

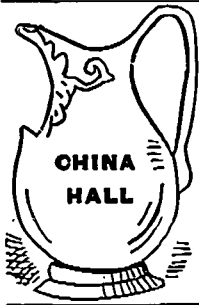
The gravest beast is the Ass.  
 The gravest bird is the Owl.  
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.  
 The gravest man is the fool.

THE ASS AND THE FIGURE-HEAD;  
 OR, O'BRIEN KICKING AT THE WRONG LANSDOWNE.

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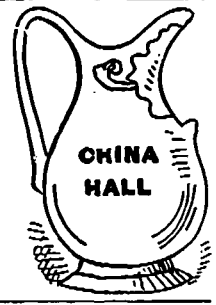
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
 By the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., 26 and 28 Front St. West, Toronto.





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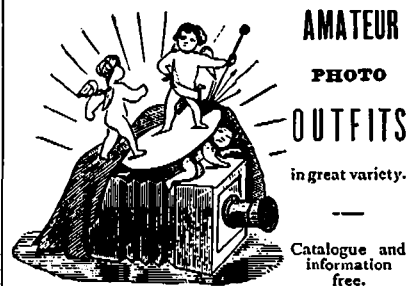
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## THE GREAT HEAD.

The issue of GRIP for April 9th, with the large cartoon of the Phrenological Chart of the Head of the Country, was soon out of print. Owing to the continued demand for this picture, we have had it reprinted on a separate sheet—size, 12 x 17 inches—and copies will be sent post-paid to any address on receipt of 10 cents each.

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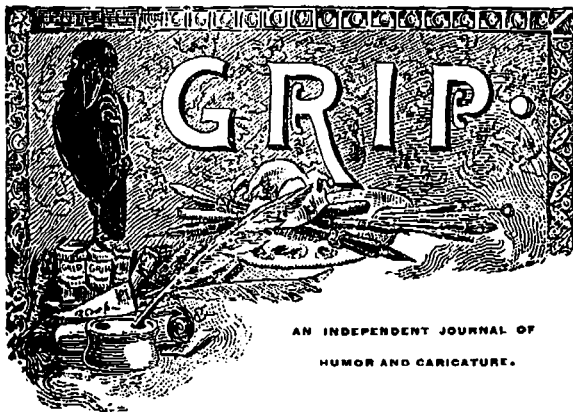
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**PUBLISHERS' NOTES.**

A finely executed portrait of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, from a recent photograph, will be issued shortly as No. 2 of Grip's Gallery of Men of To-day. This will be uniform with No. 1 of the series, and will be forwarded to all subscribers sending us 5 cents to pay for tube and postage. Subscribers sending us 30 cents, will receive this and the next five as issued (six in all), free of postage. To non-subscribers the price will be 10 cents each.

**Comments on the Cartoons.**



**A SCENE FROM THE POLITICAL RUDDIGORE.**—All last week Toronto laughed at Gilbert & Sullivan's latest absurdity, "Ruddigore." One of the scenes proved especially effective—that in which the portraits of the unhappy baronet's ancestors step down from their frames, and protest against his evasion of the conditions under which the wearer of the title is permitted to live—namely, that he shall "commit a crime every day," on pain of an agonizing death. The predicament of the virtuously-disposed Baronet is worked up in Gilbert's inimitable way, his desire to live decently and at the same time to avoid the horrible punishment to which he is liable, being represented in the librettist's usual vein of grotesque seriousness. "Ruddigore" has not yet been given at Ottawa, but meantime a political parallel to this scene has been presented in Parliament. From the exhibition of malevolence on the part of the ministers and some of their followers towards Mr. Patterson, of Essex, because that gentleman refused to take part in a mean and crooked party transaction (the Queen's County matter), it would appear that Government followers are permitted to exist only on condition that they are willing to commit a political crime whenever called upon, and any evasion of this obligation is likely to bring upon them a series of untold tortures. Hon. J. C. Pope had the impudence to sneer at Mr. Patterson in the presence of the House—as though a manly, honorable course of action was something which the Government could not understand and would not tolerate; and since the episode took place it is reported that the member for Essex (certainly an ornament to his party in the present House) has been persecuted persistently for having thus grossly betrayed "the principles of Conservatism!"

**THE ASS AND THE FIGURE-HEAD.**—With a very few exceptions, the organs of opinion throughout Canada, regardless of party leaning, are opposed to the mission of Mr. O'Brien, on the broad ground that with Lord Lansdowne in his character of landlord we have nothing to do. Many of these papers, like GRIP, are in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, as the only practicable settlement of the most troublesome question now before the world, but O'Brien's business is entirely apart from this issue. In Canada the Marquis of Lansdowne is known only as the official representative of the Queen, and he has done nothing in that character to justify any ill-will on the part of Canadians. If Mr. O'Brien has a dispute with Lansdowne, the master of Luggacurran, let him argue it out in that charming locality. It is a matter with which we have nothing to do, and should have no disposition to meddle.

**THE FLOWERS THAT DON'T BLOOM IN THE SPRING.**—The "majority of one" has not been heard of for some time. Figures can't lie, and the *Globe* has often pointed out that it is always right about things—and nobody can fail to admit the ability and dexterity with which the election returns were counted up by the *Globe's* statistician. And yet the majority of one is missing, while all the other flowers that bloom in the spring are coming up beautifully.

**THE LOVE TEST.**—The announcement that Mr. Charley Rykert is not to receive the Deputy Speakership—or, in other words, that the Conservative party will not be called upon to blacken that gentleman's boots, has been received with a great sigh of relief throughout the country. That it was seriously contemplated by the Government to make this outrageous nomination, and to call upon the faithful to vote it through is hardly to be doubted; that Sir John has relented seems to prove that he is not entirely without pity for his faithful followers. Perhaps after all it was merely a pretense, to test the length and breadth and height and depth of humiliation to which the Conservative majority would stoop to serve him. He is satisfied Rykert could have been elected, and that is all he wanted to prove. We are sincerely glad that it has gone no further, for it would have been a disgrace to the country for Parliament to have even in appearance conferred an honor on the member for Lincoln in the face of his recent record.

**SOME LITTLE POEMLETS.**

We're glorying in the spring, tra, la,  
The beautiful, blooming spring.  
Mosquitos and flies it will bring, tra la?  
Well, that is another thing,  
And I guess we had better postpone our ode  
Till the plowing's done and the grass is mowed,  
And the harvest all in the barn is stowed;  
In fact till the cloudlets have once more snowed;  
And then we may write it, but we'll be blowed  
If we know why these poets "sing."

A little boy in fun fired with his little gun  
At his pa, and his bullet was a pea, pea, pea,  
But the old man earned the bun, for he took his little son,  
And walloped him over his knee, knee, knee.

There was a girlie, O, who had too poor a beau,  
Who followed her around everywhere, where, where,  
So she swore he had no show and informed him he could go,  
As she wanted to procure a millionaire, aire, aire.

I sat me down upon the dock, near where a sewer enters,  
And fell asleep, and dreamed that all these miasmatic centres  
Had opened up and let their demons loose upon the city,  
As they had done in former years when mayors had no pity.

I saw a man, both brave and good, who held the sword of power,  
Attack these demons as they rose—his blows fell like a shower,  
And back into their element they dropped before their slayer;  
Then in the man who held the sword I recognized the mayor.

'Twas but a dream, a foolish dream; could one man do the fighting  
Against these foes, that all mankind in some sense are indicting?  
I rose, and wondered if these fiends we ever must endure,  
And marvelled why we all refused to build that big trunk sewer.

W. H. T.

**CUSTOMER**—"Here is your sugar back. I don't want it." **GROCER**—"What's the matter with it?" **CUSTOMER**—"Too much sand for table use and not quite enough for building purposes."

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## To a Wae Glasgow Arab.

WRITTEN WHILE ON A VISIT TO GLASGOW IN 1862.

WEE destitute, deserted wean !  
 Cast on the world thy leefu-lane,  
 To fecht wi' poverty and pain,  
                                     And nane to guide thee ;  
 No ane to lead thy steps aright,  
 Or back thee in the weary fight,  
                                     What's to betide thee ?

Oh it micht mak' a heathen greet,  
 To see thee chitt'rin' mang the weet,  
 Wi' hungry sides and shaeless feet  
                                     A' bare and blae ;  
 Yet ev'ry door's slammed in thy face,  
 As ye belanged na to our race,  
                                     This winter day.

We boast about oor Christian laun,  
 And a' the weath at oor commaun,  
 And yet there's ne'er a helping haun  
                                     Stretched oot to thee ;  
 And a' thae crouds o' thrifty folk,  
 They pass thee like a dirty brock  
                                     They hate to see ;

Or tell thee thou'rt a perfect fricht,  
 That " Bang the Brats " should targe thee ticht,  
 Do keep on Sabbath oot o' sicht !  
                                     Don't come abroad !  
 For thrifty folk, in pious mood,  
 Hate to hae thochts o' thee intrude  
                                     'Tween them and God.

My puir, neglected, helpless creature !  
 Starvation writ on ev'ry feature,  
 What thou canst think o' God and Nature  
                                     Beats me to ken ;  
 This earth maun seem to thee a hell,  
 Whar mony heartless deevils dwell  
                                     In shape o' men.

Frae ither bairns thou'rt kept apart,  
 Nae words o' kindness ever start  
 The sweet emotions o' thy heart,  
                                     My puir wee bairn !  
 Raised amang dirt and degradation,  
 Vile slang and horrid imprecation  
                                     Is a' ye learn.

Hoo desolate thy heart must be !  
 Nae mither takes thee on her knee,  
 To sing Auld Scotia's sang to thee,  
                                     Baith aer and late :  
 But drucken dyvours teaze and trick thee,  
 And swearin' carters cuff and kick thee  
                                     Oot o' their gate.

Ye canna spen' the simmer days  
 In rambles mang the broomy braes,  
 Or flowery haunts by lonely ways  
                                     Whar burnies rin ;  
 But in dark cellars thou maun brattle,  
 Mong filthy hoards o' human cattle  
                                     And fumes o' gin.

Ye never heard the blithe cuckoo,  
 Nor croodle o' the cusha-doo,  
 Nor lav'rock singing in the blue,  
                                     Nor blackbird clear ;  
 But curses deep, and words o' hate,  
 And ribald sangs in filthy spate,  
                                     Salute thine ear.

The glory o' the dewy dawn,  
 The purples o' the hill and lawn,  
 On thee, my bairn, hae never fa'n  
                                     Like gleams frae God,  
 To waken in thee thochts sublime,  
 And see, e'en through the chinks o' time,  
                                     His bright abode.

And do we juist gang tae the kirk,  
 To pray for heathen, Jew and Turk,  
 That a' oor duties we may shirk  
                                     To sic as thee ?  
 I scarce daur look thee in the face,  
 For its a shame an' a disgrace  
                                     Thy plight to see !

O Lord ! what time and siller's spent  
 On savages we never kent,  
 And coaxing heathens to repent.  
                                     Here is a sample,  
 Which should be sent to let them see  
 What oor religion's done for thee,  
                                     Thou great example !

It's no in singing or in saying,  
 It's no in preaching or in praying ;  
 But it's in working oot and daeing  
                                     A' these in deeds  
 O' love and mercy to ilkither ;  
 It's helping o' a helpless brither,  
                                     That crouns a' creeds.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

## THAT DOLLAR UMBRELLA.

BEFORE starting on my spring trip, I purchased a light grey suit and a fawn-colored hat to match. Soon after arriving in Hamilton the rain set in, in such a manner as to necessitate the purchase of an umbrella for the proper protection of my spring furnishings. Being of an economical turn of mind, I determined to try a dollar umbrella.

The clerk was a gentlemanly fellow with blonde moustache and a mild eye. I do not blame him, poor fellow though he might have warned me. I remember now that there was a quiet compassionate look, but I heeded it not. He carefully unwrapped it and opened it with an assuring flourish. I took it to the hotel, and in the secrecy of my chamber examined my purchase.

It was certainly a substantial umbrella, with a brass band round the handle stamped with a neat and simple design of forget-me-nots. Inside up in the cupola in golden letters was the legend, "Superior Steel Ribs."

I was so satisfied with the general appearance that I scratched my name on the handle with a pin.

That afternoon business took me some distance outside the city, and although it rained heavily, I sallied forth confident in the possession of my dollar umbrella.

The first thing I noticed was an aggravating spray floating gently down from the direction of the "Superior Steel Ribs."

Next I observed with dismay that from the little knobs at the end of the spokes, were flowing streams of a glue-colored liquid which soon deepened into a dark coffee color.

Presently I saw my new sixteen-dollar pants spotted with a pronounced walnut stain, and meanwhile, the canopy of that dollar umbrella was undergoing a change like the approaching dawn in a transformation scene—slowly but firmly assuming the neutral tint of a circus tent, while the spray or mist had become quite a shower. I concluded that the maker had put all his capital into those steel ribs and the golden legend in the hub. When I reached my friend's house I left my dollar umbrella in the hall and remained nearly an hour for the rain to cease. When it had slackened a little I sallied forth and there, to my unspeakable horror, was a great dark stain on the hall carpet as indelible as marking ink.

But why prolong this painful history? Reader, gather up the lesson it teaches. Never buy a dollar umbrella. Far better to borrow a genuine silk one—and cheaper in the long run !

McARONE.

### KEEPING HER MEMORY GREEN.

HERE we go round the jubilee bush,  
The jubilee bush, the jubilee bush,  
Here we go round the jubilee bush  
To "keep her memory green!"

But when, oh when did Victoria die,  
Victoria die, Victoria die,  
When, oh when did the good Queen die,  
Whose memory you'd keep green?

Victoria is alive and well,  
Alive and well, alive and well,  
Victoria is alive and well,  
Whose memory you'd keep green.

Now think of this, brave Torrington,  
Good Torrington, sweet Torrington,  
And when you're dead, dear Torrington,  
We'll keep your memory green.

J. K. L.

### AIRLIE CRUSHED.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—Tae say I've gotten a sair disappointment wad ill express ma feelin's at the present meenit. Ye see about a fortnicht since Mistress Airlie, my wife, was just crossin' the street tae get some soor milk tae bake a wheen soda scones for oor tea, when, steppin' on a broken plank i' the sidewalk, doon she cam wi' a skelp, smashin' tae pieces a great big beautifu' joog that had been an heirloom in the family for mony a year and day. As far back as she could mind that joog had been o' great use an' ornament in the hoose—an' ower an' ower again she's heard her grannie braggin' hoo she got that joog in exchange for twa pillowslips-fu' o' rags an' bones frae an auld pedler who was mortal drunk at the time. As if the loss' o' sic an' expensive joog wasna' enough, me ledly waun e'en break her airm intae the bargin! An' there was me had tae rin for the doctor, an' get the bane set; but the wife thocht mair o' the broken joog than the broken airm,—the airm wad heal an' be as gude as ever, but whaur wad she ever get a joog tae compare wi' the one she had lost? An' then it aye put her in mind o' the auld kintra', a thing the best joog in Canada hadna' the poer tae dae. I thocht she wad fairly break her heart an' gang intill a decline aboot that joog—till a'e memorable day, in steps a pawky neebor an' says he, "Mistress Airlie" says he, "it's a mystery tae me what for a sensible woman like you desna' mak the ceety pay damages for that joog, tae sae naething aboot yer airm."

"The ceety?" says she.

"Of coorse," says he, "enter a claim agin the ceety for haen a lowse plank in the sidewalk an' gar them pay the damage—say five hunder dollars or sae."

Crack aboot changé o' air, or a sea voyage for health, ye never in a yer born days saw sic a change for the better in that woman, when the notion o' gettin five hunder dollars damage oot o' the ceety tuk a grip o' her. She got better the very next day, an' doon she gaed on her ain feet tae Maister Coatsworth and lodged her claim—for the broken airm, but particularly for the joog. Maister Coatsworth was a kin' o' disposed tae think little o' the joog bisness; but afore she left that office I've nae doot he was fully alive tae the great loss she had sustained. She explained till him that this joog wasna' a joog ava, but a vase o' priceless worth, frae the fack o' its bein' howkit up oot amang the ruins o' Herkylainium tae say naething o' Pompey. It was originally supposed tae haen been made in a subterranean pottery by the on-earthly heathen gods—an' been in the oven dryin' at the time their kiln tuk fire; causin' the eruption of Vesoo-

vius, at which eruption nae doot it had been thrown up, an' rowed doon red het intae the streets o' Pompey, whare it lay till it was picket up by an auld Scotchman who was just takin' a daunder amang the ruins o' the buried ceety after the manner o' his kind. An' in proof o' her statement, Mistress Airlie undertuk tae produce in open coort, nae less than three cracks in the boddom o' that vase which wad speak in a way that Caesar's wounds cudna' haud the cannel tae. Moreover there was a work o' art superior to onything in Michael Angelo's line pented on the side o' it, showin' that in thae auld days o' antiquity—the gods werna' without taste, even though they were only Greek and Roman fallows, an' never had the blessed privilege o' learnin' the Shorter Catechism. This picter was nae less than William of Orange crossin' the Boyne—an' ma wife said she tuk gude care tae tell Maister Coatsworth that Landseer himsel or Rosey Bonhear cudnae haen painted a finer bit o' horse-flesh, than was on the side o' that joog—I mean, the vase.

Weel, the matter was left in the hands o' the ceety solicitor, an' in the meantime, the way that woman laid oot that five hunder dollars was something extraordinar. She had me clean worn off ma feet for want o' sleep an' a' the clerks o' the warehooose declared I was in for typhoid fever. I got sae howe an' thin wi' ma twa e'en glowin' like burnt holes in a blanket. First—she wad hae a set o' cheeny—an' then thae twa fine lots oot at Rosedale,—sic a fine genteel locality,—wad I gang oot an' look at them some Sabbath afternoon—seein' I needed a walk an' a breath o' fresh air for the benefit o' ma health. Then fifty dollars o' it was tae be putten in the bank tae pit the bit leddie through the college some aichteen year after this—he had a fine head an' she was sure wad be a burnin' an' a shinin' licht some day. Gude kens, the broken airm might be a blessin' in disguise—but there was a'e thing she was *determined* tae get the very first whup, an' that was a new black silk goon trimmed wi' real lace an' a bannet suitable for wearin' wi' it. A' this she wad keep bummin' in ma lug just when I wad be doverin' off tae sleep, emphazeesin' an' punctuatin' her sentences wi' aye the ither nudge wi' her elbow intae ma ribs, till a'e nicht, I raily had tae tell her that if she didna pit a pillow atween ma ribs an' her elbow I wad rin the risk o' haen a cancer frae the effects o' sic constant dabbin. I cud sleep better after that, an' sometimes I wad hae ma first sleep an wake up an' there was she expatiatin' awa aboot the beauties o' a set o' furniture she had haen her e'e on for months afore the breakin' o' the joog—eh—I mean the vase. At length an' lang I began to believe we really had struck a bonanza after a' an' had begun tae consider whether I wadna gang intae the real estate business or maybe buy oot some corner grocery an' set up for masel. Wha kens noo thinks I, but what ance I get a wheen bawbees rakit thegither I might get a wheen o' ma customers tae rin me for alderman—frae that tae mayor—frae that intae parliament—in fack the day might come when I might be Governor General—I wadna mind takin' the job for a thoosen or twa less an' that wad be ae advantage tae the kintra ye see. On the strength o' thae prospects I bocht a box o' paper collars—gray flannen anes bein' ower common lookin' for a man in ma position in prospective—but waes me! there were still three o' thae collars left in the box when in came a communication frae the ceety solicitor, tae say that the accident havin' been proved to be entirely Mistress Airlie's ain faut the ceety cudna in sic a case be held responsible. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

HUGH AIRLIE.



A TERRIBLE THREAT.

FAREWELL, FATHER I CAN STAND YOUR REPROACHES NO LONGER. I WILL SEEK SOME FOREIGN CLIME—ENGLAND MOST LIKELY, AND ONCE THERE, I SHALL SEARCH FOR A WIFE AMONGST THE NOBILITY, AND THEN—

OH, MY DEAR SON, ANYTHING BUT THAT! HAVE SOME CONSIDERATION FOR YOUR POOR MOTHER AND SISTER, IF YOU HAVE NONE FOR ME. I FORGIVE YOU. COME TO MY ARMS.

(An affecting tableau occurs.)

A DETECTIVE STORY.

DETECTIVE CULLEN sat in sub-chief Naegel's morocco leather chair and puffed away at his well-colored briar in a happy contented sort of way, while his face gradually assumed that sapient expression, evidencing that he had something of importance to communicate. He patted Senecal, the well known setter belonging to the central station, and said to the *Star* reporter who looked expectantly at him: "I saw three curious things last night and these were three different citizens. Now what was funny about them was their peculiar attitudes. One citizen stood at a front door, his spring overcoat thrown wide open, his dress coat all awry, and kept his hand with a latch key in it, wandering vaguely all over the door of a fine Sherbrooke Street residence. The second individual was clasping a lamp post at the corner of Beaver Hall and trying to mail a letter, while another citizen lay at full length at the foot of the hill, on the green grass of the square, snoring musically upon the night air."

"Well," asked the reporter, "what is there peculiar about that?"

"Peculiar!!" gasped Cullen, with an emphasis that made Senecal jump two feet in mid air. "I say it is very peculiar. To a thoughtful man like me, the great detective, it illustrates the effects of various liquors on mankind in general and Montreal in particular."

"Is that the case, and how?" queried the reporter.

"Well," continued Cullen, whose face now wore an excited look, "the first man had been drinking champagne; the champagne drinker can always get as far as his own door but gets mixed always concerning the latch key. The second man had been imbibing beer which always makes a man happy, so he was trying to hug the

lamp post; while the man who sleeps outside, trying to cover himself with moonbeams or gaslight has to a dead certainty been captured by rye whiskey at forty cents a bottle and—"Clang! clang! rang the alarm, cutting short abruptly the analytical narrative of Detective Cullen.

Chief Paradis rushed out from the inner office in his shirt sleeves, and rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, he looked first at Cullen and then at the reporter. "I was know it," he said and returned to his slumber.

"Knew what?" asked the reporter, ever on the *qui vive* for news.

"Why," said detective Robinson, "he knew it was Cullen's same old chestnut. Capt. Beckingham always rings the bell on that."

"On what?" persisted the reporter.

"That story" said Robinson "that Cullen got out of an American paper about eight years ago, about 'The effect of certain liquors.' Old Noah in the Ark used to tell the same story to please Shem, Ham and Japhet," and Robinson lapsed once more into silence and a dream of the Quenneville murder.

Cullen looked discouraged and was morose and silent for a few moments. Then recovering somewhat he continued his weird tale:—"What I have told you is true, every word of it, and is my own actual experience. I never got it out of any paper; and as for that blamed alarm bell, the thing has been out of order ever since the police investigation. One of the committee was investigating it and of course spoilt it, as they usually do. You can rely on what I have told you and you can watch and prove it for yourself. But you need not publish this."

THERE was an old lady named Mrs. O'Leary, who raised fine narcers;  
A little girl bought  
One, and put in a pought,  
And paid the old lady in krs.

IRISH.

PATRICK is an ardent politician, and was expressing his disgust at the appointment of Mr. Coffey to the registrarship of Carleton—and his preference for Mr. Walker, whose father died while holding the office:—

"Him! what has he done for the party; bedad they moight 'a' gave it to th' other man, that worked and died for the party."

**TO MR. O'BRIEN.**

WHILE, Mr. O'Brien,  
No one is denyin'  
That Ireland may have grievous ills of her own,  
Remember, till recent,  
'Twas always held decent  
For people to wash dirty linen at home.

Now, Mr. O'Brien,  
If you were applyin'  
To us for our help in your country's distress ;—  
Lord love you, for answer  
We all to a man, sir,  
To such an appeal would gladly cry " yes ! "

But, Mr. O'Brien,  
If you will come shyin'  
Your dynamite speeches and pamphlets about ;  
By the Piper of Moses,  
Blous, Grits and Bluenoses,  
We'll make it so hot that you'll wish you'd stayed out.

If, Mr. O'Brien,  
'Twas Donovan's lyin'  
Persuaded you into so wild a goose chase ;  
You've taken our size, man,  
And now like a wise man  
Be off to your fellows in silence and peace.

For remember, O'Brien,  
The flag that is flyin'  
Beneath our blue skies no dishonor hath seen—  
And that all agitators  
Who pander to traitors  
Must clash with the boys who will die for their Queen !  
MELTON MOWBRAY.

**AN ARTISTIC "SITTING."**

OUR sister Province of Quebec has a Parliament House which is an ornament to the ancient capital, and reflects honor on the people. If the building about to be erected for this Province isn't a very dandy concern it will be likely to suffer by comparison. Now, mark the influence of handsome surroundings upon impressible temperaments. The legislators of Quebec have come to believe that they are individually and collectively specimens of manly beauty. This impression is certainly well founded in the case of Mercier, Faucher de Saint Maurice, and some other leading members, (Faucher insists on including Gagnon also in this special mention,) but of course in a few cases the fondly cherished belief is a delusion. The "sitting" of the Assembly on Wednesday afternoon of last week was unique in parliamentary annals, as a consequence of this impression. The members assembled and sat for their photographs ! The operator took his place in the gallery—which it may be stated surrounds three sides of the chamber in church fashion—and pointing his instrument first in one direction then in another, scooped in the legislative loveliness in large chunks. First, as in duty bound, he fixed his focus on the treasury benches, and succeeded we believe in getting a good negative of the prettiest as well as ablest and most economical government that has ever ruled the Province. The members took characteristic poses. Mercier settled down firmly in his seat, an attitude typical of his intention to cling to office ; Gagnon wore a furtive expression of countenance, suggestive of a tendency to bolt ; McShane looked stern and uncompromising—expressive of unyielding opposition to tramway bills and other iniquities—and so on all round the circle. Meantime Taillon, the jovial baritone who so ably leads the Opposition, did his best (as in duty bound), to "upset the Government" by making remarks calculated to produce sudden alterations in

the expression of the sitters. In due time, the photographer levelled his lens at the Opposition benches and it was then the time of the Government fellows to make disturbing remarks. The various groups are to be patched together, (if it is found possible to harmonize Quebec political factions even on paper) and the complete chamber will thus be given to the world. It is certainly a tribute to the innate passion for art in the *Canadien* breast that time could be made for this photographic *séance* in the midst of a pressure of business which demands three sessions per day. And it shows that the Quebec law-makers (notwithstanding the state of their treasury) have souls above the sordid affairs of state. There is a weighty lesson here for the Ontario Assembly, who give no time at all to the cultivation of the Beautiful.

**JUBILEE LAYS.**

It seems that a contemporary of ours in this city has offered a premium for the best jubilee poem, and a great many of the Jubilee poets appear to regard GRIP as the miscreant, if we may judge by the immense number of effusions we receive weekly. We can account for manuscripts being addressed to us rather than to the other fellow, only for a reason similar to that urged by the Scottish beadle to whom the minister said one day, "John, how is it that when you go among the people you always come home drunk ? You never see me do that."

"Na," said John, "but I account for that this way, that I'm mair pop'lar in the parish than ye are."

However it may be in this case, we can only say that if the man who conceived the plot receives but half as many more as come to us by mistake, it will require a good many years and a large number of able-bodied men to make a satisfactory award. We used to forward the competing documents to our respected (and, hitherto, respectable) contemporary, in batches of from fifteen to twenty, on the arrival of every mail, but for the last three weeks we have found it more economical to engage an express wagon once daily for the same purpose.

The chief of our M.S. reading staff has made extracts from a few of the choicest productions, on the plea that even although the material is not really for GRIP, and not up to our standard anyhow, there are yet occasional stanzas in a vein so original or humorous as to be worthy of a place in our columns. Here is one:—

"Most august And seraphic queen vic-  
toria you Are Now No chick  
And thy people Are Able to lick  
All other Nations."

There *is* humor in this, but we don't quote it for that—it is the originality, the Archaic simplicity, as it were, of the sentiment that strikes us.

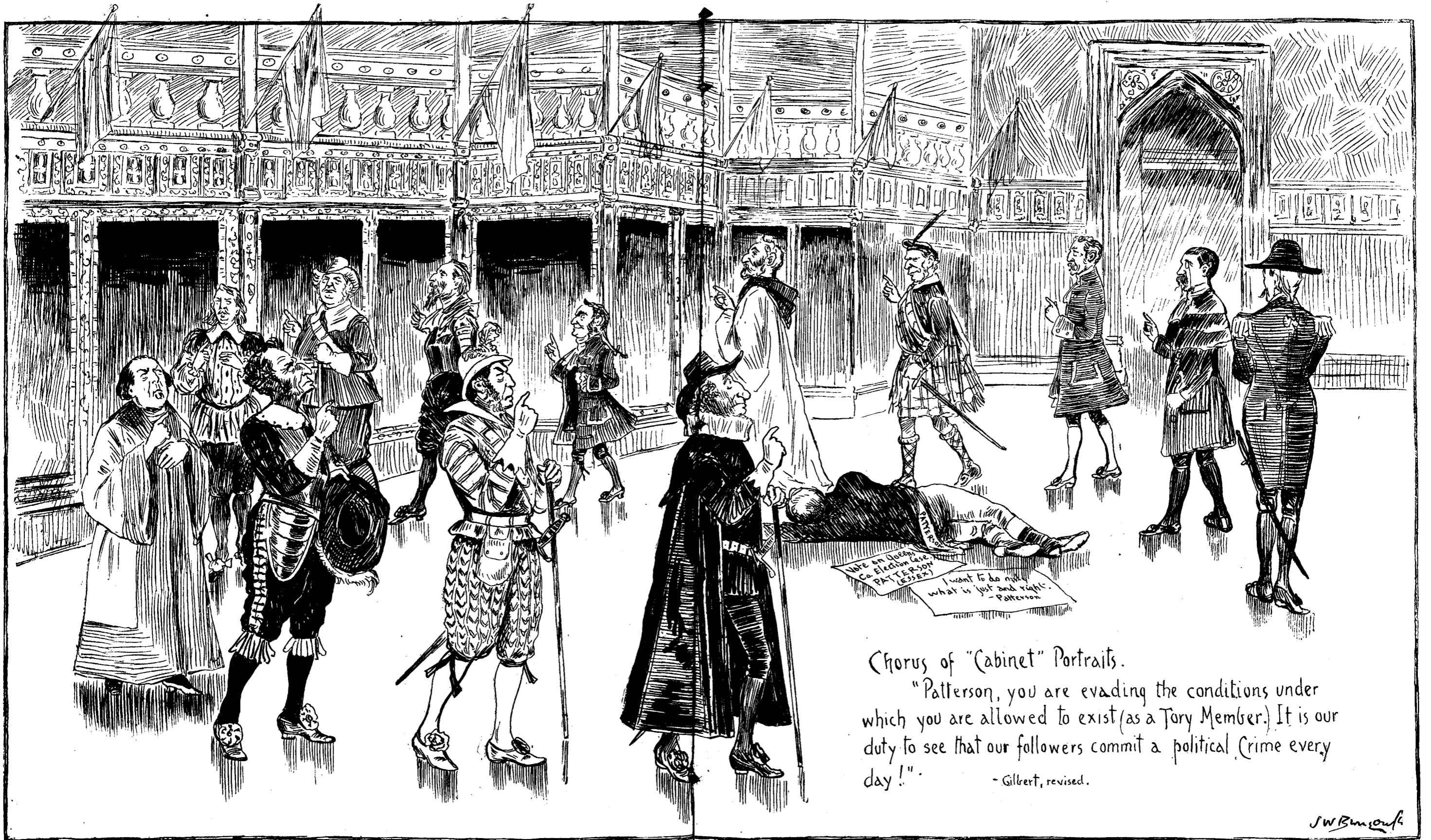
The following is remarkable mainly for the quaint turn given in the third line:—

"Send her victorious  
Happy and glorious  
Queen so notorious,  
Empress of Ind."

Space precludes further extracts this week, but in our next issue we will perhaps give a number of unique extracts, especially one beginning:—

"Hail, all hail ! Our mighty and well-beloved sovereign, Victoria  
Alexandrina—Queen."

"CONSIDER yourself engaged for this set," as the ring said to the diamond.



Chorus of "Cabinet" Portraits.

"Patterson, you are evading the conditions under which you are allowed to exist (as a Tory Member.) It is our duty to see that our followers commit a political crime every day!"

- Gilbert, revised.

J.W. Benson

A SCENE FROM THE "POLITICAL RUDDIGORE."





GALLANTRY A LA MODE.

*Her Eccentric Uncle*.—Er—how lovely your complexion is this evening, my dear. May I ask whose Soap—?

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

[1009 B.C.]

It was long past midnight, and still the lights were burning in the editorial rooms of Solomon; for the sage was alone with his confidential secretary, Karshish Al Hakkadosh, an Arabian learned in the law. The two were carefully going over all the exchanges, clipping proverbs. Karshish used to call the exchanges "King Solomon's Mines"; but not while Solomon himself was within hearing. Credit was never given an exchange for its wise sayings; it was only when reprinting a gem of thought that smacked of the savor of antiquity that Solomon would make a slight acknowledgement of indebtedness, thus:

The ridiculous side of life goes far towards making it endurable.  
—*Ex.*

They had sent down to the foreman the copy for a leaded column of proverbs, when Solomon said to Karshish, "Now that we have the night free before us, I wish to take counsel with you about an important affair. Her Majesty of Sheba, I have reason to believe, intends to put me through a course of questions to-morrow."

The secretary signified his attention.

"I have a presentiment," Solomon continued, "that she will ask me, among other things, why the camel has been given a hump on its back."

The secretary was thoughtful for a few moments. "When Adam, the father of all mankind," he said, "was naming the beasts in the garden, the camel ambled before him clumsily. Adam said, jocosely, 'Now you hump yourself,' and the camel—"

"Your wit, my good Karshish," Solomon replied, "ambles as clumsily as the camel. I have heard that account before."

Karshish reflected. "When I was in Egypt," he began, "a learned man at Thebes told me of a tradition—"

Solomon was smiling incredulously.

"I would scorn to invent a tradition on the spur of the moment," said Karshish indignantly, and went on with his story.

"Joseph, the son of Jacob, I need hardly tell you, was with his brothers on the plains of Sichein, when they fell in with a party of commercial travellers representing the leading wholesale houses of Upper Egypt in the dry goods and drug lines. Now the manuscripts mention obscurely a pit, in which Joseph was placed, and from which he was afterwards taken out. I think that the fact of the travellers being commercial men, and indeed the whole weight of evidence and probability, leans towards the theory that what is written of was a jack-pot. However, the whole transaction rests in a mist of obscurity; only this much is certain, that Joseph accompanied the travellers into Egypt—and it is no doubt owing to his being in their company that he saw so much of what is known as 'life.'"

"We were speaking of the hump on the camel's back," said Solomon, yawning.

"As Joseph and the travellers journeyed over the desert," continued Karshish, "they told stories, and involved themselves in arguments—it is a custom nowadays, too. Hotep, one of the drug travellers, insisted that it was two years before the general election in Lower Egypt when the Amunen-Phlaros ministry was turned out, that the clerk of the Egyptian Hotel at Thebes had, in the north sample room, first nicknamed Albendis 'Chippy.' Albendis, who was one of the party, and a drug traveller himself, denied the date. The argument grew warm. 'I tell you, Chippy,' Hotep said, 'that when I rise to talk about dates, I generally know what I am talking about. Why, when I was at school I was a dab at dates. I used to carry off—gentlemen, I may be allowed to say that I used to carry off the date-palm.'"

Immediately, without a moment's warning, the camel upon which Hotep was riding doubled together like a jack-knife, and shot Hotep up three parasangs into the atmosphere. The camel is a patient animal. But this was the last straw. Joseph left it on record that this was the first camel to have a hump on his back. He shot Hotep so energetically that he was unable to straighten out his spinal column again; and the hump has now become a general characteristic of the animal, as a resultant of hereditary transmission.

"I gather from the expression on your countenance," said Karshish Al Hakkadosh in conclusion, "and from the fact that you are muttering to yourself, that you consider the account which I have just given you untrustworthy, incoherent, and lacking in all that appertains to the truth. It is now two o'clock; before retiring, I shall take the liberty of saying, O king, that the man who mutters to himself is generally talking to a fool," and Karshish bowed himself out of the apartment.

Solomon thought the matter over for a while, and wrote down his secretary's last words—that was a proverb to the good, anyway.

W. J. H.

"Is that Toronto's crack pitcher?" said a Buffalo man in a tone of contempt, as he sat in the grand stand and watched Crane deliver a high ball. "Call him a crack—" A foul tip landed the ball on the critic's stomach and he doubled up. "By gum, he *is*!" was all he said when he got his wind back.

**THE WORST YET.**

KOSCIUSKO MURPHY—"I did not see you and Hostetter McGinnis together as much as formerly."

Gus de Smith—"No, I've given him the cold shake."

Murphy—"What did he do?"

Gus—"Nothing, except he asked me why a thief, who gives his confederates away, was like the capital of Turkey. I said I did not know, and then the double-dyed assassin replied, 'Because he is constant to no pal.'"

Murphy—"That was pretty tough."

Gus—"Yes, I should say so. I told him never to speak to me again. I'd shake my grandfather if he sprung a gag like that on me."

**THE OTHER SIDE.**

"YOUNG man!" he said, as he followed him out on the steps last evening, "I want to have a talk with you. You have been sparking my daughter."

"Yes, sir."

"You think you love her?"

"I know I do."

"And you would fain bear her off to some woodbine cottage?"

"That is what I would fainest, sir."

"Ah—um! What's your salary?"

"Seven dollars a week, sir."

"Jess so—take her. I was afraid you couldn't support us all on your wages, but it's all right. Hurry up things and get into the family in time to pay the next month's rent. You don't know what a relief it will be to us old folks to have some one to support us."

*Detroit Free Press.*

**JOE'S STYLE.**

It is announced that Joe Howard, the well-known newspaper correspondent, will write a biography of the late Henry Ward Beecher. If he employs the jerky style seen in his newspaper letters, the biography will open in this fashion:—

Mr. Beecher was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 24th, 1813.

The weather was beastly.

His parents christened him Henry Ward. He didn't object.

It was a good enough name—for a boy.

He would have had a different name if he had been a girl.

And don't you forget it.—*Norristown Herald.*

**A FORGETFUL BRIDEGROOM.**

*[From the German.]*

A RECENT arrival at a hotel, who had eloped with the wife of another man, returned to his hotel late, and to the clerk he said:

"Please give me the key of my room."

"What is the number of your room?" inquired the clerk.

"Number! Blamed if I haven't forgotten the number."

Clerk, turning to the register—"What is your name?"

"My name? Blamed if I haven't forgotten what name I registered under."

THERE passed from earth on a bitter cold day,

The man who oft in our office would stray, And his noblest epitaph's here, I say:

"He closed the door when he went away."  
—*Goodall's Sun.*

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**DON'T COME AROUND.**

"SEE here, waiter," said a guest at a western hotel in a new and struggling town, "haven't you got any milk for this coffee?"

"No, sir," replied the waiter affably, "the milkman didn't come around this morning."

"I don't see any bread on the table."

"No, the bread man didn't come around."

"Can you give me some iced tea?"

"Well, no; the fact is the ice-man didn't come around."

"I don't see any meat; nothing but fried cat-fish."

"No; cat-fish is the best we can do. The meat man didn't come around."

"Well, in the name of thunder who did come around? There isn't enough to eat on this table to banquet a squirrel."

"There was a cabbage man around yesterday, and if you can wait I'll try and fix you up some cold slaw, or if it isn't all gone, there is some dried beef down in the cellar in a nail keg."

**NOT VERY RECKLESS.**

HE applied at police headquarters for a position on the police force. He did not look as if he was the right kind of a man to handle the rough customers the police have to deal with, so one of the policemen, just for a joke, asked him what he would do if he had to arrest a drunken, able-bodied Austin bruiser who was on the fight.

"What would I do?"

"Yes, what would you do?"

"How do I know what I would do? I reckon the first thing I would do would be to wait and see what he was going to do."

**TOO HONORABLE FOR THAT.**

DE GARMO—"What does your sister say about me, Bertie?"

Bertie—"She said to-day that she didn't think you'd ever set the river on fire."

De Garmo—"What confidence she has in me! Of course she knows I'm too honorable to do anything of that kind."—*Tid-Bits.*

**A SQUARE MAN.**

SMITH—"Where is Pulsifer now?"

Brown—"He's over in Snortville; got a big establishment there, doing business on the Square."

"Well, he has improved since he left Austin. When he was here he didn't do business on the square by a blamed sight. He failed three times inside of two years."

**HE HAD A CALL TO THE REAR.**

Applicant—"Is this the place to apply for a pension? I'm an old soldier, sir, and up to the present time I haven't asked the Government to give me a cent. Now I want assistance."

Pension Agent—"You want a back pension?"

Applicant—"Certainly; that's where I was shot."—*Tid-Bits.*

NEW YORK bankers and merchants are said to be in great distress over a famine of small coin. Either they must have more coppers, they say, or they cannot go to church.—*Somerville Journal.*

WHEN Webster announced to the world that "there's always room at the top" he had no reference to the top of column next to reading matter—advertisers please bear this in mind.—*St. Paul Herald.*



**A CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.**

Mr. Sheriff Morvat (to the leading constitutional lawyer)—Here's a fine point. I've been given this position as a reward for your services: hence, of course, I must divide up with you. Now, if I do, how about the Independence of Parliament Act?—and if I don't, how about rewarding your distinguished services?



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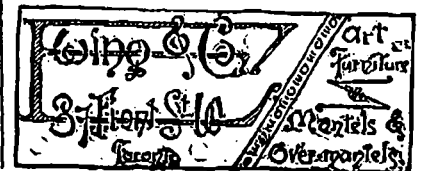
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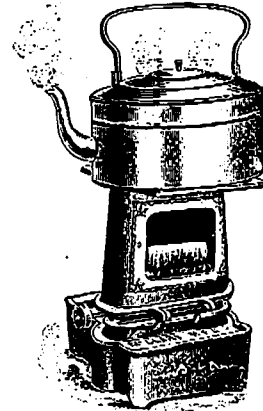
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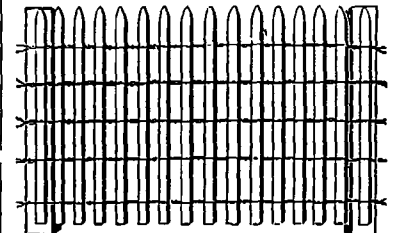
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Notice is also given that the General Annual Meeting of the Company will be held at two o'clock p.m., on Tuesday, 7th June, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc. By order of the Board,  
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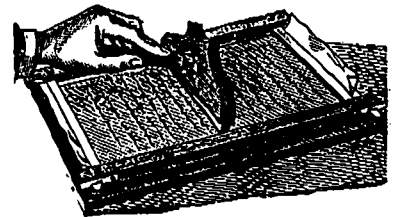
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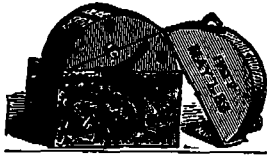
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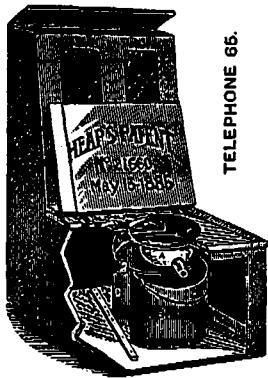
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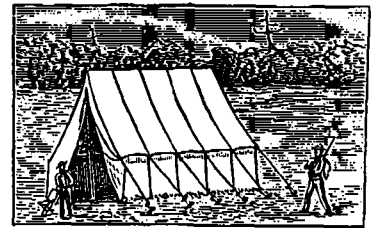
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