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DOMESTIC MEMO.



How inconsistent and unreasonable some people are to be sure! Here is Mr. Scaresily actually attempting to escape the demonstrative evidences of affection that his worthy spouse is showering upon him, and at the same time complaining that she has become somewhat too *chary* in her attentions to him of late.

AN observant barber has discovered that the brain is the source of the hair's nourishment. He says:—"The brain is in the skull close to the roots of the hair; it is a soft substance, percolates through the skull and nourishes the roots." Bald-headed persons are worthy of all sympathy, after this. But, of course, they will declare that this is a base attempt to create a boom in wigs and hair-restoring stuffs.

MR. PORCINE is a very dignified man. He objects to any unseemly familiarity. A few days ago his daughter Julia stole up behind him and threw her arms around his neck.

"Julia," he exclaimed, "I am surprised at you. That was very indecorous."

"Excuse me, father," she replied demurely; "I took you for the coachman."

The horses are now having a rest while Mr. Porcine hunts up a coachman ugly enough to satisfy him.—*The Rambler*

A MATTER OF TASTE.



The Bridegroom (to his bride, who is in a "tantrum").—My adorable darling, I love you so much that I could eat you—but in your present sour mood I'm afraid you wouldn't be palatable!

TAKING HIM DOWN.

"It is useless, sir, your arguing with me," said Ponsonby Beauclerc Budger, B.A., to Hiram Hayraker. "You are but a country Canadian. Recollect I am of Oxon."

"Oh!" retorted Mr. Hayraker. "See here, I bet you I know more about oxen than any confounded Englishman that ever crossed the seas. Haven't I driv' 'em, haven't I fed 'em for year on the o'd man's farm! No, siree, you can't fool me on oxen!"

"Sir," said the disgusted Budger, "I referred to the University of Oxford. I am speaking, sir, of a college."

"Why in thunder didn't you say so, then?" said Hayraker, indignantly. "I've heern tell of a school for trainin' hosses, but I never heard of a college of oxen before. What have you got B.A. tacked to your name for?"

"The letters stand for Bachelor of Arts."

"Oh! I thought they meant Bull Admonished or Bovine Adviser. I'm from the backwoods, old man; forgive my ignorance. Let's take something."