

## LETTER FROM HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME, ESQ.

DEAR MR. GWIP.—Haw,—Being a stwanger beah, lately awived from the old countwy, and moahovah being possessed of a—haw—considerable amount of cash, I would vewy much like to get a few—aw—pointahs, as to wheah is the best place for a person of my condition to settle down in and make my home. When I left the old countwy, d'ye know, I thought of going up to the—aw—boundesspewawie, such exceedingly fatterwing weports are circulated and published ovah theah concehning—aw—Manitoba and that wejion; but in spite of the flattering tales, I find, be Jove! that the temperaturah gets down to the wediculously low degree of—aw—say fauty below zero! Now ye know, be Jove, I couldn't stand that! (I may as well tell you at once that it is my firm determination to entah into agwicultuwal peshuits and that anything in the shape of twade is obnoxious to me, and not to be thought of for a moment, hence my desiah to learn something wegawding the fawm and gwazing lands of America.)

I heah that the people occasionally stawve out in Muskoka, and that that wugged wejion is also often desolated with fowest fiah, and altogethah a most undesirwable place to—aw—settle in. Again, I heah that the old fawms, especially in the vicinity of the cities, are eithah worn out, or theiah pwices are held up to a most exhorbitant figgah, so ye see, Mr. Gwip, these places would nevah do faw me, ye know.

I have made numbeless enquirwies about Montana, Dakota, et cetewa, in the Western States, and find that in wintah the snow is 14 feet deep, and the cyclones blow the twains off the waylay twacks and demolish whole villages. I had at one time somewhat of an idea of going further south, but I vefect that occasionally the whole countwy gets deluged with watab, dwounding the unfawtunate inhabitants, and that wlots of the most sanguinary desquipation prevail in the principal cities. I have abandoned the—aw—ideah. Now my deah, Mr. Gwip, what is a gentleman in my circumstances to do? Pway ansaw, and oblige,

Yours respectfully,

HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME,

Late of Huddlecome Hall, Hants.

[Go back to Huddlecome Hall.—ED. GRIP.]

"STIRRING INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER."—The above is the title of a handsomely bound volume which we have lately received from the author. It is an invaluable contribution to the literature of history, which is so deservedly popular that the author has sold over thirteen thousand copies. We have had the pleasure of perusing the book, and frankly state that it is a well written and interesting account of the Life of a British Soldier, from a stand-point of thorough conversance with its perils and pleasures, its hardships and compensations. The author, Color-Sergeant Thomas Faughnan, tells the story from his own personal experience, with a candor and buoyancy of spirit that lends a charm to every page, which only an Irishman and a British soldier can produce. In plain, forcible language he describes the battles, sorties, night attacks and hairbreadth escapes; as well as the miseries, cold, hunger, exposure and hard vicissitude of military life while on active service before the enemy. Mr. Faughnan, who proudly bears upon his breast a whole assortment of medals, is at present in Toronto arranging for a new edition of his popular book.

Why is a—er—er—but go to the Opera House on Saturday afternoon, and you'll hear the rest of this prize conundrum, as well as Claxton's Orchestra.

## AN EARNEST APPEAL.

Young man, shun the seductive toothpick. Give up the habit, now that you are in the full strength of budding manhood, and ere it is yet too late. Put it off not a day, for every hour you delay, the fearful habit is growing on you and sapping your young life's blood away.

Dear reader, we once knew a lad as bright and joyous as a festive goat at play. The future seemed bright and happy before him. But beneath the pink exterior of his life was a cankering growth,—he was in the toils of the fearful toothpick habit. Day after day, it gnawed at the foundation of his life and soul, until the awful fact became only too apparent to his closest friends. Then, alas, it was too late. Already was he a member of the common council. Alas, it was too late forever. A hopeless, forlorn wreck, he tossed about upon the bosom of the stormy sea of life for a little while.

The proprietors of all the cheap hash foundries in town came to know him as the toothpick fiend. Perhaps, gentle reader, you may have seen him on his rounds, as he masticated a five-cent sandwich and filled his mouth with a quarter's worth of toothpicks. But the lunch route that knew him once will know him no more. His system has absorbed so much of the American forests that his strong constitution gave way, and he died a miserable death from the enlargement of the lumbar vertebrae.

Young man, take warning from this fearful example, and when the toothpick stands fragrant and tempting on the lunch counter, turn away. Yield not, even though the dainty hand of the waiter girl hold them forth to tempt you. Remember the sweet lessons taught you on your mother's knee, with the assistance of her slipper and turn away.—*Scissors.*

## HOW SHE PROPOSED.

"I don't believe in this tom-foolery about leap year," said a Sommerville maiden to her lover; "it is all nonsense. No girl could be so inmodest as to make a downright proposal of marriage to her beau."

"You are undoubtedly right," assented the young man; "the young ladies are not near so anxious to get married as the young men."

"Oh, as to that," rejoined the maiden, "I think you are mistaken. The girls are anxious enough to get married. Few of them would refuse an offer. I would jump at the chance."

"Would you really?"

"Try me and see."

He did try her, and there is another added to the list of marriages to take place after Lent closes.

## HERR YAGER'S RECEPTION OF A DUDE.

(Kentucky State Journal.)

"What is it that ruffles your usually even temper, this morning, Mr. Yager?"

"Efery tay it was something new pringed into dot world. It peen a good dings a man's don'd gan'd penfore him see vot goes penhint him games, or dot make him so crazy like a loonatic vot no sense got."

"Have you had some domestic trouble?"

"No, I got me droubles mit der old womans und Katrina."

"In what way?"

"Vell, Katrina has peen a pall on und mit vone dem dudelum fellers gomed home last night dis mornin', und him mein dog gick der head on. Aber I fix dot fence-rail feller. I achump me der ped oud und gone de schdairs down und catched him der neck by und gicked him so gwick der door oud him dinks him peen some odder mans."

"That was a rather cool reception, Mr. Yager."

"Vell, him my tog gick! Ouf a mans gick me him gick mein tog, hain't it? Ennyvay dot feller him don't some no sense haf. Him all der dimes dalk 'aw, aw,' und him hug Katrina penfore der boopies at der vjader und don'd got no plinds bulled down. Dot don't vas righd. Ouf him bug her plinds down mit I don'd gare, aber penfore dem beopies by der vinder dot peen der gamel vhat der last hair proke."

"What business is the young man in?"

"Him don'd vas enny pisneas in; und dere don'd vas enny pisneas in him, sider. Him peen a dudelum humbugger nodings. You bet mein schweed life I dot, feller mein eyes geep afder."

Clean up your back yard and heave the old tomato cans over the fence. Be kind to your neighbors.—*Ex.*

The fiat has gone forth that the size of men's pants is to be increased, and then it will be difficult to tell an honest man from a dude.—*Sunday Mail.*

We observe that the son of an Indian chief is learning to be a plumber. This will enable him to scalp people without the aid of a knife.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"There is money in hogs," says an agricultural paper. Mr. Vanderbilt now has a chance to step on the scales and realize on himself.—*Ex.*

The reason that the students of a medical college never use their dissecting knives on the cuticle of negroes is because India rubber is hard to cut, by gum!—*Paris Beacon.*

A Protestant church is to be erected in Germany, with a spire 524 feet high. We haven't learned the cost, but have no doubt that it will make the people purse-spine.—*Paris Beacon.*

A Maine girl, since her return from the "academy," has shingled the barn, the old man's hair, and the seat of her little brother's trousers. Some young fellow ought to pay her board.—*Ex.*

This is about the time of year that the city man thinks he would like to own a place in the country, and make a fortune in a few years by training dried-apple vines to climb bean poles.—*Chicago Sun.*

"I have a fresh item for you," said a man coming into the sanctum of a village paper. "Just say the backbone of winter is broken." Bang! and the backbone of the visitor was also broken.—*Middletown Transcript.*

It's pretty difficult for a high-school girl to think of something to say when she goes to write a composition, but as soon as she gets out of school and while on the way home she can say a whole newspaper full without thinking.—*Ex.*

In a court of justice not far from Williamsport ensued the following conversation not long since: Judge—"Constable hunt up the crier to open the court." Constable after an absence of a few minutes, returns and says—"Your honor the crier cannot cry to day." "Why?" angrily asked the judge. "Because," returned the constable, "his wife is dead!"

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.