Wellsley before the hollidays wich hadent ougt to be lost into Oblivian warever that The techer says-Now kids wich of you can remember a little verse about a Insec which is prased for its industry. She meaned—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 there just the same—which I had taut 'em to her.

An the teecher an the Class laughed fit to split.

THE FLY KID.

## PERSONAL.

MR. II. 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. 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 you 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 ForGod 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.

**PEHOLD** you 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.

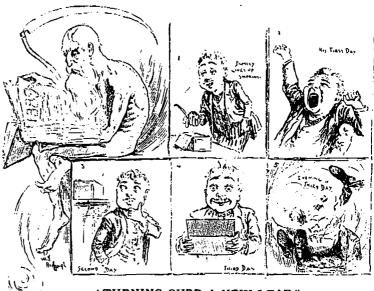
Throb on ye throbbing masses. And take it out in throbs, His time is all devoted, To showing Tory jobs His words are quite poetic, And eloquently flow, But words unbacked by action Have very little Go.

The leader of the Liberals He questionably reigns, We'd like to know his programme, For soon-to-come campaigns?

What has he for the masses? Freetrade, free men, 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; So prod 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 busband is dving,

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 goback."

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."