

## GRIP.

SATURDAY, 18TH DECEMBER, 1880.



## "The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Tanner's lectures enable him to live on air and water quite handsly, and that's about all.—*Phil. Sun.*

"Leave you, my friend," said a tipsy fellow, clinging to a lamp-post on a dark night; "leave you in a condition not to take care of yourself! Hie, never."

Why is a cab horse the most miserable of all created beings? Because his thoughts are ever on the rack, and his greatest joy is woe!—*Whitby Saturday Night.*

"How do you define 'black as your hat'?" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.—*Whitby Saturday Night.*

"There's good slaying out here this season," said the old frontiersman as he scalped his fifteenth Indian.—*Cleveland Sun.*

To soften hard water.—Drop a good sized chunk in a basin and set on the stove over an active fire.—*Erie Railroad Railway Journal.*

Beginning a suit is one of the law suits.—*Whitby Saturday Night.* And the chances are ten to one that the suit will be conducted by an upstart.

When a man shoots a ball into a fence it becomes a good place to learn the news because it is a ball in board.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

Yes, but not so good as the old woman in the parlor along with the daughter and her young man, because she is then an extra.

A returned Black Hills miner assures us that Buffalo Bill has scoured the prairies so much, that they are shiny like a glass bottle.—*Rockland Courier.*

If, in a case of temporary insanity, you should call a plasterer a "brick," and he should "plaster" you in the eye, ought you to be "mortally" offended at his "kill" conduct.—*Phil. Sun.*

The Burlington Eye wants to know if James had one cent and William had three cents, and their Aunt Margaret gave them both a belt over the head for stealing her preserves, how much sense had James and William between them?

A plasterer's fruit - the lime.—*Waterloo Observer.* The fruit of the witness who turned State's evidence—the peach.—*Phil. Item.* The fruit of the wavering and undecided voter—the "pair"—off a tree.—*Meriden Recorder.* Fruit for the 12th July.—The Orange.

A sweet young miss at Wheeling,  
Whose lover before her was kneeling,  
Exclaimed much surprise,  
At the tears in his eyes,  
Though she was an onion peeling.  
—*Meriden Recorder.*

And he who that moment was kneeling,  
Before that young miss at Wheeling,  
Became so disgusted  
The engagement he busted  
Because of that onion she was peeling.

One of the wonders of insect life is how a small colony of bed-bugs, in limited circumstances, can eat up all the kerosene, roach exterminator, vitrol, bug poison, and such other luxuries, and then have any appetite left to hold a barbecue up and down a poor editor's spiral column in the "wee sma' hours of the mawning."—*McGregor News.*

The *Phil. Sun* says:—It is stat:l on good authority that the Princess Louise will not return to Canada. She does not like Canadian society. Neither the people nor the place can be blamed for being cold, can they?

If we had the man here who wrote that, we would make it warm enough for him, or quit business.

An Irishman will do more execution in a shundy "wid his bit of a stick" than another man could do with a rifled cannon. The reason of this is supposed to be because Pat regards his shillalah as "a nate pounder!"—*Syracuse Times.*

"I am going with the Republican party," shouted Bob Ingersoll, "because it is going my way." He didn't mean to say so much, but everybody that believes in a hot hereafter knows where Ingersoll is going.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Two Irishmen were one day engaged in roofing a house, when one of them lost hold and fell to the ground. The other hastened to him, and inquired, when he found him prostrate and still, "Mickey, Mickey, are you dead?" "No," replied Mickey, "not dead, but spacheless!"

"Time is the excuse of feeble and puzzled spirits."—*Endymion.* What! What! This of Maud S.! This of Hanlan! This of Conkling getting ahead of the shotgun! This of the Bird ave. sewer investigating committee!—*Buffalo Telegraph.*

Behind the bars—Saloon-keepers.—*Keokuk Gate City.* Before the bar—Lawyers and criminals. Often on the bar—Gymnastics and vessels.—*Phil. Sunday Item.* Within the bar—Whiskey, and the man eaten by the "Bar" in the menagerie.

Mysterious—the passion which leads some people to persist in writing poetry, who have hardly sufficient intelligence to pack pork.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

More mysterious—why certain illustrated papers will persist in writing articles on medical questions, which lead its readers to doubt whether the author thereof is possessed of sufficient intelligence to roll the barrel in which the pork is packed.

The principles that underlie most everything in this world is that principal from which coupons are clipped.—*Whitehall Times.* Wilkins is a man whose word is as good as his bond; and moreover, he has the happy faculty of inditing interest-in paragraphs.—*Meriden Recorder.*

Gurr wants his endorsement of the above expressed decimally, and would add that the total amount of these interesting paragraphs is not more astonishing than the large per cent of them that are first-class matter.

A Pike county editor wrote that he proposed to cook the finest turkey in the country for his Thanksgiving dinner. The printer set it up "hook," and the poor scribe was under police surveillance every time he wandered into the outskirts of the town.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

A Whitehall justice applied to a shoe dealer, asking for trust for a pair of shoes for his wife. The dealer had trusted him once and was compelled to wait a long time for his pay. So he said: "You are too slow pay." "Well," said the magistrate, pointing to his wife, "Justice may be slow, but—shoe her."—*Times.*

The *Meriden Recorder* says:—Lovers of scollops will find a supply of this dainty sea food at L. C. Browns, every Thursday during the season.

We always thought scollops were a decorative part of the feminine attire, and never knew they were used for food. We see them here on King street every day, and the season is continuous. Some of them are Brown too, but we have varieties. Bro. Riggs must have been rigged when he was induced to put that notice in.

He came home impregnated with ozone. (otherwise known as "mountain air.") and found his "darling Susie" busy, as usual, at the sewing machine. "Ozone!" he shouted enthusiastically, "you can't get enough of it!" "Oh, sewin'!" she said, with melancholy mildness, "I get more than enough of it." He said nothing more, but, mentally contrusted the stubbornness of women, with the amiability of men!—*Phil. Sun.*

A poet died of old age in Canada last week. His longevity is sufficient proof that he never called at the office in person to deliver his work.—*Modern Argo.* Our esteemed contemporary is too utterly soon and before hand in his calculations. He always delivered his work in person, but the climate here is such that kicking a poet down stairs is conducive to his longevity. This only holds good as far as poets are concerned; it hurts other people all the same.

She was a big, buxom lass, and when her small beau called one evening, she said, "Good evening, Lily."

"I'm no lily," replied he, surprised at the idea. "You're the lily; men are never lilies."

"Yes, sometimes they are; and you, especially, are a lily."

"How's that?"

"Lilliputation."

He then looked as if he wished he were an elephant.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Breathes there a man with a soul so dead,  
Who to himself hath never said:

"My year is up, and blast my eyes."

I'll take this \$2 bill in my fist and rush around there early in the morning, hook on for another year, and give that printer man a most wonderful surprise!—*The Modern Argo.*

Yes there are some in this locality

Sunk so low in point of morality:

That they unto themselves will say:

My year is up, but I'll not go near him, dodge him on the streets, slide around back alleys, get another year thusly, and by that time I'll be away.

The *Globe* of Tuesday contains an interesting description of "the difficulties experienced in finding a spouse for the Gackwar of Baroda" in which we are informed that "Her Highness the Maharani Jumnabai Saheb, as the head of the Gackwar family, had to desire the Dewan himself to lend 'his utmost personal assistance' in this delicate business." It is also mentioned that the Queen Mother had to press the Dewan to relinquish high politics for a time and set out for the Deccan in search of an eligible lady. "Be the mortal," said Jerry Sheehan, as he perused the above, "They couldn't have got a better man to attend to the business fur Dan has a mighty persuasive way wid him among the girls. But that's the first time as I ever knowed he'd been in them furrin Aistern parts."

"A light weight,"—waiting for the gas to be turned on.

Various paragraphs have been suggesting appropriate places for Hungary people to live. One says Sandwich Islands, another Turkey, the next thinks Greece is em-fatically the best. Wouldn't Liver-pool, Ham-burg, or Hash-anten be good localities?

Old man.—Who did you bet on?

Young man.—On Ross; it was my first bet, my Alpha-bet as it were.

Old man.—(Who has bet on Trickett both times.) Just so, and that was my Omega bet.

*Paterfamilias.*—(To precarious son.) Come Bob, bestir yourself; get in some wood for this fire!

Exit *Hopeful*, singing "Satan finds some mischief still," etc.

*Madame.*—This baby has an awful temper! I wonder who he got it from?

*Sir.*—From me, I guess; I haven't observed that you have missed any.