



### PUNISHMENT.

EVA (*the landlady's little daughter*).—"Mr. Shortcash, ma sends you this handkerchief for a birthday present. It is a cotton one, but Ma says she couldn't afford silk 'cause you didn't pay up."

### GRETCHEN.

I HAD seen nineteen years then, and she was some two years younger—a tall, graceful slip of a girl, with beautiful silky, golden hair and the bluest of blue eyes, deep, dreamy, always half-startled looking. She lived in the village, and I loved her with all the passion I could sign my cheque for. Did she love me in return? She said she did, and with that I was content. Sad is fate. At last I learned I had a rival. His name was Stubbs, by occupation butcher. I vowed r-r-revenge. I would have basted him in gore, only he did it himself every day and saved me the trouble. I redoubled my attentions to the girl. I swore to kill myself if she would not be mine. She would. She fired the other fellow and kept her kisses for my lips alone. Then my parents left the village and took me with them. We plighted our troth anew beneath the throbbing stars, while we inwardly anathematized the soulful sobs of an adjacent Tom cat. We parted with tears.

Heigho!

It is thirty years since I saw Gretchen last. I walked through the village yesterday and knew her again by the strawberry mark below her left ear. How she had changed. Gigantic gun-boats, how she had changed! Her golden hair was dark with grease, and her eyes and face were puffed with too much lager beer. She was no longer graceful. She was fat. The perfect curves of her chin and neck had been shattered by time's destroying hand. Her chin seemed to run into her ample bust. A dirty print dress clothed her capacious form. Two unwashed children tugged at her apron strings. When I discovered myself she smiled.

"You lofe me vonce," she said, simply, sententiously.

"Yes," I replied quietly.

"You vos marry now?"

"Yes. Six children, And you?"

"Me? Ach, mein Gott! I vas marry too."

"Stubbs?"

"Yaw."

"It's the way of the world," said I, sadly.

"Yaw, mein frient," she answered. "Das vas so, and id?"

W. C. NICHOL.

### "AS LIKE AS TWO PEAS."

TALK about the superfluity of newspapers, but we need 'em all—every blessed one! We really want more, if we are to get all sides of a story. No two newspapers, although trying to, tell a thing in the same way; and if a reader couldn't trade with his neighbors and go the rounds of the whole lot, he would grow up in dense ignorance and painful bias.

Look at that Bucket-shop row. Here we have the *Globe* positively assuring us:—

"In the cell the scene was comical. The brokers paced the floor, wildly gesticulating and avowing vengeance upon the perpetrators of the outrage which deprived them of their liberty. Until bondsmen appeared and deposited the amount set forth, and the men were one by one liberated, the scene in the cell was one more easily imagined than described."

Turning to the *Empire* for confirmation of the way the prisoners took the situation we find:—

"When they had been locked up in the cage the reporter was allowed in and he had a look at them before the slide was down on them. They were all well dressed, and did not appear very much cast down; in fact, they joked like men who relied on their backing to see them safely out of

their trouble."

If it were not for having these two papers describe it, not to mention the descriptions of the other papers, people must be at a loss to know for a fact, how the captives acted in the cooler.

We, in this land, ought to be grateful for a free, truthful and exact press, and we ought not to spare effort to get more of it.

### SUGGESTIVE TITLES.

DEAR GRIP,—Commend me to the "local" young man of the *Empire* for designating his news in live and appropriate fashion!

What a happy thought, for example, it was to caption the recent meeting of the Superintendents of the Asylums for Imbeciles, "Idiot Doctors."

How charming it sounds to speak of probate proceedings as, "Dead men's money!"

In case the young man should run out of lucid headlines, let me hint at a few:—

For the Masonic Grand Lodge—"Murther in Masonry—what's that in plastering?"

For the Oddfellows—"The three-link lunatics."

For the Methodist conference—"Old John's Jamniasaries."

For the Dental association—"The jaw-smith's junketing."

For the Baptist convention—"Water-on-the-brain."

For the Ontario Veterinary association—"The hoss-docs' hooray."

For the York Pioneers—"Old Daddies' doings."

For the various excursion parties—"Hark, hark! The dogs do bark!"

For the Press Association trips—"We, from 'way-back!"

For the city council—"The municipal muddle-makers."

For the Temperance gatherings—"Anti-budge agitationists."

For the trade unions—"Lunk-headed laborskites."

I offer these as modifications of titles which the young man may in his budding zeal for notoriety be tempted to use.

SUGGESTO VERI.