



AN EXPENSIVE PLAYTHING!

MR. MINISTER OF MILITIA CARD.—HERE, MY LITTLE DEAR, IS A NEW IDEA—A STANDING ARMY. SO LONG AS YOU KEEP DROPPING COPPAIRES INTO ZE BOX, HE WILL CONTINUE TO STAND!

YOUNG CANADA.—AH, YES; I SEE; ANOTHER SCHEME TO GET COPPERS OUT OF ME. I DON'T WANT IT—BESIDES, I'M GETTING TOO BIG TO PLAY WITH TOYS ANY LONGER!

THE LAST OF MR. JINKS.

HE RETURNS TO WALES, BUT IS REVENGED BEFORE HE GOES.

I had not seen Mr. Polliwog for some days, and was wondering where that usually volatile and irrepressible member of the choir of St. Judas' could have betaken himself to, when he entered my room this morning, not in his accustomed manner, with a rush and a bang, but with so subdued and humble a demeanor that I was not only surprised but shocked, for his face was pale, his attire disordered and his general appearance "demoralized."

"What on earth is the matter, old fellow?" I enquired; "You look terribly unwell. I'm afraid your sins are finding you out and that your conscience is pricking you for the, I may say, brutal manner in which you have treated Mr. Jinks. Why, man, you look as if you were gone to the dogs; you've not been drinking, have you? If Miss Highsee saw you now, it's my belief she'd cut you dead; Miss Highsee—"

"Why, man," exclaimed Polliwog, starting up, "what are you talking of? Haven't you heard? What is Miss Highsee to me now? The deceitful, abominable minx."

"Polliwog," I said, "I thought you adored her; I imagined that she was to be Mrs. Polliwog in the near future. What's wrong?"

"Everything," he answered, "I'm fading away into the tomb. I'm done for, bust up, collapsed, and Jinks, yes Jinks, not Mr. Jinks, but Jinks, old Jinks, is the cause of all my trouble; he's as bad as she is," and he groaned aloud, and burst into tears.

"My dear fellow," I urged, somewhat alarmed, for I had never seen Polliwog like this before, "compose yourself, and tell me all about it. What's the matter?"

"Well, you know, I was as good as engaged to Miss Highsee," he responded, "and she often said how she detested the new curate, and in fact she was the main instigator of all the pranks we've played on him, and then for

her to go back on a fellow like this; it's p-p-pretty t-t-tough, I can tell you."

"By the way, yes," I said, "I haven't seen Miss Highsee for some time; where is she?"

"There's no such person," was the reply, "she's gone; so is Jinks; both of 'em gone; but that's not the worst of it; it's the base deception. You see the rector invited us all to his house last Monday evening—by us, I mean the choir—and we all went; we hadn't any idea what was up, but we knew something was in the wind. Well, we were all there except Miss Highsee, and we had a regular old-fashioned high tea, after which Jinks gets up, and stammering and stuttering like a schoolboy, he addressed us as follows: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I—1, that is, I—er—feel it, feel it, I consider it—er—to be my duty to inform you that the—er—pleasant days of our connection have come to an end, and that—that I am about to leave, I am going to, yes, I am leaving you, as I find my health is suffering since I left—er—Wales. I have been made the object of several practical jokes since I accepted the curacy of this church but—but—er—but I overlook—I pardon—the mischievous persons' (and here he looked mighty hard at me) 'who were the—the, I may say, prime movers in those practical jokes. I shall, however, and here he brightened up considerably, 'not go from amidst you without taking some reminder of you with me—a souvenir of—of—of St. Judas' choir—yes, just so, er—er. I have been much impressed by the beauty, modesty and refinement of one of your number, of one who belonged to your choir. I now take great pleasure, before saying farewell, to introduce to you all that lady whom I have chosen as my lifelong companion; she is no stranger to you, ladies and gentlemen, and'—here he went and opened a folding-door into another room, and who should come smiling in, taking his arm, and beaming upon us all but—Miss Highsee! Old fellow, I can't tell you any more. They were married the following morning, and sailed for Wales the day after. If that is not

base perfidy on the part of one, and a mean, skulking, snake-in-the-grass mode of taking an unmanly and unchristian revenge on the part of the other, I'm a—I'm a Dutchman. Yes, she's gone; Polly Highsee is now Mrs. Llewellyn Jinks, and Polliwog is not long for this world."

The poor fellow seemed so badly out up that I had not the heart to tell him that I considered him rightly served for the manner in which he had treated Mr. Jinks, though such was decidedly my opinion; so, waiting until he had somewhat recovered his wonted equanimity, I took him out for a walk, but I fancy it will be a long time before his wounded heart recuperates sufficiently to permit him to enter St. Judas' Church again, which, I must say, will probably have the effect of adding more to the harmony and good order which should reign there, than if Mr. Polliwog appeared as usual in his place in the choir.

GIVE US A REST.

A PLEA FOR THE WEARY 'SALES-WOMEN.

"A milliner advertises that her 'sales-women will take great pains in waiting on customers.' It would be surprising if they wouldn't, considering that she requires them to stand behind the counter ten hours a day."—*Ex.*

Mr. GRIP will you take pity on a class of the community that from a glaring outrage would fain request immunity. For 'tis one that health, the most robust, can't suffer with impunity?

Indeed it can't; Now we are 'shop girls,' that's the name by which both swells and shoddy call Our class, and we our grievances in manner quite methodical Will state, and you can print them in your weekly periodical,

That's all we want.

We are shop-girls, that is, sales-girls, and we write this without levity.

And the evil which we feel to be opposed to our longevity We'll give you with all possible conciseness and brevity, So hear us, pray.

From early in the morning till 6 p.m. diurnally, Till 10 o'clock and later on Saturday's nocturnally We have to stand and may not sit down, which injures us internally,

And every other way.

You know nine hours a day upon one's nethermost extremities.

For that's the way we're taught to say our—well, our legs—ahem! it is

A pretty thing to have to be ashamed of naming them, it is,

But our masters are the very greatest sticklers for propriety, And imitate the follies of folks in high society, Or shoddy, for some tradesmen can't distinguish the variety,

Nor which is which.

But to get back to our grievance,—we have to be particular

To stand behind a counter in a posture perpendicular, And, if we steal a chance to sit, each orifice aricular.

Lest the 'floor-boss' should spy us in an attitude sedentary, Which, if he did, his language would be far from complimentary,

For the promenaders of the floor are not the nicest gent-er-y

That one could pick up

Now, what we want, is leave to sit when not engaged a barter on,

And let us rest those weary limbs which ladies put the garter on;

I'm sure in any store in town than us girls not a smarter one

But standing all day long, dear GRIP, can't fail to be injurious

To mortals of the weaker sex; a man would get quite furious

If asked to do the self-same thing, then is it very curious

That we feel mean?

Then please, dear GRIP, stand up and show what awful imbecility

It is to think that poor weak girls can do what strong virility

Declares to be a hardship; it would add to our utility

So print this letter, please, and plead for us poor femininity,

And urge the 'boss' to give us chairs, he'll do it in a minute, he

Would only be too happy when he sees his assinity, So do your best.