



The Great Chinese Case.

The case of SAM SING vs. AH TOE, for stabbing, came up before the Police Magistrate on Tuesday. As the case was one of great public interest—touching as it does the whole question of Chinese immigration, GRIP sent his special stenographer, (who writes 1000 words per minute) to take a *verbatim* report of the evidence of the chief witness WAU LEE. That gentleman made his statement in a calm and intelligent manner, and was understood to say:

“Yesday, SAM SING jing fang wing bang gang glang clang whang-whang bigee *knifes* melican ching chung bung hung sung rung SING sung rabbee dabbee *Stabbee* AH TOE. Hong kong prong song SAM SING ching ching hittee nosee bleedee hong kong yanktsee kiang ho hang ho—”

(Our reporter gave out at this point, the attempt to keep up with the witness had resulted in setting fire to his lead pencil, which was totally consumed.)

The police magistrate adjourned the case, and made a public confession that he couldn't understand his own language.

The Bonus Grabber.

The bonus grabber's little son,
Said to his sister small,
The jolly times has now begun
For father's made a haul.

And see, Ma says we musn't know,
No child of common class.
And she'll to Saratoga go,
And summer there we'll pass.

The bonus-grabbers grocer man
Said, “Ten was all his bill”
Last quarter; this it seems he can,
Three hundred dollars fill.”

The carriage-builder cried “Hello,
Don't mend that ancient gig,
For Mr. Bonus thinks he'll go
A thousand dollar rig.”

Then did the other grabbers say,
“Ha!—don't he go it strong,
And we can win the self-same way
If we but push as long.”

Impartial Journalism.

Conversation—Mackenzie—Sir John.

MR. MACKENZIE.—Ye hae read GRIP?

SIR JOHN.—Of course. Always do. How do you like it?

MR. MACKENZIE.—I canna' think o' it wi' patience. Beyond a' duot the maist able periodical in the country, haudin' as I may say the fate o' Canada in its hand, that it s'ould lean as it diz tae Conservatism is infinitely disgusting—peculiarly sae, as nae amount o' subsidizing wad buy the creature over.

SIR JOHN.—Your mistake, sir, is, I greive to say, characteristic. Your unhappy party, greatly wanting in political callibre, are no less destitute of literary taste, and cannot appreciate the efforts of those *literati* who fight on their side. Now, the real evil connected with the powerful periodical in question is its mistaken and continual support of the party in power. Those terrible cartoons—

MR. MACKENZIE.—Levelled at me!

SIR JOHN.—No. At me.

MR. MACKENZIE.—Ye're a fule, an idiot, a loonatic, a blockhead, an ass, and a contemptible pairson altogether!

SIR JOHN.—Why call names? Not in the house now. Come and drink. (*Exeunt arm-in-arm.*)

Bill of Fare for Novel Readers.

- SOUP.
“Count Julien” Soup.
- FISH.
“Cast up at the sea;” “Taken at the Flood.”
- ENTREES.
“London Heart;” Mutton chop: from “Black Sheep.”
- POULTRY.
“Foul Play.”
- ROAST.
Beef: from “The Vicar of Bull hampton.”
- BROIL.
“Prairie Bird.”
- VEGETABLES.
“Verdant Greens;” “A passion in *Taters*.”
- GAME.
“Birds of Prey.”
- PASTRY.
Pie; from “The Monarch of Mincing Lane.”
“Eugene Sue't” Pudding.
- EXTRAS.
“Oliver Twist” made of “Prairie Flower,” from “Golden grain” at the “Mill on the Floss.”
- RELISH.
“Bread and Cheese and Kisses.”
- DESSERT.
“Olives,” “Dead Sea Fruit.”
- DRINKS, (“At the Sign of the Silver Flagon.”
“Romany Rye,” “Wrecked in Port.”
- This meal should be eaten with *Reading Sauce*.

The Spring.

It is time Mr. JONES went gardening. He finds forty feet square of grass attached to his newly rented house, which the land-lady assured him would grow great numbers of vegetables. Mrs. JONES immediately has visions of loaded grape vines and crowded asparagus beds. Mr. JONES proceeds to the hardware store, and buys a spade, rake, hoe, weedcutter, garden-line, watering-pot, dung-fork, and big pruning-knife, which articles he wheels home in a new wheel-barrow. The day is fine, he takes off his coat with the air of ALEXANDER with a new field to conquer, and marches into the said field, followed by the family equipped with the tools. He selects a position; he digs; he smashes his new spade in the mellow ground, which is composed of broken bricks, stove-pipes, and hard clay. He swears; he sends for another; he breaks it. Mrs. JONES tells him she knew he could not dig a garden; he declares he will, and finally by the aid of two hired auxiliary Irishmen with pick-axes he does, and sows and plants symmetrical little beds of nearly all the vegetables in the nursery-book. In due time they will grow; the clay will harden round them, his fresh manure will dry out, and he will have as his result a wilderness of bean plants without beans, nineteen cabbages as large as marbles, a quantity of uneatable radishes, and numerous vegetables in all stages of uselessness. Mr. JONES will bring everybody to see his garden for the first three weeks; after that he does not bring them; afterwards he does not go himself. By August a thick growth of matted weeds hides Mr. JONES' attempt at gardening, and the landlord, coming by, says to him, “Ah, I knew that land would grow vegetables.”

A Suggestion for the Globe.

ON Monday last the *Daily Globe* appeared with a somewhat cleaner face than usual, and might have presented a decidedly improved appearance, had it not been for the gross display of poster type in its advertising pages. The degree of improvement exhibited was due to the fact that, pursuant to puff, the paper was printed from stereotype plates. This is an evidence of enterprise, (as well as economy), and GRIP heartily congratulates the Messrs. BROWN upon it. He feels certain that any hint towards the further improvement (and economy), of this “progressive journal” will be gratefully received by its proprietors, and therefore would beg leave humbly to suggest that there are a large number of phrases, headings, and sentences, constantly used in the editorial department, which might be permanently stereotyped to save the expense of composition. These small plates could be stowed away in the pigeon-holes of the editor's desk, and brought out whenever required. Some of them would be used every day. For example, in the Political editor's desk there might be a large assortment of stereotypes of the headings “*Secret Service Money Again*,” “*Contemptible Opposition Tactics*,” “*The wretch John A.*,” “*The Ex-Oxford Professor*,” “*The beauties of Free Trade*,” &c., &c. In the Politico-apologetico-exegetico-odium-theologium editor's desk might be kept casts of the contemptuous expressions, “liberal,” “culture,” “sweetness and light,” and whole sentences of invective against advanced thought and heresy. GRIP suggests this as a decided step in economy. He has no doubt hundreds of dollars are paid every year to the printers in the *Globe* office for “setting up” these ever recurring words and sentences, and if they were once stereotyped (at a trifling expense) this source of needless expenditure would be removed.