecoming a good newspaper man. Circumstances now furnish us with an excuse for supplying Lawson the Saint, with a companion in tribulation in the person of his local contemporary—Lawson the Sinner, who has also, it appears, been lately over-stepping the bounds of editorial safety, having been brought before a stipendiary magistrate on a charge of libel. GRR has the pleasure of knowing Lawson the Sinner, personally, and he can testify that, in the main, he is a good conscientious journalist. If he has gone wrong in the matter referred to, it has surely been through what the *Globe* would call inadvertence, for he is incapable of wilfully libelling anybody. We trust that the authorities, when they see this picture, will forthwith order the liberation of LAWSON the Sinner, as the punishment of being put in the same pillory with the other LAWSON (a truly bad editor) is ample expiation for his offence.



Not Big Enough.

It is just like the generous heart of Dr. Wilson to come to the defence of the unfortunate Mr. Crooks, but his defence, as may be seen from the above pictorial representation of it, is not equal to the occasion. The arrows of the press continue to shower upon the devoted form of the Minister of Education from every quarter, and a great many of them hit him more or less severely, because the shield is too small. As far as it goes, it, however, is a very good shield, and no doubt the persecuted ADAM appreciates it to its full extent. To descend from

metaphor, Dr. Wilson's letter anent the University difficulties, though timely and satisfactory upon certain points, fails to extricate Mr. Crooks from the mess he has got himself into, for it leaves several important matters in the controversy entirely untouched. The Doctor is a very good and conscientious man, and probably wrote only so far as he could speak with authority. After all, Mr. Crooks is the only man really competent to satisfactorily clear up the difficulty, and to judge by the general tone of his critics, the only way in which he can do this is to plump down on his marrow-bones and beg the public's pardon, at the same time promising never to be naughty again.



The New Sheriff.

The sunny side of King Street is going to lose one of its best known and most popular *habitués*. Mr. JERRY MERRICK, having been appointed Sheriff of the united counties of Prescott and Russell, intends shortly to leave us for the scene of his future usefulness. This item of news will be received in political and convivial circles with the traditional "mingled feelings." Society will feel a pang of regret at the prospect of missing the genial Milesian countenance so well known to nearly everybody,—and the only consolation mourners can have is to preserve a copy of this issue of GRR, which contains the only authentic portrait of MERRY JERRICK ever published; and at the same time his friends cannot but be pleased that he is made the recipient of a Government favor—though it be but a very inadequate reward at the hands of a Government which owes its popularity and stability so largely to his zeal, influence and eloquence. GRR joins the multitude in bidding the new Sheriff a friendly farewell, and, in the exercise of the important duties now entrusted to him, may he never be asked to touch a drop!



The Queen's English.

CUSTOMER—Say, mister! Do yor keep postage stamps here?  
 WAGGISH STATIONER—No! I sell them.  
 (Customer retires, musing on the niceties of the Queen's English.)

A CHICAGO girl, who had read the paragraph about the method of eloping by a rope-ladder made of shoe strings, tried it—but we need hardly say the attempt was boot-lace.



A Sad Farewell.

Mr. GRR is much pained at the rumor which has of late been going the rounds to the effect that Sir CHARLES TUPPER is on the eve of retiring from public life. It is said that the distinguished Knight has become disgusted with the monotony of Ministerial duties, and the meagreness of the pay appertaining thereto, and that he has determined to transfer his great financial genius from the service of his country to the service of himself, by deserting his portfolio for the promising field of railway contracting. GRR will be sincerely sorry to lose him, as his character and countenance are amongst the most valued appurtenances of his stock in trade. Sir CHARLES was designed by nature to supply material for cartoons. He is always saying or doing something which can be more or less happily illustrated for the moral admonition of the public—as a glance at GRR's past volumes will show. As a railway contractor these qualities will be of no service to us, as the purely business and private doings of contractors—like those of MACKINTOSH—do not come within our province. The loss which GRR and the country are about to suffer—if this rumor be true—is plainly to be laid at JOHN A'S door, for he is the party who put Sir CHARLES into the official position where-in he became aware of the grand possibilities of Government contracting, and we hope the electors will bear this in mind.



"What's in a Name?"

SCENE—A section of Canada Pacific Railway; friendly contractors overtaken in a rain-storm.  
 1ST CONTRACTOR—Fearful weather this; enough to give you your death! Why didn't you fetch your Mackintosh with you?  
 2ND CONTRACTOR—Fetch my Mackintosh? Not much! No sir!! A Mackintosh is the worst thing a contractor can have anything to do with!

THE Turner's Falls Reporter credits a joke of GRR's to the Toronto Globe! What next! Of all the Canadian prints—the Globe! O Cecil T. Bagnall!—This Bangs all!