



THE APPEAL UNTO CÆSAR; OR, TEMPER AND TEMPORALITIES.

Months flew by upon the wings of Love,  
And R. Augustus Reginald Fitzmaide  
Was getting—sad to say—quite short of cash.  
"Ye know, by some strange maladventure,  
My quarterly remittance has not come  
By the last mail! How awfully vexatious!  
Merely a matter of four hundred pounds, of course,  
But still, it certainly is most annoying  
To have to wait till the next boat arrives!"  
This did he relate (and more) to James Duff, Esquire,  
Who promptly came to the young man's assistance—  
(The youth who was to be his son-in-law),  
For James Duff, Esquire, had ducats by the barrel;  
He was in fact a bloated manufacturer,  
Who, since the vile N. P. came into force,  
Had revealed, so to speak, in untold gold!  
And made with it such ostentatious splurge  
As to call forth two columns in the *Globe*  
Of editorials cutting up the wretch!  
"My dear young friend," said kind James Duff, Esquire,  
"I know that long you've sought my daughter's hand.  
Now, as my dear prospective son-in-law,  
I let you have—well, say one thousand pounds:  
For this—but a mere form—you give your note of hand."  
The noble youth was now almost affected  
To tears at James Duff, Esquire's liberality.  
He gave his note of hand, and took the cheque.  
Cashed it, and at 6 p.m. next day  
The glorious stars and stripes waved o'er his head  
And Janet Ethelberta Delia Duff,  
Or her potential pap, James Duff, Esquire,  
Or e'en Toronto, never since has seen  
Robert Augustus Reginald Fitzmaide.

**The Speculator's Lament.**

Make, make, make,  
On thy lots on the cold prairie!  
And I would that my heart would'n't flutter  
When prices don't rise for me.

O well for the ones we employ,  
That they tout—they are sure of their pay!  
O well for the auctioneer,  
That he hammers his desk all the day!

And the crazy "boom" goes on  
At a pace that is sure to kill,  
But oh for the grip of a buyer's hand,  
And the scratch of a gold-tipped quill!

Make, make, make,  
At your hundreds per "foot," may-be!  
But the wild-cat price of the lot that I bought  
Will never come back to me.

SCRANTON.

After Lent comes the circus.—*Elmira Gazette*.  
Yes, there is a circus by that name, we believe.  
*Lockport Union*. Quite a Coup d'état, Mr.  
*Union*.—*Elmira Advertiser*. Sells, Brothers.—  
*Lockport Union*. 'Guess we'll pass in.—*Advertiser*.  
That's right—go in, on your 4 paws.—  
*Canandaigua Repository*.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
TRADE MARK.



THE GREAT  
**GERMAN REMEDY.**

FOR

**RHEUMATISM,**

*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,  
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,  
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and  
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,  
General Bodily Pains,  
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet  
and Ears, and all other Pains  
and Aches.*

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as  
a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy.  
A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay  
of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain  
can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN  
MEDICINE.

**A. VOGLER & CO.,**  
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

**Typographical Errors.**

DEAR GRIP,—You spoiled my *owed* to "Beaudry the Mayor," last week. It should read:—"The coolness with which he tries to trepan the public to license his public to Meakin." Meakin being the name of the proprietor of the saloon. By the way, Beaudry has not managed to trepan the public this time, as Meakiu has just been refused his license. Again, in my item on "Woman Suffrage," you put Mr. and Mrs. McSham, M.P.P, instead of McShane. Now Mrs. McShane is anything but Shan, being one of the most beautiful women in Montreal, so I claim the correction.

But I fear the imps of the type are not so much to blame as my own bad writing. My hand must be getting shaky from age, for in my letter to the *Burlington Hawkeye* I described a young lady as having "the crowning beauty of a sweet and intelligent expression," and now she is blazoned to the world as "the crowing beauty, &c." Again, in the heading of this *Hawkeye* letter I wrote: "Indian Clubs" which are not "Tandem Clubs," and it appears as "Tandem Clubs" which are not "Indian Clubs."

Verily I must write less and more carefully in future, so you will get nothing this week from yours faithfully,

NINA D'AUDYN.

Then you wish to be a reporter, "my darling, my brown-eyed Leopold." Very well. When you make up your mind to be kicked by those you ask for news and kicked by the managing editor for not getting it, you will have made an excellent beginning. The life of a reporter is a wilderness of roses which he can't pick without being pierced by thorns.—*Tom Weaver*.



**KNOW THYSELF.**

Special Canadian edition of this Great Work now placed on the market. Contains word for word of the American edition. Paper 50c.; Cloth, \$1.00, post paid to any address on receipt of price. Agents wanted. J. S. ROBERTSON & BROS., Whitby, Ont.