



HEARTLESS DESERTION.

"HERE, YOU, MRS. BRITANNIA! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR OWN PAUPERS!"

THE DUDE AND THE RASHER.

A thing on two legs called a Dude
Did his senses so greatly delude—
That he took a wood masher
To cut up his rasher—
Saying, "This is the way to eat fude."

But things couldn't continue like that,
All his friends said "You'll grow very fat,
And without any question
You'll have indigestion
And die of your theory—that's flat."

So this thing on two legs called a Dude
While thinking his friends very rude,
Soft sighed 'er his bacon—
"Well, perhaps I'm mistaken.
This masher *does* seem rather crude."

Then he took him a knife and a fork
To stop all this scandalous tork,
But he opened his eyes
In a genuine surprise,
For he found he grew thin as a Stork.

—F. J. M.

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.

IT WAS LARGE.

A correspondent in St. Thomas sends us the following "incident."

We always had an idea that the ladies of that city were rather lavishly gifted by nature as regards the size of their mouths, but we had no idea that the immensity of those caverns was as vast as this anecdote makes it appear they are.

Lady (one of the upper half-dozen of St. Thomas), rings bell, and to her appears Michael, the newly-imported flunkey from the "nourth av the Emerald Oisle."

LADY.—Michael, beso kind as to bring me some tea: don't make much—just a mouthful or so.

Exit Michael, and presently reappears bearing a three gallon pail of the desired beverage.

LADY.—(horrified) Gracious! Michael what are you doing? Are you crazy? I asked for a mouthful of tea.

MICHAEL.—A maouthful is it, me leddy; shure if phwat I've brought is'nt enough I can fetch ye some more; there's plinty av tay below but this is the biggest bucket I cud feind.

Lady faints and Michael with an ejaculation of "Haowly Maoses!" dashes the "tay" over her to bring back the "sinses av her" as he afterwards related to his admiring associates in the realms below stairs.

TAKING THE WIND OUT OF HIS SAILS.

A St. Louis man went around with Chief Justice Coleridge and talked of nothing but the bigness of everything in the town. "Finally," says Coleridge, who tells the story, "while passing one of those tremendous grain elevators, which are a feature of western cities, my friend broke out: 'Did you ever see anything like that? How many of these elevators do you suppose we have in St. Louis?' With perfect gravity I replied: 'Well, don't know exactly, but I should suppose about 10,000.'" And the gentleman chucked over the memory of the incident, and of the crushed and humiliated aspect of the western boaster, who had to admit that there were less than a dozen.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A placard at the entrance of the Reno (Nev.) jail reads: "Standing room only."
Soon snow and ice will meet upon the plain,
Cheek by jowl,
White winter wild will shake his frosty mane,
And then howl.

"Dar is many a rule," says Uncle Sam, "wat won't work bofe ways. Whiskey will produce a headache, but a headache wont produce whiskey."

A little girl at Newport, seeing the willow phaeton for the first time, exclaimed: "Why, mamma, everybody rides out in their clothes baskets here."

A man's awkward shape ain't no argument agin his 'preciation ob de finer pints ob life. A ole black bear ain't putty, but he's powerful fon' ob honey.

At fashionable dinners the game now comes to the table with the feathers on. By a strange coincidence this is the way the fashionable bonnet goes to church.

"No more of the fruit, but a little more of the juice, if you please," said the temperance advocate when the hostess asked him to have another dish of preserves—branded peaches.

"Why do you not invite Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Smith to your reception? They are very nice ladies." "Yes, but you see my husband don't want to associate with them." "Indeed, what have they done?" "Why, they got divorces from him, and such actions, you know, are very insulting to a sensitive man."

"I was chatting," writes a lady, "with a bright young girl, the other evening, at a small friendly gathering, when our attention was directed to a tall and handsome woman who had just entered the room. 'Who is she?' asked my companion; and I, wishing to be poetical, answered: 'A daughter of the gods.' 'I don't know her,' my companion replied, critically examining the new comer through her glasses; 'the gods are not in our set.'"

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