



### HAPPY WITH EITHER.

‡ MRS. MARCHNOT (*wealthy widow*).—"Sir, you've stolen my daughter's love."

UNABASHED ADVENTURER.—"I hadn't seen you then, and I've returned it."

### ANTICIPATORY.

WE are in daily expectation of a letter like the following:—

DAKOTA,  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,  
Nov., 1889.

EDITAH GRIP, DEAH BOY,—I wite to you in gweat alahm, on account of a wumah which has weached my eahs, with wegahd to a decision which I am told has been come to by the Ministwy of Ontawio, not to impoht me frowm Dakota any moah to act in the capaucity of Sergeant-at-Ahms duwing the sittings of the Pwovincial Legislature. I cawn't see how it makes any diffewence to the fellahs who go to Towonto frowm the wuwal pawts, whethah I weside in Coboconk or Dakota. What they want is a good-looking gentleman of culture, to give towne to the pwoceedings—to cast wefulgence, as it were, over the scene, and genewally to make things look wespectable. I flattah myself that I am the vevy gentleman to do that soht of thing, and I twust that so long as it is my pleasuble to make Dakota my howme, no common fellah who lives in Ontawio will be appointed to fill such an impohtant situation. What care I foh the paltwy hundweds of dollahs I get? What care I foh the fancy feeds? and what care I foh the weal good time genewally?

I considah it a gweat sacwifice to spend the wintah in Ontawio, and leave the care of my wanch, my cattle, my hogs, my all, to scurvey menials. Yes, demmit! I do.

Kindly publish this, and use your gweat infuence with the Honowable Mr. Mowat, the Honowable Mr. Hawdy, the Honowable Mr. Fwasah, the Honowable Mr. Woss (G. W.), and the Honowable Mr. Gibson, in my favoh.

I have the honoh to wemain

Your humble and obedient servant,

G. LACK MEYER.

P.S.—Sell out, my boy, and come oveh heah. De-lightful climate and all that soht of thing. Fine people,

fine countwy, fine cwops, fine pwices. Fah ahead of Canada. My new house is almost completed. Anotheh sessional allowance will enable me to make it one of the best in the State, don't you know?  
G. L. M.

### TO AN ALLEGED GOAT.

THOU art a fraud I very greatly fear,  
Thy goatly qualities are precious few,  
I deemed that thou my premises wouldst clear  
Of rubbish most unsightly to the view.  
Lo! here is store of old tomato cans,  
Ashes, old newspapers, old boots and shoes,  
And cast-off clothing—feminine and man's.  
Wealth of goat-nutrimment from which to choose,  
Thou dost not eat it as a true goat should;  
For garden truck thou ceasest not to bleat,  
Nor art thou rampant, but of gentlest mood,  
And never bunted urchins on the street.  
Thee to some dime museum I'll devote—  
Thou art a freak of nature—not a goat.

### ONE REASON.

JIGGERSNOOT—"You women make more fuss over a little bit of work than an old maid does at a wedding. Now if you had to come down town and slave at it all day long, as we do, there might be some cause for your talk."

MRS. J.—"That's just like a man. Don't you know that a woman's work is never done?"

JIGGERSNOOT—"Mainly because it's so rarely begun."  
There was no need for the ice man to call at that house for three days.

### HE GOT THERE.

IT was at a fancy dress ball, and Dumley and his rival were doing their level best to gain favor with the lovely American who was attired in a dress of striped material.

"Now what do you think I represent?" laughed she.

"A zebra," said the rival.

"Star and Stripes," interposed Dumley; and the engagement was all over town next day.



### HE WAS POSTED.

OFFICER—"Here, you ould hayseed! Come away from that letter-box! Arc yez tryin' to rob the mails, ye conniver?"

FARMER GREENINS—"Ye can't fool me. I've seen these drop-in-a-penny snaps afore now."

OFFICER—"Move on, now, or I'll run yez in."

FARMER G.—"Not much; I dropped in a penny an' I'm goin' to wait till I get a letter from Maria if it takes an hour."