



THE MUNICIPAL DEADHEAD.

IF Ald. John Hallam could have his way about it, there would be an end of municipal deadheadism, and every citizen and institution would have to pay into the civic treasury in fair proportion for the benefits received. We say John's head is level.

HOW long, oh Lord, how long is this terrible Siberian business to be allowed to go on? Is there no machinery of civilization that can be set in motion to put an end to the horrible torture of our fellow-creatures—the noblest men and women of Russia—in those loathsome dungeons of the wilderness? Must we stand tamely by and hear accounts of pure, refined and high-born women being “stripped and flogged in the presence of all the men in the prison,” and driven to suicide to escape the insults of the brutes placed over them by the Government of the Czar? In the name of God and of humanity let something be done! It is too late in the nineteenth century for such horrible outrages on helpless men and women to be perpetrated in the name of Government, and it is time that civilization spoke out in



CRUSHED.

SMART ENGLISHMAN (a stickler for good spelling—to grocer, whose education has been neglected)—“Ere, you know, 'ow many h'ec's are there in h'eggs?”

GROCCER—“Can't tell till they're hatched!”

a voice which the Czar will hear and heed. It is said that a remonstrance from any of the Christian powers would probably be met by the autocrat pointing to evils unremedied in the protesting State. There are none comparable with Siberia, as he very well knows, and the fear of such a taunt should not deter the friends of humanity from offering their protest.

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THE system of execution by electricity now in operation in New York State ought to be adopted in Canada. The method is more merciful than hanging, and as the law also prohibits the publication of sensational accounts of executions, we might be spared the penny dreadful assault which the *Evening Telegram* makes upon decency every time a capital sentence is carried out in Toronto. Not only does that enterprising journal offend good taste with a series of terrible engravings, but it invariably makes the occasion an excuse for recapitulating the facts of all the former executions in this city. We are better without such literature.

ECHOES FROM OTTAWA.

(By our Own Sweet Reporter.)

MORE PICTURES IN DEMAND—MR. SOMERVILLE EXPOSES GOVERNMENT PRINTING JOBS, AND MR. M'ULLEN FIGURES DOWN CAB-HIRE COST—DR. MONTAGUE GRANTS AN INTERVIEW.

OTTAWA, Feb. 17th.



DEAR OLD GRIP,—I am still enjoying myself, although working real hard. Just think of it—today, before I sat down to write a single scrap for you, I entertained three lady callers, mended my ulster pocket where that pesky note-book ripped it, had my photograph taken in the act of preparing my “copy,” showed my landlady’s Irish cook how to make little gem-tarts that melt in your mouth, and

put up my hair in curl pa—or, rather, in curls.

I would urge on you to draw more pictures of Members. You wouldn't believe how many are anxious to get a place in GRIP'S famous portrait gallery. Most everyone I meet is willing to exchange photos with me, so that I can have theirs to send to you as a copy, you understand.

In printing Mr. McCarthy's be sure and put real cross-looking crow's-feet about the eyes, and don't forget his goatce. You might also give the nose just a little side twist, if you can manage it.

Mr. Trow's big, bushy eyebrows are, my friend Owen tells me, his special pride and he uses hair vigor on them. You remember there was that enquiry about Mr. Trow's new whip I promised to make. I was too bashful to make it. But I asked Owen about whether Mr. Trow had a new whip, and the horrid fellow simply answered, “I trow not.”

Get Col. O'Brien's side-whiskers to look just like an Old Country butler's, and don't spare the bald on the head.

Always give young Mr. Tupper's full face, just as you appropriately could give his father's cheek view. He has the nicest little mouth for a man you ever saw.

Pay particular attention to Sir Adolphe's clothes. He does.

If you should ever draw Senator Gowan, do not, for the life of you, omit his snuff-box.