



BLAINE BLARNEY.

*Blaine.*—Let me shake your honest hand, my dear Home Rule friend, and congratulate you on the near approach of the liberation of Ireland.

*Pat (the voter).*—Aha! Indade! Yis; but its quare you only found out the beauty av Home Rule on the near approach av another campaign. Shake yer own hand, ye ould snake, its me vote yer after!

“ TO WHAT BASE USES.”

A GOOD story comes from University College. It is about a worthy student whom we shall call M——, because that is the initial of his patronymic.

M—— was in the habit of wearing his gown all the way from his boarding house to the university. Day after day through the whole term he persisted in the practice, notwithstanding the laugh so frequently raised at his expense among fellow-students, who fancied he was too proud of the scholar garb to discard it in public.

At last in an unguarded moment he told a chum why he wore the sombre robe oftener than the regulations required.

“ You see,” he explained, “ I am not particularly well off for clothes. In fact, I may as well tell you I have only got one pair of pants to my name—or rather my lower extremities. Well, I do my own mending. The pair of pants I speak of got used up at the seat. I put patches on myself; and, as the work has not been executed with the proverbial neatness, but only with des-patch, so to speak, I hate to expose it to the gaze of a cruel world. Hence the gown!”

The secret presently leaked out and—well, some city tailor got a job and M—— a new pair of trowsers.

Verily a college gown covers a multitude of repairs, if you want to use it in that way.

“ You remember that party at Madam Gelasma’s, to hear Joachim, Rubinstein, and the Henschels, and De Soria—quite a *small* party?”

“ No; I wasn’t there!”

“ No? Ah—well—it *was* very select!”—*Ex.*

POINTERS ON PUNS.

A WOULD-BE HUMORIST MILDLY SUGGESTS SOME.

— GRIP, Esq. :

MY DEAR SIR,—Below please find a news item from a daily paper as follows:—

The Bavarians had made up their minds to get rid of King Louis and were anxiously discussing ways and means. Meanwhile the King had withdrawn from the vulgar gaze and barred out his ministers, who had lately been permitted to communicate with His Majesty through the royal hairdresser.

Referring to the above I beg to say, that I am a would-be humorist. Unfortunately, however, I lack very essential qualifications. I have the appreciative and imaginative faculties of humor in a remarkably high degree. But I am deficient in the creative and the executive capacities. I discern, I realize, I instinctively grasp a latent joke. Alas! that I fail to evolve, to clothe, to fashion, to present it in telling shape. For example, I perceive in this news item a whole mine of possible funnyisms; but after vainly struggling to delve them out, I have had to throw aside my ineffectual mental pick and shovel, and there is nothing for it but to ask you to come with me to the claim and let me point out to *you* where the nuggets lie:

- (1) Communicating with Royalty through the medium of a hairdresser—a very barberous custom.
- (2) Analogy between the king’s unpopularity and his anxiety as to the state of the poll.
- (3) The presence of the barber tends to chair him up.
- (4) If they get rid of the king will the barber be “next!”?
- (5) Barber probably put there to talk the king to death.
- (6) “Ludwig” an equivalent for “Louis.” “Wig”—“Hairdresser.” See?
- (7) Not “barred out” his ministers; but rather “barbered” them out.
- (8) King must be getting thin when he’s only a shaving. (Old humorism, maybe, but ought to bear brushing up.)
- (9) Barber guilty of murder in destroying the hair apparent.
- (10) Upper classes of the kingdom painfully agitated. King also exhibits *ton*-sore-ial symptoms.
- (11) Barber practically at the Head of the State.
- (12) Ring beset Bavaria’s troubles.

I give you these crude jokes freely, fully, and without hope of reward, except in the satisfaction of seeing them emerge from dim chaos into the glorious sunlight of finished fun. They are mere imaginings—make them splendid realities. Yours in confidence,

PUN POINTER.

GRIP will leave these imaginings just as they are, and Mr. Pun Pointer ought to feel grateful at escaping so easily. Next best to the man who leaves puns crude, comes the man who leaves them alone.

’Tis worses to have punned and missed  
Than never to have punned at all.

If Pun Pointer wishes to get rid of his fatal habit of digging for humor, let him read *Telegram* editorials, or get a photo. of John Ross Robertson and study it whenever the funny fit comes on.

At the recent Presiding Elders’ Convention in New York, a member related a tale of two boys in his district: A donkey was passing by. Said one boy to another, “Do you know what that is?” “Why, yes,” the other answered; “that is a donkey. I have seen lots of them in the theological gardens.”—*Ex.*