

Wellsley before the hollidays wich hadent outt to be lost into Oblivian warever that is. The techer says—Now kids wich of you can remember a little verse about a Insec which is prased for its industry. She meened—Go to thy aunt thou slugger or some of them texes I spose. But my little sister she holds up her right hand and says I kno.

Well says the teacher fire away.

Then Susan Jane repeets those bewtiful and touchin lines:

The Bedbug has no wings at all—but he gits thare just the same—which I had taut 'em to her.

An the techer an the Class laughed fit to split.

THE FLY KID.

PERSONAL.

MR. H. HOUGH, who has been for some years associated with the business department of the Grip Printing and Publishing Co., has severed his connection with this establishment to enter upon other work. In parting from our colleague we most heartily wish him success in his future avocation. If a level head, a ready hand and a warm heart may commend a man to the smiles of the coy goddess Fortune, then Mr. Hough will die a millionaire, for he possesses all these good gifts in an eminent degree.

TWO LIBERAL LEADERS.

GLADSTONE.

(London Funny Folks.)

BEHOLD yon noble leader,
Who's won full many a
field.

His tongue his trusty sabre,
His conscience bright his
shield:

He closes now his visor,
And arms him for the fight,
'Gainst every tyrannizer,
For God and Truth and Right!

Take heart, ye throbbing
masses,

His arm is yours to-day;
'Gainst all the warring classes
Allied in grim array.

His words are wisdom's forage
As onward aye he goes
In confidence and courage
To sweep away your foes.

The darling of the People
He still, unquestioned, reigns,
While with unceasing vigour
He opens fresh campaigns.

One vote, free education,
A tax upon the land,
Home Rule and Federation,
These are his watchwords
grand.

Ho, Liberals, sound the same
notes!

Ye Tories, clear the way!
The workers with their true
votes

Must win the coming fray.
No compromise with traitors,
No parley at the gate,
For truth alone he caters,

And yet will save the State.

LAURIER.

BEHOLD yon halting leader
Who, while the Tories yell,
Does nothing in particular,
And does it very well;

He closes now his eyelids
And folds his arms across,
And says, "There's no use
fighting,
John A's perpetual Boss.

Throb on, ye throbbing masses,
And take it out in throbs,
His time is all devoted,
To showing Tory jobs;

His words are quite poetic,
And eloquently flow,
But words unbacked by action
Have very little Go.

The leader of the Liberals
He questionably reigns,
We'd like to know his pro-
gramme,

For soon-to-come campaigns?
What has he for the masses?
Freetrade, freemen, free land,
How does that seem to strike
him,

By way of watchword grand

Ho, Liberals, prod your leader,
Ye Tories, mind your eye,
If Laurier gets in earnest

He'll make your fur to fly;
Soprod him, Liberals, prod him,
And urge him to the fray,

As yet he doesn't seem to grasp
The issues of the day.



'TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.'

JOKELETS.

BY P. M'ARTHUR.

AT THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS MEETING.

MRS. BROWNE.—"Ah, here comes Mrs. O'Toole. She will make a quorum and we can go on with our business."

MRS. O'TOOLE.—"Its a loi fer yeh. Oi never made a quorum in all my loife, and I'm not going to begin now. No more did any of my family, which is as dacent as iver dug praties in the county of Cork"

NO EFFORT SHOULD BE SPARED.

DOCTOR.—"I am afraid your husband is dying, madam."

WIFE (wildly).—"Oh, you must not let him die, doctor. He hasn't even made his will yet."

STARTLED BY A CHESTNUT.

MONEYBAGS.—"What a very disagreeable fall we're having."

TAURUS.—"Great heavens! In what stocks?"

AN EASY ONE.

SMARTY.—"Where do you first find a joke referred to in the Bible?"

GUDEY.—"I don't know. Where?"

SMARTY.—"Why, where Samuel reproves Saul on account of Agag, of course."

A SIMPLE REASON.

BIGBEE.—"Why is a good clock said to keep time?"

RIXY.—"Because it always has both hands on it."

BEHIND THE SCENES.

THESPIAN.—"Hello! did that fellow Ranter get a recall?"

BARNSTORMER (quietly).—"No. It was simply a go-back."

A TIMELY PUN.

JAGSON.—"Time is money, my boy."

LAGSON.—"I'll take your word for it, though I have good evidence to offer to the contrary."

JAGSON.—"What is that?"

LAGSON.—"Why, all time-keepers work on tick."