

**The Modern Leaguer.**

In ancient times a "Leaguer" meant,  
A sieged town or Tournament,  
Where mailed knights in combat strove,  
For glory—lands—or lady's glove.

In modern days the "Leaguer" means,  
The dogan chief who shifts the scenes,  
Who finds for "Paddy" place and room  
Where "Biddy" plies her pan and broom.

**Grip's Oraclar Proclamation.**

Whereas the *Globe* and *Mail* equally indignantly disclaim the posting of a certain green placard, NOW WE, GRIP proclaim that the individual who posted that infamous production (equally discreditable to, and discredited by, both parties) was

JACKMAN—the Bill-sticker.

N. B.—The Pope denies any share in its composition. He says "non possumus."

**Nonsense Verses.**

The Nizam of Hyderabad  
Is a young man who hasn't a dad;  
Says this hapless young orphan,  
"I'll order my coffin  
If I must see the Britisher cad."

A wily professor named GOLDWIN,  
Was "gone for" by BROWN, as a "bold one";  
So seeing his danger,  
He at once turned a "Granger,"  
That he might in our country a hold win.

A funny young man in Esquesing,  
Was proud of his wonderful sneezing;  
Till in one of his throes,  
He blew off his nose,  
Which saved it from danger by freezing.

**The Court of Chancery in Danger.**

MR. WILLIAM MACWANDERER finding equity jurisprudence somewhat difficult to master at middle age, has formed the dire resolve of abolishing the Court of Chancery. Beware, sweet WILLIAM! the Court has summary jurisdiction over persons of unsound mind. We must remind you of that maxim dear to all Conservatives like yourself, "*ignorantia juris non excusat*." Though you are ignorant of law, that does not justify you in attacking the Court of Chancery.

Permit us also to call to your recollection the words of the well-known ballad:—

You are old, father WILLIAM, the young man cried,  
And a fossil Conservative now;  
You must give up reforming with MAT at your side  
Or you'll find yourself in for a row.

**The "Rupert of Debate."**

ADAPTED FROM "NURSERY RHYMES" BY AN M. P. P.

There was a little man who all the members bored  
So we gave him a pretty little sword—sword—sword;  
And we put him in a chair,  
Where we only saw his hair,  
And we never heard his voice till he roared—roared—roared.

And before his little face there was borne the mighty mace,  
With a very measured, slow, and solemn pace—pace—pace,  
And he squared his little toes,  
And upraised his little nose  
As the Speaker led him gently to his place—place—place.

And whenever there he sat, he wore a little hat,  
And called us all to order very pat—pat—pat;  
And conned his little book,  
With a very knowing look,  
As 'neath the crimson canopy he sat—sat—sat.

But not contented yet, something higher he would get,  
And to seat himself with OLIVER does fret—fret—fret;  
So he climbs to MOWAT's ear,  
And makes him quake with fear,  
While he vows he'll have a cushion in the cabinet—net—net.

**In Banco.**

NEW SUITS.—The fashions are changing even on the Bench. The common Law judges are preparing to non-suit themselves. Their elegant pull-back silk dresses, which are said to date from the days of Elizabeth, having been assumed in delicate compliment to the virgin Queen, are to be discarded. It is believed that the Court of Chancery will take up the abandoned habits. They are to be transferred under the administration of justice act of course, as it enables the Courts of common Law to transfer cases—even of old clothes. A vesting order will complete the proceedings.

**Epitaph.**

TURNER's star's gone down,  
Thus the shoe pinched him;  
The *Globe* did him Brown,  
And the League lynched him.

**Croaks and Pecks.**

A GOOD "FOUR IN HAND." Four Aces.

THE CIVIL THING.—The civil service address to C. J. Harrison.

WHAT kind of stone is the most appropriate for building Free Schools? Free stone.

THE HARBINGER OF WINTER.—The piping of the Water Commissioners.

TO BE KNOCKED INTO A COCKED HAT.—The next speaker; so hush!!

IF "Britannia rules the *mare*:" is there any impropriety in calling her the "Lady of *Lions*?"

QUERY?—Were the planks of G. B.'s "Grand Stand", taken from the clear Grit platform?

IT is said that Mr. BROWN, in compliment to the West Durham man, refuses to have any Durham bulls about Bow Park.

THE editor of the West Durham *News* should not be so fierce in the matter of Mr. BROWN'S extremities. He is not responsible for them:

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,

TIMES are very bad. A cobbler says the times want mending, that his *little awl* is insufficient to support him, awl-though he's the *last* to complain.

IN the present condition of the city the Board of Works may as well display the familiar legend of "No Thoroughfare" at the angles of all the streets.

DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.—It is understood that the Government will promptly consign to an asylum for insane, any M. P. P. who is insane enough to want a "Committee."

SMALL BOY.—(On removal of first course) "Mama, what's for desert" (accent on first syllable).

MAMMA.—"Sandwiches of course."

THE Prince of Wales is taking out to India a large number of costly presents. His presentation address will probably commence: "Know all men by these presents," &c.

NEW YORK is crazy to hear TITIENS in Opera. Pe-titiens numerously signed, accompanied by a guarantee fund, might operate successfully, and induce MARETZEK to change his mind.

SEAT WANTED!—The ex-speaker wants a seat in the cabinet:—MOWAT says there's none small enough. WELLS won't dig out, and is determined not to be sunk by the Premier's joke. Let WELLS' enough alone, as "all's well that ends WELLS."

HON. JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON remarked in his recent oration that he never reads anything written by the opponents of his party. We never heard of any one who was prepared to accuse him of reading any thing whatever—except the *Mail*!

THE NATION'S QUESTION ANSWERED.—If there is no difference in political principle between the *Mail* and the *Globe*, there is in theological views. The *Mail*, true to its instincts, asserts that Rev. Mr. MACDONNELL is right on the question of future punishment. In fact they will be damned if he isn't. The *Globe* takes the opposite view. "Better to rule in Hell than serve in Heaven!"