



HEARD ON THE STREET.—A FACT.

FRIEND — “Do you always have the nurse with you when you go walking?”
 STOUT WOMAN — “Yes, indeed, I’m much too weak to be carrying that great, heavy child about.”

WIDOW HAYSEED’S COMPLAINT

Don’t tell me the world gets better—don’t believe in no sech craze,—
 Why this mornin’ that slick feller at the wicket,
 He took my honest money—sez he, “Good for *thirty* days,”
 And handed me a swindlin’ railroad ticket.
 Now I’ve been to town and back, just *one* fair day’s ride,
 Then that chap in buttons there, he keeps my ticket,
 He sez it’s all used up, so between ‘em both they lied—
 Then preach about the world not bein’ so wicked!

Cascl Burt.

“These temperance orators don’t always tell the truth,” said Gimblossom the other day. “I heard one say the other night that you couldn’t get drunk on water.” “What was there wrong about that?” he was asked. “Well,” said Gimblossom, “perhaps he meant all right, but I’ve been fishin’ enough times to know that a man can get drunk on water as easy as he can on land.”

With the present issue the Forty-First Volume of GRIP is auspiciously closed. It will be observed that in the new series, of which this is the first volume, the pages are regularly numbered. An index is in course of preparation which will be issued when ready to all subscribers.

LOGIC.

“Ye do be havin’ as good a wife, Dinnis, as iver dhrew the breath o’ life, an’ if she wor a widdy-wumman, it’s good raison yez wud have to be jealous iv myself, so ye wud.”

On the occasion of his jubilee, General Booth of the S.A., was cordially greeted by those other eminent military personages, General Love and General Respect.

“JORKINS is the most utterly reckless man I ever met,” said Clubleigh in an awestruck whisper, “Says he’s not going out of town, and he doesn’t care who knows it!”

GLADSTONE has once more said that it is out of the question for him to visit America. If he means the Irish Question, that’s the chief reason why he ought to make the trip.

“O, ISN’T it jolly to get away from the city for an outing in this way,” exclaimed Miss Gushington. “How lively the flies and mosquitos are, and how sweetly stuffy and hot this cute little garret is!”

We are leaving our nice city home,
 With its coolness and comfort awhile,
 ‘Mid flies, smells and strangers to roam,
 —Our annual offering to stile.

A clergyman met a parishioner the other day and inquired after his welfare. “I am not getting along very well,” said the man. “I haven’t had any work for a long time.”

“Well, don’t get discouraged,” said the clergyman, cheerfully: “We must have faith in Providence.”

“That won’t do,” replied the man sadly: “faith without work isn’t worth much.”



AN ACT OF COVETOUSNESS.

THE BENCH (*to defendant*): “Meeting complainant in a state of complete intoxication, you struck him a murderous blow with a stick. What prompted this cowardly act?”

COMPLAINANT (*name of Hooligan*): “It was jist pure invy, yer Washup.”