

EASY TO WRITE ON.

RITER—"I'm in luck. I've struck a first-rate new subject to write about."

PENMAN—"What is that?"

RITER—"Theosophy. It affords such splendid scope for the imagination."

PENMAN—"Do you know anything about it?"

RITER—"Mighty little. But that's not at all necessary. There are so few that do, that you can say anything you like without much fear of contradiction."

MILITARY ITEM.

OOR braw Highlanders of the 48th paraded to St. Andrew's kirk on the Sabbath, where Rev. D. J. Macdonnell preached to them an appropriate sermon. It is not true that the subject thereof was Pharaoh's tyranny in compelling the children of Israel to make brecks without straw.

A POPULAR PROFESSOR.



HE had been to College for nearly a year, and had caught on to city ways in great shape, using cuss words with a fluency and a nonchalance which secured him the admiration and respect of his former rural associates, who hadn't got beyond the "begosh" stage of development. One day when he was airing his accomplishments during a visit to his native village he was overheard by

Deacon Peavey, who, as in duty bound, remonstrated.

"That's the kind of talk what ye learn down to Toronty, is it? Yer dad ought jest ter take and larn ye with a bar'l stave. Nice kind uv teachers ye must hev at that College. Which purfessor is it that larns ye to swear?"

"Which Professor? Why, Prof. Anity, of course," replied the graceless youth.

CASTELS IN THE AIR.

"THE Maple Leaf and the Union Jack." This is the title of a brightly written pamphlet by that bright young Canadian, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins. It is a plea in support of British connection, and so far meets GRIP's hearty approval. It is disappointing, however, to find this able and well-meaning writer pinning his faith to the phantom of Differential Trade—if the figure of speech may be allowed. The dream will never be realized until Great Britain loses her common sense. Meanwhile, the only thing that will endanger British connection is the discontent of the Canadian people, not with British rule, but with the fiscal policy of their own Government. Mr. Hopkins quotes from Emerson, "The misery of man appears like childish petulance when we explore the steady and prodigal provision that has been made for his support and delight on this green ball which floats him through the heavens,"—which is all very well for the fellows who happen to own the ball. But for those who cannot get access to land, there doesn't seem to be very prodigal provision made, and the "national policy" now in vogue only adds to their distress. It is to escape the consequences of this policy that Canadians fly to the States, whatever their views of British connection may be, and if Mr. Hopkins does not wish to see



HE HAD THE SYMPTOMS.

HEAVY FATHER—"Back on my hands again, eh? Well, upon my word, Bill, if you ain't the most useless—hang it, I've tried you in everything from bus-drivin' to a clerkship in the House, and you don't seem to have brains enough to keep any billet; I am completely discouraged and disgusted, and I'm blest if I know what avenue there is open to a man of your capacity—you must be a genius!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

annexation accomplished, he should turn his talents in the direction of destroying the system which is producing "the misery of man" in this country. Instead of doing that he is devoting all his ability to the bolstering up of the Protection fraud.

NOT ON ANY ACCOUNT.

SEEK not to thrall the poet's flight,
For like the lark is he;
He sings more sweetly out of sight—
He, therefore, should be free.

His haunts are in the green wood's aisle,
Or nigh some purling stream,
Where sylvan songs his soul beguile—
There let him muse and dream.

—William T. James.

WELL now, who is seeking to thrall the poet's flight? Mr. James can't say that anything of the kind ever happened around this office, where we are only too happy to accelerate such departures. We would not thrall him for anything. 'Tis a truly wise provision of Nature that he sings more sweetly out of sight. It is to be hoped that he will be permitted without delay to get where he can warble his prettiest—and the quicker he goes the more everybody will be pleased.

VERY SICK INDEED.

SAMJONES—"You're not looking well to-day, Mac. What's the matter?"

MACORQUODALE—"I'm feeling pretty sick, Bro. Samjones."

SAMJONES—"Too bad. I thought you didn't seem in your usual spirits. Feel weak, do you?"

MACORQUODALE—"Weak? I should say so. I'm too weak to raise an objection."