



### The Poor Blind Man--An Allegory.

SMALL BOY.—“Lib’ral, sir—on’y two cents?”

SMALL POLITICIAN.—“Where is’t, laddie, I don’t see it!”

### Croaks from Grip’s Basket.

MODERN “nut” crackers—Policemen’s Batons.

ATTENDANCE to business makes quite a “balance to partners.”

AN old “card” to deal with—a Bachelor—he “plays it alone.”

GRIP would like to know why the front of Osgoode Hall is never whitewashed. Is it because the Benchers have become so enamored of Blackstone?

When may a law student be said to resemble a euchre-player?—When he has “passed.”

THE *Sun* seriously “feared,” yesterday, that “its readers might have been carried away by the brilliant visions of the new Yankee silver mines.” Mistaken *Sun*;—they had gone and bought the *Liberal*.

SINCE General Hazen has taught the Americans that they’ve reached the limit of their arable land, would it not be better to change “*E pluribus unum*” to “*ne plus ultra*”?

THE *Globe* is not aware of the existence of the new Toronto daily. There’s a good deal it’s not aware of. But this is too bad. A Reform journal of its own particular stripe and war-paint, which came here in the innocence of its heart to help the *Globe* finish that won’t-be-killed hydra Sir JOHN, and print Government advertisements, which were getting too many for it! And won’t know it! ACHILLES BLAKE, where hidest thou in thy briefs?—PATROCLOS CAMERON is being ignored to death in the streets! E. B., pitch into G. B., or it will be all U. P. with P. C.

THEY are going to try Dean GRASSETT for being too low. Lately, Sir JOHN was abused for getting too high. It is difficult to please Canadians.

THE *National* is out with an improved plan for parliamentary voting. The worst of those Canada First fellows is their impudence in having ideas. In the columns of the two respectable old parties, now, one never finds such incendiary things. Little Canadians, do not venture in to new and un-known fields, but keep stepping quietly in your little tread-mill of pre-ce-dent, so that JOHN A. and G. B. can al-ter-nate-ly grind their little axes on the shaft.

### A Sunday Story from Goderich.

THE editor of one of our Western exchanges thus relates what he calls “a little domestic incident” which has come to his knowledge:

On Sunday afternoon last a good mother observing her young hopeful reading a newspaper, ordered him to put it down and read one of his Sunday-school books, intimating that she had repeatedly informed him not to read newspapers on Sunday. The young ton year old stoutly replied: “Ma, this is the Goderich *Star*.” This he thought a clincher—no harm to read that paper on Sunday.

GRIP is pained to think that his genial friend has, from interested motives, withheld the remainder of this truly touching anecdote: But let justice be done though the *Star* falls; GRIP feels it incumbent upon him to continue the narrative:

Alas, for youthful indiscretion, it was not a clincher. His Ma was not only a good woman but also a friend of honest government, and in a manner too painful to dwell upon, she impressed it upon the mind of her son that it was indeed harm to read that paper on Sunday, and even injudicious to give ear unto its counsels during the week.

### A Song of the Times.

Tune—“Green Grow the Rushes, O.”

“There’s naught but care on every man”—  
A dreary dull reality;  
“What signifies the life of man”  
If ’twas not for rascality?

CHORUS—Long live rascality,  
Long live rascality;  
The happiest time a man can spend  
Is ’in practising rascality.

Should you commence in humble life  
And wish to rise to quality,  
The best and safest path to take  
Is well concealed rascality.

You’ll find it in the course of trade  
A certain speciality;  
For fortune creeps close at the heels  
Of cunning, cool rascality.

In politics there’s ample scope,  
There’s “political morality”;  
The widest field that’s yet been found  
For unblushing, bold rascality.

See here is one who wants a slice  
In a mineral locality;  
Another sells the people’s trust—  
A fifty cent rascality.

Our Land Swaps and Pacific Jobs  
Are quite a nationality;  
When all are fighting tooth and nail  
To profit by rascality.

Our city “Pa’s” how they indulge  
In biting personality;  
While each unto the other hints  
A hankering for rascality.

And subtle priests are sorely vexed  
With growing rationality;  
While the way they tear each other’s coats  
Is laughter for rascality.

How greatly changed the black brigade  
A stupid dull formality;  
A miserable falling off  
In talent and rascality.

The Fourth Estate’s been sadly curbed,  
Unfortunate fatality;  
For “Libel Suits” have somewhat cooled  
Their revelling in rascality.

Why are our taverns so beset  
With gross jiliberality?  
Why should they not be without bounds  
Blest havens of rascality!

Now out upon that sordid crew  
Base preachers of frugality;  
Who brought the sneaking ballot-box  
To stem our loved rascality.

But such a state cannot exist;  
What’s life without venality;  
Where every man may have his price  
As in the old rascality?

### Note by a Teetotaler.

JUSTICE GWYNNE has just said, if the Major could dive  
Down into the sea and come up really dry,  
He might, on his soul, be inclined to believe  
That Major WALKER knew naught of his friend’s bribery;  
But Oh! how I grieve, how I grieve that at first he  
Did not further say—In this land of strong drinking  
A Major there lives who *could* dive in the sea,  
And, if not very dry, would at least come up thirsty.  
Am I wrong, my sweet GRIP, when I say you will see  
That the Major I mean is the major-ity!