

for the last too weaks and crackers and all sorts of cumbustibles, and we put all these rite under the hen house we conver-ed in spannish bucos guy fox was a spanish or a nitalian an i was guy fox and billy roldes he was a bold conspiritor an so was jimmy jonson and charlie tomson. rolloero el powdero under hen house, i ses an the three boald conspiriters ses "see, scnyor." just like rele spannish an done just as i tole em i think there must have been woren a thowsend pounds of powder in the hole. well we could here the hens an the geeso cacklin just like members of parlyment an i rores out in tones of thunder ware is the -i meaw waro esto el torcho for wed lade a trane an all was reidy. ecco lar ses charlie strikin a match on his nickerbokers an i ses then death to tyrants for i forgot the spannish for this an then i aplied the torch an the 3 boald conspiriters run to the end of the allerway but i was in such a hurry that i triped an my eyes soon as i a plied the torch the hoal thing went orf you never see the beat of it an i was flinged out hed formist outon the hoal an i see the air full of members of parlyment in all staiges of decomposition sum without heads and sum with thare wings and tales burnt orf and all squawling like as if they was hurt but that wasnt all for the hoal was longer than we anticipated an run under the back kitchen ware ma and miss malone the hired gurl was washin an you should a seen miss malone come flyin threw the winder an the tubs after her an all the weaks washin black as sut an ma with her hare all singed orf my, you never seen the beat the boald conspiriters had run orf fritened near to deth at the result of the plot an i declair i was the moast astonished conspiritur you ever seen. my cloes was all burnt an lung in ribins an my eyebrows an hare was gone an i had a norful pane all over miss malone is a nirish gurl an my how she did go on an ses she its that devil's pup av a by of yours done this the blagyerdly murtherin little villin ses she an she was orful a stonished. well i was carried to bed an the doctor come an he ses itl be a weak befor i get wel there was twenty three members of the house of commons killed out rite and several hert so bad they had to be slane not countin the nirish gurl malone who says she woan't live with such a divils imp as me an she's gone haom an i shud think shed like a gunpowder plot becos shes a papish an shes suing for her wadges for pa has been speklatin on the merican lections an cudnt pay her an he ses i am the cors of all his truble but i was only doing what history tells bout what do they teech us history for if it isn't to sew the goud seed in our mines i shoud like to kno. all the dishes was broak in the back kitching and the insurants company had pa a rested for a tempted incendriasm, but i got him orf telin a bout the consপরিস্য an ma has stained a shok to her nerfs that the doctor says may prove mortly fatel. i am sorry now an wen i get wel i shal be doctor carver and iassoo the dogs and the other fellers cos i think gunpowders too explosif. pa is going to giv me a norful lickin wen i get well an i doant kno whether to recuver or die both's bad enuff. if you will interseed for me praps i shant be belted so please do an ill rite you some moar for GRIP. i cant see out of one i and the other is bunged up good by.

Your fathful friend, JO POKER.

Benedict, have you not often heard your beloved better-half complain of the discomfort she feels after she has adjusted that mysterious fixture—her corset? You have; and with the instinct of your sex, you have advised her to discard corsets altogether. There's where you made the mistake. The trouble was not the corset, but the seams in the "vest" beneath it. You can remedy the difficulty and secure peace in your household by getting Mrs. Benedict one of the seamless vests to which reference is made in the advertisement of the Paris Manufacturing Co. on our cover this week.



THE STUDENT AND THE COP.

Said the student to the cop,
I will sing a little song;
Said the cop unto the student,
You had better move along.

Said the student to the cop,
Just wait till I begin;
Said the cop to the student,
I think I'll run you in.

Said the student to the cop,
I rather think you wont;
Said the cop to the student,
I'm jiggered if I don't.

Said the student to the cop,
I never will be sat on;
Said the cop to the student,
Cast your eye upon my baton.

Said the student to the cop,
Cast your eye upon my femur;
But the cop didn't mind it,
And he never showed a tremor;

But he caught hold of the collar
Of the young and studious med,
And he placed a mild contusion
On the summit of his head;

And a comminuted fracture
On his nice new Derby hat,
Observing "You must come wild me,
And give me no more chat."

And the coppie marched the student off
Amid a row infernal;
And the next day he'd to interview
The unrelenting kurnal.

DOODY'S GREAT SPEECH ON HOME RULE.

How long, me misguided country will yez be a menagerie to the Saxon circus? How long will the lions and toygers av Irish eloquence be stirted up be the ten-fut pole or Saxon arrogance an' the sawdust arena or a Saxon Parlymint? And the great Ostriches, Zebras and grizzly bears or Milesian Golden Grandeur be a laughing-stock for the greedy grins av a goggle-eyed generation av guggle-pated Englishmin. (Cheers.)

Let us calmlly condemn in intertwisted flashes of consuming electricity and resonant remarks of thunder-pealing silence, the hoggish propensities of Saxon statesmanship. In the name of Cromwell and the combined cranks of christendom, how long stweet vale av Avoca art thou to be sneezed at be the Bully-ruffians av the nineteenth century? (Wild cheering.)

Though all the crowned heads, corned feet, an' royal white elephants av Europo arise indisherminately an' at vance to crish the green goddess av freedom, I purteast wid the light av ages converging on the e-crcumferenco av moy cranium—and in the name of all the kings of Ireland that monarchical inshtitutions ejected into the baseless vacuity of nothing at all in the irresistible splendoriferousness of the concentrated blue blazes of justice flowing forth as impartially as melted butter from a saucapan. (Thunders of applause.)

Faix, long enough me onhappy country had thou been ground down an' blowed up be the insufferable presence ov absentee landlords.

Long enough has the shroine ov justice been striving to cleanse the shstains from the shpot-less ermine in the hearts blud ov the purest peasantry that ever set fut to the flure. (Cries of "Hear till him.")

Phantom ov O'Connell! Immortyal Dan! I flourish the shillelah av defoince at those crawling caricatures av common sense which contaminate the roshthrum av knowledge wid the nobsthrum av ignorance. Shweet gim ov the say. Yer political fucher wouldnt pay for the salt to a red herrin', barrin yez have recorse to dynamite an' a power av it. (Long and continued cheering.)

THE C.C.A.'S RAVING.

In my chamber I was sitting, through my fancy came there fitting many a curious thought befitting some quaint tome of legal lore,
When my ears were set a-tingling by the sound of money jingling, which with laughter loud was mingling just outside th' apartment door.
Ah! it was the sound of money, sweet to me as is the honey to the bees; I thought it funny, coin was jingling on the floor
Of the hall outside, or lobby; "Now I can indnlge my hobby," then I thought, "I'll call a lobby; here's a gambling case in store,
These are newstoys pitching coppers; 'tis a gambling case in store."

Down I cast my parchment musty; set aside my volume dusty; whispered, "Now, my lads, I'll bust'e, gambling at my chamber door."
Then across the room I ambled to detect the boys who gambled; with a little speech preambled, crept I silent o'er the floor.
Close my eye I put the key hole; 'twas a very, very wee hole, but thro' it I well could see whole crowds of buys, eye, ten or more,
Each one pitching up a copper; "Ha!" me thought, "it will be proper on this fun to put a stopper; yea, I'll quash it everuore;
These bad boys I'll teach a lesson; they shall gamble nevermore.

Then I stood and peeped and listened, whilst my eyes with gladness glistened; one I heard who "Spuds" was christened, call out "heads! 'twas tails before,
That's ten cents you owe me, Billy." Oh! those words near knocked me silly. So this "Spuds" will gamble, will he? thus I spake but patient bore
Till more evidence I had, sir, tho' suspense nigh drove me mad, sir, I could scarce hold in, by gad! sir, but I wished to ope the door.
And conclude the gambling coppers of those boys who sell newspapers; "oh!" I sighed, "for one of Draper's men to catch them," then I tore
Open wide the door and dashed out. Darkness there, and nothing more!

Then a sense of dread came o'er me as I saw all black before me; loud the night wind blew, and stormy 'cross the lake from shore to shore,
And it whistled weird, and eerie, like the wail of spirits weary of the realms of Hades dreary, till I writhed in terror sore.

"Do I wake or am I dreaming?" then I cried in anguish, screaming, "this affair has all the scumming of a dream I've dreamt before,
When I thought I'd nabbed those sinners, who no toilers are, nor spinners, but who chanced to come out winners and prize lottery tickets bore;
Shall I catch them?" and a voice spake from the darkness—"Nevermore."

Then I woke, with chills all creeping down my back; I had been sleeping, legal lore my senses steeping; I was lying on the floor;
There it was my clerk had found me, where the nightmare foul had bound me, with my briefs all scattered round me; aching every bone and sore,
And I said, as I'm a sinner and a foe to lottery winner, that, directly after dinner, winks I ne'er will take two score,
And I am prepared to swear, sir, that to go to sleep I dare, sir, sitting in my office chair, sir, never, never, nevermore,
No; directly after dinner I will fall asleep—no more. —S.

RAFFERTY'S RESOLVE.

THE TOUCHING TALE OF A NOBLE, SPARTANIC YOUTH.

"Father, I must put in another term at College!"

From a boy Peter Rafferty was known for his manly courage, and high ambition.

Even now, when a grown man, and second year medical student, he cannot enjoy the trip from Toronto out to the old farmstead unless the stage driver gives him a seat on the box, and lets him take the reins as they drive through the villages.