

### AN ORE-IGINAL MONODY.

BY A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL LAWYER.

I 'VE often thought how funny it would be,  
And something withal to crow at,  
If I could catch up a scrubby tree  
The "Little Tyrant" Mowat.

I've tried escheats and other cheats, to,  
And ass—as well's in—surance,  
But the way he has always managed to do  
For me is past endurance.

He whacked me on whiskey, wine and beer,  
He licked me on land and water,  
Until I saw it tolerably clear  
The time was ripe for slaughter.

So I swore by all the ores and trees  
In the new land of Ontario,  
That my answer to his claim on these  
Would be solely and simply "Nary."

But now he's got his dearest wish,  
(The timber and the metal)  
And folk will say, "Sir John, of fish  
You've made a pretty kettle.

### SAVED FROM DEATH.

MR. GRIP,—You are at this blessed moment gazing at the chirography of a man recently snatched from the very jaws of death.

A patent medicine did the job. I prefer sending this testimonial to you rather than to the patent medicine fellows, because I want it to reach the most people.

Here she goes: One day last fall I had a sale out at old Snagg's. It went off about as poor as a one-horse jag of elm from a city woodyard. I had to let everything go at bankrupt prices. This made old Snaggs mad, and he would only pay me half rate for the hardest day's work I ever did in my life. I went home and took liver complaint right straight. It got a clutch on me like the maker of a self-binder has on the customer who buys on a year's credit. I began to break all up, like the farmer who spends four days of the week in town talking politics in the bar-room and wondering when good times are coming again.

But I had no monopoly of the liver complaint loose in our locality. A near neighbor was rassling with a large consignment of the same stuff. He was doctoring, and I wasn't, because I preferred to die a natural death.

One day this neighbor came to and succeeded in informing me, between gasps, that the medicine he was taking was the only sure and speedy specific ever concocted for liver complaint. He hadn't any to spare for me to sample, but he gave me the almanac that went with each bottle of Guffington's Gastric Galvanizer, told me to dose and live, and then the family came and took him home on a litter.

I began to read the almanac. It contained elaborate descriptive catalogues of liver complaint and various other valuable diseases too numerous to mention. It also had a large assortment of first-class funny stories and jokes. Somehow I got interested in the stories and jokes, and let the rest of the printed matter alone. For the first time in three months I laughed. That night I got away with a square meal and enjoyed a ten hours' sleep. Next day I had another interview with my funny



### SPEECHLESS!

FLAHERTY.—"Arrah, Muldoon, yez needn't be lettin' on to be radin'; sure, Oi have no intintion av shpakin' to yez. I med up me moind wakes ago niver to pass another word wid the loikes av you!"

MULDOON.—"G'lang out av that ye thafe av the worr-rl'd; I'd sooner doi than open me mouth to shpake wid you."

almanac. I kept it up, day after day, for two weeks, till I had learned the jokes off by heart, and had laughed every atom of liver complaint out of my system.

My similarly afflicted neighbor kept on taking the medicine, and died a peaceful death—what little was left of him, that is to say.

In view of these pedigreed facts, I can cordially recommend Guffington's Gastric Galvanizer Almanac to people with livers out of gear.

The proprietors are at liberty to copy this testimonial from GRIP, to whom I would also refer them for more jokes for their next almanac. Yours truly,

BARNACLE BIDMORE.

### HAD HE A MONOPOLY?

CHOLLY (*jocularly*)—"Take that pencil out of your mouth."

BILLY—"Say, mister, who owns this mouth?"

CHOLLY—"A syndicate, probably, judging from its size."