

**The Session.**

Parliament is rolling onward, rolling onward to its close.  
Rolling to the roof the echo eloquent ever flows.  
Rolling jollily the members after dinner come that way,  
Rolling up the little ticket of six dollars every day.

Ever flows the speaking torrent, sounding through the ancient hall.  
Sometimes does the watchful Speaker to the speaker "Order" call.  
Rarely does some member's wrathful eloquence so far offend.  
That the speaker threatens to name him—which if done the world  
would end.

Now the echo low and quiet sounds in steady monotone  
As with speech and rheumatism does some ancient member groan.  
Now it thunders with the efforts of some legislator strong,  
Rhythmic with some calm debater now in periods flows along.

Deep with truth and rich with wisdom, does the learned torrent pour,  
Facts, statistics, figures, periods, float upon it evermore.  
Yet there is this burden steady which in every echo lives  
"Every day is six more dollars; hundreds eight a session gives.

**Dull Sermons.**

Twenty sermons successive all dolefully dry  
I endured, still expecting some sense by and by,  
But each one got still worse than the others before  
As in periods grammatic fresh dullness would pour.

Now if these, fresh from some university, too,  
Can give nothing sharper, tell nothing more new,  
Why don't they give up educational test,  
And let some of the unlearned ones give us a rest.

**From our Irish Contributor.**

To the Idditur:—

SURK:—Wid a winther gone out ov rayson, an' a thermometer fell out ov sight; and snow haped till whin I've claned me front "still avening has come an," as the pome obsarves, is it a wondher me idayas conjale—more be token divil a letter I've sint this three wakes—for which accipt apologies.

Wasn't it a nate way they got off av doin anythin' to Big Push? Wan joodge lays down the law ixact an thirrifin, till all the Reform spictators med sure he'd be punished thremendious, sayin thrimblin wan to another, "Bedad he'll be turmin mad in gaol; he'll oversit the BLAKE MACKENZIE combination like a carl-house wid a swape ov his arrum—an' where'll our ixpicted inspietorships an' conhracts be thin?" Whin up shpakes the second joodge an' iexplains that he fully agrees wid his brother joodge, and the law is so ixactly, and the joodgemint is in favor of Big Push. Niver a wan cud come at the rayson or how he got to it; but oil disciuidid on the troubled wathers of Gritism, an' all is serane in the *Globe* offish. Bedad, it's cliver! Free spache an' lave to abuse the Binch forever! Wait til I get in a laygal difficulty, and a joodge opins his mouth about what I plase to do! Won't I publish all the strong language in the dictionary an him? Faith, joodges will be af'ler knowin' their places now! Did ye see how the Yankee papers all cried "Hooray, hit him agin?" Ah, thim's the Sons av Freedom. Lishten, Mishter GRIP, there's a bye I know got two years for merely burnin' another man's house whin elevated. Shure, the joodge was mighty severe. D'ye think now, if I got him tarred an' fithered anywan ud moind? Sind worrud.

His Excellency's gone. Faith, it's he med himsilf popular, shakin hands as if he was canvassin' for alderman, speechifyin wid twenty-Governor power, fallin into rhapsodies wid the resources of the country and the soup-kitchens and risin' into the hoighth av deloight wid the sthreens, the improveimints and the interprisin populashin. Fwhat cood it be, now, iver kipt him this lighth ov toime away from the city he admires so ixtramey? Say what ye like, it's the chafe city (fwhat's thim Frinch maygurs) an bein here a little ofener wouldn't hurt him.

The Local Parliament's in full blasht agin. I do be listenen to the splendid oratory, for the sake av a slapelessness I have. Not a wink for a week; but three minits on them soporic binches, an I'm off till the Sergeant-at Arrums says, "Put out the lights, an wake that slaper in the gallery." They're the quarest legislators iver known. If a bad Bill presints itself, it's almost safe to pass because somethin as bad is sure to have bin done somewhere before, which gives precedent. If it's a good Bill, they can't pass it because it niver has been passed. Not a thing the people want before thim anyhow, ixcept Bithune's Munishipal Act. To pass that ud be a feather in their cap. But they won't have the sinse.

Yours freezingly,

PATHER FINUCANE.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1877.

**The Medical Mill.**

DR. BOLUS (*the popular and gentlemanly practitioner.*)—Well, Mr. SQUILLS, how is business?

MR. SQUILLS (*the attentive and obliging apothecary.*)—Well, doctor, casual and ordinary business has, in our line as in all others, gone to a thread. Free Trade, as they call it, has thrown most of our customers out of work. Many have left, and the rest, instead of asking me to "make up something" for them, for which I could charge thirty cents, make one small bottle of castor oil their physician and apothecary for three months at a time. Then they are in one sense necessarily more healthy, for they have less to eat; and they do not expose themselves in the course of their business, for they hav'nt got any. Ah, sir, casual business is practically dead. But for your alliance and partnership, I must shut up.

DR. BOLUS.—Ha! bad state of things. But the assistance I give you is reciprocal, my dear SQUILLS. It pays me. By the immortal jingo, sir, times are bad with me as you. Plenty of patients—no getting money from 'em. "Charge it, my dear doctor, till better times," is their cry. All very well, but when the patient is charged sufficiently, slap, he goes off, and I may seek him in the States if I like. But I have 'em through you. They may postpone payment of my fee, but I get cash for my 33½ per cent. on your prescriptions. Have 'em there, sir. Gad, might starve if I hadn't. Case of congested liver—Queen street—did they send to-day?

MR. SQUILLS.—Yes, as usual. Sixty cents. Makes ten dollars they have paid for prescriptions.

DR. BOLUS.—There, you see. Poor family. My bill is ten dollars—may get it—may not—but I have \$3.30 in hand, commission on your ten dollars. Richer families, more in proportion. Only way of living now, SQUILLS, eh?

MR. SQUILLS.—Only way, Doctor.

[Scene closes.]

**The New Naval-Surgical Order.**

"What," cries the British Board of Trade,  
"What impudence! You've always made  
On each Canadian line,  
Canadian surgeons do the work.  
Now thus, you small Colonial Turk,  
Our mind we do define.

"'Tis true you gave to Englishmen,  
An equal right, and would again,  
An equal right, sir! Bah!  
Clear out! We want the total track,  
And none shall doctor you who lack  
A British diploma.

So unless each Canadian doc.  
Is quick replaced by British stock,  
Or comes and studies here.  
By Jove and his Imperial Courts  
None of your steamers from our ports  
Again shall ever clear."

But Canada will calmly say  
"Where e'er our commerce shall make way  
There shall our surgeons go.  
If you want neither, speak it plain,  
And neither of them need again  
Much trouble you, you know.

"Say, venerable Parent Land  
How long ere you will understand  
That for the love of you,  
And for some ancient kindred sake  
That Zollverein we would not make  
Your trade which would undo.?"

But if you scorn our ships and us  
Why, rather than have any fuss  
We'll let your commerce drop,  
And on a better paying plan  
We'll deal with cousin Jonathan  
Who keeps the Yankee shop.

**Croaks and Pecks.**

A BARBER-OUS sentence—five years.

THE Dunkin Act Picton the right place when it Picton Picton.

A NEWSPAPER has been started in Madoc. What a Madoccupation!

OTTAWA Times has suspended. Hard Times Ottawa papers not to be extravagant.