



"Over Brain Work"

1st Medical "Student"—Come on CHARLEY, the fellows are all going out serapading again to-night. We're going to have a howling old time, and we want you to sing the solo part in "GABRIEL blows his trumpet." Come on! 2nd Medical "Student"—No; I heard Dr. WORKMAN's lecture on "Over Brain Work," and I've made up my mind to stay in the house and read up my *Materia Medica* for a rest

Quite Write!

It is well to be explicit. A professor of penmanship in this city has just issued a circular announcing the opening of his classes, and in that somewhat unique document he says:—

"Writing, as you all understand, is the means by which we express our thoughts, by written words, which are used to represent sounds and convey ideas."

The captious critic might say this explanation was unnecessary for those who already "understand," but the professor probably intended it mainly for the benefit of that large and influential class of the community who think a writing school is a place where they teach dancing.



The Great Budget Speech.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT has been highly praised for his great speech upon the Budget, and quite properly, for it was a very able effort. But to give all the praise to SIR RICHARD would be a grave injustice to another worthy member. The speech has been described as eloquent and spirited. Now the orator himself may get credit for the eloquence, but SIR A. J. SMITH who acted as efficient bottle holder on the occasion, and kept his colleague's tumbler replenished, surely ought to get credit for the *spirit* of it.

Although it occupied a comparatively brief time in delivery, this speech will go down in history as the great two knight oration.

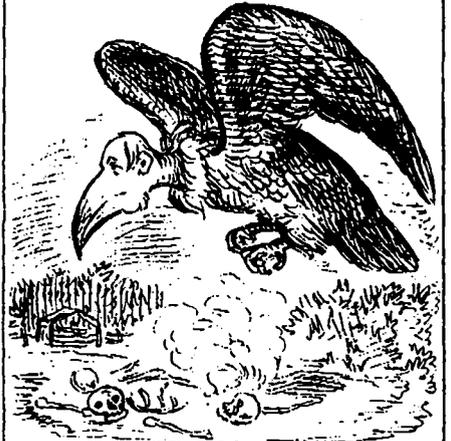
Unreasonable.

The Guelph *Mercury* makes a note of the alleged fact that "\$1,100 in cash were received at the Amherst Station of the Inter-colonial Railway in one day for tickets to the Western States. Amherst is the chief town of SIR CHARLES TUPPER's County." The *Mercury* comments on this in a way that is not at all respectful to the N. P., and argues that in the face of such a fact SIR LEONARD TILLEY has reason to feel abashed. Now this is very unreasonable. Any unprejudiced person would come to just the opposite conclusion—that it might be considered a feather in the honorable Knight's hat, or helmet (of course Canadian Knights wear armour.) Surely it shows plainly that under the fostering influence of the N. P. the railway business in Nova Scotia is enjoying a "boom."



Wild Extravagance.

We never did consider SIR CHARLES TUPPER a very economical man, although we were not always prepared to accept the *Globe's* picture of him as the Prince of Spend-thrifts, as strictly correct. But now we begin to think that the organ was not far astray in its drawing; indeed, it is a question if the portrait is not altogether too flattering. It certainly is if we are to believe the story that reaches us from Ottawa, to the effect that SIR CHARLES has declined the generous offer of the Rag Baby to build the Pacific Railway "without expense to the country." Under the present arrangement it is estimated that that great—and, we may add, nonsensical—enterprise, will cost the people of Canada something like \$100,000,000, in hard money, which must be earned by hard work. But under the scheme proposed by the National Currency advocates, it would cost simply nothing, payable in paper. Surely a minister with half an eye for economy would jump at such a chance! Think of it, he would save \$100,000,000 at one stroke, and without so much as an effort! Why, that would provide for all the deficits that the most unfortunate financier could be afflicted with for the next ten years, and it would mean an indefinite prolongation of the Government's term of office! What in the world can TUPPER be thinking about! Perhaps he don't want his term of office prolonged. Maybe he has some contract jobbing on hand. Possibly he doesn't care about providing against further deficits. Or, peradventure, it may be just within the bounds of possibility—perhaps SIR CHARLES doesn't believe in the Rag Baby.



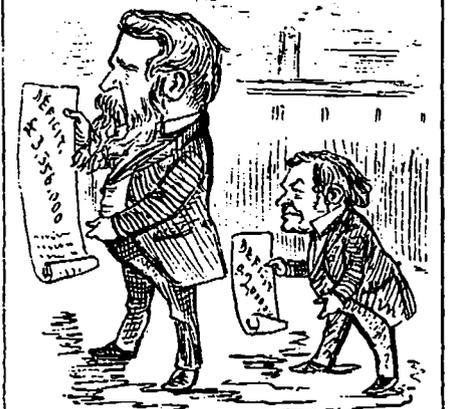
A Natural History Lesson.

This, dear children, is the vulture. It is a bird of prey. Its favorite food is governmental scandals, which it devours with a keen relish. It sometimes attacks grown up politicians, and when fairly aroused is very savage. It is not very much of an epicure, however, in matters of diet, and when there are no good fat scandals to be had, it seeks out the scene of a murder, and feasts itself on the barrowing details. It has been known to haunt the vicinity of such a tragedy for weeks, each day dragging forth some relic of the affair, much to the disgust of sober minded birds like GRIP. Vultures are divided by naturalists into several classes. The above engraving represents the species known as the Biddulph Vulture.

Uncertain Geography.

TEACHER.—What is the capital of New Brunswick?

SMART BOY.—Please, ma'am, I don't know yet. Fredericton used to be, but the wire-pullers are trying to get the buildings put up in St. John, so you'll have to hold on till the thing is settled before I can answer the question.



"After you, Sir"

The Canadian Minister of Finance at all events observes the rules of precedence in the matter of his deficit. He is a respectful distance in the rear of SIR STAFFORD NORTH-COTE Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has an "aching void" in his account to the tune of £3,350,000.