



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 pantaloons 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 overhead that gave a carmine
tint 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 solilo-
quized 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 'akin' around the North-West Ter-
ritories 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 eat-
chels and pocket-books from the wimmin folks.
But the worst of all grabbers is the salary
grabber. Now just look at them—hic—par-
liamentary 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 Police-
man 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.

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ton 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 owner-
ship. 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 strewn 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 Ameri-
can newspaper man surely ever owns two pair
of trousers, so their evidence can be but hear-
say, after all.

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 fearful 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 *humus*
type which so irresistibly challenge attention
that GRIP feels they were created purposely
for him, and he would be abusing the confi-
dence 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
funnyism 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 simulta-
neously with GRIP's publication; in which
event the measure of his share in it is reck-
lessly 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 com-
position 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 enter-
prise was "worthy of all condemnation!"—
on any other grounds than that GRIP's inter-
ests 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 pub-
lished this paragraph:—

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

That is precisely the sentiment of the noble-
hearted "Liberal Temperance Union," other-
wise Moses 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 state-
ment 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 ob-
scure "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
flonuces, received at last night's lawn party.