

an' whether the reality o' the situation had dawned on their benighted visions for a meenit, I dinna ken, but they began a-singing "We'll hang Louis Riel on a soor apple tree," an' faith, I began tae get feared they might in their patriotic rage mistak me for him an' string me up there an' then; sae I clamb up on tap o' the verandah place, an' sat watchin' the performances o' the puir creatures. They sang the drollest and maist laughable things wi' sic an onnatural gravity o' countenance, that I prayed tae Providence that whatever might be in store for me I micht at least be spared ma reason. I saw twa ree policemen ee'in' the lunatics wi' an expression o' countenance that wad be hard tae deceepher—an' waur tae describe—but evidently they thocht "least said suwest mended," an' there I agreed wi' them.

I shuk hands wi' puir Jack. Losh! he luckit grand in his regimentals; the band struck up "Auld Lang Syne," an' ma heart cam up an' stuck i' ma throat, clean chokin' me, at the soon' o' the choerin' that swelled, for a' the war!, like the roar o' Niagara. I cudna speak; I just grippit Jack's hand hard, an' stickin' the Bible in his belt, I made aff an' was lost in the crood, whaur onnoticed I cud gie ma een a bit dicht on the sly. But what was ma horror, on comin' hame, to find that in ma hurry an' confusion, I had stuffed a pocket edition o' Don Quixote into Jack's hand on pairtin', instead o' the Bible that was in anither pooch. Lord-sake! I wadna sic a thing had happened—no for ten-pound.

Yer brither,  
HUGH AIRLIE.

OLLA PODRIDA.

SEE-SAW, KANGAROO'D OAR.

"I always said that Hanlan was no good against a really good man," remarked Mr. Charles E. Courtney, when the news of Ned's defeat reached him, "I could have beaten him myself if I hadn't been so unfortunate. Why, I could do it yet, and I'm going to challenge him. I can row faster than any man living, and I'll make the dust fly, you bet."

"Yes," acquiesced a by-stander (not G. Sm—th), "yes—saw-dust."

"Oh! sneer as much as you please," went on the valiant Charles, "he's out of luck now, and it's my turn to be fortunate; one fellow can't always win."

"Oh! no; what's saws for the goose is saws for the gander," said the by-stander.

Then C. E. went away, for it was a saw subject.

SO "NEAR" AND YET SO FAR.

"How funny old Skinfint walks!

Why does he stride so far?"

"Because he is a close old hunk,"

Replied the boy's papa.

"But cannot stingy people walk

With feet more close together?"

"Oh! no, my son. Long strides, you know,

Are saving of shoe leather."

HOPE SO.

"The girl I left behind me" feels very much left indeed just now, but she'll be all right when "Johnny comes marching home again."

The London 'Tiser makes the following rather peculiar statement: "Princess Beatrice will have for bridesmaids the daughters of her two oldest brothers and her late sister." It isn't considered correct form in this country to have defunct sisters for bridesmaids, but doubtless the 'Tiser man knows all about the capers of royalty.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

No wonder that Rebellion's roar  
Is heard the Nor'-West country o'er,  
And Indians take the battle-path;  
The bold Nor'-Wester editor,

A co-tem. calls, and thirsts for gore,  
A "Jilliputi," a pscyopath."  
Then can we wonder that there's war,  
When thus a cultured editor  
Exhibits such unscenly wrath?

What is the difference between an iron canine on a door-step and a pound of head-cheese? One is a dog of peace, the other is a piece of d——. (Rumpety-tump-thump-lump—bang! Dead as a door-nail.)

One missed the kisses and the other kissed the misses. (Make the question to suit yourself.)

What's the difference, George, between Mrs. Langtry's optic and kissing one's mother-in-law in mistake for the pretty hired girl? One's a belle's eye, George, and the other's a sell, by George! (Bring us a fau, quick.)



HAMFAT, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Infant.—Papa, why do people call you a ham?

Great Actor.—That, my son, is because I have made a national reputation in the character of Hamlet.

LATEST CONDENSED TELEGRAMS FROM THE VARIOUS SEATS OF WAR.

(A digest of the week's dailies and extras by an intelligent foreigner.)

Osman Digma and his half-breeds have fallen back on Rawul Pindie where they are to hold a Durbar with Lord Dewdney.

Gen. Muddleton reports that he can't wade the Murghab at Batoche's crossing, and that the Moosomin winds are so full of grit that his men dare not face them.

It is expected that the Ameer of Saskatchewan will be so impressed by the *Globe's* portraits of the Q. O. R. fellows that he will flee in diamay to his Shooter Garden in Neil Gorrie's hills near Calgary.

The French under Gen. Riel have been defeated by the Chinook Indians at Auld Langson, and destroyed, in their retreat, the Ferry on the Seine.

The great Crowfoot medicine man, El Wiggins ("Blow-hard"), has raised the standard of the prophet as a rival of L. Mahdi. The half-witted population are flocking after him.

The braves of the civilized Utawa tribes on the Chaudiere reserve, have sent a detachment of sharpshooters to join Gen. Williams O'Brien at Kew Apple.

Black Otter and his band of To-ron-tos are at Abu Niscotasing, near the Great Gap of the Seepear, on their way to join in the Sudden campaign.

The Canadian contingent in Afghanistan will be armed with improved repeating Saskatoons, and will include a battery of French Caronades, invented by the Canadian Minister of War.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

We spoke of Sir D. L. Macpherson last week as an "inefficient" Minister. The adjective was perhaps unfortunate as a description of Sir David, excepting in so far as his management of half-breed affairs in the North-West is concerned—and that is all we intended it to refer to. It is only justice to the gallant knight in question to say that the general work of his Department has been kept well in hand, and that personally he has closely applied himself to business, often working late into the night. GRIP has no object to serve in being in the slightest degree unjust to any public man, and is always most willing to make the *amende* when, as in the present case, perfect fairness requires it.

ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO.

Mr. Alderman H. Piper having advertised a wonderful armless Indian as an attraction at the Zoo, Arry Belville and Johnny Bullpup go to take it in.

Arry (looking at the noble red man).—Is that there chap the same as them fellers wot's kickin' up the bleedin' raow in Manitobier, Jack?

Johnny.—'Course 'e is: why?

Arry.—Well, we needn't be funky of such chaps as them, theu.

Johnny.—Vy' not, Arry?

Arry. Cas they must be a bloomin' 'armless lot, yer know.

NEW WAY TO END AN OLD CASE.

A certain County Court judge in Ontario was once holding Division Court not far from Ottawa. The list of cases was rather a long one, and the judge was tired. Clerk and counsel and litigants had a hard and anxious time, as the judge not only sat on the bench, but sat upon the cases and the parties and everybody most impartially. At last a case of Smith v. Jones was called.

"Your honor," said the defendant's counsel, "before anything is said by my learned friend, before any evidence is given, I must protest against this suit as an abuse of the process of the Court."

"Tut, tut, tut," judicially remarked his honor, "what's the matter?"

"Your honor, this plaintiff has been non-suited five times, and now has the colossal impudence to bring his trumpety action once more before the notice of this honorable Court."

"Is this correct," said the judge to the plaintiff's counsel, "that you have been non-suited five times?"

"Yes, your honor," said counsel for the non-suited one, "but—"

"But this thing has been going on long enough," said his honor, impatiently. "I will not allow it to continue any longer. *Verdict for plaintiff with costs.*"

"But, your honor," commenced counsel for defendant.

"Silence, sir!" finished the judge. "Next case!"