



MR. MACKENZIE.—Weel, Master BLAKE, what's a' this delay about? Why dinna ye gan on wi' your work?
 MASTER BLAKE.—I'm waiting till GRIP'S Almanac is out.

The Many-Hack Horse to His Master.
 BY J. S. KNOWLES.

Stay, driver, stay and hear my woe;
 Your faithful Dobbin speaks to thee;
 Oh! please, dear master, mercy show
 To one who's workid most faithfully.

My former master fed me well,
 On hay and horse-feed, oats and corn;
 But since I came with thee to dwell,
 I often wish I'd ne'er been born.

On this poor rack, pray pity take,
 And do not beat my poor old hide;
 Do, master dear, for mercy's sake,
 I can't much longer here abide.

I'm spavined, blind, my race is run;
 My poor old ribs are almost bare;
 And, as I dreg and pull and tug,
 Both young and old stand still and stare.

I sometimes wonder if there is
 A future cline where horses go;
 To me a state of endless bliss
 Would be a place of *endless whoa!*



Can it be?

1st Newsboy.—Wot, ANGUS MORRISON, runnin' for Mayor agin! He don't expect to git elected, does he?

2nd Do.—Elected? Naw! He's jest put hisself up, and he expects the people will get so indignant at the idea that they'll hurt him, and then he'll come on 'em for about two thousand dollars damages, don't yer see?

Canadian Volunteers.

GENERAL ORDERS.

It is hereby ordered that Lieutenant-Colonels who cannot account for regimental funds shall take the rank of Major General. All Majors and Captains who interest themselves in the finances of their battalions shall be drummed out of the service.

All inspectors and Brigade Majors who are put to the trouble of investigating complaints against commanding officers shall be censured unless they report against the complainant. In case fear of public opinion will not permit them to do this they shall stove off the inquiry. It shall be their duty in every case to shelter delinquent officers of superior rank, in order that the public may not become acquainted with circumstances calculated to breed disrespect for the service.

The foregoing orders are to be interpreted in precisely a contrary sense in every instance where the complaining officers are Government supporters while the commanding officer is of the opposite party.

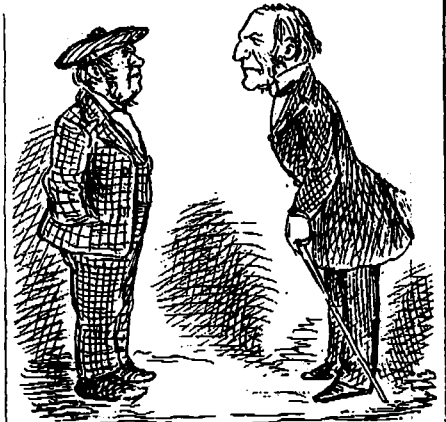
Officers and privates are ordered to remember that the code of military honor is hereby revised. All so called vices are hereby made virtues. Petty peculation is to be commended as an excellent practice calculated to make the force expert at foraging in time of war. Lying is to be judiciously resorted to, as the habit will enable a corps of spies to be formed at a moment's notice. The verb "to Stolleryze" shall only be conjugated in the imperative mood.

Company heads and subalterns are to wink hard at all disregard of regimental by laws. The habit of winking is a valuable military acquirement of great service in conciliating the females in an enemy's country.



Not Dead Yet!

The *Globe* was a little premature in publishing that touching obituary poem on the Rag Baby the other day, and the tears supposedly shed by the Hon. GEORGE were just so much good brine wasted. The infant is alive and kicking, as the above sketch testifies, and if that be not sufficient evidence the reader is referred to Capt. WYNN's slashing speech at Albert Hall on Tuesday night. On that occasion the doughty champion of the Beaverback movement struck from the shoulder, and severely drubbed the chief organs of both parties—the *Mail* receiving a particularly conspicuous black eye. No; the Baby isn't dead. Mr. GRIP has appointed himself its ward, and will see that each phase of its career is recorded in his pages.



Only one Obstacle.

MIDLOTHIAN ELECTOR.—Weel, Muster GLADSTONE, an' what's the prospect o' success?

GLADSTONE.—Every prospect of success, my friend, if we can only put a stop to the opposition of the *Toronto Mail!*

Always humming—The business of the printer and the tinker. The one is always *pressing*, the other always *mending*.

The cup that neither cheers nor inebriates—the hic-cup.

How much easier and cheaper it is to entertain a friendly suggestion than it is to entertain the suggestor.

Puck: An unpromising infant: Mrs. Levi—"You wouldn't charge dot leetle paby full fare?" Conductor—"How old is he, mem?" Levi, Jr.—"I vas seex years." Mrs. Levi—"O Jakey, Jakey, you will never make a schmart man like your fader."

The telegraph people in England are as negligent in using capitals and in pointing there sentences as they are in this country, judging from the following which was sent from Winchester to London as the utterances of Lord CARNARVON at the first mentioned place: "The worst-paid curate is expected to speak twice on Sunday with the persuasiveness of a journeyman-tailor, and the eloquence a barrow." For "journeyman-tailor" read JEMY TAYLOR, and begin "barrow" with a capital letter, and all is right.—*Ex.*



Under Consideration!

When the Honourable Senator has fully taken in the immensity of this piece of extravagance on the part of MOWAT & Co., we shall hear from him in pamphlet form.