

man in Montreal," we interrupted, "who sets himself up for a Chesterfield and a Dick B. Sheridan rolled into one, and who choked himself by swallowing his knife at dinner shovelling mashed potatoes into his mouth with it, and trying to get off one of our jokes as original at the same time."

"Then you won't publish my cuttings nor allow me to write a good religious article for your paper?" asked Mr. Honeydew.

"Certainly we will, if you'll do as we suggested, and preach a comic sermon that we will write for you." "Pshaw!" he exclaimed, "the two cases are not a bit alike: but I must leave you. Please take my name off your subscribers' list."

"With pleasure, as soon as you pay up those two years' arrears," we replied.

"You are insolent, and I shall allude to you publicly from the pulpit," he cried, by this time very, very much annoyed.

"You are welcome to do so," we responded, "and we will have a nice little cartoon of your refusing to bury poor old John Potter till you got your—Good day, sir," and he vanished through the doorway.



Scarcely were we left alone when in came two more visitors—ladies this time. We whisked the dust off the top of the stove and requested them to be seated.

"We are sure you will not be angry with us," they commenced, both together, "if we make a few suggestions about your paper."

We intimated that we had nothing else to do but listen to suggestions—and try and forget what they were. (This latter to ourselves.)

"Well then," went on the, apparently, elder one, for she was attired in a most girlish costume, and her false brown front permitted a few straggling grey hairs to peep coyly out from beneath it, whilst the youthful giggle with which she spoke had evidently been acquired in the long, long ago, long ago. "Well then, you don't print enough poetry in your paper, sir," she said, commencing to smile, but suddenly checking herself as she felt something give in her upper false teeth plate.

"And too many politics," chimed in the other, who was a female of undeniable claims to be considered plain, yet frisky withal: age—unguessable.

"And not enough pictures," struck in No. 1.

"And no society column," said No. 2.

At this moment who should come bounding into the room but the great conservative electioneering agent, Blethersby.

"What the mischief d'ye mean by abusing the Tories?" he blurted out, regardless of the presence of our fair visitors. "That's a scandalous cartoon in last week's paper. You don't have half enough politics, and what there is is biased. You want—"

Without knocking at the door, Woodleup, the well-known Liberal member, entered and glided up to our side.

"Friend of yours?" he asked, pointing to Blethersby and sniffing scornfully. "If so,

I'll kill your paper. I came in to ask you to cut that piece out about the Grits eating humble pie."



"So they have to," howled Blethersby. "It's a lie," shrieked Woodleup. Both the ladies screamed, and we picked up a piece of Snobkins, neatly done up in paper, and sat prepared for the worst. "It's your fault," roared Blethersby, turning savagely on us, "what d'ye want to publish a lot of social rot and poetry and such stuff? Your paper ought to be all political," (a little shriek from the false front) "and devoted to the interests of the Conservatives. We run the country."

"You don't run me," howled Woodleup, smiting him viciously behind the ear, and knocking him backwards over the two ladies, the combined weight of the three upsetting the stove and depositing them in a heap on the floor.

"Shame," we cried, springing up and felling Woodleup with a well-aimed blow of Snobkins' femur, at the same time assisting the ladies to rise, and handing a couple of teeth (false) to one, and an eyebrow to the other, and escorting them from the room. "Hence, horrid apparitions," we continued, addressing the two political foes, "hence, avant; let us run our paper in our own way. Get out." And taking the Tory under one arm and the Grit under the other we dropped them down the elevator shaft and sat down and wrote this, which is true.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

The following letter was received by us a few days ago:

(To the Editor of GRIP.)

DEAR SIR,—I am an admirer of your paper, but I regret to observe that most of your clippings are taken from American papers, the humor of which I hardly appreciate. I am an Englishman, and I should very much like to see you improve GRIP by publishing in its columns a few selections from that world-renowned comic paper *Punch*, and I think it is a sign of bad taste on your part to neglect that splendid paper as you do.

Please oblige me, and select a few side-splitters from dear old *Punch*. Yours admiringly,
ANGLO SAXON.

Ever eager to please everybody, we immediately scissored the following from 'Anglo Saxon's' favorite.

"Sors Horatiana." (For Stamboul.) "O Rus(s) ! quando ego te aspiciam?"!! 2 Sat., vi. 60.—*Punch*.

The above ought to fetch the college editors.

SUBURBAN GRAMMAR.

The following remarkable notice was observed the other day, posted on Hammersmith Bridge:—

"No Persons are allowed to remain on the Bridge, and are requested to pass on."

If no persons are requested to pass on, and yet are not allowed to remain on Hammersmith Bridge, are there Policemen in attendance to collar them and walk them over without speaking?—*Punch*.

Fleas, moths, bugs, beetles, and all other insects are destroyed by Keating's Insect Destroying Powder, which is quite harmless to domestic animals.—Sold in tins, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each. In exterminating beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary.—*Punch*.

MIGRATION OF SPECIES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I must call your attention to the following paragraph, which appeared in the *Globe* of July 25th, under the heading of "Tame Chamois":—

"Like the Zebra, the Chamois has been looked upon as untameable. . . . But, as the striped beauty of the South American plains has been made to bow its neck beneath the yoke, so the repressive skill of the lord of the creation has at last asserted itself over the freedom of the chamois."

Fancy the Zebra being described as "the striped beauty of the South American plains!" It is really too awful. I have scarcely yet recovered from the shock. Yours very painfully,
A DISTRACTED NATURALIST.

Wills' "Best Bird's-eye" Cigarettes. Sold everywhere in sixpenny packets (containing ten), protected by our name and trade mark. W. D. & H. O. Wills, wholesale and export only, Bristol and London.—*Punch*.

MONEY AND MUSKETS.

The Turks fight well, but a telegram from Philadelphia says:—

"A company which was making arms for Turkey has suspended operations on a contract, because remittances from the East failed. As many as 450,000 rifles were already made, leaving 150,000 to be manufactured as per agreement."

No rifles for a government that can't pay its shot!—*Punch*.

There that is the best we can do this week, but we shall make a point hereafter, of always clipping some things from *Punch* and reproducing them every week.

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER'S BILL.

JOHN JAMES JAMS,

To

MATILDA SPROUTS, Dr.

To board for my sister Maggie during	\$ 9 00
her illness, 3 weeks at \$3 00	
"funeral expenses	20 00
	<hr/> \$29 00

"FISHY" BUSINESS.

MR. BLAKE "ANGLIN" FOR THE IRISH VOTE.

Riding School.—Not this weather—some other weather.

Baby nudges his mother's elbow: "Mamma, stop Toto from killing the fly on the window." "What for?" "Because I want to kill him myself."—*Punch*.

Rev. Dr. Pusey left a personal estate of more than \$80,000. All his property goes to his daughter, Miss Mary Amelia Brine. That is to say, it is all salted down.—*Boston Transcript*.