



THE TORY OSTRICH AND THE GRIT SIDE ISSUES.

JOTTINGS.

When she is *iron*, then both are *one*.
 One who is often in the *blues*—The dyer.
 The dyer cannot get on without his *liner*.
 Net profits—Those which the fisherman makes.
 The ang'or works by *hook*, the shepherd by *crook*.
 A merchant is like a divinity student when he *takes orders*.
 The brandy drinker's face, by and by, gets branded with it.
 The painter like the epicure is mindful of his *palette* (palate).
 An unailing cure for the *bowl* complaint. Total Abstinence.
 G-i-n, gin. A snare, a trap. A very good name for the liquid so called.

Many a one performs on the *pipe*, who yet cannot be properly called a musician.

Sometimes people get a *legacy* which has a foot at the end of it. The latter is not a drawback, for it is propelled by the former, and it makes the receiver move on.

A picture represents Sir John A. with a bar of hard soap in his hand, extolling the virtues of the said article. A dish of *soft soap* would be more suitable. The gallant knight, it is well known, makes great use of the latter.

ODE,

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO BISHOP SWEATMAN, BY AN ADVOCATE OF POPULAR RIGHTS.

Worthy Bishop, Reverend Sir,
 Since GRIP does not deem it vital
 To "My Lord" you, and confer
 An unmeaning, spurious title,

Don't you think in days like ours,
 'Mid democracy's upheaval,
 Bishops have not quite the powers
 Of the period mediæval?

Fettered then in speech and thought,
 Ignorant of arts and letters,
 The "mere laity" were taught
 To obey the priests, their betters.

And the Bishop, through his fold,
 Lord of laic squire and yeoman,
 Had his way quite uncontrolled,
 And accountable to *no* man!

Bishops now before they send
 Men to care of souls and steeple,
 To this question should attend:
 Will the parson suit the people?

Parsons should be chosen, *not*
 Spite of those who pay their wages!
 So says one, whom, having caught,
 They'd have fined in former ages.

For to teach the people should
 Have a voice to choose their parson,
 Is a crime the cleric would
 Look on as deserving arson.

Then, good Bishop, let the names
 Quickly have your approbation,
 As the pastors of St. James,
 Who will suit the congregation.

LAV I Cuss.