

## Our Grip Sack.

A NEW definition for the National Currency  
—The Green-Baby.

MATERIAL for a bass-burner—a small boy  
and the maternal slipper.

TEACHERS of penmanship set things to write.  
Editors write things to set.

Is THIS RIGHT?—Wheel-wright Wright,  
write "rite" right right-away.

SCOTS who ha'e wi' Wallace bled.—Gael's who  
laid their odds against Thacker.

"CHIC" suggests that SARA should drink  
stout. How would it be if she used Brand-eh?

GRIP's new scissor friend never "Kribs" any-  
thing from an Exchange without giving credit  
thereof.

WHAT are the *Globe* and *Bystander* going to  
do for mud to throw at each other this frozen  
weather?

OUR hard up contributor says that the verse  
in the Bible most literally followed by the Jews  
is that "to lighten the Gentiles."

WALLINGFORD, Conn., has a weekly paper  
published by UNCLE LUTHER RIGGS. The  
Democrats don't like it because it goes *Forum*.

THE greatest joke of the age. The *Mail* and  
*Globe's* professions that they do not wish to in-  
troduce party politics into the Mayoralty elec-  
tion.

LAST week Miss Ann Umber was married to  
Mr. Rella, of the firm of Rella & Smiley. We  
suppose their first will be called An-Um-  
ber-Rella.

HINT to Politicians.—Letter Carriers make  
the best wire-pullers. They get through more  
bell-ringing in a day than any other class of  
the community.

JOHN SMITH, of Muskoka, jumped over a fence  
and pulled his gun, which was at full cock, after  
him. In doing so he shot a fool. The fool's  
name was JOHN SMITH.

HE married her because she had taken first  
prize in mathematics, and six months after he  
had concluded from the sharpness of her tongue  
he had caught an "adder."

M. FOURIER says a kiss is composite pleasure  
and depends on touch, taste and smell. Further-  
more he says it is free from emulation. Won-  
der if he ever hung over a gate on a moonlight  
night?

THE *Globe* of Saturday last says:—"Exagger-  
ation is like a rope,—the more it is stretched  
the weaker it becomes."

Query: Is it referring to its own articles on  
the N. P. and Pacific Railway Syndicate?

Teacher: "Now boys, that THAT that that  
THAT stands over is in small caps, and—"

Pupil: "Please repeat it, sir."

Teacher: "I say that that "that" that  
that "that" stands over is in small caps."

Class: "That's," Oh!"

Lives there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
Here are five dollars which I think  
I will invest in printer's ink.

—Stillwater Lumberman.

I am the man with soul so dead,  
I never could get through my head,  
The use of buying printer's ink,  
'Tis better to dead beat I think.

THE man or woman who will write a poem  
on "Beautiful Snow" ought to be put in a re-  
frigerator, and fed on a diet of icicles and rain-  
water until he or she repents, when they should  
be made to subscribe for GRIP, and sleep with  
their window open for six months.

## Entomology Applied.

The editor of the *Globe* announces that he  
has had an "entomological occurrence" in his  
office, and he rushes breathlessly into the pre-  
sence of the farming community to expatiate  
upon it. It appears that some boxes containing  
"buggy peas"—that is, peas infested with bugs  
—were placed in a room in the editorial depart-  
ment, where "the temperature occasionally  
rises 90 degrees" and the effect of this heat  
(which is to be attributed to the nearness of the  
9th of December,) was to cause the insects to  
abandon their holes in the peas! "Now," con-  
cludes the editor, with fine entomological en-  
thusiasm, "it appears from what happened to  
our consignment of peas, that the insects can  
be easily inveigled out of their holes. If, then,  
farmers will during the winter, place their  
seed peas in a warm room for a few days,  
the weevils may be brought out of their holes  
and killed or left to die." Ah! now we under-  
stand the recent hot writing on the subject of  
Section B. bargain. The *Globe* man has been  
applying the lesson of his "entomological oc-  
currence" and trying to force that wicked  
weevil, TUPPER, out of the pea of office by  
making it uncomfortably hot for him.

## The Small Boy.

There is a social problem growing up in our  
midst, or more properly has grown up in our  
midst to such an extent that in our character  
of public guardians we feel compelled to tackle  
it; for the simple reason that if we do not  
tackle it we are particularly afraid it will take  
hold of us. And yet when we come to look the  
question square in the face, we must confess  
our utter inability to deal with, and self-abase-  
ment before, The Small Boy. We show up  
the follies of Cabinet Ministers fearlessly; we  
brave the wrath of the large dailies without a  
thought of possible consequences; but we  
quail before The Small Boy. Who has not  
met him and imprecated the hour when he  
crossed his path? Who among us have not  
sat upon his twisted pins, been knocked over  
by his wooden sleds, and then listened to his  
shouts of demoniacal laughter. What are we  
to do with him, how cure him of his unaccount-  
able vagaries? Recently two Chicago boys,  
habituated to the wild life of that bulwark,  
and abnormally advanced in their views, conceived  
a strong dislike to the weak and vacillating  
Indian policy of Secretary SCHURZ, and deter-  
mined to regulate our frontier affairs on their  
own hook. Robbing their respective aged par-  
ents of divers sums which aggregated forty-  
three dollars, they armed themselves and  
started, as became independent troops, on foot,  
for Montana. At Milwaukee one of them  
shot at a native, on the partially comprehensive  
theory that he was ex-officio a savage, whereat  
the manraders were raked in by the constabulary  
and eventually returned to the parents who  
had been contemporaneously bereaved of realm  
and wealth. But it is not only on the war-path  
they are dangerous, father-in-laws elect some-  
times distract their attention from the Indian.  
This calls to mind the instance of the Salt  
Lake City gentleman, who at the age of twelve  
was found to have four wives, ranging from the  
ages of five to thirteen, besides several young  
parties in the back districts under "scal." The  
telegraph and travellers from that remote  
region have been strangely remiss in relating  
the fate of the young Mormon, but that he was  
identified more or less with a stick, upon dis-  
covery is an inference not wholly unwarrantable.  
In the light of all this precocity the question  
becomes pertinent "whither are we drifting?"  
The boy of to-day is the father of the future  
man. Is he to be an honor to his family and  
his country, or is he to be the "big item" for  
the papers. Since the creation of the World  
there never was a time when young America or  
Canada asserted itself as it does to-day. The

boy of to-day is calmly self-reliant, ready to  
engineer a steam boat, break a colt, or edit a  
newspaper at an age when our grandfathers were  
yet in leading strings. But on the other hand  
there never was a time when youth had a greater  
right to assert itself. The boy of to-day is as  
old as the man of fifty years, much more pro-  
gressive, and far more advanced. And this is  
right so long as his progress is in the right di-  
rection. But is it so directed; does the litera-  
ture furnished him tend to enoble and elevate  
his mind beyond that of his ancestors? We  
think not; and in this we think we are borne  
out by facts. Encouraged by it he finds in each  
bush an opportunity to develop his prowess,  
and when confronted with the consequences, he  
shakes from his feet the dust of oppressive civil-  
ization and stalks forth in search of the  
Grizzly and the "Injun." Under its teaching  
the ancient custom of his-ing all the girls in his  
vicinity does not carry pale fear to his heart,  
the birch rod and the rattan are harmless  
against his repeating revolver. The elaborate  
details of murders and burglaries dished up for  
his benefit in the daily papers, do not tend to  
his moral enlightenment, but make him long to  
be a Biddulphite or a CHARLIE MORGAN. What  
the consequences will be in another generation,  
we are not prepared to say; but we believe a  
radical change is necessary, not only in the lit-  
erature supplied to boys, but in our whole treat-  
ment of them, if we would have our country be  
what it should be, the natural home of honor,  
morality, and intellectual liberty.

## Notes from Our Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP,—I've been roaming. And having  
been Rome in, did as the Romans,—staged it.  
Travelled in a chariot rare. And a rare old  
stage driver too. The stage drivers are prover-  
bially forgetful, and I think I struck about the  
very worst. He had no more memory than a  
tobaccoist's image. It was in the morning;  
and the stage had been left over night at the  
wagon makers for repairs. He walked along  
the street, towards the wagon shop, driving his  
team before him. The shop being on his cus-  
tomary road out, my account for his going past  
it, and overlooking the fact that he was still  
walking. However, he went ahead, calmly  
reaching forward to pull in his horses when ap-  
proaching a rise, and considerably letting them  
out when reaching a pitch-hole. Now and  
again he would get off his regular set observa-  
tions to his imaginary passengers behind, and  
continued his way to the top of a hill, four  
miles out, when he stopped to skid his wheels.  
You have to picture a very mad man, to imagine  
that southern gentleman, when he discovered  
that he had forgotten to hitch on to his stage.

That reminds me of another case of forget-  
fulness, or something. I once edited a weekly  
paper. One evening I received a note, (and by  
the same token, from my experience, the only  
kind of note current in journalism,) running  
thusly:—"For the scurrilous and villainous  
attack upon me in this morning's issue, I demand  
satisfaction. Shooters preferred." To which I  
replied:—"Precisely my preference. Shooters  
let it be—pea shooters. Twenty paces. Six  
a.m. On the plains. P.S. Marrowfat-barred."  
At the appointed hour I was on the rusty plains,  
sitting like a Gladiator on a two bushel bag of  
ammunition. There I sat, alone, till eight  
o'clock, the meanwhile appearing the void in  
my stomach with a few charges of my ammu-  
nition. But the blood-thirsty politician forgot  
to come to the carnage ground, and I wended  
my way home to a cold and cheerless breakfast.  
My first leading article in the next issue was on  
Peace and Good will to Men.

What! Forgetfulness! Breakfast! Zounds.  
I left my chop on the gridiron. Mutton in the  
air! I'll have to carve my way to the gridiron.

GADFLY.

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