

## THE NEW PATENT MEDICINE!



IF YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM FITS OF THE BLUES, OR  
DELIRIUM TREMENS, OR ANY FIT EXCEPT A FIT OF

LAUGHTER,  
**GRIP'S COMICAL MANAC FOR 1893**  
OUT SHORTLY!

talk erbout logarithms an' perihelions an' sech, but wen dey comes down to dese heah matters widin de range ob ordinary comprehensiveness it am different. Ebery one of us knows dat it ain't so. 'Kase wy, ef de airth dun turned wrong side up in de night, as dey say, don't it stan' ter reason dat de people an' eberythin' dat wan't fastened down is gwineter fall off? Did any ob you eber heah ob any pusson disappearin' in dat fashion? Duz de scientist eber get er rope an' tie himself to er log ebery ebenin' fur fear he's gwineter be precipitated froo de atmosphere? My impervious fellow-hearers, dis heah theory am all foolishness.

Again dey's some scientists wat 'low dey kin tell you de names ob all de bugs. Dey go forf into de shade ob de boundless forest, an' dey see a little black bug crawlin' erlong de snake fence, an' den dey'll say, "Dat's a *Crinktum rhodipterus*," or some sech outlandish word. How dey know de name ob dat bug? 'Tain't it's name at all. You mout stand alongside ob dat snake fence an' holler "*Crinktum Rhodipterus*!" "*Crinktum Rhodipterus*!" at de top ob yo' voice fur erbout two hours at dat bug. tell you couldn't holler no longer, an' de bug wouldn't come to yer. Wouldn't eben look roun', but jest go along about he's own business 'thout payin' de least attention. Dese fancy names wat dey gibs to de bugs an' de birds an' de skeeters ain't dar real names at all. Dey's just fool words made up by de scientists dat doan' mean nuffin' but to delude de public. An' dey's heaps of folks in dese days dat 'low it am superstitious and narrow-minded to beliebe dat Adam wuz de name ob de fust man an' Ebe ob de fust woman, an' yet it doan' gib dem no trubble to ketch onto de scientific guff erbout bug-names. Bugs is jest bugs, an' dey hain't no mo' use fur a name nor w'at a hog has for a silber spoon to eat his victuals. Selah!

Befo' de congregation peregrinates to dar respectful domiciles, I beg to announce dat de Ladies' Auxiliary

will meet Tuesday afternoon p.m. at de residence of Sistah Peppergrass to pervide superduous clothing fur de Blackfeet Injuns. De objec' am 'specially praiseworthy 'kase seein' dese Injuns hab blackfeet, dey am partly colored pussons, an' darfo hab claims onto our sympathies. Pass dem plates, Deekin.

## A REMINISCENCE OF THE CITY HALL.

FIRST SHADE—"What is your opinion of Hades, as far as you have got?"

SECOND DITTO—"It's mighty like a Toronto City Council meeting on a hot night."

## TO AVOID THEIR CREDITORS.

MRS. JUMPUPPE—"The Hardlucks are going down to Florida for the winter."

JUMPUPPE—"Dear me! Have you any idea what is the amount of their liabilities?"

## STRANGE.

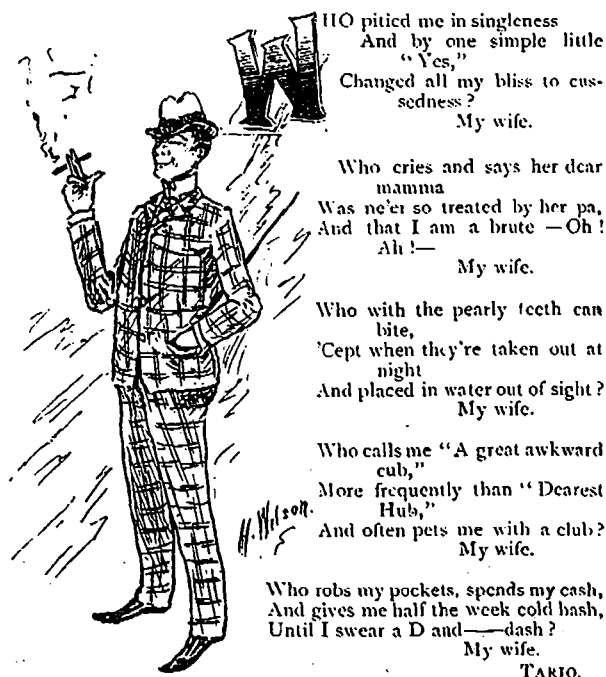
THE younger the maiden,  
The greater her tact,  
The older the spinster  
The simpler she'll act

## MATHEMATICAL.

DICK—"Say, Andrew, Smith's going to treat; what'll you have?"

ANDREW—"Oh, I'm thinkin' I'll jist tak' a lager-'ith-'im"

## MY WIFE.



DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.