



GRAMMAR.—AHM!

MRS. NEURICHE—"Well, Evelyn dear, how are you getting on with your studies?"

EVELYN—"Oh, mamma, I just hate metaphysics."

MRS. N.—"You shouldn't say met a physics, dear, it's met a physick. You know the noun a is in the plural gender when it governs the adjective."

THE STRAIGHT TIP.

"WHERE did you get that hat?
Where did you get that tile?
What did you pay for that?"
"Don't you admire the style?"
Nobby, I should remark
Won on election bet
Always back E. F. Clarke,
Would you a new hat get."

A BUDDING CUVIER.

TEACHER—"Now, Johnny, what kind of animals have horns?"

JOHNNY—"Deers an' cows an' rams."

TEACHER—"Can't you think of any others?"

JOHNNY—"No, ma'am."

CHARLEY—"Please, teacher, I know—the hornithor-hynchus."

MODUS VIVENDI.

THE *modus vivendi* between GRIP and Dom Pedro or "any other man," has been confirmed.

We are not quite clear as to the meaning of this latest newspaper catch phrase, but that is quite immaterial. We are simply afraid that we should lose caste in the eyes of our numerous patrons* did we fail to introduce *modus vivendi* some way or other, and now that we have done so we trust to hear that everybody is satisfied.

A ROD IN PICKLE.

CABBAGE BOSS, by which kindly appellation the Minister of Agriculture is favorably known, has sent a hundred and seventy-six bundles of young trees to "Canadian Western Territory,"—a name by the way not nearly so sonorous as "Our Nor'-West Territories,"—to try if they will grow there. This is no doubt the great thing

* How stupid! This should read "enormously extensive clientele," instead of numerous patrons.

that Foster promised to do for the agricultural interest. In the list of plants we do not observe the classic birch mentioned. As an ex-Professor, the Great Financier (the pious Æneas,) should have explained to the Great Agriculturist that a plentiful supply of that tree will be needed in the new territory, especially in the present crisis when the public mind is exercised on the subject of compulsory education. For, after all, fundamentally speaking, the birch twig is the tree of knowledge. *Twiggez vous?*

MONARCH OUT OF BUSINESS.

IT was reported lately that worthy Dom Pedro of Brazil has taken his expatriation so much to heart that it has weakened his mind. It is also said that he refuses to accept at the hands of his ex-subjects a pension that would keep him in comparatively comfortable circumstances. Further, it is now asserted that he is writing a treatise on the Botocudo Indians. All these symptoms ought to excite alarm among his friends and induce them to take care of him. If he should publish his book and the *Week* review it, it would about finish him.

WHY HE GOT LEFT.

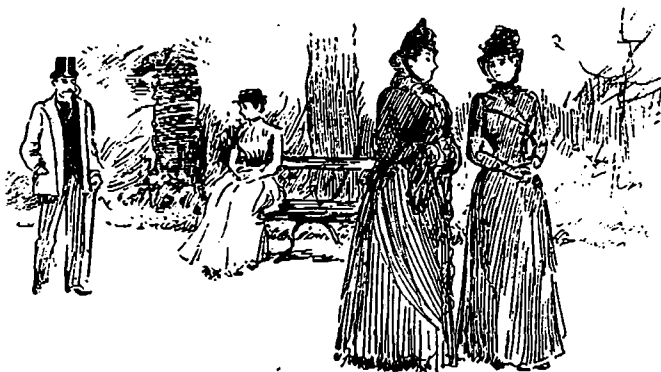
"DOWN, down with the French," Equal Righters exclaim,
"They are wolves who would ravage the fold,"
And so poor Mr. French, on account of his name,
Is by Grenville left out in the cold.

PROHIBITIONIST—"Rally to the support of Moses the only Prohibitionist candidate in the field. Vote as you pray!"

BUMMERSON—"I'd a blamed sight sooner prey as I vote, but there don't seem to be any boodle going this trip."

COUNTRY SEATS AT A DISCOUNT.

"FOR sale, on easy terms, a country seat,"
"Oh pshaw!" says Sheppard, "guess I won't compete;"
"You're right," says Will McLean, "just so say I,
A country seat, methinks, comes much too high."
"Please count me out," says Hughes, "for I've been there;"
Says Holmes, "'Tis a delusion and a snare."



WEDDING ACCOMPANIMENTS.

EDITH—"How does a marriage certificate begin, Mrs. Plusher?"
MRS. PLUSHER—"I don't remember exactly, but I think the first words are 'Know all men by these presents.'"—*Munsey's Weekly*.