

Our Grip Sack.

A good housekeeper. A watch dog.

It takes PARNELL to make an Irish Stew.

HANLAN is a trump! He has won the odd trick-it seems.

Always look in your boots before you put them on.—*Gate City.*

TRICETT says HANLAN is a bad egg—because he can't be beat.

NOVEMBER brings LOUISE back to Canada, for-love of course.

WHEN is a Treasurer not a Treasurer? When he's a robin' of course.

New song for whist players.

"Rubber toi que j'aime."

This last race has been HANLAN'S *Waterloo*!! Water-lugubrious set these Australians must be at the present moment!

Subject of debate at the next meeting of the University Debating Society.—"Did the two fleas who patronised the ark go in on NOAH or on his dog Toby?"

One of the London papers is down on JOHN B. GOUGH, and calls him "no Temperance Postle but a mere Stumpist." Grip though at present on the fence does not like this kind of railing.

Mr. ENGLEHARDT, of Petrolia, says that the coal oil we are getting just now through the notorious ring, is not only dearer than the oil we used to get, but "does not burn so long, in consequence of being lighter than formerly." Well, well, we'll learn something derrickly, but I should have thought that the "lighter" coal was the better, it would suit the purpose of its being.

"What fun 'twould be," a farmer said,
"To take that frisky steer—
To grab him by his shaggy head
And stand him on his ear."

And then he laughed out, long and loud
And rolled upon the ground
Then rising leaped into the pen
With a single agile bound.

The steer looked at him, mild at first,
And then closed up one eye
And with a gentle, loving shake
He tossed that man on high.

The farmer landed on his head
"Bout forty rods away
The while the offensive steer
Resumed his cud of hay.

A red silk handkerchief sticking out of a fellow's side pocket, gives him a wonderful sight more pleasure than it would if he shook it under a bull's nose.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

You have seen pictures of shepherds with the proverbial crook in their hands. I didn't think a party could be a shepherd without this crook, any more than a man could be a leader of an orchestra without a pair of pants. I was glad that the first man whom I saw tending sheep had one of these crooks. I didn't know what a crook was for, but always believed that it was a badge of the occupation, whose origin I could not fathom, handed down from century to century since the time when sheep were invented. Imagine my genuine disgust when I saw this shepherd use the sacred crook to capture the straying animals by catching hold of one of their hind legs and tripping them up. The awful truth came upon me like a flash, and I sat down heavily, a broken-hearted man. I had thought it a beautiful emblem, and it proves to be a hind leg snatcher. Thus floated the wind from another sweet vision of youth. I must have more salary or I'll die, I fear.—*Danbury Bailey.*

The sign "Beware of Dog" is stuck up that he who reads may run.—*Modern Argo.*

Oh, Dear Oh.

From the *Weekly Sun*, St. John, N. B., we clip the following charming piece of luscious rascality:

C. C. MORE.

Sweet arms, white arms, in whose embrace,
So closely woven,
My heart has lain for love's solace,
In passion's heaven;
Fold round me once again your languorous wreathing,
Till, stayed with clasping hands, life loses breathing,
Once more, once more.

Sweet eyes, in whose grey, lustrous orbs
Love chases passion,
Till love itself another life absorbs,
Its shape to fashion;
Though tear-dimmed, now your pleading, starry splendor,
Have you forgot your magic—true and tender
No more, no more.

O Princess diademed with light,
Love's life is sweetest;
Strive not with happy fate, nor fight
Against the meekest.
But kiss and clasp and kiss in swiftening measure,
Till passion's thirst grows cloyed with death-sweet pleasure,
Once more, once more.

Montreal, October, 1880.

DUSKETHA.

Oh DUSKETHA! whosoever thou art, male or female, grown up man or downy chinned boy, bearded old maid or idiotic maiden, it doesn't matter which, but *you are an awful fool*. Montreal seems to be thine habitat. Alas, inoffending city! What has thou done that the fatuous Dusketha should batten upon thee? Oh Dusketha, it pains the Raven very much thus to perch upon thee, but what canst thou expect? Swinburne wants followers, but oh, Dusketha, take a Ravens advice and keep in the background, where, if any praise is not meted out to thee, certainly thou wilt escape ridicule. Oh, Dusketha, confine thy flights of fancy to simple measures like the following, (*we know you tried to kiss her and made a mess of it.*)

Never Again.

Dying the leaves came tumbling down
Falling thick as the winter rain,
Deep as the mud in Toronto town,
And I tried to kiss her, but, all vain.

Little we recked of the dying year
Snowy fingers were clasped in mine
Sweet red lips were far too near,
Wildly tempting like ruby wine.

I tried it once and I tried it twice
My trials were painfully great to see,
Repulses were frequent and far from nice,
And she nearly extracted the eyes from me.

Ruby fingers which boxed my ears,
Snowy lips as they turned away
I see and feel through the mist of years,
As plain as I did on that autumn day.

Now that's about the style of thing you might excel in if you practised it. Send us up some specimens Dusketha, and we will pay you for them if they are worth printing.

Blighted Hopes.

BY JA. KASSE.

O, horrid tale of love and loss, of cruelty and woe,
Canst thou, my bosom, bear it long? (my bosom answers no),
O, days and nights of mental pain, which I for her have spent,

My heart will break! (my heart replies it will not, worth a cent).
Her name was EMMALINE, (sweet name) her age was sixteen years,

Her mother kept a boarding-house, (excuse these foolish years)
And EMMA poured the boarders' tea, and filled their plates with hash,
And when they didn't pay their bills, she dunned them for the cash.

Alas! I saw her every day—at first we only smiled,
For she was young and innocent, and I a bashful child;
(Then as the days went on, my love increased, and stronger grew.)

I popped the question to her, as she made the Irish stew,
She promised to be mine—O, joy! O, rapture unsurpassed!
I waved the dish-cloth round my head, as EMMA held me fast;

She told me I must ask mamma—"O, dash mamma," said I,
She vowed I was a perfect brute, and then began to cry.

(Now for the misery.)

Her mother listening by the door, (as mothers often do),
Heard every word that I had said, and told me of it too.
She stamped, and yelled, "I've heard your plans; straight out from this you go,
As soon as you have settled that little bill you owe!"
Alas! I owed a full month's board, my purse was empty quite.

I had no friends to borrow from—my credit was not right,
I sadly wandered forth, and left my trunk and its contents,
But cheered me up whenever I thought of EMMA'S MA'S lamentations.

When she should find a dozen bricks, a college cap and gown,
Some waistcoat, (for my *uncle* kept my clothing in the town),
I walked around the place, and starved a week, until at last
I grew so thin and weak, that I no more a shadow cast;

(If SARA BERNHARDT could have seen how *frail* and *thin* I looked,
She would have thought her little game in Canada was booked.)

Now, if I'd only had the pluck to suicide commit,
My woes would never have been told; 'twould hardly have been fit

A corpse should write, as was the case with that bold pirate, who,
Committed suicide on board the barque the "Ballahoo."

(The Revenge.)

O, I can bide my time, and wait until I get a chance;
And EMMA'S mother will regret the day she plunged her lance

Within the manly bosom which was all her EMMA'S OWN.
For I will work, and slave, and wear my fingers to the bone,

Until I raise the stamps to run a boarding-house next door;
And then I'll marry EMMA when her mother's *awful* poor,

We'll take her home to live with us—but if she ever jaws,
We'll silence her at once, by "Grip!" sweet bird of honest jaws.

Sara Bernhardt.

O, SARA BERNHARDT has come out to the West,
In all the old country her clothes are the best.
With her aesthetic eyes, and her sculptresque nose,
O, she'll make lots of money wherever she goes.
For so meagre in form, and so perfect in art,
There was never an actress like SARA BERNHARDT.

Now SARA does simply all rivals outshine,
For she acts in a way that is really divine;
She sculps and she paints, and she models in clay,
You won't meet her match in a very long day,
So meagre in form, and so jaunty and smart,
There was never an actress like SARA BERNHARDT.

Said manager PERRIN, "Now, SARA, my dear,
"In London I can't allow you to appear."
But said angular SARA, "I know that I am thin,
"But for you, Monsieur PERRIN, I don't care a pin,
"To seek other conquests I'll soon make a start,
"So good-bye, Monsieur Perrin," said SARA BERNHARDT.

So boldly she entered the Customs House Hall,
Among Customs House officers, bank-clerks, and all,
Then spake the Inspector, his hand on her truck—
For the lesser officials had not the pluck,
"With your dresses for all, you're so jaunty and smart,
"But you'll have to pay duty, Miss SARA BERNHARDT."

So meagre her form, so lovely her face,
That never New York such an actress did grace.
She brought five hundred dresses and bonnets ashore,
And of slippers and gloves fully five hundred more,
And she'll make herself wealthy before she'll depart,
Have ye e'er heard of actress like SARA BERNHARDT?

Shouldn't Doc. Sheppard be stopped at once?
What is it that hinders us, as British subjects,
from having Doctor Sheppard up? Can't we get rid of him? Truly, if the comic papers go on much further, they must charge the Doctor so much per line, and send the blanked ballifs in at \$2.00 a day.

POOR PRINCE OF WALES! He once begged by letter that this rule should be relaxed so as to enable him to accept Marshal McMahon's invitation to see the "Grand Prix" run; but a negative answer was returned by telegraph, and the Prince did not go to see the race.—*Ottawa Free Press.* I am very sorry for the poor, dear chap; 'aint you? Fancy the deprivation! He couldn't go to see the race for the *Grand Prix*, (whatever that may be). His tender, (and more than that) Royal Heart must have been breaking. Poor, poor fellow! Grip's heart is breaking in unison with his. Give us a fair warning, WALES, and we will break our hearts together!

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