

CASH;

OR, LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

'Twas at the Spencer's fancy ball Matilda Myrtle met  
That dear young man with lovely eyes, and drooping,  
fair moustache;  
"Oh? what an air he had!" she sighed, "he really is a  
pot;  
I wonder who he is," she wailed "My! how his eyes  
did flash.  
"He must be some great English lord, I did not catch his  
name;  
Some officer of cavalry, he danced with such a dash;  
His air was so *distingue* that it got my heart aflame;  
I'm sure he is a man who wears the sword and  
sabretache.  
"How commonplace the others looked beside him on the  
floor;  
'Tis evident he's nobly born—no mere shop-keeping  
trash.  
Oh! could I but discover him, his regiment or corps,  
I think I'd own my love for him although it might  
seem rash.  
"I saw that Laura Lilywhite as we went valseing past,  
Turn white with rage and envy: I heard her false  
teeth gnash;  
I heard her say to Lucy Smith, 'Matilda's very fast,  
And thinks that of that stranger she has surely made  
a mash.'  
"Heigho! now who that darling is, I'd really like to  
know;  
I'm sure he is a nobleman. But hark! I hear the  
crash  
Of carriage wheels upon the drive, and I must shopping  
go;  
I want to purchase several things, and buy a new silk  
sash."  
She springs into the carriage, and through the streets is  
borne,  
Her heart is beating wildly, and 'gainst her ribs does  
thrash,  
When thinking of that gallant knight with whom till  
late that morn  
She valse'd and galloped. Through the streets the  
noble horses plash.  
"Ah! here is Wincey, Spool & Co.'s, the dry-goods  
store: they say  
That they are pretty shaky, and soon will come a  
smash;  
I'll step in here to purchase all the things I want to-day,  
So, James, don't wait, but in an hour return with the  
calache."  
Matilda Myrtle entered: "Look sharp, John," cried old  
Spool,  
"Come, serve this lady; look alive! I'll settle soon  
your hash  
If you can't move more nimbly; here, bring a chair  
or stool."  
And the counter-skipper trembled like a hound  
beneath the lash.  
Oh, heavens! that shopman! there he stood, Matilda  
Myrtle's lord!  
Yes; there he stood, and in his hand a yard-stick  
made of ash;  
Her nobleman! her bold dragoon! her brother of the  
sword!  
A dry-goods counter-skipper, who stood and called out,  
"cash!"  
She saw him now in day-light glare, her partner of the  
valse,  
His face was pimply, and his looks suggested water-  
brash;  
His upper lip was bare; ye gods! that long moustache  
was false—  
And now Matilda saw his mouth was like a great red  
gash.  
Oh, poor Matilda Myrtle! was *this* her bold dragoon?  
Was *this* her English nobleman, more polished than  
Beau Nash?  
It was! She bought a reel of thread; in piping accents  
soon  
She heard her shattered idol say, "Three cents, mem;  
thank'ee. Cash!"  
—Swiz.

OLLA PODRIDA.

(By Grip's most Idiotic Lunatic.)

GRIP SITS ON THEM.

Don't say "cawn't" for can't. It don't sound  
nice.—*Montezuma (Ga.) Record.*  
Don't say "don't" for "doesn't." It  
doesn't sound lum-tum.—*Washington Hatchet.*  
Do not say doesn't for does not: it is  
neither euphonious to do so, nor grammatically  
correct.  
\* \* \*

AN "ANSER'S" RIDDLES.

Why is a baby like the average dude?—Be  
cause it lives on "pap."

Why are Lord Lansdowne's younger chil-  
dren like many Tory editors and officials?  
—They live on Government pap. (*Five minutes  
for refreshments.*)  
\* \*

QUEERIOUS.

A Chinese laundryman whose bills were due,  
Went out collecting with his long black queue,  
And though deserving payment  
For purifying raiment,  
He failed to gather shickels and declared he'd sue.  
\* \*

SIMPLY VILLAINOUS.

"Well, Coddefyshe, are you going to the  
banquet to-night?"  
"Believe so."  
"So'm I. I hear an excellent *menu* has been  
prepared."  
"What mean you?"  
"Why, the *menu* I mean, you mean human  
being: a good *menu* for me'n you."  
"Ah! that's stale."  
"Yes, maybe, to you, stale; to me, *new*."  
(*Dull thud.*)  
\* \*

A BRIEF ESSAY.

John L. Sullivan has risen to the top of the  
ladder of fame: he climbed up, round by  
round: he is now at the summit, and declares  
that, though his worthy mamma is talking of  
marrying again, he can't go a step-father.  
Gentle John talks of leaving the P. R. and  
turning preacher. Verily he would be a great  
ex-pounder. John was ever a filial boy and  
loved his spar from his youth up. In conclu-  
sion let me ask why is the champion, in the  
eyes of the pugilistic fraternity, like an article  
used for announcing one's presence when mak-  
ing a morning call? Because, dear reader, he  
is a knocker to a door. (Explanation for  
*Punch* readers: to adore!!!) Probably the  
only "ring" engagement in which the gentle  
tapper is likely to come out second best is  
that with his wife, who is suing for divorce,  
though Mrs. S. says her lord is gradually be-  
coming a useless creature, and ere long will be  
ruined in body and pocket, and will want to  
live on her: therefore she wishes to throw up  
the "sponge." Still she will have the best  
of it.  
\* \*

EASY AS A, B, C.

The proper day for an oyster stew, undoubt-  
edly, is Tuesday.—*Karl Towne in Boston  
Times.*  
Yes, yes, of course; and for an oyster fry,  
Friday; and for raising dough, why! Easter,  
isn't it? And for a man, like our Boston wit,  
above, who has been in the stocks for twenty-  
four hours (as he ought to be), isn't Sat-a-day  
appropriate? And—pooh! pooh! we could  
keep this style of thing up for a dozen col-  
umns: any idiot could—no, we don't mean  
that: any other idi—no, that isn't right.  
Well, let it go.  
\* \*

ANATOMICAL.

A correspondent wants to know whereabouts  
the funny-bone is in the body. Why, at the  
end of the *os humerus*, of course.  
\* \*

TOO MUCH FOR HER, EVEN.

"Madam," said an interviewer to Mrs.  
Don't-you-try-to-pronounce-it Dudley, "I be-  
lieve you have made the assertion that  
O'Donovan R. has no grit, no back-bone, eh?"  
"Right, sir; no more he has," replied the  
fair L. Y. D.  
"You understand a little Latin, I believe?"  
"I do."  
"Well, then, how can it be that Rossa has  
no back-bone when all vertebræ are *ossa*?"  
Mrs. Dudley swooned away.

OUR ATTEMPTED MEDICAL DEPART-  
MENT.

Mr. GRIP being well known as a living cy-  
clopedia, he is naturally appealed to by  
anxious enquirers on all possible subjects. The  
thirst for practical information of a medical  
kind has lately been great, and Mr. GRIP  
has received so many questions from sufferers  
that he has seriously thought of opening a  
Medical Department, *a la Truth*. This design,  
however, has been abandoned, after a judicious  
experiment. Mr. GRIP engaged a medical  
practitioner out of employment on trial, and  
submitted to him a batch of the letters re-  
ferred to—requesting the M.D. (who, it may  
be noted, did not look like a teetotaler) to  
furnish brief answers in popular language,  
avoiding all technicalities.

The following highly unsuitable "copy" was  
duly handed in:

"In assuming charge of the Medical De-  
partment of GRIP, I hope to be able to assist  
suffering humanity, and with that view will  
tender my advice in all cases in the plainest  
terms consistent with professional propriety.  
I proceed to reply to the questions submitted  
to me for this week:"

1. I suffer from a shortness of breath; dim  
vision; bleeding at the lungs, and pains all  
over my body. What would be good for me?  
—Yours, Giles Horbuck. *ANS.* Go and drown  
yourself if you have paid your subscription; if  
not, pay it and then do so.

2. What effect does boiling have upon milk?  
—H. A. Seed. *ANS.* It makes it hot.

3. My hair is coming out rapidly. Can you  
give me a prescription that will keep it from  
doing so?—F. A. *ANS.* Mix one ounce sul-  
phuric acid, 50 grains arsenic and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. stry-  
chnine; shake, and give to your wife, the old  
vixen. Your hair won't come out after she  
feels the effect of this charm.

4. My eyes is peccoliar and sometimes i  
sees double; what ailes them, please, and  
my face do be flushed wen i talks eckzurshion,  
wots the mater of me.—Jain Marier. *ANS.*  
Swear off and don't get drunk again.

5. What is the reason my skin is such a  
dark color?—Julia Plump. *ANS.* You want a  
bath.

6. What will cure panes in the hed and a  
soar throate and weke lungs and knock knees  
and hart-burn. i hev all of theese.—John  
Hodge.—*ANS.* Get your hired man to belt you  
over the head with a wagon tongue for an  
hour. Your "panes" will disappear like  
magic. Such men as you are not any good in  
this world anyway.

There were over fifty just such answers as  
the foregoing, and it is not to be wondered at  
that GRIP office has been nearly wrecked.  
Thus are our endeavors to benefit our fellow-  
creatures all knocked on the head; our phil-  
anthropic motives (*a la Coffee House*: no  
profit wanted) bust up.

HUSBAND.—It is no good going anywhere  
but to the Golden Boot, 206 Yonge-street, for  
boots for our boys. They always fit and wear  
well.

FACT.

Little Frank had been told some stories and  
shown some pictures all about Knights in  
armor-tournaments, etc. After pondering a  
while, he said, "Mother, those men with the  
*steel pants* on must have been very hot in sum-  
mer!"

NOTHING adds so much to the appearance of  
a man as a fashionable hat. R. Walker &  
Sons have opened out their spring importations  
direct from the manufacturers of London and  
New York. Very low figures charged at this  
house.