



**The Party Martyr.**

HIGHLY RESPECTABLE CITIZEN (who happens to be a Conservative), *soliloquises*: They talk about RIDLEY and LATIMER and the early christian martyrs, but was any one of them ever compelled to vote for a corruptionist and jobber like CLOSE because he belonged to a certain party, to elect him to an office which he is unfit to occupy, and which has no manner of connection with the principles of that Party? I venture to think not. At all events, if any of those early christians had been ordered to do so they would not have stood the test. But I shall not quail! Sit still, my heart. Sit still. I'll soon get over this sickness of stomach, and I'll vote for CLOSE or die. Sit still my heart, sit still!

THE Police Magistrate of Port Hope has established a singular system of gradation of values. He imposed a fine of one dollar on an assailant for punching a certain editor. Afterwards he fined another assailant three dollars for attempting to threaten the editor of another journal. In the third place he imposed a four dollar fine on a ten year old boy for breaking a pane of glass worth five cents. The query now is—what was the value of Editor No. 1.

A MAN named Power was lately staggering along the street in Lindsay. Our funny contributor's attention was called to the fact, when he remembered that it was an illustration of the balance of Power.



**A Direful Threat.**

IRATE HUSBAND—(To Delinquent Wife.)

You huzzy, you! Now if you provoke me much more I'll use my influence to have the Deceased wife's Sister Bill passed, and when you're shuffled off, I'll marry your favourite sister JANE, and I'll abuse her like the very mischief, madam!

A RUNNING soar.—Flying a kite.  
MOUNTIN' air—A song sung in a balloon.  
SOULIERS can never become refined they will always be Course men.  
THE Benchers of the Law Society should be recruited from the Shoemakers.  
PAT.—Phwat is the mainin' av the Pacific Syndi-cat?  
GOTTLIEB.—Doand you know. It's von gat dot vas py nopody never seen. It's "Ausgie-spielt."  
PAT.—Be the powers an' its there where ye's are all wrong intoirely. Its a cat phwat JOHN A. has, an' is goin' to let out on the 9th of December.  
GOTTLIEB.—Ish dot so. Den py mine peer and pretzel why he not did led him oud pefore?  
PAT.—Be jabbers its there where ye have me.



**The Inflationists.**

Our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. WALLACE, M. P., was in his glory on Wednesday, when his beaming countenance was conspicuous at the convention of the "Land, Labor and Currency League," in St. Lawrence Hall. The attendance on the occasion of the mass meeting was not excessively large, owing, no doubt, to the fact that comparatively few people are yet aware that it is the object of this League to make everybody rich and happy. It will take time to clear away the fog of popular ignorance, and then Mr. WALLACE, along with Messrs. WRIGHT, THOMPSON, KEYS and WYNNE, *et al.* will be crowned with laurels, if gratitude is not dead in the public heart. Meantime Mr. GRIP gives the above illustration of the theory of "Inflation" as at present conceived by those who do not know any better, and who are in the habit of saying that Mr. WALLACE is getting altogether too much puffed up for the good of his health.

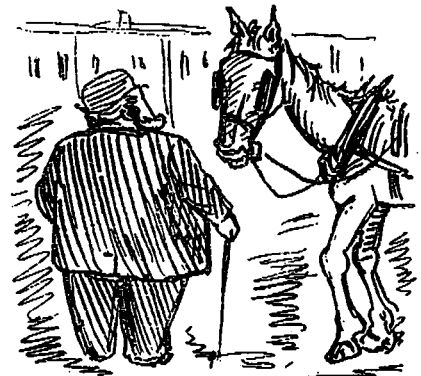
A Western man having lost his wife, a sympathizing friend remarked upon his woe-begone appearance. "Well, I guess you would look thin too," was the melancholy rejoinder, "if you had to get up before daylight, make the fires, draw water, spit wood, and feed the cattle before breakfast. I tell you what it is, if I don't get somebody to fill poor, dear, sainted Maria's place, I shall be retiring to her side before many weeks.



**"Giving Himself Away."**

Mr. GRIP has often heard slangy little boys and young ladies talking about people "giving themselves away," but he never saw the real force of that expression until he read SIR CHARLES TUPPEN'S evidence before the royal commission. The hon. knight began by stating, *ex cathedra*, that in the matter of Section B, he wished it distinctly understood that his action was the action of the whole Cabinet. This must also hold good in all other Executive doings, and therefore it is fair to say that SIR CHARLES, as a member of the Government, is responsible for the appointment of the commission before which he appeared. Now, when a gentleman appoints a commission to try himself, and then goes before that commission and gives strong evidence for the prosecution, it may be considered a clean case of giving himself away. And this is the rather amusing thing that SIR CHARLES has undoubtedly done in the present instance.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, for his conduct. "Love," said he, "I am like the prodigal son; I shall reform by and by." "I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father."—*Wild Oats.*



**The Car-Horse and the Alderman.**

A FABLE.

A poor Street-car HORSE once accosted a Jovial Alderman, and said, "How is it, Sir, that you do not advocate my Cause when the subject of Overcrowding the Street-Cars comes up? You profess to be a Humane Man, and yet you always take the side of my Masters who are rich and grasping!" "Blame me not," replied the Alderman; "it is not that I have no Feeling, but that you have no "side-pockets." With that the Horse retired, and the Worthy Alderman was allowed 2 paces.

Moral.—The Keily motor is stronger than the society for the prevention of cruelty.