

THE WHISKEY GROCER MUST GO!

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

THE TROUBLE WITH THE STEWARD.

"Where is the old steward?" inquired a traveller as he stepped aboard an outgoing steamer, just previous to its departure.

"Oh, he was discharged some time ago," replied the captain.

"Why, he seemed to be a first-class fellow," rejoined the first speaker; "why was he kicked out?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, he got too big for his breeches, and we bounced him," emphatically ejaculated the captain.

This conversation occurred within hearing of a bright-eyed, intelligent little girl, the daughter of one of the tourists on that steamer. Subsequently another passenger arrived, and, after bestowing a casual glance around, said:

"I don't see the old steward: what has become of him?"

"I think he was discharged," volunteered a bystander.

"Do you know what for?"

"No, sir."

"I do," piped a small voice from the cabin door.

Looking around, the inquirer saw the smiling face of a little girl peeping out at him.

"Well, my dear," said he, "why was the steward discharged?"

"Oh, I don't like to tell," she bashfully replied.

"But I want to know," he persisted.

"Come, tell me, that's a good girl. What did they discharge him for?"

"Cause," she slowly answered, "cause his pants were too short!" — *Boston Globe.*

Brute.—"Well, Ethel, how did you make out?" Angel (under treatment for her voice) — "I didn't like it at all, and I don't see why the doctor finds it necessary to run an instrument down my throat so far that it seems as if he would touch my heart." Brute.—"Oh he was probably trying to find the end of your tongue, my dear!" — *Life.*

WHAT SHE SAID AND WHAT SHE DID.

"I will never marry," she said—she said—
"Unless a young man that just suits me I find;

Taller than I by at least half a head;
He surely must be, with a face bright and kind;

His eyes I'd prefer of a violet hue,
His hair a light brown or a very warm gold;

He must sing—a fine tenor—and dance nicely, too,
And tell as good stories as ever were told.

No smoking allowed, for the weed I detest,
And of course no remarks that are rude or ill-bred;

And I'd like him always to be stylishly dressed,
The young man I marry," she said—she said.

And then the maid married—she did—she did—
A three-score old fellow much shorter than she,

Who wore a black wig that but awkwardly hid
A pate that no balder could possibly be,

And his voice was a croak, and he danced like a bear,
And his nose it was red, and dull grey were his eyes,

And he'd sit by the hour and stupidly stare,
And he never said anything witty or winning till night

And he smoked a clay pipe, and from morning till night
In his mouth held of strongest tobacco a quid;

And he dressed—but enough, he had two millions quite,
And she married him gladly—she did—she did.

"I never can enjoy poetry when I'm cooking," said an old lady who dropped in on us recently.

"But when I step out to feed the hogs and hist myself on the fence and throw my soul into a few lines of 'Cap'n Jenks,' it does seem as if this airth was made to live on, after all."

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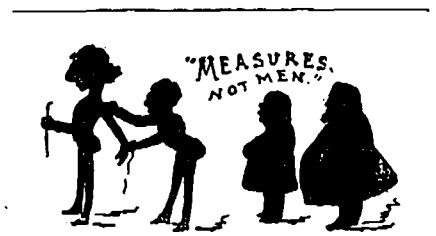
"Rucben," said Mrs. Parvenu to her husband, "why don't you send in your check for that there St. Bartholomew light-house and get your name in the papers?"

The female heart is just like a new India-rubber shoe; you may pull and pull at it, till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go and it will fly right back to its old shape.

German Professor.—"What a couple of bonnie little children, dear Baroness! Twins, I suppose?" Baroness.—"You have guessed rightly." Professor.—"Are they both yours?"

Faith is sometimes personified as a drenched female clinging to a sea washed rock; but a better personification would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of patent hair-restorer.

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