

Our Grip Sack.

Attic philosophy—treaties composed in a garnet.

A wag speaks of the *ginal* bartender of the Rossin.

The marriage question—why don't the men propose?

"Ewe got out!" as the farmer said to the lamb in his corn.

Do "Seed Annuals" come under the head of scel-titious books?

The thing we cauliflower by any other name would smell as sweet.

Although painting is a difficult art to learn, most artists paint easel-y.

When a pedestrian reclines on a parlor lounge he is on the home stretch.

"Well, how is the *World* using you?" as the wag said to J. Ross Robertson.

Were not the cat-nombs built for the last resting place of the Pussy-ites?

When a child is dressed by its nurse in the nursery it attends a matin-knee.

Barbers should make good Arctic discoverers. They frequently get near the pole.

Mulsters are very susceptible to the tender passion—they frequently get mashed.

When a busy man is taken ill he gets mad, but if he is going to die he gets madder.

"Covers for six," as the waiter remarked who brought half a dozen gentlemen their hats.

Alderman Scarrow, of Loudon, is a *tanner*, but his apprentice has to do all the fasting.

Its not the correct thing to call a man's hair *Sandy*, before his face—call it *Alexandery*.

The proper dress for literary ladies is book-muslin.—*Waterloo Observer*. What, "nothing but leaves?"

Would you call the gate where Augustus and Angelina tear themselves asunder every night, "billingsgate?"

Query.—When landlords are tarred and feathered for trying to save their crops, can it be called fowl-play?

An article going the rounds of the press. The handsome girl when they are playing kissing games at a country party.

They have penny churches in England. We wonder do they attract peni-tents?—*Boston Sunday Budget*. You deserve to be sent to the penny-tent-jary.

When a young man attempts to court a fair damsel and she tells him that she has "a supreme contempt" for him, should she be arrested for "contempt of court?"

Unfortunate Doyle
Had a terrible hoil,
And treated the symptoms with "Gargling Oil."
Uses the toil
Of unfortunate Doyle,
He has shuffled out all of mortality's coil.

Will our contemporary *Truth* kindly explain how Beaconsfield could—as that paper alleges he has always done—"speak with a leer in his eye and his tongue in his cheek?"

Another unconstitutional action of John A.—Running for School Trustee while he holds a tax collectorship; (Of course our reference is to John A. Mills, of St. Thomas Ward.)

The poet Swinburn's bacchanalian propensities are well known. His "Songs before Sunrise" must have been composed when he was returning home about four o'clock in the morning.

Capt. Tom's Meditation.

Capt. Tom sat on his biscuit box for nearly an hour, conning his newspaper and staring meditatively into the fire, while the boys occupied the various sugar barrels, herring boxes &c, which were promiscuously scattered around the store of the little corner grocery. They spoke in whispers, as they knew something of great importance was occupying Capt. Tom's mind, and were perfectly well aware that he would give them the result of his deliberations in due time. Like "Capen Cattle" he was, biting his nails, but now he substituted an immense "chaw" of Tobacco, and commenced. "Boys I've bin a meditatun upon this yer Pacific Railway biz-ess, an them Syndicate terms we've bin hearing so much about, an I don't know what ter think 'bout it. Yer see I'm conservative, I've allus bin conservative, an I've allus believed in the party. When that there Pacific Scandal affair cum up, I war a lectle bit staggered, but I got over it, an it want no use in goin gin a man 'cause he'd slipped onet. But hangid if I know what ter say 'bout this biz-ess, an I'm ble-sed if can make it cum fout right. Now boys, jist look at it. In the fust place, they had no bizness ter promise ter build the road at all. Who cares if British Columbia wouldnt jine the confederation. What good has she ever bin ter us anyhow, only ter let Bunster and De Cosmos blow an swell themselves around Ottawa, an git big travellin expenses. Well the road couldnt be built in that time, an every one knew it couldnt be built so quick. Then we had the Carvamon Terms an the time was made longer, and everybody knew it couldnt be built in that time. Well they goes inwith their preliminary surveys, and Mackenzie gits up his magnificent water stretch notion, and purty soon everybody knew that wouldnt work. Then Sir John gits inter power, and throws over Mackenzie's plan an then B.ake all onet to discover what every common sense man knew before, that the road couldnt be built at all without ruinin the hull country, an that the right way to build it was ter go on jist as the country could afford. But then British Columbia gits up an howls 'bout terms, an threatens ter leave the confederation an jine the States. Well that frightens everybody agin, but it seems ter me that the best thing would have been to let her go. She couldnt exist ten days alone, and the States wouldnt have her 'cause they wouldn't quarrel with England 'bout sich a wretched bit of ground as British Columbia. Well John A., an Tupper, they packs up their duds an goes over ter England an forms a Syndicate; an they come back an won't tell anything 'bout it, but talks 'bout angels lookin' on an sich like, as though angels had nothin' better ter do than ter look arter sich cattle. Now parliaments met an what are the terms. Danged if it don't make me swear when I think of 'em. In the fust place the hull road was ter cost \$75,000,000. This was ter be built with the land which they said last session was worth \$5 an acre, an it is if it is worth a cent. Now what do they give fur buildin' that road. In the fust place the Government builds all the wust parts themselves, 670 miles long which will cost about \$35,000,000. That's a positiv fact, un I've got th: figures ter prove it. Now the Syndicate's got ter build the rest which should cost \$40,000,000, an what du spose they git fur doing it. Why they git \$25,000,000 an 25,000,000 acres of land. The land as they said last year is worth \$5 an acre, an now they say its only worth \$1 an acre. I'd like ter know what caused this tremendous fall in real estate all in one year. It Syndicates there's something wrong, an I believe there's a lie floatin' round somewheres if we could only nail it down. Well that land at \$5 an acre an the other money their goin ter give comes to \$150,000,000, fur ter build a piece of road that should only cost \$40,000,000. I tell yer theres something wrong, an I know it.

But that isn't all yet. There ter be free of taxes fur twenty years, there ter choose whatever land they like, an ter pick the best of the hull lot, nobody is to build any other road for twenty years, an their to fetch in anything they want free of duty. I tell yer I worked hard for the National Policy, but I'd like ter know what's the use of the National Policy if their to have all they want free of duty. It seems ter me they have given 'em the three wust curses any country kin have; that is exemption, undue protection an a gigantic monopoly; an I'm blamid if the conservatives ever git another vote out of me. Now boys its time fur me ter go home or Marier will be uneasy, but you jist think over what I've told yer, an next time I come down I'll tell yer some more 'bout it." Capt. Tom went out and the boys said "blamid if he ain' morein half right."

THOMAS.

Notes from Our Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP.—As the bitter frosts of winter fall with such cruel severity upon our half-clad and half-starved poor, I have been gadding around to find what provisions are being made by the rich to alleviate the sufferings of those of our brethren who have been crowded off the track in the helter-skelter race of life; and I am much pleased. It does one's sympathetic heart good to find how enthusiastic are our favored few, in the great cause of the good Samaritan. Look, for instance, at the numerous soup kitchens that are established in all our cities. Just think of the comfort they are distributing among the distressed. Then there are the morning carts with their free hot coffee and rolls, scattering hope and life to the homeless. Then again there are the societies of pious and wealthy ladies who, having agreed to attend church in the plainest attire, are expending the money thus saved, in clothing those numberless ragged little children, who, God protect their shivering frames, are generally looked upon as obnoxious intruders and solely to blame for their piteable entrance into this world. Ah, yes. It may well bring the flush of shame—no, pride, I mean, to our brow, when we find so little—no, no, I mean such great and glorious efforts being made by the wealthy, to soothe the afflictions and comfort the necessities of the poor. No doubt it is a confounded nuisance having so many of these poor people, and such a number of them so very unreasonable. My friend Augustus, he is a wealthy young fellow; money left him by his father, who was a successful tallow chandler; he told me the other day of an instance. He said: "You know it is wealthy dreadful, thinks these poor disreputable people have. I offered to engage a fella at 35 cents a day, and he actually told me to go and be blowed." There really is no satisfying these poor people, and then again they are too generous, too extravagant. It is nothing but natural that they should have stomachs, but hang it, they have no business going the length of having the sentimental addition of a heart. I met a spindly little ragamuffin, smoking an equally spindly and ragged cigar. Looking down upon him with a reproving eye, and extending one finger towards him, I observed in a deep bass voice, "What have you there, sir!" A good-natured smile beamed over the young rascal's face, and slipping another cigar from his pocket, he handed it to me, saying: "Have one? Three for five cents!" Observe the recklessness of the thing. That cigar was the only thing he had in the world, yet he was willing to share it with me. Stop the first wealthy man you meet smoking his ten cent Pataga, and see if he will offer you one. No sir, tell your auntie. No such recklessness there. He has learned to dispense with a heart.

GADFLY.