



### A SPECIALTY OF HIS.

WORKING MAN—"You had a good deal to say about strikes at that Banquet, Mr. Chapleau, but what does a lily-fingered swell like you know about strikes?"

CHAPLEAU—"Me? I'd like to see any one of you that has gone on strike oftener than I have?"

### ASKS AND ANSWERS.

A NEW feature—which might be called the "*knows*" of GRIP—will be introduced in the shape of a column devoted to historical, literary and antiquarian research. Some contemporaries have attempted this; but this paper will eclipse them all, having secured the services of the great encyclopædist, Dr. Horatio Van Rumpus, C.O.D., who will edit this departure and department from time to time. Questions are invited. Address, "Editor, Asks and Answers."

Ask (1) Where is the line to be found reading, "The short and simple annals of the poor"?—SOAPY.

Answer.—This line is usually misquoted as above; but should read as follows:—"The short and simple *animals* of the poor." Soapy will find it in Kirke White's "Natural History of Seldom," a rare MS. printed in 1592. The animals referred to are now extinct.

Ask (2) What is meant by R.S.V.P. on an invitation card?—BEAUTY.

Answer.—Another mistake. Should be R.S.N.P., "Rain shall not prevent." First used by early society after the Flood.

Ask (3) What is the derivation of the expression, "Gee up," used to make a horse go?—SPAVIN.

Answer.—"Gee up" is as old as some of the cab horses in Montreal, and is used to commemorate the fast driving of Jehu-get-along.

Ask (4) What is the origin of lotteries?—CHANCEY.

Answer.—So called after Lot, who wanted to draw a good wife and got left with a pillar of salt. Some trace it to the Egyptian lotos—because lotteries are nearly all plants.

Ask (5) Who is referred to by Johnson thus:

"He left a name, at which the world grew pale  
To point a moral or adorn a tale?"

—BOSWELL.

Answer.—Consensus of opinion points with unerring finger to the somewhat hackneyed but remarkably historic name of Smith. Ask Goldwin.

HORATIO VAN RUMPUS.

### A HOMILY ON LUBRICANTS.

PRICES-CURRENT, to be had at the exchanges, and always on file in well ordered counting-houses, invariably include among their quotations those of the various oils, light and heavy, used to allay the irritation cog-wheels, cams and levers are apt to evidence when hard worked. Plumbago, too, will be found quoted in certain of these commercial catalogues, a metal which in a finely divided powder can do much to suppress the outcry of wooden things in quick movement. While lubrication, then, in things mechanical, thus takes a noteworthy place in the merchandise of great marts, we cannot but perceive the important part surface, as well as substance, plays in the working world. Ethically cultured as GRIP is, he plainly discerns a lesson herein applicable to the moral sphere. Men and women are to-day running up and down the face of the earth quicker than ever before; they are, therefore, apt to jostle one another more, and see one another for periods so limited that the jostling, although as painful as ever, is less and less tempered by considerateness. Many good people, just, true and charitable, who have taken GRIP from the first number, are so conscious of being good in substance that they are careless about being good in surface. Yet surface it is whereby they are known to all but the few admitted to their valued friendship. A little of the inexpensive oil of politeness, suavity, or whatever else the external evidences of good-nature and good-will may be called, would act as a moral lubricant and bring into practical effect an immense stock of genuine worth in the community—worth unsuspected, because so securely hidden under rudeness, gruffness, inconsiderateness. The man of cash capital buys him a mighty engine of steam for many thousand dollars; for a handful of pence he doubles its efficiency and lengthens its life by the use of some pints of oil. The man of moral capital often lays up great stores of character at much cost of work, discipline, self-control; then unwisely despising the surface, or appearance of what is within him, he foregoes one-half the good at his command.



### IDENTITY.

McTAVISH—"Haf you sawn a black peeg heerabouts whateffer, Muster Murphy?"

MURPHY—"Sure I did. There's a big black pig wid a short tail down beyant, fornint Crowley's front dure."

McTAVISH—"Ah! That wass me! That wass me, sure!"