



**"THE HORSE IS A USEFUL ANIMAL."**

MICK (*with plug for sale*).—"Is it go ye said? Faith he'll go till he drops!"

PAT.—"Sure he'd have to go a dale longer than *that*, be the looks of him, before he'd be anny use!"

**PITY THE POOR MAN!**

The *World* is read all over Ontario, and University graduates read it to a man.—*World*.

GRIP extends his liveliest sympathies to that unfortunate man. It's bad enough to have to read the *World* to oneself, with the privilege of skipping the editorials; but fancy the ordeal of having it read to you by university graduates, anxious, no doubt, to improve their elocutionary powers, in a succession of different tones and accents, some dull and monotonously droning, others attempting to be lively and dramatic, and others roaring at the top of their voices by way of fitting themselves for the stump. This kind of thing would be enough to drive any ordinary man to distraction, even though it were Shakespeare or the *Bystander* that were being read—but the *World*! Well, let's hope that he is deaf or idiotic, and so insensible to the infliction. But what's chewing us is, why should the graduates insist on reading it to a man? Why not try it on a dog, or after the illustrious and classical precedent of Demosthenes, go down to the water-front and read it to the winds and waves?

**THE LOOSE SUSPENDER.**

"A STITCH in time saves taking nine."  
Thus runs the proverb olden,  
All button-losers will opine  
Its wit and wisdom golden;  
For bitter is life's thorny way  
To those of sterner gender  
Who walk about the livelong day  
Beneath a loose suspender.

You see one in the madding crowd  
Whose faltering footsteps wander,  
Whose looks are down, whose form is bowed,  
Who seems to sadly ponder  
The loss of a lamented friend  
Or severed home ties tender—  
A button, not his heart, did rend,  
He mourns a loose suspender.

A pin is Euclid's point and line  
Made plain to touch and vision,  
To leave a baseless wreck behind  
Of fabrics is its mission.  
This naughty nothing naught can fix,  
Its form so slim and slender,  
But goads with pricks to vicious tricks  
The mad-cap loose suspender.

He feels it scraping up his back,  
And pouncing on his shoulder,  
He strives to follow up its track,  
His torture makes him bolder,  
He tugs and twists with many a snatch.  
His motto no surrender,  
O what would he not give to catch  
That fiendish loose suspender?

But all his struggles are in vain,  
Or worse, if truth be spoken,  
And end in what augments his pain,  
Another button broken.  
This gallows' prey, with hang dog air,  
Sneaks off with no defenders  
From gravitation's law—a pair  
He has of loose suspenders.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

**NOT SO MUCH TO BLAME.**

FIRST TRAMP—"What does '*E pluribus unum*' mean?"

SECOND TRAMP—"I dunno. I've just about forgotten my classics."

FIRST TRAMP—"So've I; but you must remember I graduated two years before you did."

**THEIR MATCH IS DECLARED OFF.**

MISS GUSHER—"How delightfully still everything is in the twilight."

MR. RUSHER—"Very still, indeed, and isn't it strange, when one considers that the night is falling all the time?"