



UN-"LIMIT"-ED GALL!

## THE GENERAL'S HEAVY CHARGE.

A LAURIE-ATE ODE.

THOUSAND leagues, thousand leagues,  
Though ocean Sundered,  
Canada's General  
Came at his country's call,  
Came to her council hall.  
Over the billows blue  
This loyal son and true  
Hasted to claim his due  
Mileage six hundred.

Members to right of him,  
Members to left of him,  
Little our hero cared  
Who thought he blundered.  
Theirs but to question why,  
Or to stand idly by.  
See the land plundered.  
Vainly MacMullen's voice  
Strong protest thundered.  
Swerved not this roving blade,  
Fearlessly braved tirade,  
And no reduction made  
From his six hundred.

Oh, the wild charge he made!  
Oh, the audacious raid  
On our poor treasury!  
All Canada wondered.  
Henceforth lest he repeat  
This most astounding feat,  
Let a stern rule be laid,  
That from far foreign parts  
As mileage shall be paid  
No bill six hundred.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

## PRUDENT FORESIGHT.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR,—I am a rodent, I am, that with tens of thousands of other sleek thieves make a fat living by nibbling and gnawing in the public crib. We make a good thing of it, we do. But you are aware that rats always leave a sinking ship. Now, Squire GRIP, this Ship of State is becoming dangerously rotten. The timbers are all honey-combed and waterlogged, and the whole vessel must soon go down by the head. You that know everything, MR. GRIP, do give us a friendly hint how long the planks will hold together, so that myself and other vermin may have due time to

RAT.

## THAT PIE.

SING a song of sixpence—a pocket full of rye.  
Twenty Equal Righter birds baked up in a pie.  
When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing.  
But it wasn't quite the music that the pie was meant to bring.

Sent it up to Meredith; he took off the crust,  
Then that worthy gentleman was seized with deep disgust.  
All the Equal Righter birds would not sing or say  
But "Hurray for Mowat now; hurray! hurray! hurray!"

"Ah! my pretty little birds," thus to them he said,  
"What is this?—can each of you have turned his little head?  
I am an Equal Righter—I—and I am sure you'll see  
The folly and the wickedness of going back on me."

"You are an Equal Righter now," sung every birdling gay.  
"But it is said you once were not; you know what folks will say.  
Will you, next time when John A. runs, and 'lection cries are  
hot,  
Go for the hierarchy then? we rather think you'd not.

"We fear you trick us little birds, for those who follow you,  
Cry 'Do away with Sep'rate schools'—a thing no one could do.  
You do not say it can't be done, though you're aware it's so;  
What else may you be keeping back? this pie would like to know.

"Then your supporters say some things which stretch the truth,  
indeed.  
We don't suppose you know them, or that you the papers read,  
But as you're in with such a lot, we hope there's no offence,  
But this pie of Equal Righters has in you no confidence."

"We are obliged to return many excellent contributions," said the polite editor, "as we have not room to print them." "Ah, indeed," responded the would-be contributor smiling. "Then let me hope that mine are not excellent enough to return."

L.B.

OLD EMPLOYER—"Well, Biddy, so you are out of employment again. That's too bad! And you were so fired with enthusiasm over the idea of getting a new place."

BIDDY (*sadly*)—"No, mum; 'twasn't till after I got the new place that I was fired."

L.B.



## MARKING TIME.

CLERK OF THE WORKS—"Look here, Donovan—I can't understand how you made seventeen hours on Thursday."

DONOVAN—"Shure, Oi shtarted two hours before Oi began, an' Oi wurked all dinner toime whin Oi was restin', an' afther Oi left off Oi wurked for two hours more, and that makes me toime out!"—*Funny Folks.*