

Policy that will have folks really believe you mean business?"

He: "My intentions to a T."

She: "Will you subscribe for the Toronto News?"

He: "Oh, come, now! That's— But stay, for heaven's sake! I will."

She: "Will you try to keep the *Globe* from being too previous?"

He: "I'd need to."

She: Will you encourage the *Mail* to keep up its present style of reference to you?"

He: "I should think I will!"

She: "Good! I'm satisfied! Now—Edouardbelake—do—stop—your—fooling. The engagement's only just begun!"

When Johnahaha repaired at the appointed time to the big stump, he found an old harvest mit lying in all its ghastliness thereon. Throwing off his elegant cloak he fled shrieking into the swamp and was never heard of afterwards. T.

SARCASTIC SAYINGS OF OUR CAPTIOUS CONTRIBUTOR.

Did you ever notice a woman in a "circular"? That is to say, one of these ostensible India-rubber alleged "water-proofs." She is a nice-looking object, for a fact: particularly when she pulls the hood over her head, and holds her arms inside the slits and tries to wear a business air and walk fast! Doesn't she more resemble an animated bag of wool than the "angel" that rhapsodical rhymsters transform her into? If I were a woman—which, thank heaven, I am't—I'd sooner spoil a hat feather or lace flounce twice a week, or carry my grandfather's umbrella over me along a crowded thoroughfare, than go scurrying along robed in a "circular," looking for all the world as if I belonged to some strange order of creature just come down in the shower, and making for the woods to hide.

"Hanging is too good for him," remarked one man to another in my hearing the other day, referring to Sir John Macdonald. The second fellow replied with an idiotic grin: "You might also say hanging to is good for him—hanging to office, you know." I could applaud the prompt way in which the first speaker turned indignantly on his heel, if I only knew it was the infernal wit he took offence at.

In the *Globe* the other day I came across this item:—

At eight o'clock last night no less than fourteen loafers posted themselves on the corner of Sackville and Queen Streets. They were evidently spending the evening in a manner suitable to themselves, swearing and tobacco chewing taking a prominent portion in the proceedings. The police were not on hand.

Before commenting on it, I have waited two days to see whether the *Mail* would not copy it, and add that the party were a contingent of the Young Men's Liberal Club getting ready to attend a grand rally. The *Mail* has missed a big thing, let me tell you.

Sir Leonard Tilley quits the Government, leaving over two millions of a deficit. It seems to me this bankrupt Finance Minister should have assigned instead of resigned.

Have you ever noticed with what studied carelessness some writers let their conclusions follow their premises? Take this cunning little instance from a hog-cholera dissertation in the *London Free Press*:

"It is reported that a malignant type of hog cholera is raging in the counties of Essex and Brant. As the two localities are a goodly distance apart, it is not probable that the contagion was transmitted from one herd to the other."

Ah, the cute and modest style of reasoning! But the rest of it is even more and more guardedly unassuming:

"The prompt action of the Dominion Government in using all precautionary and suppressive measures in their power will be the means of circumscribing the malady to a limited area, and if this be done the cholera will have no chance to spread."

"If the cholera be circumscribed to a limited area it will have no chance to spread!" A man of less retiring nature might have said the same thing in a broader way that would not have been half so noticeable.

Don't you think you can fancy Sir John, after reading the *Globe*, exclaim: "Well, I'll be d—d if I don't hang Riel. But yet, I'll be d—d if I do?"

Macdougall is coming back into political life and wants a seat in the House. I beg leave, referring to Indian nomenclature, to christen the Hon. William "Wandering Spirit II." As a matter of fact, his spirits always do seem to be wandering—away down around his boots. Bro. Mills extends, too, through the *Advertiser*, the right hand of Opposition fellowship, and metaphorically bids him take something himself.

A CANADIAN LETTER TO MR. NYE.

DEAR WILLIAM,—You will no doubt be surprised at receiving a letter from a comparative stranger (as I am, for you have, I fancy, never heard of me), and you cannot have even the degree of satisfaction afforded by opening the envelope, Dundreary like, to "thee who ith from," as this is already an open letter and will be given to the world through GRIP (so as to get a good hold of the people) before you lay eyes on it at all.

You will pardon me for addressing you, but as you have ventured to approach the throne of royalty in inditing a letter to the gracious lady whom I have the privilege of owning as my Queen, I will in turn venture to approach the throne of humoristic genius on the steps of which you occupy even now so high a place, and on the back of which I expect to see you balanced some day—if I don't get there first.

Northern nations are hardy, so I have a good chance to weather you out though you have such a big start.

I'm real glad you have such fine lungs. When a man needs a brass band accompaniment to his readings it says a heap for his lung power.

Lung life to you, William. I notice your cranberries were souring on the vines when you wrote.

We had it worse than that up here, for our farmers were souring on the market, but prices have improved some and the grangers are feeling sweeter.

We had our Township Fair this week, but the weather was bid and the roads were simply mud-derous.

The big pumpkin was at the Fair. How are you on pumpkin pie?

I wish you would let the Government which still lives at Washington know that our country stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from where yours ends to the North Pole, and that it doesn't follow that because the children at Bell's Corners have chicken-pox all the children in the Dominion are similarly afflicted.

You have great power with the Government, I know, because you told Cleveland where he would find the key of the White House last March.

I see Ohio has gone Republican. Is there anything humorous about that? If so, please let's hear from you, care editor this paper.

Maybe it will occur to you that while the Democrats sowed political seed hoping to have

Victory for their harvest, they were only able to Reap-up-a-lickin'.

This may be far-fetched, but it is a good way from Ohio to Ontario.

I might mention before concluding that it rained in September and Mr. Riel was not hanged.

That is, not hanged up. He is still hanging out at Regina.

That place was once named "Pile-of-Bones," and some people thought Mr. Riel's bones would be added to the pile, but it's hard to say now.

I'm sorry that while you are so Nyc you are so far. However, so far, so good.

Yours in the race,
CARL SNAX.

LIVER COMPLAINT.—A faint, weary, sick and listless feeling, with aching back and shoulders, and irregular bowels, proclaim a diseased liver. Try Burdock Blood Bitters, which cures all forms of liver complaint.

"Three too Many." Yes, my dear Sallie, that's just the number: indelicacy, coarse jokes, and vulgarity. Exactly so.

"The autumn winds do blow,
And we shall soon have snow."

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of Wm. West & Co.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

"The American eagle still screams," thundered a silver coinage orator, holding up a silver dollar so the crowd could see it. "You bet he does," came a voice from the multitude, "he screams for that other fifteen cents."—*Cincinnati Merchant*.

THE LUCKY VOLUNTEER.

At the close of the recent North-West rebellion. The Toronto Stove Manufacturing Co., of this city, offered as a present one of their celebrated "Diamond A Ranges," or a "No 14 Square Splendid High Art Self-feeding Base Burner" to the volunteer who served in the recent rebellion and was the first to get married after the 17th day of July, 1885. Applications with proof of marriage were received up to the first of October. The firm on being interviewed by our reporter, informed us that Mr. Fred J. Nixon, of "C" Company, 90th Battalion, Winnipeg Rifles, who formerly belonged to "G" Company, Queen's Own Rifles, of this city, was married in Winnipeg on the 18th day of July. The Range or Parlour Heater will be shipped to him as soon as he informs the Company which he prefers.

It is said that electricity is now successfully used in removing freckles from the face. As this is the age of invention, there is no telling how soon a plan will be discovered to blow out corns with gunpowder. — *Phila. Chronicle-Herald*.

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SONS' Ordered Clothing Dept., and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

"The prettiest thing in bonnets," said Mrs. Bromley the other day, "is—" "your face, Mrs. Bromley," said the old gentleman, gallantly—and Mrs. Bromley carried around a nine inch smile for a week afterward. — *Phila. Call*.

Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.