



COMMENDED TO HIGH CHURCHMEN.

OUR HELP—MAY I HAVE THE AFTERNOON, MEM, TO GO TO CONFESSION?
 MISTRESS—CONFESSION? WHY YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU WERE PROTESTANT—CHURCH OF ENGLAND!
 OUR HELP—CHURCH OF ENGLAND, MEM; NOT PROTESTANT, MEM—THAT'S OUT OF FASHION AMONGST THE GENTLEST CLASSES

reactions, and the Orange vote counterbalanced by the Catholic is as the proportion of the parabola to the sine of x minus y , as our excellent friend, Mills, would remark, eh, don't you see? that is, I would say—(sits sleepily down).

SIR CHARLES—(his eyes twinkling)—My dear friend, you are fatigued. The cares of State are too heavy for you. What can be done? We must preserve your valuable—your invaluable life. What if a short repose—a period of freedom—a voyage for six months could be procured? Think of the tremendous interests which depend on your presence with us! How could we get along without you? (Aside)—If I could get him out for six months I could perhaps keep him out altogether. Then, what prospects unfold! "Lord Charles!" "The Marquis Charles!" "Charles, *Deo Gratia*, Governor-General of Canada—of India!" Bless me! He's quite faint. If he should go off now! Perhaps he's gone. He don't move. I can't see him breathe. He's gone! He's DEAD! I shall be premier at once! All will occur; my fortune is assured; this is all that was needed; shall call the coroner at once. (Goes towards door.)

SIR JOHN—(apparently awaking)—Um, eh; ah!

SIR CHARLES (starts)—(aside—Bless me! He's all right!) Do you feel revived, my dear Sir John?

SIR JOHN—(sits up and speaks sharply)—Revived? From what? Wasn't ill. Was laying plan. Now, my dear fellow, look here. Sit down. Take another glass. You look a little exhausted, or startled, or something. Perhaps, as Sir Leonard is in the next room, if you were to ask him in—

SIR CHARLES—Quite unnecessary, I assure you. I don't need the assistance of Sir Leonard in the slightest, (aside, or anybody like him).

SIR JOHN—Then, here it is. We want the Ontario Local. Why I want it is for two things; first, I mean to show those Ontario chaps that they are not the cocks of the walk, and have got to knuckle down to the man that has the confidence of the other Provinces—that's me. Next, I am tired out with the perpetual clamor of our fellows wanting something. Night and day, wherever a fellow goes, they're after him. They look in at the windows—they stop one in the street—they get opposite one at the club—sometimes I hear things on the roof as if they were coming down chimney—I'll have bars put in the chimney. I can only stay in Ontario a day at a time or the life would be mobbed out of me. Now, if I had the Ontario Local under me I could give a lot of the fellows things, and choke them off.

SIR CHARLES—But, Sir John, there is not really so much to give in Ontario. There will be such an additional rush of the Ontario Local workers upon us, that what there is will be gobbled in a moment.

SIR JOHN—Hark'ee, my dear fellow. Ontario put me out of Kingston, and turned up her nose at me for many years. Quebec always stood by me. Can't feel the same interest. Well, Ontario's got lots of lumber. Best thing in the world. Very valuable. We can give our supporters lumber privileges. In meantime; well, we don't, of course, mean to be impure; no, no; we keep our hands clean as we always did, eh? But don't talk too much about purity, as I was saying. Then all

the fellows will spend cash to get us in there. After that—after we have the Ontario Local—we can give 'em what we like. Quite fair to give 'em the lumber privileges—why not?

SIR CHARLES—I fear they would soon exhaust the lumber of Ontario, Sir John.

SIR JOHN—(piously)—We cannot, Sir Charles, fly in the face of an All-foreseeing Providence. I did not make the Ontario lumber. If, in the fulness of time, we should find no more to give away, there is reason to believe the supply was limited for the most benevolent purposes, and that more would have been an injury.

(Sir Charles holds up his hands in convinced astonishment, and the scene closes.)

Transferred to the Free List—A discharged prisoner.

The conservatives in East Simcoe were Slaven hard in vain.

Many of the plays at the Ambigu Theatre, Paris, are very ambiguous.

A man who has many *pros* in his conversation should be very profound.

On dit—that beer is going to hop up. GRIP 14ult. Also that whiskey will continue to go down.

Our Funny Contributor has read with some alarm the accounts in the papers of the likelihood of the comet falling into the sun, next year. Our Contributor says he intends hurrying up the little arrangement for his wedding in consequence; as he is determined to enjoy at least one year of wedded bliss, if he can com-et.