

Our Grip Sack.

AND that's the kind of kangaroooster HANLAN is!

DOC. SHEPHERD'S ear-ear should be docked at once.

Coal is so light that it is wonderful how a dealer can make a ton so light.

WHY cannot a dwarf ever become intoxicated? Because he never can become a tall drunk.

SHAKESPEARE TO THE NOTORIOUS DOC.—"I think thou art in a parlous state, Shoppard!"
—As you like it.

THE weather predictions of Moses Oates should be taken in small doses, "cum grano salis."

SPEAKING about the Ted Lost Tribes, do the Scotch Highlanders bear any affinity to the Show-show-Knee Indians, do you think?

How painful it is to see schooners passing out of Toronto bay in this cold weather. Don't the poor chaps aboard of them long to be schoonerizing ashore, eh?

CONTRIBUTED by an Eclectic Church member,—"What's the difference between the present and the former pastor of Bond St.? The present pastor is a great WILD, the former one was just a little wild.

There is a good opening for a newspaper that will not describe a wedding by saying "a sumptuous repast was served," and that "the table fairly groaned under its load of luxuries." There is too much sumptuousness and groaning.

ST. GEORGE'S LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION had a meeting on the evening of the 22nd. Amongst the delegates our distinguished townsman, NOA BARNHART, was elected. (In co-diluvian days they spelled the name N-o-a-h, but during the Barnhart craze we defer to popular opinion and drop the h.)

A WILD STATEMENT.—MR. GRIP, SIR,—I went and card Dr. WILD a-speaking about Napoleon the other night, and 'e said that Napoleon's number was 666. Sir, this is a horror. I was on to the London special police force along with Mr. NAPOLEON, and I am in a position to state that 'is number was X 49. Yours, sir, JAMES JUMBLE.

CEREBRO, SPINAL &c.

Our little Sally did to heaven go
Baby's life so fleet is,
She was afflicted with cerebro—
Spinal meningitis.
'Twas hard to lose our Sally so
But the reflection sweet is,
She's gone where there's no cerebro.
Spinal meningitis.

MISER GRIP,—I was now a gorgesboudend, ya dot's so, und I vaunt a sidduation fur gorgesboudend mit your baper. I wrides in "De Lies" offery veck. Dey galls me little Yaw-kup Faithless,—Dot's me. Of you dond belecif id ask Misder Vilson. I wrides ledfers fur more ash sefen babers, all goppied from "De Lies." I will gif you a shecimen from some of dem babers last veck. "Dogder Vyld, he is a grate man, (in his mindt) mentally sheaking. He make great sermonize last Sunday about anticrist. He says dat Naboleon was number 666, und dot he was a chew. He also says dot he is segund cousin do Anticrist, who was also Apollon, und derefore id vas all right." Dot's vat I galls fine wridin—ain't ud? Now, of you vand a gorgesboudend, vat vil de hair upraise on your reader's heads, I am de boy. Address, yours undcetry, YAW-KUP FAITHLESS, "The Lies" Offis.

You talk about your syndicates,
Not knowing what that indicates,
But old John A.
Has had his way,
And his character he vindicates.

"Chimes of Normany."

Affectionately dedicated to the Canon, in view of a late letter addressed to the *Canadian Spectator*.

Says REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.:

"This vile *Spectator* critic says, says he,
'If equally well qualified, 'twere well,
Canadian graduates preferred should be.
Vile wicked words! with which I don't agree,
Since for good manners, polish, high-tone, common sense,
Canadian graduates, the truth to tell,
To equal gents from Oxford can't commence,"
Says REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.

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"This simplest of critics says, says he,
Strange tales of lax school discipline inen tell,
Of DR. STEVENSON, P. B. S. C.
Vile scribbler, writing for his petty fee!
Thou shalt from me fit punishment receive,
Who once in English Billingsgate did dwell,
Can call bad names from morn till dewey eve,"
Says REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.

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"They may be learned and competent," says he,
"But then they have not the true Oxford swell,
High tone, flash, culture, seen in men like me.

The Brunmel type in them you never see,
Tuft-hunting these poor people do not go,
Nor gaze in awe where titled people dwell,
They know no lords, nor do they want to know,"
Says REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.

Yet dear *Spectator*, thee doth GRIP commend,
No "Norman conquest" hast thou got to fear,
Let native writers native rights defend,
In no back seat let Canada appear:
Our Hanlan beat their Oxford crew 'tis clear.
Go on, thou bold *Spectator* man although
Thou for so doing be assailed pell-mell,
With all the spleen an Oxford man can show,
By REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.

Notes from Our Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP,—I have a splendid idea, in fact I am always having splendid ideas, but somehow they never pan out as they should. Now look here. We have tried the experiment of a representative system and it is a complete failure. The whole thing has gone to seed. What we want is a limited despotism. The representative business is entirely overdone. We have representatives in the Senate, the Commons, the Assembly, the County Councils, the township Councils, the School Boards, in fact representatives for everything and everywhere except Heaven. There are about six representatives to every voter, and that is bearing a little too hard on the much suffering elector. As I said before, what we want is a limited despotism. Let the Province elect you, dear bird, and myself, for say five years. Abolish every other representative, and we would run the whole show. And what earthly reason is there to prevent us running it, eh! or any other man. Why, by Jove, dear bird, we could run this miserable little Province, and play leap-frog for exercise half our time. What is this representative system doing but splitting up the people into petty antagonistic factions—down even to the minute portions of a puny school section—who fight like demons over their representation. But we, with one grand sweep, would banish all this, and having but two representatives—you and me—elected by the one great constituency, we would rapidly unite the Province into one community, and develop a happy and homogeneous people. Yes, sirre. You can bet your final farthing. Having abolished all the little wretched sectional governments, any taxes we required for schools, roads, etc., (especially etc.) we should levy by a rate on the entire Province, thus making the rich assist the poor, a very proper principle. And on principle, this is just where we would open their eyes. All our legislation at present is in favor of wealth and manufacturers. The earth being the source from which we all live, we would encourage the agriculturist by every possible means, and let manufacturers take care of themselves, which they are quite big enough and ugly enough to do. Then we would encourage the people to make their dreadfully short visit to this world a joyous one; a gay old picnic; rather than a

dark, dismal, forlorn hope. Instead of bonusing some factory in every little village, we would lay out nice tea gardens, with bowling greens, and skittle alleys, and archery grounds for the girls. And, oh, jimminy, old bird, just fancy sending our dear old duckey-wuckey wives down to the sea side, whilst we make a grand triumphant tour and inspection of the archery grounds. Oh, strike me with a feather, wouldn't it be awful jolly. Such heaps of bouquets and floral wreaths! Such squeezing of dainty hands! Whoop! Ha! ha! But don't let a whimper of this get to the old ladies, or our scheme is all up. There are no end of things we would do, in fact it is just a splendid idea. Of course it would take a million or two to work it up, but that would be nothing to us. By the way, I owe my landlady \$1.25. I am only \$1.20 short, could you drop me the amount, the importunate old party is getting demonstrative.

GADFLY.

Some Cynical Reflections by a Bachelor.

She's long and thin—some people say
Her figure's tall and willowy,
But I prefer a woman built
More undulating—billowy.

Her voice is pretty fair, but people say
"How sweet! how exquisite!"
Now, honor bright, do you not think
They flatter more than requisite?

Her eyes are nothing great, but some
Will swear they are "celestial,"
They'd be, it seems to me, in rage,
Infernal or terrestrial.

Her hair is red, they call it "gold"
And rave about its silkiness,
It makes me mad, upon my word,
Such calf-like water-milkiness.

Such arms and limbs (that dreadful word
Was very nearly shocking you.)
Ha, ha! Ho, ho! I have to laugh,
But really I'm not mocking you.

She dresses well, but what of that?
Worth cannot make her beautiful.
I wonder if she pays his bills
And plays the part of dutiful.

They say her reputation, too,
Is thin, just like the rest of her,
That sometimes "little accidents"
Have rather had the best of her.

Of course her acting isn't bad,
She well assumes her languishness,
But people go (I know I did)
To see her for her naughtiness.

—JA. KASSÉ.

Unrewarded.

The editor of the *Strathroy Despatch* has accepted a challenge to argue the question of infidelity vs. Christianity through the columns of his paper. He has chosen the side of Christianity, and when the back files have been dusted off and some of their editorials brought out in the argument the infidel will no doubt wilt. No increase in the subscription price either.—*London Free Press*. This kind of thing ought to pay like fury. Christianity should be very much obliged to this heroic *Strathroy Despatch* man for championing its cause so valiantly and disinterestedly. Pity it is that so few modern journalists take up the gauntlet in defence of religion—religion, our guiding star to sweetness and light, as MATTHEW ANSON phrases it. How satisfactory it is to learn that the *Despatch* has not raised its subscription price. His reward may be delayed but cannot be diverted. Virtue is, somewhere or other, stated to be its own reward and, really, taking all things into consideration, we have no doubt of it. The worthy *Despatch* fellow probably knows the truth of the old axiom and will doubtless profit by his perfect knowledge of the strict correctness of the ancient aphorism. It is doubtful, however, whether there is any virtue about religious controversy. GRIP imagines that the *Despatch* man's ideas about virtue's reward and his own don't coincide. A new metaphysical point is involved here which GRIP, with all due deference to the *Despatch virtuoso*, does not like to enlarge on as his *talons* do not lie in that direction.

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