



SOME SUMMER FANCIES.

"WOULD it be the proper caper to refer to the poet Laureate as Alfred Lawn-Tennyson?" No, Arthur, it would not. But it *would* be the pre-eminently proper caper, Arthur, to take you and plant you at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

"CREAM by the gal," says a sign in a Yonge street confectionery. Well, there's nothing the matter with that. We prefer ours that way too. In fact, we never eat ice cream, anyhow, unless the gal happens to hanker for it.

ANARCHY is not a modern institution—not by any means. Take Noah, now—Noah was anarchist.

ONE is a windy bay and the other is a bay window. Conundrum next week.

THE song we sing—our tailor: "Oh loving heart, trust on, trust on."

THE man who dropped in to whip the editor would have given up the job quite early in the game—only the editor wouldn't let him.

A YOUNG lady of highly-trained muscle,
Sat down on her horrible buscle,
Which gave way with her weight
At a terrible reight,
And caused quite a lively old tuscle.

THE identity of the man with the iron mask has at last been discovered. He was a baseball catcher.

In the postoffice:

"Jones, gi'mme a dollar."

"What for?"

"To bury a policeman."

"Here's \$5. Bury *five* policemen."

SMALL boon—another fellow's first baby.

THERE is no wild hilarity in staying down town all night to play poker, and, on coming home at three or four in the morning, to find your wife sitting up to play poker with you again. There is a limit to all things.

No, Henry, if the District Telegraph Company employed an Indian to run a message, there would be no impropriety in your speaking of him as a red cent—none in the world.

"ON-NESTY is the best policy," as the setting hen remarked.

WHEN the man who wants to live economically tips the waiter, he should tip him the wink.

His artist's fancy was deeply moved by the beauty of the scene, but his emotions were not a circumstance to the deepness of the move that thrilled him, when one measly, insignificant little hornet got in its fine work on him.

THE maid now dreams beside the languid lake,
And gazes fondly at the haze-dimmed hills—
Next day she'll do her very best to shake
The rheumatism and the deadly chills.

THERE'S a tide in the affairs of man which taken at the flood leads on to fortune, but most men seem to reach the shore when its on the ebb.

EACH church-steepled clanging tells
Of the bustle of the bells,
The interminable hustle,
The liquid brazen bustle
Of the bells.

And the skirt-improver tells
Of the bustles of the belles,
And each measly paper rustles
As it greets the other bustles
Of the belles.

A YOUNG lady does not look particularly graceful when she's throwing a stone at the next door neighbor's hen; and you can likewise gamble the sweet solidity of your bank book, Adolphus, that the missile fired by the miss'l miss the hen, although the parlor window is extremely, and likewise pane-fully, apt to suffer.

BENEATH these smoky summer skies
The distant hills are dimmed in haze,
And in my darling's tender eyes,
Love's lighted lamp is all ablaze;
She whispered when I wooed her "Sweet,
I never will give you the slip,
If you, my darling, will but treat
Me to a year's subscrip. for GRIP."

Two popular novels:—"The Hidden Hand"—the one held by the other fellow when you don't call. "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab"—what it will cost to hire it.
W. C. N.



A SEVERE TRIAL.

UNCLE (from whom Charley Dudesome has expectations)—
"Charles, I wish you would just leave this in at Cadgers' as you go by this morning an' oblige me."