

**Dramatics at the Amphitheatre.**

GRIP is authorised to state that the Dramatic performance given at the National Amphitheatre on Thursday night, and which is to be repeated this evening, has no political significance whatever. *The Drunkard* is not a dramatised version of the *Hansard* Report of the last session at Ottawa, and the principal character is not an adaptation of DONALD A SMITH, JOHN A. MACDONALD or TUPPER'S GOOSE CAMPBELL. This explanation is necessary, because it is altogether likely that the *Globe* will seize upon the circumstance, and point out a great many analogies which will readily occur to its partisan mind between the incidents in the House and those of this play. GRIP is authorised to assure the public, that the after-piece, *Turn him out!* has no reference whatever to Mr. ALEX. MACKENZIE, although the *Mail* may assert the contrary. The Dramatic Company wish it to be known that they have not been engaged by the U. E. Club to produce these pieces, regardless of expense, with a view to helping along the election excitement. They are an independent, non-political, non-partisan, teetotal constellation of amateur artists, admission to all parts of the yard, 15 cents. On Monday night, the regular stock company will re-appear, when the emotional play of "*Protect the Poor Workingman*," will be produced, with Mr. W. H. FRAZER in the title role, after which the great wizard will appear in a few more of his political illusions, the whole to conclude with the new and popular burlesque entitled, "*Trial by JURY; or the Horny Handed Son of Toil Struggling with the Cat-Call*."

**The Ubiquitous.**

I'm here—I'm there, I'm everywhere,  
There's nowhere that I'm not,  
I've visited the Russian bear,  
On Cotopaxi got.

I'm seen on every Paris street  
In every square of Rome,  
In Venice me you paddling meet  
And everywhere at home.

At home, where not a little chap  
Can fall upon the floor,  
But presently with double rap  
You hear me at the door.

And not a housewife can suppose  
A burglar has been nigh,  
But straightway she my presence knows  
To ask the reason why.

From fire to fire I rushing fly,  
From fuss to fuss I run,  
To get the item none but I  
Must be the number one.

I use the pencils nearly all  
By pencil makers made  
A press reporter folks me call  
And now you know my trade.

And if you mean your life to end,  
Or something do that's grand,  
O, couldn't you a notice send  
That I may be on hand?

**The Prophecy.**

"The freedom of the city," DIZZY said,  
"They gave that I in diplomacy beat  
Old GORTSCHAKOFF." Cool GLADSTONE shook his head,  
"Twill give you soon the freedom of the street."

A PHILANTHROPIC citizen of Memphis has just wedded a Miss Hoss. He doubtless took her for wheel or whoa. —*St. Louis Journal*.  
Haw! Haw! Gee-whittiker! what a joke.

THE *Telegram* tells us that "a streak of lightning struck St. Michael's belfry, and after proceeding down the front part of the building, burst open all the doors and disappeared." The impudence of the streak, in opening so many doors to go out at, when one would have done, and probably not shutting them after it, was extreme, but its disappearing is a most unusual thing. It must be about some vile business to hide itself in this manner. Had not the *Telegram* editor better be commissioned to look after the streak, and give it in charge of the police—when he catches it?



A DISSIPATED DOG.—One who tarries long at the wine.—*Torch*.

THE *Lance* is dead. Did GRIP kill it?—*Markham Economist*.  
These hands are clean.

A PINT of huckleberries on the bush is better than two pints on the table: but they don't contain so many dead flies.—*Herald*.

IT is better to praise a man to his face than to blackguard him behind his back.—*Erratic Enriquet*.

Why? Did he hit you very hard, Mr. *Enriquet*?

YOU may live in a basement and yet not live in abasement.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Truc, and you may be an ice person and yet not live in an ice house.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who hasn't with composure said  
that he personally beheld the very largest hailstone that fell during the great storm.

Here nestles little Jim,  
A measles wrestled him  
And modified his tiny little system;  
Then other measles followed,  
Much medicine he swallowed  
And that is how it happened that we missed 'im.  
—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

A fashionable dressmaker gives the most satisfaction when she makes a miss-fit.—*St. John Torch*. And a printer thinks he's doing right when he makes a miss-print.—*Greenwich Observer*. As when he prints misserable puns, for instance.

THE *N. American* speaks of Kearney as a "labourer who works dreadfully hard with his tongue." The *Bulletin* wants Kearney, who is an Irishman, to explain why he has a better right to this country than a Chinaman. Ask him an easier one.

**THE LANDLADY'S WIT.**

"Aw—sweets to the sweet," said the boarding-house swell,  
As the sugar he passed to the landlady's daughter;  
Receiving a gracious response from the belle  
As she daintily sweetened the faintly-tinged water.

But the landlady viewed his attention with scorn—  
"No sugar for her for his board in arrear;  
Now he'd take off her daughter, and leave her forlorn;  
Thought she: "I will give him a flea in his ear."

So, dissembling her wrath, she laid hold of a dish:  
"Mr. Bilkins, you don't seem to heartily eat;  
Here's something you'll find very nice with that fish,—  
'Twill suit you exactly,—beets to the beat!"

—*Finuel Briggs, in St. John Torch*.

THE *N.Y. Star* is just now being congratulated upon beating the other Sunday papers in the matter of being delivered first at Saratoga on recent occasions—relays of horses being provided from Albany to that summer resort. Such enterprises must tell.—*Norr. Herald*.

It must, relay.

A "Woman's Greenback Club," has been organized at Vineland, N. J. This club is not a broomstick painted green. The women have resolved to do no more marketing on a less sum than a dollar greenback. Their husbands have been in the habit of giving them fifty or seventy-five cents to purchase marketing for a family of six.—*Norr. Herald*.

We have not wings; we cannot soar;  
But we have feet whereby to climb,  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The steep declivities of Time.

—*Luther G. Riggs*.

Go quick, oh author of this rhyme,  
And knock at DARWIN'S study door,  
Show him the feet whereby you climb—  
Those are the links he's looking for!

GRIP acknowledges with thanks the receipt of a copy of Senator MACPHERSON'S Pamphlet, which it will afford him much pleasure to read as soon as the hot wave, now on its way here, arrives. He may not have space to give the pamphlet anything like a general review, but expects to find in it a good many *bon mots* with which he may enrich his columns under the head of *The Joker Club*.