

## Our Grip Sack.

Is Dick-tator a vegetarian?

A fitting person—a tailor.

A sound man—a bell-ringer.

Land agitation—an earthquake.

A pattern woman—a dressmaker.

A group of poachers—a basket of eggs.

If few persons board free, many sleep on tick.

The Bartlett pair (pear)—may their union be a fruitful one.

A victim to hard drink—a skater who falls and breaks a limb.

Animal transformation—when a man makes an ass of himself.

Does a man who rises with the lark thereby become lark-adaisical?

When you press a ten dollar bill into a man's hand, it's an *Xpressive* action.

After a man has been swindled he should have a finely *chiselled* countenance.

When you put the peg of a hat rack through your new felt hat, it's a case of rack-rent.

Darwin goes to bed at 10 o'clock regularly. No monkey-ing around nights with him.

When a crowd use eggs in a street fight you may conclude they are in an egg-cited state.

What did the antediluvian animals say on first meeting Noah?—Happy to make your ark-quaintance.

Lady Tilley's ball was given in the Geological Museum, at Ottawa. Prof. Dawson was not present but the upper strata of Canadian Society was represented, albeit with more or less of a grit admixture.

We learn from the *Printer's Miscellany* that a newspaper is to be started in the enterprising village of Tara. Dr. Wild is of opinion that if properly managed the proprietor will make a large a-mound of money.

Husband.—(Dreaming and talking in his sleep): "Kate, Kate, dear Kate!" Wife.—(Awakening him, terribly indignant and jealous): "What Kate is this your talking of?" Husband.—(Slightly confused): "Oh, honest, it's that infernal Syndicate."

Our funny contributor (who is absent from home just now) says that if any of his friends in Lindsay die and he is expected to attend the funeral, travelling expenses must be forthcoming. A simple intimation will not be sufficient. "A word to the wise," etc.

An enterprising citizen of St. John, N. B., charges the editor of the *Telegraph* with political crookedness, and is keeping his charge standing as a paid advertisement in the *Sun* until Mr. Elder admits the corn. That citizen should join the Syndicate; he evidently has unlimited capital.

Willy, aged eight, had just finished his prayer in which he had asked the Creator to give him a new heart, when little Stewart, aged five, who frequently has his brother's garments 'made down' for him, asked the following question: "Mamma, will I get Willy's old heart when he gets a new one?"

An exchange heads an article "Wat-or Spectacles." Why, you stupid old duffer, Wat-or question. Spectacles, old boy, are pieces of glass to assist the sight. Young men without brains often wear one piece. Old folks usually wear two pieces on the forehead. Don't hesitate about troubling us when you want information.

## Annals in Ottawa.

(By our own Keyhole Reporter.)

SIR JOHN was heard to say:—

O fatal day when I allowed myself  
By Tupper to be laid upon the shelf,  
To think that he should run this Syndicate  
Adown my throat. Faugh! How the dose I hate.  
But I am getting old, I'll soon retire,  
And then my colleague's "fat is in the fire."  
The party who adores John A.—the same—  
Will cast him out, and thus increase my fame.

BLAKE said:—

O, how Sir Tupper foams, he's nearly wild,  
And tries to father me on this new child,  
Sir William's Syndicate. He vows a job  
Has been "put up," fair Canada to rob—  
Though none should be a better judge than he  
Of jobbery and juggling. You will see  
The people won't forgive this forced debate  
To strangle a Canadian Syndicate.

TUPPER was pacing up and down his room much agitated. He broke forth thus:—

My head will burst, I must be going mad.  
My game is spoiled. That rascal Blake has had  
A hand in starting this new Syndicate.  
My "cake is dough," and I will emigrate.  
But first the House shall put my contract through,  
And then—let's see—and then—What shall I do?  
I have it now, my course I'll indicate,  
I will retire and join the Syndicate.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT was alternately dancing round and writing the mystic number 1883 in large figures on a small blackboard. At intervals he "chortled" the following:—

Hurrah, it is too good! I'm filled with joy  
To think that I and Blake should so annoy  
The Government so with this new Syndicate.  
Two years will see us in at any rate,  
Then how I'll rend and tear their blamed N.P.  
And lower duties down till they agree  
With Bastiat and Smith and (honor bright)  
The greatest of the three, Sir R. Cartwright.

JA KASSE.

## Notes from Our Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP.—What is to be done about this cold weather? It's getting too much of a good thing. These probabilities that are shot out from the Observatory every morning are all very well in their way, but what is the use of them if people don't make preparations to receive them, or head them off? Here last fall due warning was given by the Observatory of every storm, yet no preparations were made. The storms came, and fine stately trees in our parks were blown down; roofs were torn off, and wharves and piers were battered about. Why could not the trees have been properly fastened down with ropes, and the piers taken in and packed away in cotton batting? Now, if you notice, all this cold weather we are having this winter is the result of blizzards from the North West. That is what we get for poking around that blessed country with railways and telegraphs and things. The more you stir it, the more it freezes. Then why persist in developing the blamed country, when all we can develop is blizzards of forty below zero atmosphere. If, however, we must rummage around this North West, why in thunder do our Governors perpetuate a land system which is resisted in Europe with gunpowder and steel? Has not our Government wit enough to understand that every man has an equal right in the land of his country, and that a Government has no right to sell that land to any individual for his sole uses? It should be given to individuals in trust for the people, and no individual should have more than two hundred acres entrusted to his care. If Jones tired of his trust, he might be allowed to transfer it to Smith; not sell it, mind; because Smith has just as much right to the land as Jones, but of course Jones would be entitled to receive from Smith the value of any improvements he may have made. But what is the use of bothering with such subjects, let's talk about something more agreeable. Something artistic, for instance. Yes. The other day a gorgeously painted sleigh glided into the main street at one side of a village. Covering the whole of the end board was a chromo illustration representing an animal that was some-

thing between a red lion and a blue wolf. An observing little purp noticed the new animal, and immediately chevied after the sleigh to investigate. A few paces further on two or three other dogs sailed in to see what was the matter, and then a big belligerent hound bounded in and, out of pure cussedness, struck No. 1 mid-ship and knocked him higher than N. P. prices, when he retired from the chase perfectly satisfied. This rose the backs of the other purps, and as the sleigh moved through the village the pack of purps increased. The result was—that when the artistic sleigh turned round a corner at the other side of the village, and slid out into the country, it left half the dogs of the place engaged in a regular old Irish free-and-easy. It is evident that the general taste for art want-elevating. Whether in the artist or the purp, is a matter for consideration. GADFLY.

## John's Letter.

Toronto, Jan. 7th, 1881.

DEAR FATHER,—I got your letter all right, and I'm glad you're all well; which I am the same at present. I've had a purty good time ever since I came down to visit Marier's folks, and I expect to have lots of fun yet. Last Thursday mornin' Marier she says, "John," says she, "Parliament is goin' to open to-day, an' you had better go down and see the show." "Well," says I, "don't care if I do." So down I went. The Parliament buildin's is a long, low, ramblin' lot of brickwork, about as ugly lookin' as they could possibly make 'em. I went inside, into a sort of a hall, an' tried to go into the gallery. A feller standin' before the door says, "Tickets." "This ain't no wild beast show, is it?" says I. "No," says he, "an' we don't allow no wild beasts in without they have a ticket." "Well," says I, "I'd like to know if this ain't a free country?" "Perfectly free," says he, "but we have an asylum for lunatics." Then some of the blamed fools around there begun to laugh, an' so I walked off. I went outside as there was considerable of a crowd out there. All at once I heard a terrible noise, an' I asked a feller in the crowd what it was. He said it was a powder explosion, an' they all laughed agin. I asked him if his mother knew he was away from home, an' then began to look at some soldiers that was standin' down in front of the steps. Purty soon a couple of soldiers on horseback came gallopin' round the corner, an' then more of them, and in amongst them was a carriage with two men in it. One had on a fancy dress, just like them circus men had wot was up there last summer, and the other had a red coat and a great fur cap, like that feller in Haverly's Negro Minstrels, an' it covered him all up like an umbrella. They drove up to a side door an' went inside, while all the soldiers jerked their guns up an' down, an' the band played. I went inside the hall agin an' looked through the door, an' there was this feller with the fancy dress standin' on the platform an' readin' somethin' to the crowd. They called it the Speech from the Throne, only I didn't see any throne. There was some big chairs on the platform, but no throne. I asked one feller where it was, an' he said they always chained it up down cellar when hayseeds came around. I asked him why, an' he said it didn't like pumpkins. I don't know exactly wot he meant, but I didn't like to appear ignorant before a crowd, so I said I s'posed it liked suckers better, at which they all laughed agin. Well, after that feller had done readin' his paper he got into his carriage agin, the soldiers jerked their guns around some more, the band played, an' away they went lickety splash, through the mud an' slush. I asked a feller where they was goin', an' he said they was goin' up to Harry Piper's Zoo to see the monkeys fed, an' said I had better hurry along or the biggest ape of the crowd would be missin'. That was all I saw about it, an' I guess this letter is long enough, so no more at present, from your son JOHN.

For a GOOD SMOKE

USE MYRTLE NAVY

See T. & R. on each plug

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to

FAWCETT'S, 287 YONGE ST.

First-class Workmanship and GOOD FIT Guaranteed