

"RATS."

A NEW CATCH TO AN OLD TUNE. DEDICATED TO HARRY
PIPER, ESQ.

Two white rats!
Two white rats!
See how they've grown!
See how they've grown!
(Grown to a zoo now, you bet your life,
With lions and tigers and animals rife,
Did ever you know such a thing in your life,
Just two white rats!

TO THE PUBLIC.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CANADIANS:—

I take this, my earliest opportunity, of announcing to you, through the universally circulated pages of *GRIP*, that I repudiate all responsibility for the alleged "Farewell Address," which appeared in last Saturday's *News*. The editor of that paper has already confessed that the document in question was written by one George Washington, and this corroborative evidence will go to convince you of the truth of my present disavowal. For the affront thus put upon me, I leave that editor to the tender mercies of an enraged Conservative party. My friends and followers—those who know me best—will, I hope, not be slow to appreciate the extent of the insult thus offered me, and to mete out to its author his fitting punishment. Nothing could be more repugnant to my feelings than to be compared to this man Washington, a man whose every characteristic it has been my study to shun in the long course of my public life. And nothing could be further from my real wishes than to have it pointed out that the circumstances of Canada at this moment are, mainly through my influence and as a result of my methods, well nigh desperate. That a Canadian journalist could be found capable of imputing to me at this juncture, the high patriotism, moral greatness, and overmastering earnestness of this man Washington exhibited in every sentence of the address in question, is something I was not prepared for. I don't know what I have done to deserve such treatment. I am not aware that I have ever given my friends reason to think of me and Washington in the same day. It may be that the facts of our present political situation are truthfully set forth in this document, and that those facts call for instant action if Canada would be saved from destruction, but I am not the man to give myself away by saying so, and if Washington spoke in this way in a similar crisis, it only shows how little tact he had.

Yours, dear fellow Canadians,
J— A— M—.

Is hoarse-radish good for a cold?

A LATE weather prediction says that a long winter is likely to result in a late spring.

THE Knights of Labor are in a great ferment and yet many of them are not working.

WHISKEY straight will set a man crooked. There is only one sure way of taking it straight—to the sewer.

THE New York *Tribune* believes the Panama canal will be completed in the time allowed, because M. de Lesseps is "moving heaven and earth" to accomplish that end. M. de Lesseps would get on faster, though, if he would move less heaven and more earth.—*San Francisco Wasp*.



MOST LIKELY.

Patrick (recounting his troubles).—Well, thin, your Riverence, we got behind with the rint.

His Riverence.—Ah, that's bad—and what was that owing to?

Patrick (confidentially).—Well, I believe it was all owing to the landl rd, your Riverence.

THE STONES OF HISTORY.

STONES are a hard subject. The heart of a stone is proverbially hard, their history not less so. It would seem paradoxical to say that Jacob had a soft thing as he lay dreaming on that famous stone—but that he did have a very soft thing of it nobody can deny. Then again it was a stone thrown from a sling by the hand of an expert that brought a very soft thing in the way of victory to the descendants of that pawky patriarch.

That historic rolling stone which Jeremiah decamped with—though it may not have gathered much moss during its peregrinations—has nevertheless proved a very soft thing for Dr. Wild and others of that ilk. The Blarney Stone makes a soft thing for everybody all round. Then there is that stone in a church in Rome, with two round holes worn in it by the knees of St. Peter—proving that it must have been a very soft thing indeed. To come down to our own day what a wonderful stone that is in the Queen's Park, though where it is now—dear knows! The Prince of Wales had a mighty soft thing laying that stone as a foundation for a statue some years ago, and nobody can deny that strenuous efforts are just now being made to make a very soft thing for somebody out of it. God save the Queen! JONATHAN OLDBUCK.

SPRING is somewhat like the top of a great deal of boarding house fruit—it's *scum*. This joke is like the same useless article, its the result of much *working*, and don't amount to much after all.