



"ARCHBISHOP" GRANT BLESSING "COLUMBUS" THOMPSON.

(VIDE INTERVIEW WITH PRINCIPAL GRANT IN THE "EMPIRE" OF TUESDAY, NOV. 27TH.)

THE morning that Columbus left to sail around the world,
While still his ships at anchor rode and still his sails were furled,
Upon the shore, the story goes—as likely truth as fiction!—
He knelt, and on his head received a priestly benediction.

Behold Columbus No. 2—Columbus Thompson he!—
Just setting out to navigate round Politics' wide sea;
While Grant, with kindness wonderful, consents to act as prelate,
And call down blessings on his head like any Romish zealot.

DERISOR.

in cut-throat competition and glutted markets. There is only one thing to be done to restore prosperity, and that is to give us Free Trade with the rest of the Continent—somehow! You will probably say that means treason and separation from the Empire. Perhaps it does. If you think so, you can keep on starving and stagnating. That's all there is about it.

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NEXT week's number of GRIP will be a specially brilliant and interesting one. In addition to the usual features, including telling cartoons upon current politics, and a great variety of social hits and sketches with pencil and pen, we shall present a series of Delsartean studies, illustrative of this fashionable and much-talked of cult. Our lady readers will be particularly interested in this issue, and newsdealers will find it to their advantage to order an extra supply.

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PRESIDENT HARRISON says in his annual message—but who cares now what President Harrison says? His opinions are worth no more than those of any other second-rate lawyer and broken-down political hack. "The Man that Was" is a chump to let all the world see that he feels so badly over his crushing defeat, and that is about the only significance of his message.

OUT IN ASSINIBOIA.

RAILWAY PRESIDENT—"But of what use would a branch of our railway be through your section?"
SETTLER—"What use! Why there's a big exodus from our part, let me tell yer, and if the people only had railway facilities they'd leave a durn sight quicker."

IT WAS HIS TRADE.

BILDAD—"Did you meet Waggles at Bummerson's dinner party, last week?"

GAVELKIND—"Yaas. Awful cad, I thought. No *savoir faire*. The fellah is continually talking shop."

BILDAD—"Talking shop? Nothing of the kind. Why his jokes and funny stories made him the life of the party."

GAVELKIND—"That's just what I mean. He's a professional humorist, don't you know."

COMING FROM CHURCH.

BERTIE—"Ma, will I be born again?"
MA—"I hope so, my child."

BERTIE—"Then, ma, will you give me presents and cake on both birthdays, eh?"