



**Political Grief.**

MABEL—Why do you weep, my dear?  
 MAUD—Because LETELLIER has been dismissed.  
 MABEL—But why should you care?  
 MAUD—Because, in dismissing him the Governor General has given away his prerogative!  
 MABEL—True, dear, but why should that effect you so deeply?  
 MAUD—Because,—boo-hoo!—papa is a Grit, and he is mad about it, and he vows he will not go to the Governor's Ball, nor let any of the rest of us go!!

A canvas-back duck—Getting rained on in the top seat of a circus



**Dizzy's Double.**

The society journals of London having exhausted MRS. LANGTRY, SARA BERNHARDT, and DE WITT TALMAGE, are evidently longing for something to fill the aching void, and it wouldn't be very surprising if our dapper Premier becomes their next nine-

days wonder. It is not his towering intellect, his phenomenal rectitude, or his bewitching manners, however, that is to put him on the pedestal of hero-worship; London don't bow down to such qualities—it is his interesting physical resemblance to Lord BEACONSFIELD, which the casual observer will be able to trace in the above sketch. It will be very flattering to Sir JOHN's Canadian admirers, and very edifying to the beau monde of London, if Lord BEACONSFIELD condescends to take the little colonial politician by the hand and lead him around at the garden parties, to let the ladies see what a really DISRAELIAN looking person he is. And their well-read escorts, who happen to know something of recent Canadian history, will be able to point out that the resemblance is more than skin-deep, that the little statesman, like the big one, has always been a dealer in glitter and gammon, and ready to do anything to serve the moment.

**The Fair.**

Everything indicates that the forthcoming Exhibition is going to be a great success. The hum of industry is now heard within the enclosure, and in a few days the place will be in a state of completeness and awaiting the ringing up of the curtain. It is expected that the show will be much more extensive than usual, and the presence of royalty will be a sure guarantee of a much larger attendance than heretofore. It may be news to the general public to learn that the following distinguished persons are to be exhibitors of the articles severally specified: H. R. H. the Princess LOUISE will exhibit an oil painting entitled "Life at Ottawa," representing a Cabinet door with a placard nailed upon it bearing the inscription, "Gone to Europe; back in three months."

His Excellency the Governor General will exhibit specimens of the royal prerogative, including the now obsolete power of dismissing corrupt ministers.

Hon. GEORGE BROWN will show a choice assortment of epithets, illustrative of his ideas of journalism, and, in the inventors department, he will exhibit a unique and original contrivance for moderating one's feelings under political chagrin.

The Editor of the Mail will adorn the ornamental department with a beautiful Cabinet of stuffed figures representing the present Government. All who see this ingenious object will be astonished at its fidelity. The figures appear to be endowed with intelligence, and look quite as much like statesmen as the original.

Mr. Mayor BEATTY, in the architectural department, will display plans and specifications for a civic robe and chain to be worn by the chief magistrate of Toronto on state occasions.

Hon. OLIVER MOWAT will display a fine assortment of fruits of the model farm, consisting of apples, plums, pears and political influence.

Mr. J. ROSS ROBERTSON will exhibit in the curiosity department, the balancing pole used by the editor of the Telegram in his painful performances on the tight rope of independence.

Mr. GRIP will contribute a fine display of cabbage heads and beets, selected from the field of Canadian politics.

It is announced that the Hon HECTOR LANGEVIN is about to deliver a speech on the questions of the day. Wonder if he will give any attention to that interesting and important question, "What did the Hon H. L. do with that \$32,000 of Sir HUGH ALLAN'S?"



**The Great Uncrushed.**

It is rumored that the Irish Canadian, the able and eloquent organ of the Great Downtrodden, is soon to be issued as a daily. GRIP is pleased to hear this, and in anticipation congratulates his heroic confrere Mr. BOYLE on the evidence of his prosperity. Mr. BOYLE is the WILLIAM TELL of Canadian politics, and has long stood before the public in the sublime attitude pictured above—grandly scorning to bow down to the symbol of Scotch ascendancy. The unspeakable BROWN, the atrocious MACKENZIE, and all their hated clansmen, whose only aim in life is to persecute the tender-hearted and simple-minded Irish, have had abundant cause to stand in awe of the Irish Canadian in its weekly shape; what will become of them when Bro. BOYLE is in a position to use his shillelah every day it is hard to conjecture. In the words of Little Buttercup, GRIP would say, Let them tremble, let them tremble!

A wicket keeper says that the drinks at a cricket dinner should be bailed out, and served by Back-us.



PORTRAIT OF A LITTLE QUEBEC BOY WHO HAS HAD TOO MUCH TARTE.