



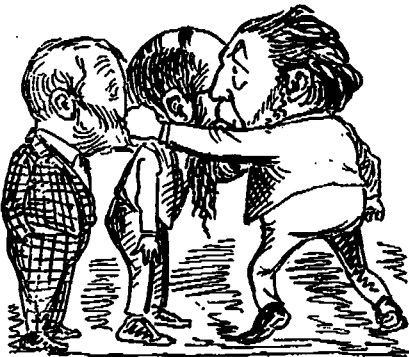
**A Parliamentary Episode.**

Charley Tupper, redoubtable Knight,  
And his knightly opponent, Cartwright  
This week had a row  
And this is the how  
Of their Parliamentary fight:

Quoth Cartwright, "If I'm not astray,  
I understand Tupper to say  
He will make such a pile  
From this Syndicate vile  
That he'll leave a great big legacy!"

Quoth Tupper, "A falsehood more gross  
Never tainted the air of this House.  
But I just let it pass,  
For its author's an ass—  
He is neither a man nor a mouse!  
I might own to a feeling of shame  
If I ever had played a sharp game  
On the London Exchange  
Where this gentleman's strange  
And dark, crooked ways have a fame.

Quoth Cartwright, "You state a big lie  
In your base insinuation sly,  
My loans were all made  
On the fair rules of trade,  
And were such as I'll always stand by!"



Then Tupper, with science so deft,  
Let out a straight blow with his left,  
And on Gordon Brown's nose  
He planted such blows  
That of sense he that worthy bereft.

Here's the moral of this queer affair,  
Our knights have no "manners" to spare,  
And if poor Gordon Brown  
Hada'n been looking on,  
He would not have been struck—which is clear.

The St. John, N. B., *Telegraph*, describing an assault committed by a young man named Holland, who struck his father on the head with an axe, says:—"It is almost a miracle that the man's skull was not fractured, and but for the desperate struggle made by the elder Holland previous to the assault, there is no doubt but that he would have been a lifeless corpse to-day."—GRIP is very glad to hear that Holland, Sr., escaped the terrible fate here referred to; and that the misguided son has not now to regret that he not only killed his father, but transformed him into a *lifeless* corpse!

**The Row in Parliament**

What a nice spectacle our idolized House of Commons must have presented, upon the night that Sir Charles Tupper administered his celebrated castigation to Sir Richard Cartwright. What a noble and elevating pattern these worthy knights present to the youth and rising generation of our country, who are taught to look upon these men as models to guide their future course of life. And how proud the Queen must be of her new made knights; what a pair of doughty knights they are, bespattering each other with bad epithets and filthy abuse across the floor of the highest legislative hall of the land. A brawl in a bar-room is debasing; a brawl in the House of Commons between two of its "brightest ornaments" is simply disgusting.



**Condign Punishment**

Proposed to be inflicted on the Cookes church Rioters, who have conscientious scruples against organ playing, but no particular objection to organ burglarising.

**Queries.**

Is it true that the Prince Bismarck in speaking to the Baron von Lagerdrinken as to the course taken by the conquered French provinces said that their protests are *all sass*, and he will have German *law* reign there?

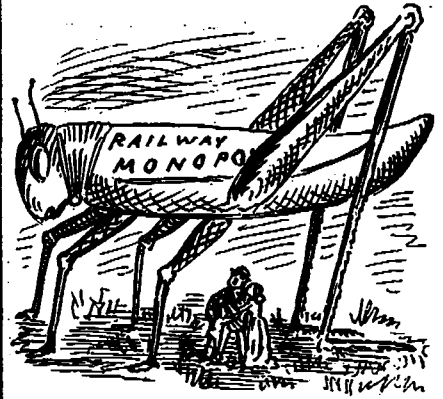
Is it true that Mr. Jones of Baudon wrote to Mr. Parnoll anent the dealings of the Leaguers with his cattle, saying that it was a cow-herd-ly action.

If an old country settler in Muskoka should get up in the morning apathematizing the government officials that sent him there, could his actions be construed into a rising in Ashantee?

Should not the prospects of the Dutch expedition to the Arctic regions be bright, when their parliament have granted sever thousand guilders to carry it on?

And see here! If a lady should aggravate about a hundred dry goods clerks while looking for suitable material for a calico dress, could she, Oh, could she be said to be on a Buy-cotton expedition?

"Are you acquainted with Buffalo Bill?"  
"No, but I know I-owe-a Bill and can't pay it."



**The New Scourge of the North-West.**

NOW IN PROCESS OF HATCHING AT OTTAWA.

**The Mayoralty.**

The *Mail* says the future success and consolidation of the Conservative Party depend upon the election of Ald. Close to the Mayor's chair. Now would it not be a grand thing to defeat the conservative candidate, and thereby defeat the Pacific Railway Bill, cause the resignation of Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues, throw the conservatives out of power, and elect Ald. McMurrich Mayor of Toronto and Premier of the Dominion at one and the same time. We did not know before that the country was upon the verge of such a crisis, we accept the gravity of the situation, but we are very much afraid this is only the necessary amount of buncombe required to cover up the iniquity of introducing party politics into Municipal Elections.

**The Syndi-cat.**

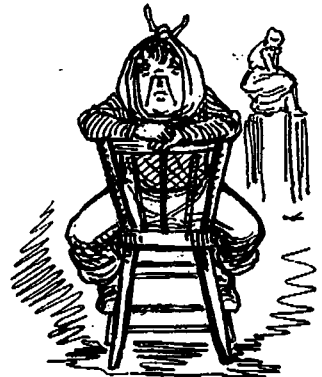
PAT.—Be the powers Gottlieb, that same Syndi-cat is making a tearing ould ruction in the country.

GOTTLIEB.—Yaw, dot is zo. De beebles doand do id dumble.

PAT.—Nary a thumble, but if Sir John dusen't kape his weather eye open he'll thumble, bad scan to him.

GOTTLIEB.—Nien, Nien, dot ish not zo, dey vill schwallow dot Syndi-cat glaws und all. Id no vorse bin und dot Paecatic piness und dey schwallow dot. Vat you dinks.

PAT.—May the cat live to dance on its own grave.



Ill Pen-ser-osa.