

"Next we will take the monkeys. Here I might moralize a little, thus: As I stand before this cage and gaze upon its occupants, I cannot but reflect how fearfully and wonderfully we are made. Each of these animals can a tail unfold. From these creatures we are descended; once we were as they. How stupendous! Here we see the foundation of the great military and naval family from which Lord Wolseley is descended. We see full many a Napier in this cage."

"Stay: hold on; how do you make that out? Wolseley isn't a monkey."

"No, no; listen, you see full many an ape here in this cage," explained the Zoological Moralizer. "Do you grasp it now? Well, Next I would touch on the bears: morality department would contain allusions to the bears that devoured the bad children who taunted Elisha for his baldness—humorous department suggested by the last—ask riddle: Why is the North Pole like a bald head? Answer, because it is a great white bear place; d'ye see? not so bad, eh? Then I might suggest that the north pole must be very cold for an animal with a bear-skin, eh? Continue to pun on the word bear, thus: bear, bore, bore—Ursa Major, the Greater Bear, beyond which a man is borne when he goes to that bourne etc., etc. You can't bear a bore, though you may bore a bear, and so on; introduce astronomical and classical riddle, thus: Why is the planetary system like a family that employs a ten year old nurse? Answer, because it has a nurse a minor; see? an Ursa Minor, ha, ha! Then give particulars of the bear's habits; how he lives through the winter by sucking his paws; moralize on the evil practice young men make of living on their "paws" through the winter and every other season. Next, take in the woolly horse, jokes ab ut mayors, many-hacks, hoarseness, and so forth; a lude to Venice—no horses there; suggest that you may walk all day there without getting a horse, but the streets are so damp that you may become a horse-man: see? then—"

"Well, that's about enough; you might take a turn round the Zoo and write it up, and I'll see what I think of it," remarked the Raven.

"I suppose you can sherry me in—can't you get me a pass, I mean," suggested the Moralizer?

"Oh dear, no!" replied the bird, "you'll have a good time, you know, and its only fair that those who enjoy themselves should 'pay the Piper.' Good-day."

NEW JOKES FOR OLD.

Once upon a time there lived a widowed lady who had only one son named Aboyou. They possessed an Old Joke which had been in the family for many years. The youth had a slight knowledge of its value, but the widow was densely ignorant of its wonderful virtues. She regarded it as merely an Old Joke, well worn and almost useless. She knew not that a little rubbing up was all that was necessary to bring forth its familiar spirit that would transform itself into the most amusing forms at the caller's wish. Thus the widow and her son lost golden opportunities in a world pinning for refurbished jokes.

Aboyou had an uncle who earned his daily bread by concocting funny items for the daily sheets of his time, and was known as a Yewmorist. He had long been aware of the Old Joke and its famous properties and yearned for it daily. He felt that his yewmorist powers were deserting him, and could he but gain possession of the Old Joke, his reputation would be upheld by its use. To this end he manufactured a number of new and catching jokes, and disguising himself, proceeded to publicly present his jokes by parading the streets and calling forth in steutorian tones:

"New Jokes for Old." By this means he hoped to excite the cupidity of the widow, whom he knew to be always on the look-out for anything upon which she could raise the price of a drink. After passing the widow's abode several times without success, his patience was at length rewarded by seeing the widow coming out the house with the precious Old Joke in her hand. She had just heard the Yewmorist cry for the first time, having previously been industriously engaged gossiping over the back fence to her next door neighbor. The exchange was eagerly easily effected, and the wicked yewmorist uncle scooted with the prize.

The result, alas! is too well known by his numberless and varied changes which have been rung upon the Old Joke. Its familiar spirit has indeed been a faithful servant. Need it be said the yewmorist uncle was an American. TITUS A. DRUM.



THE CIGARETTE DUTY.

Dudlesby (reads)—"Duty on cigarettes increased!" By Jove! fancy Tilly taxing the necessities of life.

THE YOUNG JOURNALIST

WRITES UP A THRILLING SHIPWRECK.

"I tell you the aspiring young journalist has to put up with some pretty severe jabs to his feelings when he becomes a newspaper reporter," remarked Marcus Cornelius Bithery, B.A., to a friend who looked in at the office one morning.

"Does, eh!" said the other. "How's that?" "Well, look here. 'Bout the second day I was on the paper I was sent off to see about a vessel that had been driven ashore. Fearful night it was and off I went. Well, I got all my facts and just spread myself on a description of the affair. Made two columns of it."

"Ha, you ought to have felt proud. I suppose your style, having such a glorious theme as a shipwreck to diate upon, was something grand."

"You'd better believe it was," replied the graduate. "Have you time to listen to about a stick-full of what I wrote? I can remember it pretty well."

"Well, go ahead," said his friend, "but what's a stick-full?"

"Oh, bah! nothing; merely a technical term with us journalists," replied the reporter.

"This is about the style that I wrote it up—'A night of Plutonian gloom. Darkness everywhere, save where, in the murky dome of the empyrean, a vivid streak of sulphurous lightning rent the mighty pall asunder, and revealed the fearful scene which was being consummated. Loud roared the voice of Borcas. It seemed as though Æolus had let forth each

imprisoned wind from his cave, which fled, shrieking and hissing, like liberated captives across the bosom of the vast deep in search of some object on which to wreak their vengeance. Hark! a cry of distress arises above the din of the contending elements. The dull, sullen boom of a gun reverberates through the perturbed atmosphere. It is! It is a wreck! A gallant vessel has struck upon the rugged shore; ten thousand human souls are in mortal peril. See! by yonder lightning's flash revealed, the noble ship! Even now some of her crew contend in the seething waves. *Bari naves in gurgite vasto.* Again rises that appalling cry to heaven: Help! help! Oh! unhappy mariners! doomed to a fearful death—thankless, indeed is the profession ye follow when compared with that of the peaceful tiller of the soil. *O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona vorint agricolas!* Around the devoted vessel the breakers roar and rear their snowy crests on high. One fearful yell from the doomed mariners, louder than all before, rises to heaven, and with a surge to leeward the noble bark, which but a few days before had glided o'er the placid bosom of the waters like some fair, snow-white plumed swan, a thing of life, sinks beneath the devouring wave."

"That's deuced fine writing," remarked the graduate journalist's friend. "Is there much more?"

"Well, I wrote over two columns," replied the other "all in the same fine strain, but it wasn't printed just as I handed it to the city editor."

"No! how's that?"

"Well, confound him, he don't know good stuff when he sees it, and this is the way my description of the shipwreck came out: 'Last night the stone-hooker Hunky Sallie, of Port Credit, stove a hole in her side on the Bung-starter Rocks and went down. No lives lost. Probable loss about \$275. No insurance.'"

"Good heavens! that's the way they treat you journal-lists, is it?" remarked the friend, sympathizingly.

"'Bout it," replied the graduate, resuming the paragraph about a dead dog in an alleyway, on which he had been engaged when interrupted. —S.

A VOICE FROM THE UNITED STATES.—I have suffered for the last 20 years with dyspepsia and general debility, and tried many remedies, but with little success until I used Burdock Blood Bitters, when relief was quick and permanent. A. LOUGU, Alpena, Mich., U. S.

MUNIFICENT.

We are proud of John Ross Robertson. He has just given \$1,000 to build a new wing to the Lakeside Home for little children at the Island. We hope that wing will always hover over his esteemed plug hat and preserve him from all the evils a newspaper man is liable to. Mr. Robertson's liberality is worthy of imitation, though, of course, it isn't everybody who has a little gold mine in the shape of an evening paper to enable him to carry out the dictates of a generous heart.

THE NEW LIBRARIAN.

GRIP has often felt it his duty to object to Mr. Martin J. Griffin in his editorial capacity, but takes the opportunity offered by his appointment as Parliamentary Librarian at Ottawa, to say what all who know Mr. Griffin personally will sustain, that the important office in question could not have been put in better hands. Visitors to the Library will find a courteous gentleman whose assistance they may always reckon upon, as well as a scholar who will be competent to render the assistance. Good luck to you Martin J., and may you long adorn your new post.