



County Court Justice.

In classic sculptor's handiwork
Justice is shown with bandaged eyes,
But in the County Court of York
They've added some to that device:
The Court House has so foul a smell
That out of downright sympathy
They've bandaged up her nose as well—
'Twas Judge MACKENZIE'S thought, "you see."



Beaconsfield Stuffed.

Mr. GRIP begs to present to an admiring public the above beautiful specimen of a stuffed British Statesman. The work was done by the distinguished Canadian political taxidermist, Sir JOHN MACDONALD, when on a recent visit to the old country. The person thus manipulated will be recognized as the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, who, as a consequence of being stuffed made a most glorious speech in favour of the Dominion of Canada. It must not be supposed, however, that the material used by the gifted taxidermist was all mere "stuff," for there was enough truth in it to call forth the gratitude of the Canadian people. The Conservative papers are fairly delighted with it, and point gleefully to the indisputable fact that no Grit leader ever proved himself capable of making an emigration agent out of any British statesman by cramming him either with fact or

fancies. "And who," asks the Ottawa Citizen, "was it that induced Lord BEACONSFIELD, thus to speak accurately and truthfully in the main, eloquently and with great force—about our country? Who, but Sir JOHN MACDONALD? It was he who "stuffed" Lord BEACONSFIELD, we are told. We are glad of it. The people of this country will thank him for it."

October.

Hail brown October! Of course when I say "hail"
I merely mean to give a quiet greeting.
I don't request a storm, the fall won't fall
To give us hail enough, and rain and sleeting.

The reason I would hail you is most plain,
I see in waggons come the hale old farmers
With loads of fruit and bags of golden grain,
And seated there their daughters, pretty charmers.

I likewise hail you for you bring the season
Of lengthening evenings and twilight fancies;
Tho' soon our girls our pockets will be easing
Of cash to go to theatres and dances.

One thing I bless you for dear old October!
You bring with you some thoughts of new diversions,
The girls can take a rest, the boys keep sober,
The laws be praised! we'll have no more excursions!



Stollery vs. Brown.

Mr. GRIP dropped into the Court House the other day and listened to the impassioned speech of that great legal luminary, Mr. BETHUNE, in the libel suit of STOLLERY vs. the Globe. Notwithstanding that BETHUNE is a most fractious member of the Grit party, and goes badly in the "Dictator's" traces, he was powerfully eloquent in behalf of his client in this case. He made a strong speech—especially strong in the epithets applied to the unfortunate though gallant plaintiff.

He didn't exactly suggest that his high minded client should be engaged to drum the colonel out of his regiment, but he should have done so, and Mr. GRIP makes a picture to supply the omission.

Police Court.

Any magistrate on the bench.
Boy brought up charged with throwing stones, chopping fences, breaking street lamps, smashing shade trees, or anything else.

PARENT IN ATTENDANCE—Oh, it is not a habit of the child's at all. He never did it before. He never will again. He is very careful and steady generally.

MAGISTRATE—(to policeman)—Did you ever see him do so before?

POLICEMAN—(who knows very well that it is only a miracle he caught him once, but that when his back is turned it is a different matter)—No, your Worship.

MAGISTRATE—You are discharged with a caution. (And the small boys throughout the city do as they like).

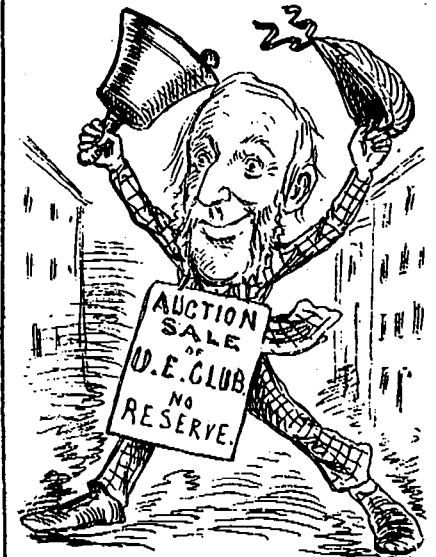


The Governor in Danger.

The stream of "poetry" still keeps pouring in upon the devoted head of the Governor-General. As it flows along it increases in force and volume, and will in a short time sweep everything before it. The address nuisance was bad enough, but so long as it was confined to prose it was at least bearable. Now, however, that the thing has assumed a poetic aspect it becomes serious, and the law should step in. The act in force against the Welsh and Irish bards of yore has, we are credibly informed, not yet been repealed, although it is obsolete, and lies fading on the statute book. Let us revive it and cut off the heads of all our bards, and thus allow our too good-natured ruler to live and move in peace as well as other folks.—Montreal Post.

Six and Half-a-Dozen.

The London Advertiser's English correspondent comments in a feeling manner on Lord BEACONSFIELD lamentable ignorance of Canadian affairs. His lordship will be able to reciprocate the sympathy when he reads the Advertiser man's letter, and finds him referring to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD as "the Canadian baronet."



ANOTHER GLORIOUS VICTORY!