

Grand Trunk Humour.

(A fact.)

Tall Engineer enters Superintendent's office and enquires if it is true, as his Stoker has informed him, that the Company mean to dispense with his services?

The Superintendent.—I am not aware of it. (To Stoker.) Did you tell him so?

Stoker.—Well, sir, yes; I told him the Company didn't want him any longer.

The Superintendent.—And what authority had you to tell him that?

Stoker.—Why sir, good gracious, you don't want him any longer, do you—he's nearly seven feet now! [Exeunt omnes.]

Advice.

The Irish World is a warm advocate of rag money, and professes to believe that the speedy triumph of that movement will be the salvation of the country. And yet Mr. STEPHEN D. DILLAYE is one of the chief writers on the World. They ought to sack him at once, for in such matters DILLAYE is dangerous.



"Between two Stools."

The Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE has just received a present of two foot-stools from the ladies of St. James' Church, Charlottetown, P. E. I., he having proved to be the successful candidate in one of those highly edifying voting competitions for the "most popular man," so much patronized by modern Christianity. The Hon. gentleman replies, expressing his thanks for the handsome present, and his unbounded pride at having scored such a brilliant victory. No doubt in his secret heart he rejoices over the stools as a tangible evidence—or rather two tangible evidences—of the growing unpopularity of Sir JOHN and the N. P. amongst the Islanders, and a sign of glorious things to come for the Reform Party. The Mail, apprehending this, and feeling that there is really something in it, endeavours to make the circumstance a subject of ridicule. It is to the Conservative organ that we are indebted for the above perversion of Mr. MACKENZIE and

the two stools, and the insinuation that the ladies of St. James' Church in a spirit of wag-gishness meant to remind the ex-premier that it was "between two stools he came to the ground." GRIP's pages being devoted to the encouragement of native wit, this really funny idea deserves to be recorded, though of course Mr. GAZP himself is far from endorsing the suggestion that the ladies had any other motive in making the presentation than a sense of duty, seeing that Mr. MACKENZIE was the winner, and perhaps also a feeling of gratitude to that gentleman for being the unconscious means of replenishing their sacred treasury.



Blighted Affections.

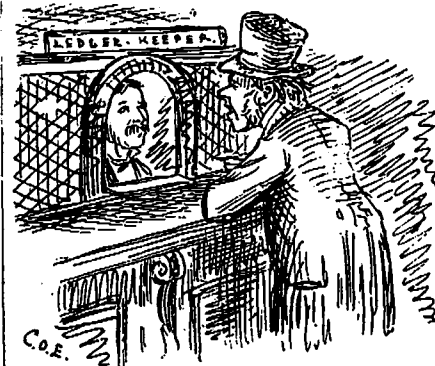
"O its 'ard to give the 'and Where the 'art can nivvah be!"

[We reproduce the above from a cartoon which is at present creating much amusement in England.]

To Be Knighted.

It is said that several Canadian statesmen will be knighted at Quebec on Monday next, the Queen's birthday. Among the number to be knighted the name of Hon. Mr. LANGEVIN is mentioned, and in this case all parties are agreed that the honor has been fairly earned. — *Belleveille Intelligencer.*

Notwithstanding this announcement of Minister BOWELL's organ, poor Mr. LANGEVIN was again passed over, and it begins to look as though he would never see himself in print as "Sir HECTOR." But he may console himself that several equally distinguished and worthy persons have been similarly slighted, for example, M. CHAPLEAU, Mr. PLUMB, Mr. RYMAL, Mr. JOE BEEF, and many others, whose services to Canada have been simply uncalculable.



Udenominational.

Occasional Customer.—Say, I want a stamp. Clerk.—What denomination? O. C.—O, I generally go to the first church that comes handy!



The Champion Nepotist.

I am the Minister of Marine, And although I do look green, I draw a handsome stipend, and fulfill the utmost hopes Of my brothers and my cousins and all the other Popes. Of my brothers and my cousins, Whom I reckon up by dozens, All the Popes!!
You may be surprised to hear That every blessed year Some fifty thousand dollars (by my pulling of the ropes) Of the public money rolls into the pockets of the Popes, Of my brothers and my cousins Whom I reckon up by dozens, Of the Popes!!

The Royal Name.

The Whitehall Review publishes the startling announcement that the surname of the Royal Family of England is WERTIN, that having been the cognomen of the late Prince Consort. Society in London and Ottawa is of course greatly agitated at this discovery, and a marked diminution of loyalty is apprehended. It must be admitted that WERTIN does not sound just as pretty as one could wish, yet we sincerely hope the British public will recollect that "handsome is as handsome does," and abate no whit of their affection for Her Majesty the Queen and her crown and dignity. Though it may not be very aristocratic, WERTIN is by no means unappropriate, considering the sort of weather which has distinguished England for several past seasons, and created such a boom in the umbrella business.



University College Museum.

Tremendous consternation amongst the loose fishes in the Chemistry Department, at the unusual voracity displayed by an English Pike recently added to the collection!!

Why doesn't HANLAN claim the championship of the World? He has beaten COURTNEY, and COURTNEY is the great and only Trick-it!