

Thingummy's "dress goods" are shoddy, and that Trumpeller, or some one else, can't make "pants" sufficiently "nobby" and "dressy" for "gents" now-a-days; and such insinuations are looked upon as good advertisements for the parties mentioned, and we are supplied with all sorts of luxuries gratis. This is as it should be, and we don't want any blueblooded Ponsonby Fanes or any other members of that sort of an aristocracy as long as we get clad, fed, and liquored for nothing.

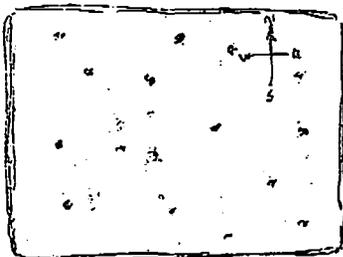
The harshness and tyrannical overbearance of the Hamilton Police Commissioners should rouse the righteous indignation of every right-thinking man, woman, child and yellow dog. An instance of this was given a few days ago when a peeler deliberately broke a standing regulation because others had frequently fractured the same rule: a peelerian reason, truly! And what did those monsters, the Commissioners do? Actually sent for the defaulting lobby without as much as asking him if it would be agreeable to him to appear before them, and told him he was a naughty boy: they did not reprimand him: no, they did not go quite so far as that, but nearly. The cop was offended, quite put out, indeed, as he had every reason to be: The idea! a policeman to be told he had done what he ought not to have done! A little too much of a good thing: but he had his revenge on those despotic Commissioners: he resigned his position, and will revel in plain clothes luxury as long as the \$500, which was the primary cause of all this disturbance, lasts. And his bobbed comrades pat him on the back, call him fine fellow, and some of the newspapers do the same, and the Commissioners sit and weep and tear their hair and rend their garments when they think what awful results their precipitance and severity have brought about. The example of this peeler is worthy of imitation: he has asserted his independence and spirit, and the Commissioners have earned the scorn of all for not bouncing him right off the force at once without giving him a chance to resign. This's our sentiments.

MORE SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

YORKVILLE NORTH AGAIN THE SCENE OF LEARNED DISCUSSION.

A most remarkable rain shower was reported a week or so ago, to have passed over North Yorkville, just south and a quarter of a mile north of the toll-gate: the rumor rapidly spreading, all the scientists and savants of the neighborhood, with the exception of the g.c.w.t.p. mentioned last week, were speedily on the spot. The shower had, apparently, not only been circumscribed and confined to the quarter stated above, but the drops had fallen only at intervals of some thirty feet, the earth being quite dry in the space between the drops. A diagram of the appearance of the road was sketched after the shower and forwarded to Mr. Moses Oates, with a request that he would give his opinion on the matter.

This is a copy (very much reduced in size of the diagram).



Scale 30 yds to 1 inch.

Mr. Oates, having devoted two whole days to investigating the extraordinary subject, replied that, to the best of his belief, it, the shower, "had been one of those atmospheric convulsions caused by the radiation of the perihelion of Jupiter towards the equinoctial combinations of the parallaxic librations of geometrical equilibrium," with many more remarks of a similar nature.

The savants and scientists were neither satisfied with nor convinced by Mr Oates' explanation, and accordingly did as they should have done in the first place, and despatched a messenger for the g.c.w.t.p. (these initials standing, it is, of course, understood for 'gentleman connected with this paper') who was shortly on the spot. Having scrutinized the diagram carefully for a few minutes, he exclaimed, "Well, you must be a precious lot of duffers. I noticed this, what you term 'peculiar phenomenon,' and guessed what it was at once." The assembled wise men smiled contemptuously and incredulously: "Bet you a dollar I know what it was," continued the g.c.w.t.p. The wager was made and the stakes placed in Mr Crown's hands. "What was it, then?" was asked on all sides.

"The corporation watering cart on one of its semi-annual tours," replied GRIP's scientific luminary; "I observe that it only lets a drop fall every thirty feet or so, and that that is just the case in this instance."

The stakes were handed over to him without a murmur.



BUSINESS.

The two went walking side by side
And talking sweet and low,
One warm and summer eventide,
As the sun was setting slow.

II.

The bees were flying laden home
Their treasures there to keep,
That eve they would no farther roam;
But lay them down to sleep.

III.

The leaves scarce quivered on the boughs,
The air was filled with balm,
The milkmaid called her bossy cows;
All else was still and calm.

IV.

He raised his hat to wipe his brow,
It was so warm that day,
She said as she looked at him now—
"O Bill, you're gettin' gray!"

V.

"Yes Sal, it's only but too true,
And I ain't married yet,
But Sal, I guess that you might do."
Sal sweetly said—"You bet."

—ZEPHYRS.

HE DIDN'T WANT IT.

A CAUTION TO PATENT MEDICINE ADVERTISERS.

"Now sir," went on the druggist to Mr. De la Cote Sloper, who had dropped in for something to settle his nerves, and which 'something' was of a golden hue, and was kept in a glass jar labelled "Tr. ZINGIB,"—but it was n't "zingib" for all that;—"now sir, you are of a nervous temperament: here is something that has performed miracles in the way of bracing up the neurine system."

"Good word 'neurine'" muttered Mr. Sloper, "never heard of it before," then he asked aloud—"what is the stuff?"

"Oh! you see it advertised everywhere: 'Parker's Puissant Pain Pulverizer.' It is a brain food," said the druggist.

"I guess you need it more than I, Mr. Mortarner," replied Sloper, "I suppose it is one of these quack curealls so common nowadays."

"Not a bit of it; it's a genuine affair: it—" "How much of a commission dy'e get for cracking it up?" asked Sloper.

"Nothing at all: I do it because I am convinced of its worth," responded the druggist. "Well, what else does it do?" enquired the other.

"Well, it instantly cures dizziness," was the reply. "Hm! it might be useful sometimes," murmured Mr. Sloper. "What else?" "It imparts an agreeable odor to the breath, and produces luxuriant whiskers in ten days as evidenced by the pictures on the wrapper, entitled "before" and "after," and the man of drugs displayed two cuts, one of a most miserable, dejected, emaciated, careworn, bald-headed, and barefaced individual, crawling along on crutches, whilst the other, "after," represented, presumably, the same personage, though thoroughly unrecognizable, prancing along with a most prominent waistcoat, a dense growth of whiskers and mustache, hair like Absalom's, and swinging a light cane joyously as he skipped along. "Yes, yes," said Sloper, "they all do that: has it any other merits?" "It restores an impaired memory—" "That's sufficient," interrupted Mr. De la C. Sloper, hastily, "I want none of it: Here I can go round in blissful forgetfulness of those to whom I am indebted—about half the city—and you offer me something that will so restore my memory, that I shall be able to remember who they are, and, remembering them and being an honest man, sir, an honest man," and he smote his breast a tremendous thwack, "I shall be compelled to pay them: no sir, thank you: none of your Pain Pulverizer for me: I am quite content with my memory as it is; summons to the Division court I find quite sufficient to jog it all I require: no Sir: I am contented, Give us another dose of that "Tr. Zingib" and charge it." And he quaffed the aureate fluid and sallied forth with that jaunty debonnaire manner that marks the honest man at peace with his own conscience and all the world.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.

TITE BARNACLE "wants to know," you know," who was the author of this couplet, and what is its meaning:

"I never could live in the valley,
The mountain top for me."

The couplet is found in the famous poem, "Ambition," to the author of which was awarded a prize of a thousand dollars, a section of land (under water) in Nebraska, the grade of Colonel in the Arkansas militia, and a chaplet of bays by the Philadelphia "Ne Plus Ultra" brotherhood. The happy recipient of these favors was the late Major-General Sardanapalus Smith, of Ichabodville, Pa. Titles were his glory. He was four times Thrice Illustrious, and five times thrice Illustrious Companion,