

Our Grip Sack.

BANDS OF HOPE—Norman's Galvanic Belts.
REV. MR. DARLING'S MOTTO—"How is that for high?"

WHEN is a man fit to cross that last river? When he can 'ford it.

HARRY PIPER only dealt out poetic justice to DOC. SHEPHERD when he lam'd him.

"WHERE is Dr. TANNER now?" asks an exchange. He's *fast* becoming unknown.

MR. SWEETLOVE says that young ladies need to be approached with caution. You must be a graduate!—*Tom Tit*.

AN Irish Grit says this talk of Detroiters taking up their residence in Windsor is all nonsense—nothing but Wind-sor!

THE London *Free Press* has an article on "French capital in Canada." We haven't read it, but suppose it refers to Paris, Ont.

THE Democratic newspapers have failed to display the usual rooster cuts after election. Perhaps they're "out of sorts."

WE learn from an exchange that the house of MR. ALEX. CROWE took fire the other day. Our Cookney says this is what they call *'eating crow*.

THE reason FRANK WILSON decided on making his new paper such an enormous blanket-sheet, was that he determined to make all his readers spread *The Truth*.

THE Halifax *Chronicle* talks about the "Reaction in P. E. I." Yes, yes, there is a good deal of reaction about P. E. I.—especially the mince variety, if you take too much.

IT MOUSSEAU cost JOHN A. a pang to part with MASSON, but no doubt he can CARON the Government without him. [The author of this was convalescent at last accounts.—Ed.]

Don't mourn for the Tenth Royals yet,
There's life in that *corps* still, you bet;
You thought they were "played,"
But you'll see them parade
Pretty soon under gallant GRASSETT.

THE Iroquois *Times* says the Tam O'Shanter fever has struck that town. We hope the editor hasn't been affected by it, for if we are not groping after truth, old Tam's fever pertained to Scotch whiskey.

There is a difference between the lips of a young man and the lips of a young lady—but sometimes it is a mighty small one.—*Keokuk Constitution*. Depends often on the heaviness of the male moustache, don't it?

THE Barrie *Examiner* thinks that the Ontario Assembly would work very well if it were much smaller, and calls upon Mr. Mowat to lop off some of the superfluous members. Mr. Mowat would gladly do so, we are sure, only he hasn't any lopper.

Gov. HENNESSY, of Hong Kong, is making determined efforts to suppress domestic slavery in China. He lately sentenced two Chinamen to seven years' imprisonment for this offence. As they left the dock, the washe-washes remarked that this was rather too strong a taste of HENNESSY to suit tea-drinkers.

WE shouldn't be surprised to hear that the bones of MARK LEMON turned uneasily in their grave when the present editor of *Punch* wrote the following in the issue of Oct. 23:—

"I heard by telephone all the jokes, but shan't tell o one of 'em."

This is only a colony, but Mr. GRIP wouldn't like to encroach any further than this on the forbearance of his readers, more than once or twice!

WE are afraid the truly good London *Advertiser* man is getting a little rapid. Witness this heading from an article in his paper: "A Little Game. The Diamonds Playing for Hearts; one deals a Club—Who is to be euchred?" This familiarity with HORLE's parlance would imply that there is an Ah Sin the office somewhere.

CAPT. CHAS PERRY appeared last Sunday night in St. Andrew's Church with a rose in his button-hole, *vide World*.

'Twas the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone,
All its lovely companions
Had perished and gone.

WE don't see how the Grits candle light in the Coal Oil Ring. It's simply wick-ed to jubilate over the people's sufferings. Such fiendishness hasn't *benzine* for a long time. Of course, it's all to make a point against the Government, and we only hope it will *sperm* on to remove the obnoxious tax.

SNODKINS' wife is somewhat loquacious when her dander is up. The other night he meanly handed her a paper with a blue pencil mark around the paragraph about BEACONSFIELD'S gout in the tongue, merely remarking—"and he didn't talk all the time, either!" She merely said "gout with you!"

A MR. SHIELDS, of Perth, Scotland, has discovered that a stormy sea can be calmed by sinking bottles of oil to such a depth that the weight of water breaks the bottles and allows the mollifying fluid to ascend. Now, here is a decent use for bottles! Hitherto they have had a prominent part in making trouble; let them now be devoted to the opposite use.

By the way, the old adage, "There is no lie in The Truth," will have to take a back seat if *Jacob Faithful* keeps on shying his goose-quill. MR. GRIP thinks of giving a little portrait of this anonymous individual some of these fine days. The picture will be "badly executed," of course, but we guarantee that everybody will recognize it as a *Faithful* likeness.

AN up-town young man who is courting a pretty girl, tells us that he has received the old gentleman's permission to keep right on in the capacity of a wooer for fourteen years to come. At least, he says, the old gent has promised not to ask him his intentions until the American parographers have invented a new joke about the paternal boot.

Capt. Eads' Plan.

DEAR GRIP:—

The *Scientific American* says:—

"Captain EADS claims by his plan to be able to take loaded ships of the largest tonnage from one ocean to the other across the Isthmus of Panama, as readily as can be done by a canal after the LEXXEPSS plan, and at a much less cost for engineering construction."

Who is EADS anyhow? What kind of people does he think inhabit the earth. Fools! eh? Or landmen—to speak more distinctly. No sir. Sailors are in the minority true enough, but there are enough of them to make themselves heard occasionally when variegated speckled fools like EADS come to the front. Somehow to me he seems to be much on a par with him who calmly proposed to take sea-going, deep-draught vessels up through the canals to the lakes. Hey! There's another mud-brained individual if you like. As to EADS, that luminary thinks he can lift a one thousand ton vessel with her rigging and spars probably weighing 800 tons more and 2500 tons of dead weight cargo in her hold, clean from the water and tranship her across the Isthmus. Oh, he does, does he! But at the same time the old chucklehead will not be such an ass as to stand underneath. Not he. Why that cargo would strain to pieces the strongest ship of iron or wood that was ever launched. Why don't old EADS turn his practical mind to something feasible, such

as digging up a coal-mine and planting it some where in the vicinity of Toronto, where we would all be too happy to see it and patronize it accordingly. Or tranship a good-sized hill to somewhere in this neighborhood. It would be paid for promptly—it's just what we want. Again why shouldn't he scheme out some plan for lifting Toronto a couple of miles to the westward, the vicinity of the Humber is so salubrious, or devise some plan for hoisting Doc. SHEPPARD to the other side of Jordan or some other foreign place, say Ethiopia or Nubia. Why there are dead loads of practical things to be done yet by such men as EADS if they are only looked for. Why shouldn't he try and transport Ireland to some remote nook in the Pacific ocean where we would only hear from it perhaps once in three years and where the bloodthirsty tenantry would be gradually eaten up by the South Sea Islanders. That's a grand plan. Good night GRIP.

Yours inventively,
ARCHIMEDES SMITH.

A Montreal Ballad.

Sir JOHN MACD. came here to speak,
Ha! Ha! the burkum o't,
And oh! he was so sly and sleek,
Ha! ha! the humor o't!
Conservatives, both old and young,
Swallowed every word he flung
From off his sweet and oily tongue.
Ha! ha! the greenness o't.

How they cheered and how they roared,
Ha! ha! the gladness o't;
As from his lips the words outpoured,
Ha! ha! the glamour o't:
'Twas really very very sad
To see them ready and so glad,
To be gulled by their worthy "Dad."
Ha! ha! the sadness o't.

With many a wise and knowing nod,
Ha! ha! the slyness o't;
He spoke about that famous road,
Ha! ha! the greatness o't;
Triumphantly he did relate
His patriotic efforts great
To form a worthy Syndicate,
Ha! ha! the richness o't!

Sir JOHN A. grinned, Sir JOHN A. smiled,
Ha! ha! the blandness o't!
And with his words the crowd beguiled,
Ha! ha! the sweetness o't!
Believing every word he said,
Believed the road as good as made,
Finished! running! aye and paid!!!
Ha! ha! the magic o't!

How they'll look, let others tell,
Ha! ha! the madness o't!
When they find out that it's a "sell,"
Ha! ha! the badness o't!
When they find out one by one
That the Country has been done
And that Sir JOHN was "just in fun,"
Ha! ha! the humor o't!

How long will people take to learn,
Ha! ha! the learning o't!
'Twixt things that differ to discern,
Ha! ha! the seeing o't!
To know that rails are never laid,
Railways built, maintained, nor paid,
By *promises*—though sweetly made?
Ha! ha! the sweetness o't!

P.

'Will you have a bus?' seductively asked a fastidious porter to a dashing lady alighting from the night train. 'If you please—but wait till we get to the hotel,' was the blushing reply.—*Oswego Record*.

HELP

Yourselves by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances, remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls, to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed, sent free. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

For a GOOD SMOKE
USE MYRTLE NAVY.

See T & B, on each plug.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to
FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST.
First-class Workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.