

(BY SPECIAL SLACK-WIRE TO GRIP.)

LONDON, Dec. 9.—Parnell has handed in his resignation as leader of the Irish party and expressed profound regret at having, under a misapprehension of the facts, put the Home Rulers and their Liberal allies to so much trouble. He says that, had he known that there was any objection to his remaining in the position of leader, he would have resigned long ago. Confidential friends of Mr. Parnell assert that it is his intention to take a position as private in the Salvation Army. He has ordered his uniform from Poole, the tailor.

ST. PETERSBURGH, Dec. 10.—The Czar took a short walk in his garden yesterday. As the weather was somewhat chilly, His Majesty wore a coat of mail over his steel plate shirt. His outer garment was the double rivetted copper-lined ulster just finished for him at the Peter the Great shipyards, and his legs were encased in his new bullet-proof trousers. During his ramble His Majesty graciously conferred with a trusted official through a knot-hole in the bomb proof garden wall. He expressed surprise on learning that his newly-inaugurated policy of coercion in Finland has not met with the enthusiastic approval of the people of that Province.

BERLIN, Dec. 10.—Dr. Koch is working overtime manufacturing his consumption cure. Your correspondent had the distinguished honor of an interview with the eminent physician to-day. His laboratory was reached with some difficulty, but I managed to get there by climbing up a water-pipe from the top of a neighboring shed. It was impracticable, I found, to get into the room itself, but the Doctor affably conversed with me through a broken pane in the window. He gave me some valuable information as to the proper pronunciation of his name, but I was unable to learn the exact formula for the lymph. This, he says, he is keeping a profound secret, as it is his intention to impart the necessary knowledge to no being on earth excepting only Professor Ramsay Wright, whose arrival he is anxiously awaiting. When asked why he was disposed to bestow such marked honor on Canada, he stated that he had always felt a great interest in the Dominion, since a relative of his, one Herman Von Schlitzerswitzerstochken, had gone to Canada, for the purpose of settling in the Western States, where he was now a prosperous farmer.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 10.—In Congress to-day Mr. Mills, of Texas, in the course of a speech on the tariff, declared that the people had pronounced emphatically against the McKinley Bill. The greatest excitement ensued. Several Republican members swooned in their places, and Speaker Reed turned ghastly red. Mr. Mills, unmindful of the terrible effect of his words, went on to say that as for himself, the late campaign had made him a straight out free-trader. At this utterance an indescribable scene ensued. The Republicans faintly endeavored to cheer, and the Democrats frantically gasped for breath—those of them who remained unpara-

lyzed. It was a memorable session of the House. Mills was not seriously injured.

OTTAWA, Dec. 10.—An emergency meeting of the Privy Council was held this forenoon. All the members of the Cabinet were present. The opinion prevailed about the Departments that the object of the meeting was to devise means of helping Sir Hector Langevin out of the (Mc)Gravy, but on interviewing a member of the Government this evening on this point his reply was very Tarte. He assured me that the only matter discussed was the matter that finds its way into the *Empire* daily in the shape of editorial. It is not at all to the liking of the Government, and an effort is to be made to supply the editor with some new facts whereon to base comments favorable to the party in power.

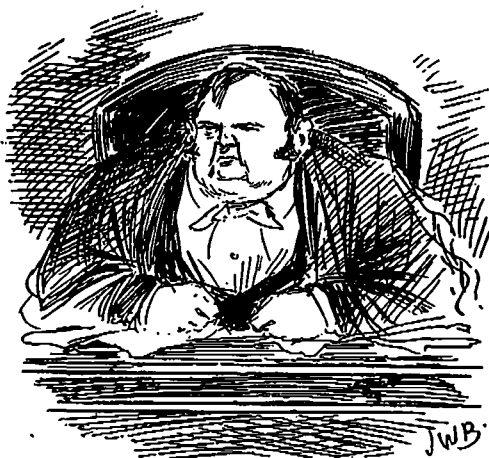
TYPOGRAPHICAL.

"BILLKIN'S PILLS.—Astounding and Unparalleled Cures!" wrote the energetic advertiser. But the intelligent compositor, or the proof-reader, or somebody, transposed the two final letters in the word "cures," and although the ad. was probably more veracious, the proprietor of the specific was mad as a hornet and refused to pay.

ODE TO A BURDOCK.

BURDOCK, thou'rt a gentle weed,
Thriving in the city air,
Where the vagrant goats do feed,
Needing not the florist's care
Squatting on the vacant lot
Mid tin cans and bits of brick,
Taking moisture—giving nought—
Just the ground-hog landlord trick.
Neither bud nor flower thou hast,
Merely ugly, spreading leaves,
And thy perfume—it is nast-
Ee, whereat the nostril grieves;
Yet within thy homely stem
Thou hast sap that's good, they say,
For the Blood, and so, ahem!—
Gentle Burdock—bloom away.

REUB RIXBY.



WIT AT OSGOOD HALL.

(A FACT.)

MR. JUSTICE F-R-G-S-N (*interrupting the lawyers in the midst of a tedious though trivial case*)—"Gentlemen, one moment. I just wish to remark that it occurs to me that cases in this court occupy time in inverse ratio to their importance. I believe, if there could be a case about absolutely nothing, it would go on for ever. You may proceed now."