



TING-A-LING!

NEWSBOY—"GRIP, sir?"

WAYFARER—"Guess that's what it is, sonny. I've bin blowin' my nose all day."

EXPERIENCE GUIDED HIM.

THEY were having a dispute as to the correct way to pronounce the word "patent," when a third man happened along in the person of Caveat.

"I say, Caveat," said the louder of the two disputants, "you are an inventor, and ought to be an authority. How do you pronounce it—'pat-tent' or 'pay-tent'?"

And Caveat, a disappointed dealer in such things, growled: "Oh, call it 'pat-tent.' I never found any 'pay' in it!"

T. T.

AN HONOR GRADUATE.

JOKELIN (to his friend Soberley, after bowing profoundly to a lady they met)—"You may not believe me, but that lady, though with only a common school education when she was married, has, since then, graduated with honors and taken her degree."

SOBERLEY—"Well, well! Is it possible? What college was it, and what degree did she get?"

JOKELIN—"The name of the college was Home, and the degree M-a—with a little 'a,' and no period intervening."

Soberley cheerfully pays for them.

T.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

"GOOD mornin', Mrs. O'Rafferty. Sure that's an illigant cuspidor ye have an the table forninst ye."

"Cushpidor? Sure, that's no cushpidor. It's a card basket that was gev to me New Year's by Mister Muldoon; an' here's his card, d'ye moind, the first that was put into it."

"Och, murther. Sure isn't it him that has the illigant bong tong shtyle about him. Musha now, luk at the way he spells the name of him, 'Dionysius J. M'Uldoone.' Fohat does it mane at all?"

"Fuh, Miss Flaherty, is that all you know av the ways of sassiety? 'Dennis' is too low for anything ever sin' the byes shtarted that gag about 'his name is Dinnis,' an'

so he put it Dionysius instid—and hasn't he just as good a right to shpell M'Uldoone wid a thingamyjig atween the M an' the U as D'Alton McCarthy or D'Arcy McGee? It's all the shtyle, I tell ye."

"It's right yez arc, Mrs. O'Rafferty, an' the nixt cards. I have printed I'll have me name shpelt 'Judiana F'lahertye.'"

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

THE Canadian political situation is, of course, keenly scrutinized from the Vatican at present, his Holiness being kept informed of the slightest change that occurs by his faithful Canadian hierarchy. With recent developments Pope Leo has every reason to be satisfied, but for a single fly in the ointment—the nature of which the following telegraphic correspondence between his Holiness and Cardinal Taschereau, will officially indicate:

POPE LEO (to Cardinal Taschereau)—"How are things?"

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU (to Pope Leo)—"Excellent, well, my liege. We are carrying all before us. Equal Rights has been defeated in its stronghold—Toronto—the headquarters of Orange fanaticism."

POPE LEO—"Jubilate! Gaudeamus! Hurroo! and other remarks to the same effect. And Sir John and Premier Mowat? Are they still our faithful servitors?"

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU—"They are, my liege, as ever devoted to our cause—and the Catholic vote."

POPE LEO—"And Goldwin Smith?"

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU—"Continues to assail us with his pen, but took the opportunity, publicly, to support an enemy of Equal Rights against one of its strongest champions for the Mayoralty of Toronto."

POPE LEO—"A fig for such opponents! We can afford to despise them. But have you told me all? Are there no drawbacks to our triumph?"

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU—"It grieves me to say there are, your Holiness. And yet so trivial withal that 'tis scarce meet to fret your infallibility therewith."

POPE LEO—"Let me know all."

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU—"I deeply regret to say that the renegade Sam Hughes' paper, the Lindsay *Warder*, continues to spell 'Roman Catholic' with a small 'r' and 'c.'"

POPE LEO—"Foiled! Foiled! Then all our machinations come to naught!" (Gnashes his teeth, rends his hair and vestments and grovels on the tessellated pavement in anguish pitiable to behold.)

CONGRATULATIONS.

MA CHÈRE GRIPPE,—I just drop you this to offer you my heartiest congratulations on the sudden and marvellous increase which the last few weeks have witnessed in your *clientele*. I understand that all the crowned heads of Europe are shaking over you, that the public are in fits about you, that the children cry for you as they do for Castoria, Pears' soap, etc., and that no family is without you. Now, my dear quondam GRIP, this is quite as it should be, but it seems to me that your head must have been a little turned when you took to Frenchifying your name; and, moreover, I think you go a little too far when, instead of being content, as formerly, with making our sides ache, you produce pains in the head and back as well.

Hoping you will receive these remarks in a friendly spirit, I remain, Yours in fluenza, AT—CHEW!!!