



Mr. GRIP would fain be a tender as well as a faithful father to the little political boys of his household, but he must be faithful at all events, and if any of the boys deserve punishment, he will assuredly not "spare the rod." Just at present he is under the painful necessity of taking CHARLEY TUFFER over his knee, for the disgracefully mean way in which that youth is acting as head of the Railway Department of the Dominion. Reports come from the Lower Provinces, authenticated by journals on both sides, which go to show that CHARLEY TUFFER is a practical believer in that most abominable of Yankee doctrines, "to the victors belong the spoils." He has been ejecting worthy persons from the situations upon which their livelihood depended, purely from political motives, and to make way for his own friends. Even poor, helpless cripples have not been spared at the hands of this pigmy tyrant, and so flagrant have some of his acts of cruel injustice been that they have called forth a protest in formal petition even from such thorough partisans as Mr. DOMVILLE. This demoralization of the Canadian Civil Service, by the dismissal of worthy persons on purely partizan grounds, is in our opinion the most atrocious outrage a Cabinet Minister can commit against the country, whose servant he is, whether he be Grit or Tory; and the Party that will deliberately endorse and applaud such action on the part of its leaders, is unworthy to be entrusted for a day with the control of affairs.



The Duke's Visit.

DONALD.—I'm chust ashamed o' America, altogether. Here is MACCALLUM MORE himsel' i' the country, an' the folk goin' on wi' their wark as usual!

We learn by Cabul that the Afghan war is over. YAKOOB KHAN now retire.

Politics.

A FARCE IN ONE SCENE.

DRAMATIC PERSONÆ—Club Swell; JOHN, the waiter.

SCENE—U. E. Club. 11:30 p. m. June 6th—Swell discovered at table, sitting, looking over returns.

SWELL—"Confound their politics!" as the National Anthem hath it! I hate the very idea of politics, and the names of the politicians. The election's over; we're beaten, and I wish to hear no more of it—at least tonight. However, there's no use in repining. I'll order a solace in the shape of a glass of wine—(pulls bell—enter JOHN)

JOHN—Ring, sir?

SWELL—Yes; bring me some wine.

JOHN Claret, sir? I can bring some excellent claret: very fine—out of the wood.

SWELL—No; confound your claret, and your wood, too!—(bitterly)—we'll have enough of WOOD for the next four years.

JOHN—Perhaps, sir, you will try our Native wine from Cookville. It's getting to be a quite fashionable drink, now (smilingly).

Foster native industries, you know, sir!

SWELL—(aside)—Politics again! (haughtily)—My good fellow, I'll give you a small piece of advice, which you can foster at your leisure: Be good enough to keep your suggestions to yourself; and see here, bring me a bottle of champagne. Hurry up, will you.

JOHN—(aside)—Hallo! what's the matter now? He used to be fond enough of the subject himself—(aloud)—Yes, sir,—[Exit JOHN].

SWELL—(solus)—Well, I am sorry for having spoken so harshly to the man, but politics seems to loom up in the simplest question, and the result of this infernal election is enough to put a Conservative saint out of sorts. (Enter JOHN.)

JOHN—Here's the wine, sir.

SWELL—What wine is it?

JOHN—Champagne, sir.

SWELL—(irritably)—Champagne of course, but what brand?

JOHN—MOET and—

SWELL—MOWAT! why, you infernal villain, there you go again with your politics! (Seizes JOHN by the throat and chokes him—finally JOHN gets away.)

JOHN—(gasping)—Beg pardon, sir, but—

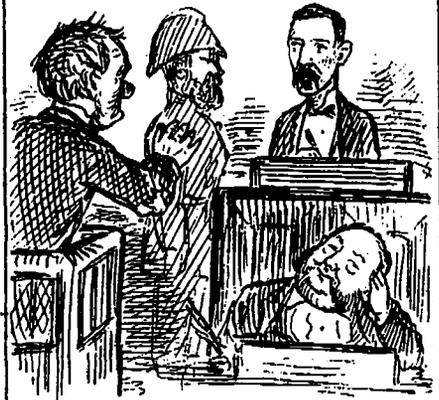
SWELL—What the deuce do you mean by talking to me of MOWAT at a time like this? I've a good mind—

JOHN—Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure, but I was only going to say MOET and SHANDON! (Tableau and curtain.)

A young lady the other evening, kissed, in the dark, a young man whom she mistook for her lover. Discovering the mistake she said, "it's not he but it's nice."

"The Premier's N. P. Galop," is the title of the latest musical composition by Prof. ROEBER, of this city. We heard the Prof. play it the other day, and deem it our duty to pronounce it a *tariff*-ic success. If JOHN A.'s trade policy only works as harmoniously as this galop it will be highly satisfactory to the country.

THE Montreal Spectator, in a biographical sketch of Sir Dr. TUFFER, informs us that that gentleman has represented Halifax ever since he entered public life, whereas we know that he has never represented that city at all. This would be an unpardonable blunder in any ordinary journal, but it must be recollected that the Spectator is a "high class newspaper"—so high that humble little facts quite escape its notice.



MAGISTRATE.—Have you ever been here before?

PRISONER.—No, never.

MAGISTRATE.—What, never?

PRISONER.—Come now, hold up. Name the fine, but don't go for to get off that *Pinafore* business with me. It's played out.

Not in the Side Show.

The circus is abroad in the land, and pretty soon we shall gaze upon the man with the plug hat and the stentorian voice, as he stands on a packing box at the door of the side-show and tells lies till the veins of his neck are ready to burst. He will claim to have on the inside a collection of the "greatest curiosities on the top of earth," when the fact is he hasn't a single one of the following objects:

A man who does not say "It's a fine day."

A man who has not "just commenced smoking" when asked for "a few whiffs."

A man who can take up his note without renewing, and borrowing the balance from his friends.

A bashful commercial traveler.

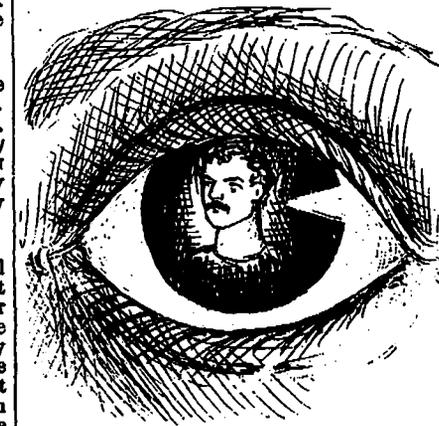
A policeman or an umbrella that is on hand when wanted.

An old maid who has not refused several good offers.

A lady belonging to a sewing-circle who has never—or hardly ever—talked scandal.

A politician who redeems all the pledges he makes on "nomination day."

A man who when called upon to make a few remarks—with a written speech in his pocket—does not apologize for the suddenness, etc., with which he has been called up.



IN THE WORLD'S EYE.