

### A Little Surprise Party.

THE *National*, with characteristic candour, delivers itself as follows:

We wonder how it happens that in these days of testimonials nobody ever seems to think of us in that connection. We would be most happy to receive a slight donation of this kind—not of course on account of its intrinsic value,—oh no!—but merely as a memento of the esteem and respect in which we are held by our fellow-citizens, and the public in general.

Grip is authorised, as the organ of the Public Heart, to assure the *National* that the seeming obtuseness of the respectable community in this matter has been due not to a want of appreciation of that journal, but to the difficulty of selecting a fitting present. The resources of all the dollar stores and jewellery establishments in the city were vainly ransacked for an article that would be at once cheap, pretty, and symbolical of the feelings which the intending donors properly entertain towards the *National*. It is perhaps needless to say that the presentation committee was composed of good men, without distinction of politics, and that it admirably represented the Morality and Decency of Canadian society. A testimonial was ultimately fixed upon, which received the unqualified approval of all interested, and Grip has been requested to perform the ceremony of presentation. The Genial Raven has therefore much satisfaction in donating to the *National*, on behalf of its many readers,—

3 Clean Quill Pen,

and reading the following brief and affectionate address to the editor:

DEAR MR. EDITOR NATIONAL,—Here is a now, clean quill for you. Throw away the one you have been using lately, and turn over a new leaf. Look over your file occasionally, and read your introductory article, and if you see as we do that you are drifting away from your original design, got back without delay. Never stain this clean pen in the ink of slander; but dip it up to the tuft, if you please, in the bottle of harmless wit and humor—the only true fun. Spare not the political foibles of your opponents, but for Journalism's sake cease to write things about GEORGE BROWN, ARCHIBALD McKELLAR or any other man, which in your heart of hearts you know to be calumnious and craven. Scorn to write what you do not believe; abhor to pollute your columns with foul and lying paragraphs. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is the best policy of an independent journal. Begin it with this clean pen, and see if it won't pay better than filthy partizanship.

Yours most hopefully,

READERS OF THE NATIONAL.

### A Mistake in Terms.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY HOTEL.—A FACT.

Mrs. STEBBINS, from Vermont, where preserves and many other articles of food are known as "sass." Reads the bill of fare.

Mr. STEBBINS, who eats what his wife orders.—"Well, ABIGAIL, what ye'r goin' to hev'?"

Mrs. STEBBINS, with dignity—to waiter.—"Bring us some of this Worstestyshire sass."

WAITER—"Wooster sauce, 'mum? Hero y'aro, mum."

Mr. and Mrs. STEBBINS, after studying the label.—"Wal, this is an outlandish country!"

### Washerwomanhood.

WOMAN! with the downcast eyes,  
O'er the tub where washing lies,  
Whence such steamy mists arise.

Thou whose clammy locks of dun,  
Hid by bonnet from the sun,  
Coil atop like Chelsea bun!

Standing tip-toe in the wet,  
Till thy waist and tub-edge meet,  
Stocking soles and slippered feet!

Gazing with a steadfast glance,  
While thy arms make swift advance—  
Thou retreat, and bubbles dance!

Blur, too, than classic stream,  
Beautiful to thee must seem  
Waters that with washing teem.

Then why pause with indecision,  
In so awkward a position,  
And a subject for derision?

Is it care thy soul environs,  
That thou at the time for irons,  
Turnest "chokers" into "Byrons?"

Or, thy genius improvising  
Others into shapes surprising—  
Shapes that need no advertising?

Spite of all my many prayers,  
Why do shirts exhibit tears—  
Stockings, too, mixed as to pairs?

And it purse and feeling hurts,  
That women who are not experts,  
Should wring my bosom and my shirts.

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Now the influence soap-oric  
Stealing o'er my verse terrific,  
Makes my theme and me pacific.

### A Close Friend.

All women love me, from the giddy girl  
About whose brow many an errand maid  
Comes downward leaping, to the ancient maid  
Whose hair, severely classical, a braid  
Confines. Sweet eighteen bursting into smiles,  
The staidier matron laughing at love's smiles,  
The sombre widow who has plucked the tree  
Of sad experience—all alike love me.

And I am privileged; where lovely woman goes  
Thereto go I. When she is racked with woes  
I'm by her side. When merry glances dart,  
And her blood leaps with joy, I feel her heart  
Thrilling beneath my touch. I press her waist  
More ardent than by lover's embrace.  
Fickle, but not the ficklest coquette  
Has ever dared to do without me yet.  
When in the drawing room, I'm with her there;  
I go out with her when she takes the air;  
At night when in her couch sleep seals her eye,  
On chair or sofa in her room I lie;  
For I am privileged in many ways—  
Seeing, my friends, that I'm a pair of stays!

### A Mad Dog and a Wild Reporter.

THIS spicy piece of intelligence appeared in the city column of the *Ottawa Times*:

MAD DOG.—A mad dog, evincing every indication of being a victim of hydrophobia, was despatched on Sandy Hill yesterday morning. It had the salutary effect of calming an excited community.

A mad dog is dreadful enough in any case, but a mad dog that "evinces every indication of hydrophobia" is truly a terrible nuisance, and Grip can't at all understand how such a scourge could have "the effect of calming an excited community." But, as our Lib. Con. friends say, the Grits are in power, and you musn't wonder at anything an Ottawa community may do.

### A GOOD TELESCOPE.

(Charlie held up by his father to look through the telescope of the Surveyor's theodolite.) "FATHER—" "Well CHARLIE, did you see Mrs. SMITH?"

(Mrs. Smith is about a mile distant.)

CHARLIE—"Oh yes, Papa, and she was so close to me that she said 'Good day, CHARLIE.'"

### RAPID FLIGHT.

FREDDY,—(a sharp boy with decided talent for drawing). "Mamma, here's a pigeon flying round a corner."  
Exhibits the diagram on his slate.

MAMMA,— "I suppose this is the corner, but where is the pigeon?"

FREDDY,—(looking closely at the sketch). "Oh, he's got round the corner now. You didn't look soon enough."