



HAPPY THOUGHT!

Advice to a certain "most unwilling witness" who expects to be called in the Burnt Contract case. "Become an Agnostic, my dear sir, become an Agnostic, right away!"

The Latest Freak of Fashion.

The sanctum on Adelaide-street was the scene of a most amusing episode the other day. Mr. GRIP had just dropped off in his usual afternoon siesta, which he generally takes perched on the bust of Minerva, behind the sanctum door. Standing on one leg, his eyes closed, his beak comfortably buried in the back of his neck, he was drifting luxuriously through dreamland, that land where politicians cease from troubling and weary editors are at rest. In fact, he was in the heart of the great modern Babylon, seated before a blazing fire in the cosy private sanctum of his venerable relative Mr. Punch, where Mr. John Bull had incidentally dropped in. The great Cruikshank, Leech, and several other artists who had revisited the glimpses of the moon in honour of Mr. GRIP's visit to England, were also present, a goodly company, discussing literature and art in general, and Mr. Goldwin Smith in particular. Mr. GRIP had just remarked that "Smith was earning anything but Gold in opinions just now," when he was startled by what seemed a peal of distant thunder. The end of the world being due just then, according to the savants, all known feats of electricity were instantly eclipsed by the suddenness of his transit to Canada, where, cautiously drawing his beak half way out, and opening one eye, he waited with palpating bosom for the second peal. Which came instanter in the form of a tremendous knocking at the sanctum door. Relieved of immediate anticipation of the crack of doom and the consequent wreck of worlds, he slowly let down his second leg, which in truth was somewhat stiff, yawned refreshingly, and preening his glossy coat a little, he gravely hopped down and out, towards the chair editorial. Having seated himself with the air of a man who was too deeply engrossed in a profound article to heed the first knock, he hastily stuck a pen behind his right ear, and bawled "Come in." Immediately the door opened, and an elderly gent, with an air of great trepidation, stood before him, industriously mopping a rather bald forehead.

"Mr. GRIP, I believe!" Mr. GRIP's obony beak disappeared between his talons in a profound bow.

"I am in great trouble, sir, great trouble."

"Great trouble?" echoed Mr. GRIP.

"Yes sir. Observe my head," said the visitor, beuding low. Mr. GRIP turned the side of his

head, and bent one eye towards the cranium of his visitor.

"That head, sir," he resumed, "now bald, thinly covered, and straggling, was once a luxuriant mop of auburn curls. That was when I was a young man, before matrimonial talons,—but I anticipate. When I inform you that I have been married these twenty years to a lady, a fashionable lady of—a—rather peculiar temper, to put it mildly, you will at once perceive the cause of this lamentable falling off. Tho past, sir, the past I will condone, but the future! No sir! it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and it is the last claw—well, never mind. Do you know," he continued, coming up close to his astonished listener, "do you know that the latest freak of fashion is the cultivation of 'long-pointed finger nails'? Finger nails, sir!" he thundered, bringing his fist down like a sledge-hammer on the editorial desk, and making the cover of the inkstand dance like the lid of a boiling tea kettle. "Think of it! As if it were not enough to stand them as they are, pared and smoothed off, but they must set to work, my wife and daughters, and all the rest of the female race, to cultivate talons! How, sir, do you suppose I am to get these girls off my hands if they persist in following such a horrible fashion? Do you suppose for one moment that any sensible man will ever propose to a woman who wears talons? I put it to you, Mr. GRIP, honestly?"

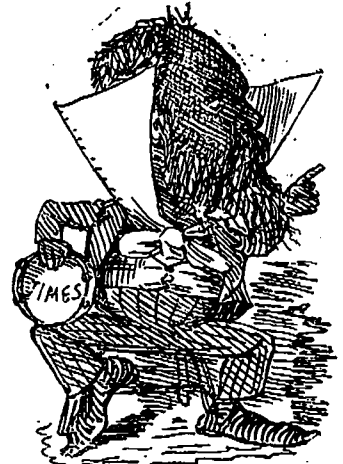
Thus adjured, Mr. GRIP replied that "While for his own part he would have no objections to a talon-ted partner, certainly all experience proved that gentlemen, as a rule, rather inclined to the softer and less decided feminine character. He thought talon-ted ladies would be more likely—" Here the entrance of the devil clamouring for copy put an end to this remarkable interview, the present description of which GRIP forthwith wrote out and consigned, per Diabolus, to the tender mercies of the printer, which are generally allowed, especially by poets, to be cruel.



BRAVA, BRAVISSIMA!

There! ladies and gentlemen, what do you think of that! The great feat of balancing the receipts and expenses of the Intercolonial Railway was one which the former Ministry was unable to perform, but the present clever actor,

Signor Tupper, has not only done that, but now you see him in the act of holding up a surplus, much to the amazement of a certain interested on-looker. This is a very effective performance, but it required long and patient practice, and the careful assistance of Mr Pottluger, Mr. Schreiber and all the other officials of the road to make it a success. That a great reduction in the expenses of the national road has been secured without affecting its character for safety and efficiency is something the country has reason to be thankful for, and Sir Charles Tupper claims that this has been done—nowwithstanding the clamour of certain Opposition papers to the contrary.



BRUDDER GARDNER'S CONUNDRUM.

Brudder Gardner, of the *Hamilton Times*, has taken his seat on the end in the political minstrel company, and propounds a conundrum which nobody seems inclined to answer. Of course the conundrum pertains to coal, and what Brudder Gardner wants to know is why the con-umer—or rather why the coal tax; no, but why the duty on—oh pshaw! it's quite slipped our memory, but we'll find out what it was when the *Spec.* answers it some of those fine days.

A Great Canadian.

On Monday night Principal Grant, of Queen's University, lectured to a large audience at Shaftesbury Hall. A member of GRIP's staff being present reports the lecture as an unusual intellectual treat. The lecturer, a native of Nova Scotia, said that in a new country like Canada no effort should be spared by individual Canadians to strengthen the ties that knit our Province to all the others of our Confederation. On this ground he claimed the sympathies of those present for Nova Scotia, and for Joseph Howe, her greatest intellectual representative. A rapid survey was given of Joseph Howe's boyhood, which was passed "before competitive examinations were held for babies," but had the advantage of several valuable educators—nature, good books, hard work, and a good Christian father. His political career was then reviewed. It was to be regretted that he had said hard things of opponents. But that was a fault in Canadian politics which every one could do something to amend. As it was, any one desirous of convincing the English that Canadian politicians are only fit for the penitentiary, need only send home a selection of newspapers on both sides of the House. The lecturer was frequently and warmly applauded. And Vice-Chancellor Blake expressed the feeling of all present when he said at its close, that proud as they were of the dead statesman of Nova Scotia, they were equally proud of her living representative who stood that day amongst them.