

Our Grip Sack.

A back-biter—a F—a.

A tale-bearer—a kangaroo.

A counter irritant—a saleswoman.

Economy—the art of living on nothing while doing a good business.

Political economy—the art of always keeping on the right side of the party in power.

Social economy—The art of living off someone doing a good business, without doing any business yourself.

Now is the time to find out the exact width of a man's property,—by the length of sidewalk he shovels the snow off.

Too many irons in the fire. The man who substituted the ramrod for a bullet and burst his gun in the attempt.

Haverly's big minstrel troupe is called the Black Hundred. It don't resemble the charge of the Light Brigade when they come on the stage.

Smifkins, who is a tailor by trade, got married lately. He says now that before he was married he had only one "goose," but now he owns two.

What is the difference between a black boot and a negro boot black? One blacks the boot and the other boots the black. It's a dark subject anyhow.

The play of "Drink" holds the boards of the Royal this week, and all the toppers in the city were hanging around there. Your funny contributor went himself.

The attorney for the defence of the arrested Irish Land Leaguers has so arranged the evidence that it will require about two years to finish the trial.—Is this a case of Boycotting the judge and jury?

"What is there" howls an orator, "more cheerful and homelike than the hum of a sewing machine?" Hum—wonder if he ever came home at 2 a.m. and found his red-headed wife waiting for him with a club?

"Ewe get out," as the farmer said to the lamb in his corn.—Toronto Grip. "Ewe try to drive me out and I'll lamb you!" as the lamb said to the farmer.—Salem Sunbeam. "I'll see wether you will or not," replied the farmer.—Yavocob Strauss. Its sheer nonsense to waste time on such sheep puns.

Lushington, after reading in a book of travels that snakes never went over a piece of matting on account of the irritation it produced on the surface of their stomachs, lined his boots with the same. He said, "I just want to make the acquaintance of any snake who will dare to inhabit my boots in future."

The greatest joke of the day—"It is abundantly clear that their (the Government's) insight is clearer and stronger (on the Syndicate question) than that of the Opposition."—Hamilton Spectator. They see at once that the new Syndicate's proposal is much worse than the old terms. There are no exemptions or monopolies; not even the smallest thing to make it a good bargain.

Walter Matlack, aged 14 years, John Burns, aged 17 years, and John Boyle, aged 12 years, were arrested, and this morning held by Magistrate Reilly to answer at court the charge of breaking into and robbing residences in the vicinity of Broad and Poplar.—Philadelphia Sunday Item. Well, Reilly; it seems to us these boys are on the Broad and Poplar road that leads to a place where they Boyle and Burns, and where they Mat-lack the opportunity of more robbing.

The Statesman's Grief.

I.
Mackenzie bowed his head and wept,
His heart was filled with gloom;
The tears coursed down his rugged cheeks
And trickled round the room.

II.
His sobs rose thick with choking sound,
His bosom heaved with sighs;
In fact his utter hopeless grief
Burst forth in smothered cries.

III.
He did not weep because the lead
Was taken from his hands;
The tariff did not cause his grief,
It was the Railway Lands.

IV.
And even then his grief did not
Relate, as you'd suppose,
To that enormous grant of land
The Ministers propose.

V.
"Ah, woe is me!" Mackenzie cried,
"And woe is Edward Blake,
"It ears me greet to mind the rash
"Wild speeches we did make!"

VI.
"Oh, why did we run down those lands,
"And call their value nil?
"When they would be so useful now
"To hurt this little bill!"

VII.
"Oh, why did we declare that they
"Were not a dollar worth
"Per acre; praising up the white
"That foreign Texan earth?"

VIII.
"And when Sir John an acre said
"Was worth two and a half,
"Oh why shewed Blake and I such scorn
"And why did Cartwright laugh?"

IX.
"A little calculation, too,
"We'll make, and try to count,
"What's lost us by our foolishness
"In arguing amount."

X.
"25,000,000 acres at
"\$1 it is clear
"\$25,000,000
"(Even that we thought was dear.)"

XI.
"But 25,000,000 acres at
"\$2.50c.
"Makes 37,000,000 and
"500 difference."

XII.
"Great Caesar's Ghost! just think of this,
"Alas! alack-a-day,
"If only I had held my tongue
"There'd be the device to pay."

XIII.
"But now I can't attack them thus,
"This wretched speech of mine
"Will be brought up against me, sine,
"The days of auld lang sime."

XIV.
But here I left the wretched man,
His grief so force did get,
And if he hasn't read the Globe
He may be weeping yet.

JA KASSE.

Capt Tom's Meditations.

Old Tom came in smiling, and the boys immediately stopped all conversation and gave him the floor. "Boys," said he, "why was that mayoralty election like a regular old-fashioned nigger fight?"

"I doand gan dell," said Gollieb, "was it because those Conservatives was so dick skulled?"

"Not by a long shot," said Capt. Tom.

"Be jabbers thin it was bekaese thim Tories went into it hid first and came out av it all strucked av a heap," said Pat.

"Yer wrong my Italian friend," said Capt. Tom.

"I kalkilate its because it was a 'arnation Closo affair," said the Yankee.
"Perhaps it was because the Conservatives got a regular old-fashioned thrashing," said the man on the biscuit box.

"No," says Capt. Tom, "I'll tell yer. It was because the hull thing were done by Close-Buntin'."

They cacchinated in chorus, and then Capt. Tom resumed—"Boys, I want ter say a few more words on this Pacific Railway bizness I'm feelin' good over this new Syndicate. It just boss yer see; there makin' government a mighty good offer, an' the people know it. Tupper an' his crowd was sayin' all along that if the bargain they had made was not a good 'un, it was the best wot could be had, but now that game is busted. The new Syndicate do the work a mighty sight cheaper than the old 'un, an' they don't ask fur none of them cussed exemptions, 'un monopolies, 'un all that other trash the others was goin' to git. There's one thing, if their offer isn't accepted, they've let the country know what is trump, and then Conservatives will git beat next election as sure as my name is Capt. Tom. I've laughed considerable too over the way them Conservative newspapers is takin' it. Fust they said it was an election dodge, but the Syndicate men come down and deposits \$1,300,000 as security, an' offers ter deposit \$2,000,000 more if the fust wan't enough, an' that stops their chatter mighty quick. Now they're howlin' around that they will only build the prairie section an' not the eastern section. That's a lie an' they know it. Tory Governments don't make bargains with what they consider Grit companies, so loose that the company can do as it pleases about carrying it out. Not by a good big pile they don't. It's only their friends wot git sich bargains as that, an' I know it. An' they don't believe wot they're writin' either. They know the new offer is a long way the best an' they only come down ter sich low mean little tricks ter serve their party. But I must be goin', so good-night boys, an' we'll hear more of this thing before it is finished."

TIMOTHY.

A Pathetic Sketch.

BY AN HUMBLE ADMIRER OF "KERNI-KHAN," OF THE *World*.

He was dead. My true, sweet friend had breathed his last and had stopped breathing altogether. He was dead. We had loved each other as brothers, and often and often had he wept on my shoulder over the pathetic sketches I wrote in the *World*. I never could tell whether he was weeping for me or for the *World*. But he was so tender-hearted. The tears welled up into his fair blue eyes and trickled down his alabaster brow whenever anything lacerated his feelings and my pieces in the *World* always did. Alas, he is dead. Also buried. We loved two sisters,—beautiful, sweet gazelle-eyed gnyrels, they were. He loved one and I loved the other. We didn't both love them both, nor did he love the other, nor did I love the other. I did not love his, and he did not love mine, but we each loved our own—he the one and I the other, though sometimes I would love the one and he the other. When he died I called to see the gnyrels, and I found one weeping on the other's breast. It was his one. She clenched my hand with an iron grasp and said in a harsh, hoarse voice, "He is in the cold ground, go to him at once, go!" My gnyrel also told me to go. I went to the graveyard and felt the sweet shoulder and the curve of the noble form of the dead youth, and came back. I told the sisters he was warm in the ground. But they kept on weeping as if their hearts would break. Then I took out a copy of the *World* and offered to read them my latest pathetic sketch. They wept louder and louder. Then I said I would refrain from reading it and their weeping moderated somewhat. At last I promised that I would never write any more maudlin twaddle in the *World*, and they at once ceased to weep and began to look joyful. They will never weep again.

For a GOOD SMOKE
USE MYRTLE NAVY
See T. & B. on each plug

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to
FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST.
First-class Workmanship and GOOD FIT Guaranteed