

Our Grip Sack.

Deep thinkers. Coal miners and submarine divers.

To some sports "Life is but a Span"—of horses.

Motto for Toronto police force: "Non Est Inventus."

When one of our employees is dismissed he gets the "Grip Sack."

"Choke Damp." When a man strangles himself with a wet towel.

When is a pair of old pants like a paid account?—When they are re-seated.

Travellers stand the best chance of receiving titles.—Many travellers are Be-Knighted.

Difference between a certain Englishman speaking at a meeting and writing to the *Globe*. At one he asperates, with the other he exasperates.

Now is the time for the daily papers to come out and tell about the man who took too much benzine on Christmas day and has not benzine since.

'Tis sweet to court, but oh how bitter
To court a girl and then not git her;
And yet it always makes me glad
To see a chap get sold so bad.

Samuel Hicox, an old resident of Seymour, dropped dead Sunday noon as he was crossing his room from heart disease.—*Meriden Recorder*.—Just like some men. We suppose if he had been cros ing from his bed, he could have crossed safely but crossing from heart disease, what could he expect. By the way, what part of the room is that anyway?

Bachelors' rejoice. Leap Year is over and we are yet free. No longer will we be haunted by dreadful visions of some deceptive male swooping down upon us and binding us in the hated matrimonial chains forever. Again our haggard care-worn countenances can assume their old time jollity of expression. For three long years we are free. Free, Free.

The Ahmerstburg *Echo* tells about Justice Gott imposing a fine upon James Barrowman for assault and battering John Meek, tax collector. Bad name for a tax collector, he will have to belie it so frequently. We presume he had a Barrow man to help him home after the row. Possibly James Gott enough of it, too, before the Justice was through with him.

▲ DICKENS OF A FELLOW.

"Mark Tapley" is not dead. He still lives. He lives in Hamilton, and holds an editorial position on the *Spectator*. He is as "cheerful" as ever; in fact he is actually facetious on the subject of the Syndicate bargain, and Mr. Blake's visit. It is easy to see that his "humor" is painfully forced—which proves that the writer has some latent sense of propriety though he tries hard to conceal it. He knows, as well as we do, that the Bargain is a matter of the gravest concern to the people of this Dominion, and that the people as a whole entertain a decidedly unfavorable opinion of it. But he also knows that if that opinion manages to get utterance through Parliament it will result in the discomfiture and perhaps the defeat of the Ministry. Such a *denouement* he knows would be a trivial circumstance in comparison with the disaster which would result from a temporary triumph of the Government, and yet the insanity of Party leads him to act the role of a patricide. He cannot do so seriously, however; his feelings no doubt revolt against that. His only resource is to try to be cheerful under the melancholy circumstances, and we hope he succeeds to his own satisfaction.

Skeggs. of Tennessee.

George Zephaniah Skeggs, Esquire,
Of Bunkumboro, Tennessee,
Resolved he'd sail for Europe's shores,
The Old World wonders for to see.
And so one day in July last,
He thirteen Saratogas packed,
Ten handbags, and a box or two,
And on them parchment labels tacked.
Columbia's shore he left behind,
Aboard the "Baltic," White Star Line,
He ate and drank the very best
Of well cooked food and sparkling wine,
The cabin stewards, from the chief
Down to the smallest boy of all,
Vied with each other to be first
At Mr Skeggs' beck and call.
When he was sick and like to die
They brought him sparkling "champagne cup,"
They brought him basins by the score,
And held his languid forehead up.
When he was convalescent too
They fed him up on strong beef-tea.
No one on board the Baltic fared
As well as Skeggs, from Tennessee.
Behind these kindly actions hid,
Lay half a hundred itching palms,
Which yearned for worthy Skeggs' gold,
And sought the same with low s laam.
But Gratitude was not in Skeggs,
And when at last ashore he went
Loud lamentations filled the air,
He hadn't given them a cent.
But be it from me far to say
I wouldn't do the same as Skeggs:
For I'd have done the very same,
As sure as crocodiles lay eggs,
Just put yourself in Skeggs' place,
And I will bet you two to one
That when you saw the itching palms,
You'd do—what Skeggs and I'd have done,
When honest Skeggs to Paris got
He quartered at a new hotel,
With some tongue-tangled foreign name
Like "Maison de la Mauvins Smell,"
In fact I've often noticed that
While visiting these foreign climes,
I think that if I've felt it once
I've felt it ninety thousand times.
Whilst strolling out one day he saw
In lettering of blue and gold,
"Fine Champagne baths, apply within,
Terms, 10 francs hot and 5 francs cold."
"So help me," quoth astonished Skeggs,
"Just let me read this here again!
Is this the way them furrin fools
Get wastin' of their good Champagne?"
He read the sign board o'er again,
Yes! there it was and no mistake,
Inviting all whopassed that way
A most luxurious bath to take.
"I will!" at last he boldly said,
"In writing 'twill be awful fun
To tell them folks in Tennessee
What Zephaniah Skeggs has done."
And so he went and rang the bell.
An ancient negro man replied,
Who, with a most politish bow,
Invited Mr. Skeggs inside.
"A bath sah? Yes sah! Hot or cold?
A sparkling Roderer will you try?"
"No, not at all," said Mr. Skeggs,
"A hot Veuve Chagnot, still and dry!"
A tap was turned, a marble bath
O'erflowed with the inspiring flood,
The sight of so much goodly wine
Fired honest Skeggs' torpid blood,
And so he bathed as kings should bathe,
Or other knaves of high degree,
'Twas better than the yearly "scrub,"
Skeggs used to take in Tennessee.
And as he lolled in lordly style
Submerged to his unshaven lip,
Pray ask yourselves the question how
Skeggs could avoid a little sip?
But all things fall in course of time
So Skeggs got out and dressed,
The bath was slightly smaller then
For Skeggs had drank the rest,
"Nay, never mind," the negro said,
"The balance goes to fill the tubs
Of all our poorer customers
Who like their five franc Champagne "scrubs,"
"And after that" said Mr. Skeggs,
"What with the refuse do you do?"
"Well," said the ancient negro man,
"I really don't mind telling you.
We bottle all the refuse up,
We packs it up in empty crates,
We sends it off to New Orleans
And other places in the States,"
DELIBERATIVE DORMOUSE.

A man at Augusta, Me., recently wanted to make his wife a present of a pair of shoes. The salesman asked him what number she wore. The customer didn't know, but remembering that she wore No. 7 gloves, he got her a pair of No. 7 shoes. There was war in that man's house that night.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Capt. Tom's Meditations.

"I say Capt.," said Jim Bluffer, one of the boys down at the corner grocery, after the usual crowd had assembled and old Capt. Tom had taken his accustomed seat on the biscuit box; "What do you think of this business of arresting hotel keepers for selling liquor after hours?"

"Well now boys, I'll tell yer what it is," said Capt. Tom, expectorating on the stove—there's a good deal ter be said on both sides. Some people takes un runs down tavern keepers cause they sell whiskey. Now, I don't believe its wrong ter sell whiskey, cause the law makes it merchandise and gives 'em the right to sell it, but I believe its mortal wrong ter drink it. If yer don't want em ter sell whiskey, why, change yer laws, un I'd like ter ask yer how often do yer enquire of a candidate how he stan's on this question? But as soon as eny of yer is hurt by drink, then yer go un howl about the wickedness of tavern-keepers in sellin pisen, when its all owin ter yer own foolishness in buyin' a drinkin it. Now look here, 'tother day there was a man fined in the Police Court fur sellin' whiskey arter hours. Now, that man had a Skatin' Rink, 'un the-e fellers were there, 'un he refused them morn half-a-dozen times, un they got it at another place. Atlast they cum ter him an says, "If yer don't give it ter us we'll get it across the road, but your friend and we'd sooner give you the money than tother chap." So considerin' as how they were his friends he gave them a drink, an then they went un informed on him. Now which was the wust man of the two I'd like ter know? Marier says any man as sells liquor is a bad man; but I say as yer don't need to drink it unless yer want to, an if you do you are just as bad as the man that sold it.

Now boys, there's another thing. I want ter tell yer how I feels about this yer business of introducing party politics inter municipal elections. In the first place I don't want to have things here like they are in the States. There they elect everything from the president down to the constable according to their politics, un if we do the same we will have an opposition in every council we have. Un then what difference does it make whether a man believes in the N. P. or not, if he is going to be a Water Commissioner? Trint goin ter make the water taste any better, is it? En what difference does it make whether the Chairman of the Board of Works supports this cursed Syndicate? They aint goin' ter give away any more lands ter build sidewalks I hope. Un what has the Deceased Wife's Sisters' Bill got ter do with the Park Committee? It may have something ter do with the Cemetary Committee, but hanged if a man's politics is going ter make much difference even in that. All this is bad enough, but the wust part is the man the Conservatives has put up. Dod gast it, I've been a Conservative so long that it most kills me, but I'll be blamed if I have anything more ter do with them. I says to Marier, says I, Marier I haven't felt so bad since I had the measles, but I'm done with 'em. Why they've took un put up a man, who if all the stories told about him are true, ain't fit ter keep a pound let alone bein Mayor. Now I don't say as how all these things is true, but there has been a Commission appointed by Parliament, un they've found out lots of his crooked on Section B., un that he's a political jobber un ward politician, an I think he might have waited until these things were cleared up afore he cum' out fur office. But that's just what we may expect if every thing is ter be run by party. Marier says so too.

TMQTHY.

Mr. Mackenzie has taken no part as yet in the Syndicate squabble. It is rumored that he is so much interested and amused in reading Grip's new *Comic Almanac* that he can't think of anything else.

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