

HITS AT MISSES.

The feminine fair amongst GRIP readers need take no alarm at the above caption, for should the cap not fit in anything which follows they make the cap shun and thus end their fears.

Without diminishing one iota from the love, iota say, gallantry, extended to the ladies, especially the pretty misses, which always characterizes GRIP contributors, the malefactor here employed, to be truthful, feels bound to state that some of the fair misses have their little "peculiarities," and at such he feels it his duty to strike—the peculiarities, not the ladies—so that the guilty ones may have an opportunity given them to amend their ways before splicing the main brace (this expression applied to the ladies may, perhaps, be thought somewhat naughty-cal) with the desirable young man of their individual acquaintance. Should the writer's shooting at Miss Folly as she flies be thought ungallant may his hits prove misses, that's all.

For the sake of analytical study on a small scale, misses, with their "peculiarities," may be divided into the following classes: The Mincing Miss; the Scholastic Miss; Mamma's Miss; the Prude; the Flirt; and the Ancient Miss.

The Mincing Miss represents that class of young ladies who always walk on their toes, and who, consequently, are "well heeled"; who take short steps, and practise saying "thoft thoap, thoft thoap," thirty times a day, just to contract a small mouth and talk aesthetically. The making of mince pies, as the name might imply, is not her forte; her forte is at the piano, yet notwithstanding, the Mincing Miss is well able to keep her end up at eating the mince pies when they are ready for consumption.

The Scholastic Miss may be known by her gold-rimmed eyeglasses. Some persons make the mistake that the eyeglasses indicate shortsightedness. This is not so in the case of the Scholastic Miss. She wears them merely to impart a learned look to her features, for she knows quite well that the general public never credit young ladies who do not wear eyeglasses with having gone further than the three R's of the educational world. The average young man of single blessedness would rather face an angry bull than enter into conversation with this miss, her grammatical accuracy, beaming eyes and gold-rimmed glasses being too much for him.

Mamma's Miss is the spoiled young lady of our group. She is ever by the side of ma, at home or on the street, and duly acquires the art of spending money with a dexterity which at times almost takes ma's breath away. She sometimes keeps so close to ma that she loses an eligible husband thereby. Should mamma have a nervous headache, Mamma's Miss suffers from it within two minutes afterwards. If mamma be one of those interesting ladies who carry a miniature school for scandal around with them, the chances are that Mamma's Miss will go and do likewise, and thus grow up with a distorted knowledge of human nature, which will make her suspect and almost detest everyone, especially that "horrid creature—man," and she ultimately takes her place in the ranks of the old maids.

The Prude is the iceberg of the social world. Whenever she mixes with a party of pleasure seekers she casts upon all a chill of discomfort. There is a frown upon her brow, a coldness in her eye, and a poker along her backbone. The Prude is in her element when she has detected one of her sex enjoying the pleasures of occupation with some nice young man. She lectures that wicked young lady with her lips whilst her heart yearns for just one herself. "Observe the proprieties" is the Prude's watchword, and she uses it until she sees a chance to snap a rich husband, then away it is flung and she revels in love and kisses.

The Flirt. This miss has no heart, if we accept the statements of large numbers of tender-hearted and tender-headed lovers who have had their deepest affections laughed at by this giddy miss. If the Flirt has a heart at all it is certain she has little brains. A pretty face, a winning smile, and a chattering tongue are all she needs; brains are not called for, she has often as many as her admirers. The world over, the Flirt has steered more courtships than any other miss, and she has undoubtedly wrecked more upon the rocks of frivolity. Query.—What is the fate of the Flirt? Answer.—Having trifled with the affections of many a worthy young man she becomes enamored with one more heartless than herself. They marry. Result.—Years of misery; separation; divorce.

We now approach the tenderest and most thoughtful portion of our subject, the Ancient Miss, or, if you prefer it, the old maid. Now, there is nothing very sinful in being an old maid, (give me an old maid before a mother-in-law,) yet she is usually looked upon as a great curiosity. Young ladies pray that they may never be as she, bachelors count up her imperfections and pity her solitary life, then hasten to look upon some sweeter face to chase away the recollection of the old maid. The only exceptions to the rule are those dear old maids who possess large fortunes; they receive more kissing and hugging than most pretty girls.

Many other classes of misses might be shot at, but our ammunition having run out, we cannot strike for anything but home, therefore we will run in and resume the firing when there is no danger of us being fired out.

TITUS A. DRUM.



AN ADEQUATE REASON.

Interested Resident.—Mr. Smith, can you tell me why you don't run the Winchester Street cars along to the corner of Queen and Yonge instead of down Church.

The Hon. Frank.—My dear madam, I can. Don't you see that the Parliament and Sherbourne Street cars already go via Church to the Station? Now, of course, we run the Winchester Street cars over the same route. To go along Queen to Yonge would accommodate too many residents of the northeast section, and choke up our boxes with small coin. In fact it would pay too well, and our last object as a company is to make money.

Believers in the faith cure are generally of that class who are prejudiced against paying doctors' bills.—Sam: The Scaramouch.



"THAT HORRID GAWK."

TRIOLET.

A country beauty come to town  
Has turned the heads of *jeunesse doree*,  
At her the city belles all frown;  
A country beauty come to town;  
Her lips are red, her cheeks are brown,  
She shines not with art's borrowed glory;  
A country beauty come to town  
Has turned the heads of *jeunesse doree*.

—J. F.

SCULLY THE SCOUT.

A PLAIN STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IP-PE-KACK THE MEDICINE MAN," "PHIPPS THE WOODMAN" AND OTHER TALES.

He wore a large-brimmed, drab felt hat, encircled by a leather band. His boots were of the trooper order of architecture, and his hair was cut very long indeed. His complexion had that peculiar "Indian tan" so suggestive of the distant prairie. It was quite plain that he was a child of the plains though he possessed not that appearance of mixed simplicity and ferocity so often seen in the transplanted prairie flower. Moodily he turned into a convenient "boozin' ken," strode up to the bar and mildly said, "Hyar, bar-keep, gimme some whiskey."

On his approach all the veteran bums, who of course dropped on him as a "man from the Nor'-West," arose as one man and gazed admiringly at the stranger, laying the flattering unction to their souls that he was going to "set 'em up," but he didn't. Gazing around indifferently at the expectant "setters," he quaffed a good-sized glass of Gooderham's worst, sauntered to a chair and sat down.

"Are you from the Nor'-West, sir?" asked the bummer, smilingly.

"What?"

"I was merely asking, sir, if you was from the Nor'-West, sir," repeated the man of thirst.

"See hyar, you," the stranger calmly said, "if any one asks you tell him you don't know."

"I didn't mean—"

"Shut up!" was all the stranger condescended to say, when another drab-hatted, trooper-booted individual entered the door. He paused, stared at stranger No. 1, and roared out, "Why, Scully!"

"Well, I'll be chawed up!" continued No. 2. "Just to think of seeing you here! Let's have suthin'. Well, well, the last time I see you was at Br—"

"Oh, cheese that, Jake!" interrupted No. 1. "I got a long yarn to tell you. Let's get a drink, and I'll tell you all about it. I don't mind those snoozers hearin' it," which remark was made in accents of scornful contempt to the disappointed swipists, who one by one skipped out.

"Well, how've you bin gittin' on, old man? You look ruther down. Tell us all about it. I got the nickels, and I'll see you through if anything's wrong," said Jake.

"Well," said Scully, "when I saw you last I was in the Mounted Police, and I had a good chum (he's now in Montana, I reckon). Well, ye see, me and my chum, Jack Symons, bein'