

## Our Grip Sack.

A woman who frequently visits her relations becomes a *near* relative.

When a tramp comes round your dwelling take a stick and give him *no quarter*.

When Courtney sawed his boats in two, he believed in doing things by halves.

When nearly all the stray dogs have been drowned let the cur-few bell ring.

The eternal fitness, &c.—that Willie Macdougall should represent the county of Haldin'.

The Hamilton *Spectator* is spoiling for a fight with GRIP, but GRIP never fights with an antagonist below his size.

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

The erection of the great James Lick telescope at San Francisco may be called "putting in a *big lick*."

Mrs. Sapsusling hearing that a friend was celebrated for repartee says that it may be very good but she prefers black and green mixed.

There's many a slip between the sheet and the pillow.—*Gripsack*. Only one, the pillow-slip.—*Smart Subscriber*.

The new insurance journal, the *Budget*, should be patronized by Sir Leonard Tilley and the Provincial Treasurer.

The fellows at the opera go out between the acts and "see a man" to take a glass, and while they're gone the ladies take a glass to see a man!

"How to raise the baby." Many little books have been written on this subject, but perhaps the simplest way would be to take the infant up in your arms.

It must—it will afford great consolation to that class of Burlingtonians who never clear their sidewalks of snow, that sooner or later—principally sooner—they will go where snow never has to be shoveled.—*Burlington Enterprise*.

"Your nothing but a Dominion, and belong to England, anyway," said Uncle Sam the other day to Young Canada, who was pulling roasted peanuts from his pockets and eating them at the corner. "Europe ought to be to get in with us." "Don't you call me a minion," replied the young hopeful, "I Canuck any man that says so."

A bachelor and a young lady lately bought several tickets in partnership in the lottery at the First Regiment N. G. Fair, agreeing to divide the proceeds equitably. They drew a double bedstead, a baby crib, and a lunch basket, and the question is how to divide them, or whether they shall use them jointly.—*Philadelphia Transcript*.

Mrs. Sapsusling recently presented a favourite nephew with a rocking-horse. The noble animal, after taking part in several nursery frays, was minus ears, tail, and fore-legs. When the donor visited the nursery and viewed the remains she exclaimed, "Well, I suppose that's what the French call a *horse de combat*."

She has evidently been studying the French language lately. During Christmas week she inspected several city churches. In one the decorations appeared rather tawdry, and she exclaimed in her most critical tones, "I certainly did not think the Rev. ——— would have allowed anything in his pasturage unless it was ecclesiastical and *re-church-e*."

## Canadian Girls.

"Archibald Forbes says the ladies of Canada are the most beautiful in the world."—*Daily Paper*.

I've seen the girls of every clime,  
And with my eye-glass quizzed 'em well,  
And all about their charms can tell,  
But *your girls* beat them every time!

I've seen the healthy Greenland lass,  
Who lives on blubber and ice cream,  
And drives a canine tandem team,  
She's fat and good—but she won't pass.

I've seen the Zulu damsel free,  
She's not expensive as to dress,  
And has a sort of loveliness—  
For Cetewayo—not for me.

I've seen the French girls—full of *chic*,  
They're very tasty in their togs,  
And fond of little poodle dogs—  
But vainly you for beauty seek.

I've seen the Russian ladies, too—  
The best wore shown me by the Czar  
When I was with him in the war—  
But, as I told him, they won't do.

The harems of the Turks I've seen,  
Old Hobart Pasha shewed me round;  
But still no beauty there I found  
Like that of your belle Canadienne.

In India, China, and Japan,  
In Egypt, Italy, and Greece,  
I've sought for the ideal face  
Of female beauty, all in vain.

I've been to Borneo and the isles  
That dot the far Southern sea,  
But slain in battle may I be  
If I've seen ought like *your girls'* smiles.

Ah yes, I've seen most every sight,  
And look a' here, make no mistake—  
Your girls for beauty take the cake—  
(I'm going to lecture here to-night, buy a ticket!)

## The Inside Track.

(*Sir John to his faithful followers in Canada.*)

My faithful followers around,  
I know that I can trust,  
We are bound to build this Railway  
If the Government should bust;  
But of that I've no forebodings  
With such following at my back,  
We can carry out the contract,  
For we've got the inside track.

I own I did feel squeamish,  
When I heard that fellow Blake,  
And I fear'd those long petitions  
Your confidence would shake;  
But I quail not at their carplings  
With Ontario at their back,  
Our position here is solid,  
And we've got the inside track.

This Second Syndicate just formed,  
Of course is "All my eye,  
They cannot budge our bargain  
However much they try;  
And with all the blatant yelping  
Of this miserable pack,  
We can smile at all their scheming,  
For we've got the inside track.

This saving of some millions  
That we hear so much about,  
We must fight with all our weapons—  
Or else step "down and out."  
But no matter if the prospects  
Of the country do look black  
We must look to *our* positions  
And keep the inside track.

All the Grits desire is office,  
As their tactics plainly show,  
But the country will not listen  
To the gas of Blake and Co.  
We've driven out depression,  
We've brought the good times back,  
And we're safe for any contract,  
For we've got the inside track.

Now we must conclude the bargain—  
That's a thing that *must* be fix'd,  
We will "run this show" to suit us,  
No matter for the next;  
I will engineer the shelving  
Of each faithful Tory hack,  
Nor forget myself—exactly  
While we have the inside track!

The *Bystander* of February is as brilliant as usual. The editor runs the risk of being branded as a Grit, however, as he has the temerity to point out the danger which lurks in the contract which hands over the interests of Canada to the tender mercies of foreign speculators.

## Notes from our Gaddy.

DEAR GRIP,—Dash my wig, but I'm awfully tired of this Syndicate business. I hate like everything to touch on those hackneyed subjects, but 'pon my word, your proposal that we should take the job ourselves is the best plan yet. We would chip in a million or two amongst us like winking. For my part, though I have not more than a few odd thousands actually in my pocket at the present moment, still I have a few wealthy uncles at home, with whom I left considerable valuable property, in trust, before coming over here. We could form a cinder-kit, or a coalition, or anything of that sort without the least trouble. Then, though I say it what shouldn't, it would be giving talent an opportunity of earning some of this world's goods, instead of still further accumulating wealth into the hands of the purely moneyocracy. We could easily build the line with the money gift, and having the alternate blocks of land for profit, could afford to try a few experiments. By the way, after promising to give those alternate blocks of land, what could they expect but a chequered course for the scheme? However, that is nothing to us. Being naturally of the people and for the people, some of our experiments could be directed in behalf of the welfare of the people. This would be a marked innovation, and be considered dangerous, and generally frowned upon; but we could stand that. On a few of the blocks we could establish communities or homes for friendless children, collected from our Provincial towns, and by prohibiting the reading of purely party political papers and supplying each one of them with GRIP, they would gradually be converted into good, happy, and moral beings. Some of the blocks could be devoted to the raising of buffalo. A good spec. How does a nice broiled buffalo chop for breakfast strike you? They would take like wild-fire if properly advertised, and furnish freight for the railway. And then there is another idea, hit upon by a friend of mine some time ago, and I'm sure a few blocks could be found just adapted for the experiment. It is to raise cherry pipe-stems. My friend had all the calculations made out, but I forget how many young wild cherry trees can be raised to the acre, or precisely the figure they would fetch when converted into pipe-stems, but I know there's millions in it. What do you think of it? And let me inform you that is the latest popular saying in London—got it by the last English mail. The alkali lands, I'm afraid, would give us trouble. Of course they are all well in their way, and those Nor-West Indians are very decent fellows in their way, but it strikes me those lands are too much like a place our politicians will know more about some day—there is too great a deficiency of water and good society. However, do you fix things at Ottawa and get the contract, and let us put an end to all this fuss. GADFLY.

GRIP.—Last week's number of Canada's comic paper is exceedingly good. The principal cartoon indicates that the Government has done bully in the matter of the Pacific Railway, and has knocked Blake higher than a kite. The various Grit amendments are represented as floating about in their natural element—wind.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

Mr. Henry J. Morgan's excellent publication, the *Dominion Annual Register*, for 1880, is announced to appear this month. In this volume a careful and exhaustive review of the progress of Canadian politics, literature, art, and education is given, together with an abundance of other information most valuable to professional and literary men. This publication was begun in 1878, and no student of Canadian history can have in his library a more thoroughly useful work. The publisher's address is Box 285, Ottawa.