

Our Grip Sack.

A gross deception.—Selling bad matches.

"Squatters rights,"—Permission to be seated.

"The Feeling in Manitoba."—Cold just now.

Any one heard of a hen laying an information

Some people deem it unadvisable to spend a now on the Sault branch.

This is the Endy-mi-own story said Beaconsfield as he finished his latest novel.

Ladies in full dress at a ball remind us of an exhibition of borrowed pictures—a sort of a low-neck-hibition.

When a farmer successfully pursues a party of small boys that have been stealing his apples he may be said to have been on a Boy-cotting expedition.

The English papers are talking about the Fenian scare. If they are anything like the batch that once invaded Canada, they must be a badly stricken lot.

When Mr. Jenner makes his friends valuable Christmas and New Years gifts, would it be right to call him a Jenner-ous man, or is he only Jenner-ously inclined.

Adelina Pitt, when she is singing, makes \$7 a minute.—*Ex.* She may not have many valuable diamonds, but she has precious tones all the same.

Can hanging be considered a neck-squeeze-it sensation? Answers to this are cord-ially invited by the choke-ular contributor to this noose-paper.

Our funny contributor who had on New Year's day one breakfast, two dinners, one tea, one supper, and various incidentals, thinks New Year's a truly *gorge us* day.

Speaking of oysters, did you ever notice that a fry-can be made better by an A-fri-can than by any other cook? This is A-frigue of nature which is stew deep for us to explain.

Seeing "cotton illusion" advertised we wondered whether it had ever "been on a bust?" but perhaps it is better not to be cotton such dangerous grounds by our fair friends.

On the recent Kaake-Goodfellow wedding the bridegroom may have been said to have been "too sweet for anything," being a veritable Christmas Cake and getting a good fellow.

There is a girl up in the country by the name of Hattie Rack, but her people call her Hat Raok, for short.—*Ex.* Some nice young man should "set his cap" for such an hat-rack-tive young girl.

In case the Syndicate bargain is ratified, our political contributor suggests that the form of the speech from the throne should be amended so as to include not only "Gentlemen of the House of Commons" and "Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate," but "Hon. Gentlemen of the Syndicate," as *th* *zy* will own most of the country.

It used to be said that the southerners tied a knot in a pig's tail to keep him from crawling through the fences. This was the southern idea of a pig's tie.—*Boston Transcript.* Better send this to the Cincinnati *Saturday Night*, and Gris'll remark that they tie their pig's tails in bone-knots, in Porkopolis.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

If Sir Richard is so much opposed to Irish and North-West land monopolies, how is it that he thought of an immense tract of Turtle Mountain, and that he remains one of the largest land owners in the county of Lennox? Answers to these conundrums will be gratefully received at the *Globe* office for the next ten days. Be careful to prepay postage.

Notes from "Our Gaddy."

DEAR GRIP,—Look, here now. Don't you think it was a little unkind of you last week? If you had called me a scoundrel, or a snoozer, or an inebriate sot, or something of that sort, I would not have thought so much of it. But to call me an M. P.! Why, confound it, that was too awfully unkind!... And what was it all about anyway? It was nothing but mince pie. Yes, sir; mince pie. There was, perhaps, a slight flavor too much of brandy in the mince-meat, and it occasioned a temporary spasm of a sort of general inflation; an utter disregard for the commonplace affairs of this exceedingly commonplace world, and a kind of feeling of being "uncle" to the Rag Baby. And what was there in it? Why, it is moments like these that give warmth and color to what would otherwise be a dreary sort of neutral tint life. And talking about color, why don't the ladies learn a little more about the harmony of color in the matter of dress? We men are rough, bearish brutes. Our business pursuits invariably bring us in continual contact with all the worst phases of character, and the dark, cold, harsh, selfish side of nature. Naturally we look to the ladies for all that is aesthetic. It is always cheering to see ladies in tastefully arranged costumes, skillfully enlivened with harmonious colors, but it is really annoying in the extreme, to anyone with half an eye to the artistic, to see a girl so daubed over with every conceivable color that she only wants a thumb lath to be a paint-shop door. Very little study by our girls of the subject of color, would have an incalculable effect upon the boys, by increasing their love for the Beautiful. This is a subject that might very properly be taught the girls in our schools, but then it would be teaching them something useful, something of value to them for every day in their lives, and that would be totally contrary to the cardinal principles of our Educational system. Then again, how is it that so few of the maidens of this Canada of ours know how to walk? They hobble, they waddle, they toddle, they wag their little narratives, in fact anything but walk. Now there are two types of beauty; style and rhythm. Style is the force of the ideal; rhythm is the movement. We have any amount of style, but a sad lack of rhythm. But I know you, you old deceiver you. You will insinuate that some young lady with admirable judgment, has wisely withdrawn her hand from my loving clasp, and left me the mitten, and consequently I am sort of mad like. But I tell you it is nothing of the kind. I adore the ladies, and believe it is only when in their company that we see the bright, warm, mellow, and glad some side of nature, and that if we were to devote less of our time to business, and more to the ladies, we could not avoid being brought nearer to that place of happiness from whence all goodness emanates. Now then, that's what you get for your base insinuations. But then anyone who would call another an M. P. would insinuate anything. I'll tell your mother of you, so I will. I know you.

GADFLY.

January.

Most people are aware that this is the first month of the year; but there are doubtless many even in our "centre of intellectual life" who, (not having scoured Grip's Almanac,) do not know that its name is derived from *Janus*, the earliest of mythological deities. Mr. J., by the way, encouraged the ancients in a custom established by himself, of exchanging honey-cakes, sweet-meats, kindly wishes and jovial salutes on the first day of each year. Classical *literateurs* are not very clear as to whether he favourably viewed any such usage as the one now prevalent among the ladies, of offering deep-hued nectar to those who tendered New Year's greetings; but from the fact that he is represented in statuary with two heads, and

sometimes even with four (*vide Janus Bifrons* and *Janus Quadrifrons*) we may fairly assume that he was himself in the habit of making numerous congratulatory calls on the 1st January, and the number of heads he *felt* on his body next morning (and their weight *withal*) depended largely on the quantity of good old Olymian "proof" punished by him over-night, prior to his return to the ordinary habitation of Mrs. Janus and the little J's. Janus, according to some people, has only two faces, not two heads. We ourselves prefer the "double-header" theory; but while firmly sticking to our belief aforesaid as to the cause of the representation, have no objections to telling our readers that classical wise-aores boldly contend that the idea sought to be conveyed is a retrospection of the past and prospect of the future. It is a very pretty theory no doubt, and would be more than pretty if people would only learn therefrom to profit by the mistakes of the bygone and "walk their chalks" more judiciously in the year to come. We have always had our doubts, though, about the fixity of New Year's resolutions, bearing in mind the reported character of the pavement in "Pluto's dark domain," and we can only hope that during the year now commencing some such present good intentions may lead to beneficial results. It is high time that the great bulk of our politicians and other public citizens put in the peg and started out again with a clean sheet. There is no need to enlarge. *Verb. Sap.* We have a plain and unmistakable word of advice, however, for the especial benefit of those few remote individuals who have not yet subscribed for GRIP, and that is to form, and at once set upon, a resolution in favor of "hauling in the sheet." Make a note of it, please, and don't let your resolution remain *sans vie*. Remember that old Janus, to whose example we are indebted for our cheerful New Year's calls and good wishes, was never known to peruse a newspaper that had been paid for with another man's money.

Indignation Meeting.

The terms of the Syndicate bargain having at length reached the North West, an indignation meeting of grasshoppers was called to discuss the situation. The meeting was held in a sunny spot on the prairie, the speakers standing upon a chip, and addressing the assembly at considerable length. After some discussion Daddy Longlegs was voted to the chair, and in his opening remarks, said this was a question that affected their most vital interests, and then called upon Mr. Longhop, of Grasshollow, to address the meeting. Mr. Longhop said he quite agreed with the Chairman, that if the bargain was ratified their means of living would be in danger, and wanted to know what was the use of the National Policy if they were not to be protected in the enjoyment of their inalienable rights. (Applause.) The next speaker, Mr. Shortstep, of Shadynook, endorsed the remarks of Mr. Longhop, and said if the bargain were concluded they would have to make long hops to get out of the road, and in his opinion John A. should be invited to take a short step down and out. (Great applause.) Mr. Grassett said he was hopping mad, and that the result would be there would be no more grass eat by them. Mr. Crackwings said that it was their undeniable right to eat everything green; but that if the Syndicate got their hands on the North West, they would monopolize the swallowing up of green things, including the green Ministry that made the bargain. In closing the meeting the chairman said he believed it best to pass a resolution condemning the Bargain, and that as they had lived together a long time he did not care to leg out for some other pasture. The resolution was then passed and the meeting hopped off.

With some men Christmas is a *fast* day and with others a feast day.

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