



TALE OF THE DISMAL PANTS.

They made him his pants too tight and thin
For a man so strong and stout;
And the muscles stand out on either pin,
And the pantaloen fabric is stretched like sin,
Whenever he walks about.

But a change in those pants we soon shall see,
And a rip we soon shall hear;
For they're far too tight as it seems to me,
And, doubtless, the very same thing thinks he
As he walks in deadly fear.

For trousers so tight should by dudes be worn,
And men who have legs like sticks,
For such muscles as those that his legs adorn,
Inflict such a strain as can never be borne
By the lightest of summer fabrics.

Just mark how they stretch as his muscles are sprung,
And his agony's awful to see;
And his eyes stand out till a hat could be hung
On his ocular orbs; and with nerves unstrung
Like a haunted man goes he.

For he knows what is coming, as come it must,
As sure as the crack of doom;
He feels that ere long his trousers will burst,
And with pins and the like the rent will be trussed
Till he gets to his private room.

Ah! c-r-a-s-h! r-i-p! tear! it has come at last,
And the dome of those pants is lost;
And he homeward slinks by back streets as fast
As ever he can, and he hurries past
As one who had seen a ghost.

And he reaches his room and surveys that tear
By the aid of his fire-proof lamp;
'Tis of no avail, he can only swear,
No stitching can that thin "trowsering" bear,
So he gives them away to a tramp.

—Swiz.

A QUADRUPLE FORCE.

The reason why disease is so soon expelled from the system by Burdock Blood Bitters is because that excellent remedy acts in a four-fold manner—that is to say, upon the bowels, the liver, the blood, and the kidneys, driving out all bad humor, and regulating every organic function.

GRABBERS.

Whether it was the reflection of the "field" the ensign that drooped in graceful folds from the flagstaff o'erhead that gave a carmine tinge to his most prominent facial feature or not it hard to say, but certainly his nose was red, veiled. His eyes had that dreamy and fixed look indicative of deep abstraction. A plug hat some antiquity leaned like the tower of Pisa on the back of his head. His hair was bang straight over his forehead. In fact, altogether he had a banged, though by no means straight appearance, as he leaned against King Street lamp post and soliloquized sadly:

"Ye he murmured, "the race of grabber is growing more numerous, distinct and varied every ye. There is your—hic—land grabber who goes bakin' around the North-West Territories fil' out where a good spot of land

is, and then goes down to Ottaway, and gets in his work with old—hic—John A. Agin, there's the youthful grabber who squirms and wriggles through a crowd, and grabs the satchels and pocket-books from the wimmin folks. But the worst of all grabbers is the salary grabber. Now just look at them—hic—parliamentary cusses at Ottaway. They are not content with gettin' \$1,000 for the session, where most of them do nauthin' but howl like mad dogs, crow like roosters, and sing songs, but because they had to stay there a little over the reg'lar time, they vote themselves five—hic—hunder dollars, more. Why, confound their—hic—impedence I'd go down and stay there a year for less than their extra pay. Are we, the tax—hic—payers, agoin' to stand it? Guess not. Nothing now in the country but grabbers—"

"Here, come along with me," said Policeman Monahan, who came up just as the red-nosed man took a header from his post into the street. "Come up wid ye now, and come along," and he—the red-nosed one—found himself collared.

"Another grabber!" moaned the captured philosopher, and he wended his devious way toward the Court Street Station.

—B.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, opium, morphine, and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, and without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send 3c. stamp for full particulars and testimonials. Address—M. V. LUBON, Agency, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Canada.

SUITABLE COMMENT.

The newspapers inform us that "it has been decided in Ohio that the husband is the legal owner of his wife's clothes. So absolutely is the power vested in the husband that one man, who wished to deed his wife's clothes to her, could not legally make the transfer." Now, the same rule ought to work both ways, or what we mean is, a man ought to be the legal owner of his own clothes, and no power on earth ought to be able to transfer that ownership. But:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
When rummaging in month of May
For duds which he had stowed away
Last fall, "What ruthless female hand
Hath strown those clothes throughout the land
To some Italian with the mange
And taken a plaster dog in change?"

Now, personally, we never know a woman to be guilty of thus bartering away our cherished garments for plaster-of-Paris statuettes, etc., but the American humorists say that women do, so it may be true, but no ordinary American newspaper man surely ever owns two pair of trousers, so their evidence can be but hearsay, after all.

Now that we are in the "heated term" a Crash Coat and Vest, or else of Alpaca Wool, will have the effect of alleviating the distress, and R. WALKER & SONS do them the best.

GRIP'S GOOD ANGEL.

In casting his eagle eye over the powerfully-written articles in his influential and largely-circulated contemporaries, GRIP encounters many peculiar paragraphs. He refrains from commenting on most of them, well knowing that the prostration of the writer is complete enough as it is, without GRIP precipitating himself violently—on the senseless form and beating it more with staves, so to speak. GRIP is ever merciful; and, besides, who knows but that a tearful article might on some luckless day rear its horrid headline on one of

his pages and afford his contemporaries a chance for an Awful Revenge?

But there are some instances of the *lusus typæ* which so irresistibly challenge attention that GRIP feels they were created purposely for him, and he would be abusing the confidence of his Good Fates if he let them slip.

For example, who was it but the Raven's own Beneficent Spirit that made the editor of the London *Advertiser* gravely sandwich in, between paralyzing denunciations of the new Franchise Act, the remark that "The Bill itself is a most necessary measure."

The Mills of our Western contemporary grinds slowly, but he grinds an exceeding fine funnysm this grist. The *Mail's* pessimist paragrapher may possibly discover this gem of purest rage serene simultaneously with GRIP; in which event he will be charged nothing for a partnership in marketing it. More possibly he will discover it only simultaneously with GRIP's publication; in which event the measure of his share in it is recklessly left to his conscience.

Now, again, why, if GRIP's Guardian Angel was not looking up chances for him, did he induce Alfred H. Guernsey, in the *Library Magazine* for July, to boldly assert:—"We certainly have no particular reason to care whether or no the Dominion of Canada shall or shall not be a dependency of Great Britain." The italics are GRIP'S; but happily the composition is not.

What possessed the London *Free Press* to refer to the Indian rebel chief as "Black Bear," unless some thoughtful Spirit had an impression that GRIP would be scanning that very copy of the paper in search of something original?

Explain the circumstance that the Paris *Star-Transcript* wound up a gushing tribute to the enterprise of the Park Association of that town by declaring that that self-same enterprise was "worthy of all condemnation!"—on any other grounds than that GRIP'S interests were being conserved!

The Barrio *Examiner* should be sampled only by the people of that wild district:—

The new Franchise Bill, which by this time has passed through committee, disfranchises the sons of all tenants. It treats them as unfit to be entrusted with the elective franchise; although we can see no reason why.

Some one be kind enough to demonstrate that the truly good and temperance Montreal *Witness* had not an eye out for us when it published this paragraph:—

THE REAL BEER DUTY.—Not to drink any—Punch.

That is precisely the sentiment of the noble-hearted "Liberal Temperance Union," otherwise Moscos Oates' Beer Brigade! Not to drink any punch is one's real duty to beer.

This suggests the reflection that not to miss any of these funnygrams is GRIP'S real duty to his constituents.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

A morning paper says that foreman so-and-so, of the City Fire Brigade, is suffering from "a very painful cut in the boot, inflicted with an axe." Jove! what a ramification that man's nervous system must have! When Dr. Hammond committed himself to the statement that the rushing sound heard when one sticks a finger in his ear is due to his hearing the circulation of blood in the finger, an obscure "newspaper feller" rose to remark that he supposed when the same sound was heard on putting the end of a lead pencil in the ear, it must be caused by the circulation of sap in the wood of the pencil. Perhaps this is a parallel case. Next thing, we shall hear of Mr. Lardida suffering from an agonizing tear in his inexpressibles, and that Miss McFlimsey is tortured by an excruciating rip in her flouuces, received at last night's lawn party.