



AN IMPORTANT POINT.

MR. MULDOON—"Here's the medicine, Honora, an' the doc-ther sez it'll kill or cure you."

MRS. MULDOON—"But, Patrick darlint, fwchich will it do furst?"

MR. MULDOON—"Bedad, I forgot to ax him, entirely!"

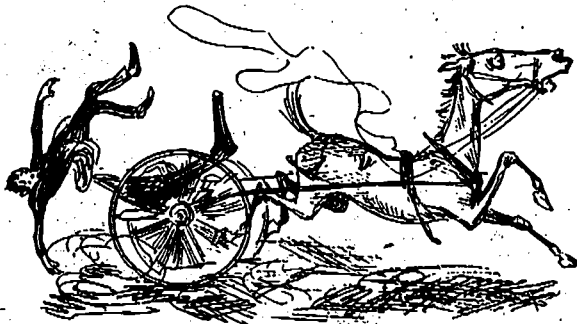
AIRLIE AT HOME AGAIN!

(HE DESCRIBES THE AWFU' TRIP HE HAD COMIN' OWER.)

HEATHER HA', TORONTO,
October, 1890.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP.—When I tied a muckle bunch o' heather on my back, an' bade farewell for a time to auld Scotland, little did I think o' what I had to go through afore I would again licht on a freen'ly shore. I had often heard o' equinoctials, but this is the first time I ever rode across the Atlantic on the back o' one, an' I'll tak gude care it'll be the last.

Yon cantankerous element o' nature would come ca-reerin' doon like a great whale, tearin' up the sea an' hoist-in' the ship clear up on its back an' shakin' it off again, an' makin' it perfectly impossible for me to keep up the sma'est appearance o' dignity. I'll defy any man to keep up his nateral dignity at an angle o' forty-five degrees, wi' three or four skirlin' women hingin' on till him an' the sea flecin' ower the deck at nae allowance. As for denner it wasna to be thocht o', for nae suner



MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.

Why is this man like Grip's Comic Almanac for '91?
Because he'll be out soon.

would we be a' settled doon an' the het soup ladled oot then it would come bang up amfidships, wi' a soond like the crack o' doom, capsizin' soups, plates, knives, forks clean intill oor laps, amid a yellin' an' skirlin' an' hingin' on to the first thing handy in a vain attempt to resume the perpindicular. As for the sichin' an' the groanin' an' the never-to-be-forgotten soons o' mortal agony proceedin' frae unseen quarters, believe you me, "*Rocked in the cradle o' the deep*" may be a' very bonnie as a song, but, asa practical experience it's like mony ither bonnie theories, no sae easy as ye would think. There was a'e indignity, however, I was determined the equinoctial wouldna' put upon me, that was whummlin' me oot o' my top bunk in the middle o' the nicht like Sautan flung ower the battle-ments o' Heaven an' lichtin' wha kens whaur. I can put up wi' a hantle, but flecin' through space I draw the line at.

So I tak's the rope I had roond my kist an' I winds it roond an' roond my body an' then I fastens the twa ends to the key o' the port hole, an' so anchored I lay safe an' secure frae a' risk o' tummlin' oot when the ship gae a by-ordinar lurch. A great cawn cam' ower me, an' wi' a grim smile o' pity I listened to the puir unfortunate wretches wha had sae muckle less gumption than mysel'.



EXCLUSIVE.

CHANTICLEER—"What's the matter with *this egg*?"

MRS. C.—"Oh, that's only common clay; it doesn't belong to our set."

"Steward."

"Yes, mistress."

"Are we a' gaun to the bottom d'ye think?"

"Oh, no—this is nothing."

"Steward—oh—oh, dear! Do you think my trunks will be safe down in the hold there? Would you kindly step down and see?" This last was by a delicate rose-leaf young leddy gaun oot to be a wife to a North-West farmer.

"Steward, what do you really think?"

"Oh, we're all right. Trust in Providence."

"Ay, that's—very—true—but—oh—oh—um me!"

"Oh, steward!!! we're all going to the bottom, I know we are. You've no right to deceive us like this."

"Nonsense; its only an equinoctial gale."

"Hallo! old fellow—why don't you stay in bed?"

"Im just telling this lady here: it's only an equinoctial."