



TECHNICAL.

MRS. BUNOM.—“Yes, he's thriving nicely. I'm going to shorten him next week.”

MR. BACHELOR.—“Horror! don't think of such a thing! He's not a bit too tall for his age!”

thing which shocked and troubled his wife beyond anything she had ever experienced. By the time they had reached the table and taken their seats, Mrs. Hobblewaite had formed a theory to account for this extraordinary conduct on the part of her husband. It was no doubt one of his recondite jokes. He would burst out laughing and ask her how she would like that sort of thing for a change? But for once woman's intuition was at fault. “How is it we can't have half-decent coffee in this house?” was what he said the moment his cup was passed to him. “And bad butter—positively rank!” he added. “John, dear,” said Mrs. H. tenderly, “I'm afraid you're not well this morning. You act so strangely, and I never knew you to find fault with things before.” “Oh,” he hissed through his clenched teeth, “don't go laying any such flattering unction as that to your soul. I'm in first-rate health, though a beefsteak done as badly as this is enough to make a hog sick. Will you have a hunk of it? - *You* may be able to eat it—I can't.” This was too much for poor Mrs. H. Leaving the table, with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes, she went up-stairs, and when, shortly afterwards, Mr. Hobblewaite left the house with a firm and decided step (without deigning to say good morning even), she was lying on the bed in her room having a real good cry. The forenoon was well advanced before she had quite recovered control of herself. She got up and listlessly walked into her husband's study, where, on the floor, lay the morning's *Mail* just as he had roughly thrown it down. With a view to distracting her sorrowful thoughts by plunging into the Popular Pastor competition, she took up the paper and dropped wearily into her husband's easy chair. Suddenly it occurred to her that possibly Mr. Hobblewaite's terrible change for the worse might have been brought about by something he had read that morning. This time she had really struck it, for right before her eyes, as she held the paper, appeared the following:

Selfishness is a marked characteristic of many of the women of this continent. But it is not all their fault; men by assuming in public towards the opposite sex an attitude of slavish submission and simulated respect that their remarks when *en garçon* scarcely sustain, have assured women to regard themselves as something far higher than the angels, instead of the very ordinary human clay they are. I maintain that the men are chiefly to blame in these matters. We talk to women in a false and stilted strain, as if they were children or fools. Their first desire is to please and attract men; they

are very impressionable, and it is largely our own fault if women turn out fools or otherwise.

Going to her esecretoire, and taking up pen and paper, she wrote to the publisher of the *Mail* to stop sending his wicked and disrupting journal to that family any longer.

NEW LIGHT ON ÆSOP.

To the Editor of GRIP:

SIR—Having recently embraced the truth of Theosophy, and joined the circle of the Occult, which I am glad to say flourishes in Toronto, I have received new light on many things that heretofore were shrouded in gloom and mystery to my mind. For example, take Æsop's fable of “The Wolf and the Lamb.” In common with the rest of the world, I have always regarded the Wolf in question as a sneak, with an overmastering taste for young mutton. He deliberately sought to pick a quarrel with that Lamb so that he might have an excuse for eating her. This might be overlooked, as being strictly in the line of wolfish instinct, but his complaint that the stream had been disturbed by this Lamb the year before (when, as a matter of fact, the Lamb had not been born) always seemed to me to be—to put it plainly—a lie.

Now I know the Wolf was in all probability right. He evidently understood the doctrine of re-incarnation as held by Theosophists, and knew that this identical lamb had existed before in the form of a sheep—the identical animal which had been so unfortunate as to offend him, though the Lamb herself had no clear recollection of the fact. To my mind this is profoundly interesting, and I submit it to the followers of the Theosophistic science. Yours, etc., BUDDA.

ABATE THIS NUISANCE!

MR. GRIP, Sir:—I am a travelling man, and what I want to know is, have travelling men any rights after they retire at night which hotel-keepers are bound to respect? When I pay for a bed ought I to have the privilege of sleeping in it as well as merely occupying it? The reason I ask is that the average landlord holds very firmly to the opinion that I have not. He accordingly lets a lot of hoodlums raise all manner of noises downstairs, or allows people occupying adjacent rooms to talk and laugh in a boisterous manner till all hours of the night. If by any chance both these nuisances are wanting, then he permits his night watchman or “boots” (well named!) to tramp around on the nail-headed zinc flooring or to flounder up and down the iron-clad stairs. Sleep is out of the question under such circumstances, and the travelling man is robbed of the best part of the accommodation he pays for. Can't something be done to compel landlords to close up their houses and secure a reasonable amount of quiet, by midnight, at latest? Put in a strong word for this much-needed reform, Mr. GRIP, and the thing will be done.

A WIDE AWAKE TRAVELLER.

INFRA DIG.

YOUNG LADY (to friend—gazing after disappearing beauty in white)—“That's a pretty lawn dress!”
SMALL BOY (wrathfully)—“No, she ain't! That's my sister Maud and I'll larn you if you call her a washer-woman!”