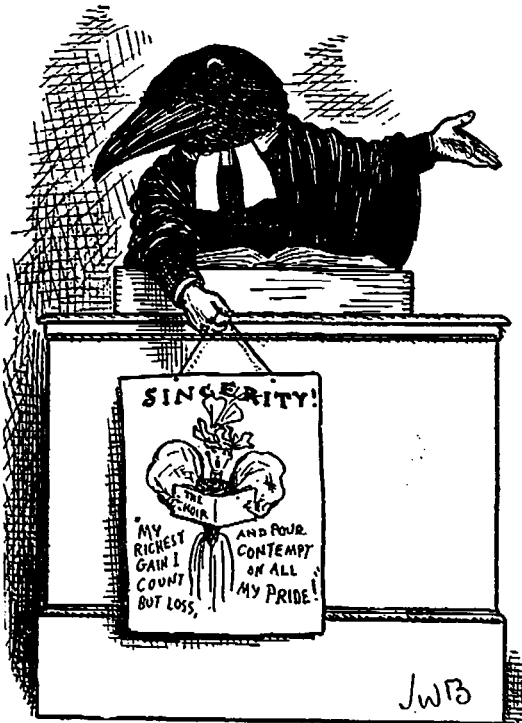


# GRIP'S PICTORIAL PULPIT.

II.



SHORT SERMONS ON THINGS THAT MAKE THE ANGELS WEEP.

## HUMORS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

**GALLANT.**—Amongst the visitors at the opening of the Legislature last week was Miss Glass, a beautiful young lady from London, who accompanied some friends. The Major, amongst others, was presented to her, and being asked if he did not think she was very handsome, "Yes," he replied, "I should be intoxicated every day in the week could I place such a glass as that to my lips."

**SEARCHING FOR THE BULLET.**—The Major told us a few days ago, at the luncheon table, of the duel he fought in Australia.

"Did I understand you to say that you were wounded, Major?" asked Col. J—.

"Yes, and the doctors kept probing and searching for a whole day nearly, giving me intense pain. At last I asked what they were doing?" "Searching for the bullet," was the answer.

"Je-ru-salem!" I cried out, "why didn't you tell me so before? I've got it in my pocket."

**A QUESTION OF JURISDICTION.**—The inspector of Division courts is well known to be thoroughly well posted upon all matters relating to proceedings therein. Some of the young wags at the lunch table made up the following question for him:—"Suppose that distance lends enchantment to the view; and the *vicar* refuses to return it, how should distance proceed in the case?"

"Gentlemen," quietly replied the inspector, "that is a case outside the jurisdiction of the Division Courts. It will have to go to the court of re-view."

**BURNING HIS IDOL.**—A gentleman in a branch of the Provincial Secretary's department, who is a great lover of the weed, was advised by his physician to give up smoking, or he would injure his health by its continuance. He could not break off the habit altogether, and indulged whenever he could unknown to his good wife, who was very watchful, and reported to the doctor any infraction of his rules.

"Ah! there you are," cried the doctor one day, as he surprised him with a pipe in his mouth, "at your old idol again!" "Yes, doctor," replied the patient, "burning it."

"TEA TENDING DOWNWARDS?" queried the Major, reading the commercial report in the *Globe*. "Do you call that news? Why of course when anybody drinks tea he experiences its downward tendency."

**ACQUITTED.**—Speaking of the acquirements of the private Secretary of a certain Minister, "He has been accused of possessing talents," observed one sarcastic speaker, who regards this particular private secretary as an officious prig. "Yes," said the Major, "but I believe he has been acquitted of that offence."

**MR. R. MENTIONED** the other day that his little boy had swallowed a cent, and that he was much troubled about it, for the little fellow appeared to suffer somewhat. Next day at lunch the Major asked, "How is your boy, R.? Has he got over his financial difficulties yet?"

**YESTERDAY** a new waiter attended the lunch table. He appeared to be new to his work and spilled a plate of scalding soup in the lap of a gentleman in the Treasury department, who is rather straight-laced, and has a horror of the use of profane language as well as of all kinds of slang. He jumped up and, with an agonized expression of countenance, solemnly entreated, "Will some of you gentlemen make a remark appropriate to the occasion?"

## FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



JOHN LAIDLAW, ESQ.