

**Human Adaptability.**

What pleasure is it in the course of his biz when GRIP *can* express gratification,

With the statements of those who have charge of the woes which afflict this woe-stricken young nation.

Who, with telling him what would come whether or not, late put him in a panic most frightful.

Whereas now by this light they declare it all right, which of course is to GRIP most delightful.

It's four years or more since the tortures in store for the people were daily expounded

By Conservative folks as things which were no jokes, but on facts the most hideous founded;

And for all those four years, as it plainly appears, us most horrid destruction awaited,

We were on ruin's brink, and slap in it would sink, at some moment quite soon but unstated.

All our banks would soon break, while our commerce would take rapid wings, and the rest of our riches

Would fly off in a crack, till no coat on a back, no, not even a whole pair of breeches

Would be anywhere found the Dominion around, while the pall of dark Poverty blinding

Would descend on us all, and we'd starve great and small, unless p'rhaps we all went organ-grinding.

This was coming to pass on us all quite *en masse*, great and small, young and old, boys and wenches,

Unless worthy Sir JOHN could contrive to get on with his friends to the Treasury benches.

When he'd work like a Turk and some measures rush through, which he'd then in complete preparation,

If it quickly were done, there was that chance—just one—that he'd save us from annihilation.

Well, six months they've been in, and it lately has been unto GRIP a delight past concealing

To find certain things out which as true beyond doubt all the organs are to him revealing.

The Depression is past—not a shadow is cast—it is perfectly, totally drowned out,

And the way that Sir JOHN has contrived it is one that no fellow besides could have found out.

*Similia similibus*—true as the Syllabus—to cure like there's nothing like beats, Sir,

The Depression thus ends by Sir JOHN and his friends, all depressing the Treasury seats, Sir.

And that's why though once sad all the organs are glad, and in riches now all of us smother,

And it's well as they say that he's cured it that way, for it's clear that he knew of no other.

**Bridget O'Flannagan on Pedigree.**

SINCE the Queen's daughter came to this barbarous country, I've heard a dale av talk about ancestry. I niver thought meself that there was anny ancestry in Canada. To be shure Mither MULLIGAN, my prisint master, is a cousin wanst removed av the MULLIGANS av Castle Mulligan, Co. Tipperary; but he's an acceptional incidium.

I was shpakin on the subject the other avenin at Mither BROWN's, and we came to high words about it, for I seized the opportunity to spake before JANE KEMP, Mrs. PETERS ON's table maid, about the lesson Miss PETERSON gave to Master HUGH MULLIGAN in the school. "To ordher meself lowly and rivilintly to me bethers," was what she taught the blessed child to say. "Indade," sez I, "did she think that a MULLIGAN av Castle Mulligan, Co. Tipperary, was goin' to demean himself to old PETERSON's daughter?"

"I don't see how ye make out anny relationship to yer Tipperary MULLIGANS," sez MARIA SIMMONS, "for I've been tould these MULLIGANS were settled in Canada a hundred years ago."

"Yes," sez TIM LARKINS, "U.E. Loyalers they was called."

"U.E. Loyalers they was," sez I "and there's nothin agin the name, and what do you know about U.E. Loyalers?"

"They was followers av a praste or a monk named LOYALER," sez TIM, "and he set up the Imposition."

"No, TIM," sez I, "None av Mither MULLIGAN's ancestry ever practised imposition on no wan, though I'm plased to hear they was good Catholics."

"Well," sez MARIA SIMMONS, "if these MULLIGANS was Loyalers, how do you make them out Irish?"

Wid that I puts me hand in wan pocket and I takes out two paises av calico. "Do you see that stripped paise," sez I, "would ye have anny hesitation in sayin that it's off the same goods as me dress?"

"No," sez she.

"Thin," sez I, holdin up another paise, "do you see anny resemblance betune this and the stuff in me apron?"

"None whatever," sez she.

"Thin," sez I, "the colours in me dress is like the blood av the aristocracy; nothin'll wash it out av the veins av mimbers av good families. There's quite a shtrong relationship betune foorth and fifth cousins among the gentry, but thin that's low born, their blood is like the poor colors in me apron; relationships soon gets wakened, and that's the mainin av niver havin a grandfather; leastways wan that you'll own up to."

"Talk av yer good families," sez JANE KEMP, tossin her head. "wan's jist as good as another in this country."

"Oh, are they?" sez I, "and I'd like to know if the PETERSON's have their family arms on a scullion, as has Mither MULLIGAN av Mulligan Castle? No, JANE KEMP," sez I, "Miss PETERSON may set up for a lady, and be goin to the Governor's Ball, but I've seen plated forks that thried to pass thimselves off for silver, and ivery wan that was used to the handlin' av good stuff knowed the difference. And iverybody knows that Mither PETERSON was niver borrun a gentleman, and riches'll niver make him wan."

"BIDDY," sez TIM, "I thought ye had more sinse than to dish porridge honest industry."

"Dishin porridge," sez I, "has nothin to do wid the question. I said ould PETERSON wasn't a gentleman borrun, and I mane to stick by it."

"And if Mither MULLIGAN is as poor as a church mouse," sez TIM, "what good does his ancestry do him?"

"TIM LARKINS," sez I, "personal delusions isn't argument, but I know that ould PETERSON spint a fortune last winter trying to buy a sate in Parlyment. And the Governor General wrote a letter wid his own hand to Mither MULLIGAN offerin to sell him one for half price, and he'd be glad av the bargain." And wid that I took me lave, seein they was all so contrary, and knowin that TIM LARKINS niver will listen to reason.

**Scientific.**

THE London *Herald* prints on its editorial side a learned essay on "Shortsightedness" from *Galigani's Messenger*, whereof this is an excerpt:

"That short-sight is constantly increasing is proved by comparative statistics. We must not attempt to exonerate ourselves from the responsibility of that visual failing by attributing it to vague and undecided causes. We are more short-sighted than our ancestors were simply because we recklessly place ourselves in conditions to produce that effect, or carelessly allow our children to be subject to them."

The subject cannot but prove very interesting to the gentlemen now managing our affairs at Ottawa, and it will be satisfactory for them to learn the scientific causes which led to their own short-sightedness in propounding a policy which they find so hard to carry out

GAMBLERS are winsome creatures.

TRAMPS believe in being well bread.

ANTI-FAT must be the original *Stout-um Bitters*.

OCH HONE! as the barber said when stropping his razor.

AN old saw new set: "Many a *nickel* makes a muckle."

WHAT kind of cloth does Spring weather resemble? Frieze and then melton.

WHAT to do with the surplus emigration of China is a *craty* question in the United States.

A MAN who always goes to sleep while reading the morning paper calls it his snooze paper.

If everyone is to make so much money out of the N.P. Elephant why not call it the *Rhinoceros*?

THE remedy for Hard Times is Hard Cash, although perhaps you might not credit the assertion.

If signing your name is an autograph isn't forging another man's name a naughty-graph as well?

THERE is a broker in St John who will never take stock at par, because "the par-taker is as bad as the thief."

AT a carnival in Lindsay recently a gentleman represented an Afghan chieftain. Sikhs alive! Khan this be?

LORD BEACONSFIELD has the influenza and is confined to his residence. —*N. Y. Herald*. He always had a good deal of influence, hev?

WHEN a newly appointed Postmaster gets his commission is he furnished with *Letters Patent*? We presume the Dies are *Letters of Marque*.

GEORGE SAND, the authoress, should have edited a journal. It would have been a veritable *sand paper*, and she could have polished off her critics in it. Its politics would have been *Gritty*.