

Grip's Clips.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

Light-headed The blonde.

Lost at C—The hoarse soprano's notes.

A tea-totaller—The tea merchant's accountant.

A good definition of flirting is "attention without intention."

Can a girl who elopes be termed the "maid of the mist?"

A Harlem girl jumped twelve feet in her sleep recently. She probably dreamed that some one was proposing to her.

The man who got the last word in disputing with a woman has advertised to whistle for a wager against a locomotive.

What are pauses? asked the teacher of the primary class. "Things that grow on cats," piped the small boy at the foot.

Ogdensburg has a skating rink that they call "Niagara Parlor." They call it that because people go there to see the "falls."

"Why is a young man like a kernel of corn?" asked a young lady. "Because," said another, "he turns white when he pops."

He was carving. She was thinking. Wishing to be polite, he said: "How do you like Ellen Terry?" "Well cooked," was the reply.

Parson Talmage complains that the number of marriages in this country is ridiculously small when compared with the time squandered in buggy riding.

Wife: "John, our coachman must go." "But why, my dear? Our daughter is married." "Yes but—John, I'm not so very old myself, you know."

Some one says: "No thoroughly occupied man was ever miserable." We don't know about that. John Sullivan can keep a man very busy and very miserable.

"Good-morning, Murphy. Are those your children?" "Yes, sor; that is my small potato crop." "Why do you say that?" "Because, sor, they are all little Murphies."

"Mother may I go out to ride?"

"Yes, my darling daughter."

But don't come home the coachman's bride Unless you feel you oughter."

"There is nothing impossible to the determined spirit," says a philosopher. Evidently that philosopher never tried to reach up behind his shoulder to get hold of the end of a broken suspender.

A little boy's grief upon being refused permission to attend a circus, was in part assuaged by the assurance from his mother that if he would dry his tears he might go and see his father have a tooth extracted.

A gentleman who was dining with a young married couple in Kansas, asked rather abruptly, "Ever had a cyclone here?" The young people looked guiltily at each other, blushed and changed the subject.

"What is your name?" asked Judge Powers. "Dolly Timple." "Where do you reside?" The witness giggled and replied: "What's the use me telling you where I live? You wouldn't call on me anyhow, would you Judge?"

Miss Rosebud: "Do you know, Mr. Pallette, I never knew before to day that you and I were from the same State, Delaware?" Pallette: "Same State, Rosebud? Why I am a New Englander. I live in Massachusetts." Miss Rosebud: "Then, why do you always put 'Del' after your name in your pictures."

"You fairly worship the ground that girl walks on, Billy," said Jack, "and I can't see why. She's as cold as a block of ice." "I know she is," returned Billy, "but it's such jolly fun to go up three times a week and thaw her."

"How beautiful those two old people look, sitting together at the fireside!" exclaimed a sentimental young lady, "I wonder what they are talking about?" "Probably fighting their battles over again," replied her matter-of-fact companion.

Young lady (in the drawing-room): "Just listen! I can hear the gentlemen laughing. I believe they tell all their good stories directly we're out of the dining-room." Experienced and rather severe matron: "Good stories, dear! No—'good' is not the word."

A minister having preached the same discourse to his people three times, one of his constant hearers, who was a member of the Legislature, said to him after service, "Doctor, the sermon you gave us this morning having had three several readings, I move that it now be passed."

How very neatly a child may sometimes get out of a scrape is shown by the story of a little nephew who had gone to be the guest of his aunt, and who, on being asked at dinner if he had not been helping himself secretly to jam, said quietly: "Please auntie, pa never lows me to talk at meals."

Oscar Wilde has invented a new hat. It expands or contracts with his head according as the spirit moves. The brim is full. It has a muffled bell and the band is not loud. It is specially adapted for night wear, and will contain a moderate supply of bricks, thereby commending itself to the Masonic fraternity.

"My dear, look down below," said he, as he stood on the Brooklyn Bridge with his wife, gazing at a tug hauling a long line of barges. "such is life—the tug is like a man working and toiling, while the barges like women are," "I know," interrupted she, acridly; "the tug does all the blowing, and the barges bear the burden."

"What are you doing, Mary?" asked a Staten Is'and husband, addressing his wife. "I am sewing on a crazy quilt," she replied. "are there any buttons on it?" "No." "I thought not," he said; "it wouldn't belike you to be sewing on anything that needed buttons." and drawing a deep sigh, he proceeded to fasten his suspenders with a half burned match.

"My dear," said Mr. Snigginbottom to his wife the other day at the table, as he valiantly struggled to carve a piece of meat. "Why do the butchers put these miserable wooden pins into the roasts? Every time I try to carve off a slice I strike on one of them." "I do not know, dear, unless the meat is more skewer that way," responded Mrs. Snigginbottom. "Maria, I think you had better see a physician at once. I am afraid overwork is affecting your mind."

TICKLISH OLD FELLOWS.

Did you ever hear two old men talking of their prowess when boys? I overheard a conversation between Wallflower and Muldoon, the other day. It ran as follows:

"When I was a youngster I could wrestle better than any of the boys," said Muldoon. "Why, I used to throw everybody that tackled me. Do you remember Bill Buckley? You know he was one of the stoutest boys at the academy, and had an idea nobody could throw him in a fair catch-as-catch-can; but I did it, and then he declared that if I would give him under-hold he could down me."

"Did he do it?" asked Wallflower.

"Do it! Do I look as if he did? Not much, sir. I just laid him on his back so quickly it made his teeth ache."

"How did you do it? Bill used to be a tough one to handle, but I threw him three times in succession one day. I used to know a twist that would fetch him every time."

"So did I, Muldoon, and I tell you when his back struck the earth it jarred the crockery and rattled the dishes for blocks around."

"Tell me how you did it, Wallflower."

"Why, you see, I just put my arms around his neck like this, and when he put his foot out, I pretended to press down on his shoulders, but when he didn't expect it, I just lifted him clear off the ground, and before he knew what was going to happen, he was down. How did you throw him?"

"Well, I'll show you. Stand up so I can take hold of you. Now, you know how he would lock his arms around a fellow's breast and squeeze the breath out of him. You do that and I'll show you how I used to kick his feet out from under him and fall on him so hard you could hear him grunt half a mile. Have you got me?"

"Yes."

"Well, look out, Wallflower. I feel the old spirit coming over me, and there is no knowing what I might do with you."

Wallflower set his teeth together and breathing hard as he replied, trembling with anxiety to begin:

"Go on, Muldoon. I ain't scared."

"Look out, now; you might fall. Gosh! How I'd like to throw you down as I used to throw Bill Buckley."

"Well, go on and do it, then."

"Oh! I feel so skittish, I'm afraid I might hurt you."

"Well, go on. I'll try to fall easy. Gracious! how like a boy I feel."

"Ain't scared, are you, Wallflower?"

"Ha, ha, ha! No."

"He, he, he! You'd better be."

Wallflower waited till Muldoon kicked at his feet, and then lifted him up and dropped him so hard he saw stars.

"Can't do that again," cried Muldoon, rising, but Wallflower had become warm with the exercise, and downed him before he had finished speaking.

"You think you're some pumpkins," said Muldoon, coming at the old wrestler again.

"I'm good enough to put you on your back, old fellow," and he repeated the operation.

"You don't tote fair," said Muldoon angrily.

"Eh?"

"You don't wrestle fair."

"You're a liar, Muldoon."

"You're another, and a coward to boot," Muldoon replied. When they appeared in the police court the next morning on a charge of fighting they insisted that they were merely showing each other how to do it, and were eventually discharged.



Mr. Brandram appears in Shaftsbury Hall on Saturday afternoon of this week. Mr. B. is, in all respects, the greatest elocutionist we have had since Bellew and Vandenhoff, and nobody should miss hearing him. The programme is particularly attractive on the occasion.

Look out for the new portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald, in the full costume of a G.C.B. Not a caricature, but a splendid work of art. Ready Dec. 20th: to be issued as a supplement to GRIP. Price, with GRIP, 15c.; to subscribers, 10c.