

precedence will be speedily settled by GRIP himself. Don't anticipate a scarcity of commissionerships. Between the two governments there ought to be a job for every successful aspirant. If there is not, more must be made—that's all!

To each victorious wrestler with six able-bodied mysteries goes a watch, *Globe* pattern, postage, duty and a month's repairs paid in advance. The repairs will of themselves be a serious item of expense. But GRIP knows nothing of expense when Good is the object.

To each profound thinker who grasps the true inwardness of five and a half of this series, is due and will be granted a presentation to the Editor of the *Mail*. It will be given at a favorable moment between articles, and powerful restoratives will be on hand in case of emergency. Should it happen that his Excellency is not in at the first time of calling, a trusty attendant will point out where he last sat and may perhaps also be prevailed on to exhibit his favorite pipe and oriental spittoon. The visit will, therefore, be by no means without its reward.

To the select few who by learning and precedence are enabled to collar the whole batch of conundrums are to be awarded three inestimable boons, namely, the freedom of GRIP office in a snuff box, a chip from GRIP's basket, and a portrait and biographical sketch in the GRIP SACK, immediately after their election to the Senate.

CONDITIONS.

You can take your own time to submit the answers. This is too Grand a Scheme for the imposition of restrictions likely to result in undue haste. No awards will be made until all competitors have had an unquestionably fair show. A few days or months or years are nothing to GRIP. He's bound to be patient when such grave issues are at stake.

No charges will be exacted for storage of answers while others are *en route*.

The only fee required is in the case of winners of the watch. These fortunate persons will please send \$2 as a guarantee of good faith—in the watch. The reason for this is obvious. If it isn't, it will be the fault of the watch, presumably.

Answers must positively be delivered by competitors themselves. GRIP cannot bring himself to trust the Post Office Department after the way the Government have been acting of late.

P.S.—It may perhaps be necessary to state that GRIP has fixed this thing up with Crown

Attorney Fenton. Crown Attorney Fenton is a gentleman, though a lawyer, and appreciates GRIP's power and influence—and cartoons. Summoned to GRIP's presence, he had no hesitation in finding the Statute (2nd Wm. I. Cap. 4, Sec. 9) which pronounces this grand prospect perfectly legal. Now, *savants*, to work !!!

TRIOLETS.

(See *The Week* for 7th Feb'y, 1884.)

TO HER MALLET.

Mallet, oh! so light!  
Owned by maiden tall,  
Held she thee aright,  
Or didst thou, in spite,  
On her toe alight,  
Not on croquet ball?  
Did she scream with fright?  
Did she fainting fall?

Mallet, oh! so light!  
I detest you—Go!  
Had you any right  
Basely to requite  
Her,—my heart's delight?  
You, she trusted so,  
Look at her sad plight,  
She has stabbed her too!

TO HIS RAZOR.

Razor! by thy strop,  
Didst thou ever cut it?  
Cut the downy crop  
On his lip? But stop—  
Didst not rather lop  
From his lip a bit?  
Did he call a "cop?"  
Cry "murder!" Have a fit?

Razor! I'm afraid  
He can't trust thy edge!  
Thou hast him betrayed  
With thy glittering blade.  
When he sought thy aid  
He had signed the pledge;  
Was, ever gash you made,  
Sober as a judge!  
ERIC.

THE BAR-KEEP.

BY A BUMMER.

The bar-keep, the bar-keep, he works on the crowd!  
His conduct is vile and his language is loud,  
But yet he will sway them as Orpheus of old,  
With his hot "Tom and Jerry" and whiskey straight cold.

He can tell in the morn by the look of your eye  
That you are impecunous and albeit dry;  
He can tell by your husky and whiskeyfied cough,  
That you are not the customer to stand him off;  
No matter the money that with him you've spent,  
No matter his big till contains your last cent,  
He knows you're a bummer, a boozing old wreck,  
So he'll gently though firmly catch you by the neck,  
And wipe with your clothes his elaborate floor,  
And then he will fire you straight out of the door,  
But although his foul place with filthy air reeks,  
I still will continue to feed the bar-keeps.



YANKEE CHEEK.

The national spirit which leads our American cousins to assume that nothing outside of Yankeedom can possibly amount to anything, is worthy of some admiration. It has done much, no doubt, to make the Republic respected abroad; and if Canadians had more of the same self conceit their country would be all the better for it. But of course the individual Yank makes himself ridiculous occasionally by his assumptions. Hanlan is coolly spoken of as an "American" because he happens to be a better oarsman than anything the U.S. can produce. And now the Ottawa correspondent of the *N.Y. Sun* speaks of GRIP as "the Canadian imitation of our *Puck*," notwithstanding the fact—well known to all intelligent newspaper men—that GRIP was circulating all over the Dominion for years before the first number of *Puck* appeared.

PECKS AND CAWS.

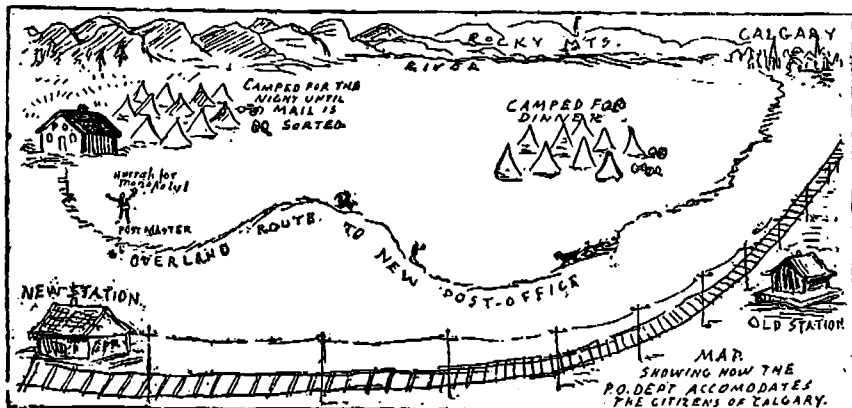
The Decline of Man: Positive, boom; comparative, bust; superlative, bum.

"We must," says the man who prints the *Stouffville* paper, "have wood to keep our fires going, and if those parties who expect to pay for subscriptions in wood do not care to bring it in now, if they would do the other thing it will help us to get wood elsewhere."

"Doing the other thing," of course means bringing the wood in later on. But how is that going to help the poor editor any? It may force him, etc., etc.: Yet here he is giving the whole business away and putting his neighbors on their guard! Desperation ought to be tempered with cogence.

There is a theory that the dreadful monotony of life on board lightships is apt to drive the men who man them mad. You might wonder how it is this theory does not apply in the case of Civil Service Employees. But remember that as regards the lightship mariners there is presumably some little material for the mania to work on.

The able musician critic of the *Globe*, who forecasting the reception of *Marina*, solemnly remarked: "Much will depend on the manner in which the work is presented," is not the only prodigy on the Toronto press. The *Mail* man who indited this powerful local may come forward also:—"The city postmen during the past week delivered 122,720 letters, of which 4,226 were registered, and 38,612 newspapers."



A Citizen of Calgary, N. W. Territory, sends us the above sketch, which ought to be interesting at least to Hon. John Carling, Postmaster-General of the Dominion. It appears that to shut the anti-monopoly mouth of a certain gent in Calgary, the Government have rented from him a building to be used as a P.O. This building happens to be some miles from the business part of the town, and near the new station of the C. P. R. The inconvenience and annoyance of this arrangement is sufficiently well brought out in this map.