



### FEMININE ARGUMENT.

Oh! should I live one hundred years, I never will again Attempt to argue matters out with my Maria Jane; She's but a simple country girl, but I can plainly see, That my Maria Jane in argument's ahead of me. It's strange how rustic females can get things down so fine,

And argue, though they never saw a geometric line; And never heard of Euclid, and all the same to them Is *reductio ad absurdum* and a well wrought theorem. Maria said she thought an average hen was very cute, Far more so, as she plainly said, than any four-legged brute.

"Maria Jane!" I loudly cried, "how foolishly you talk; A hen's an idiot, for it tries to hatch an egg of chalk. A hen will sit on crockery eggs and try to hatch 'em out, Which proves she is a simpleton with nary shade of doubt.

D'y'e think that I could fool a cow—the bare thought makes me laugh— And make her try to give her milk to a lifeless iron calf? D'y'e think a mare could waste her love on a fool made out of wood?"

And M'rier Jane demurely said she didn't think she could.

She said she saw that I was smart, and so I told her then That the cutest creatures on the earth, the only ones, were men.

"Just look at me," I proudly said, "in me behold a man, A creature made in heavenly form, and on a wondrous plan:

D'y'o think that there exists a man or girl who could fool me?"

And M'rier merely hummed and hawed, and giggled out "To-he!"

Her laugh was rather strange, I thought. However, we were wed,

And then I saw the foolishness of what that day I'd said Maria Jane was beautiful, and many a poet sung His rustic praises of her charms; they called her "fair" and "young."

I thought so too; I—I, a man, whom nobody could fool, But soon I found that I had been in Maria's hands a tool.

For three days only had elapsed when every fondest dream Was put to flight; I found that all things are not what they seem.

I found Maria's teeth were false; her hair was not her own;

One leg was cork, her dainty waist was due to stiff whalebone.

Her beautiful complexion, so rarely pink and white, Was owing to a lot of drugs applied at morn and night. Maria lost the bottle once of wash she used to use, And then I saw her freckly face all wrinkled like the deuce.

One eye was glass; in fact my wife, whom I should have adored, Was one huge, made up, padded mass; a most gigantic fraud!

I reasoned with her; asked her why she had deceived me so,

And she replied, "I'll tell you, John, if you must really know;

Just call to mind a few weeks back when speaking of the hen,

You said the cutest things on earth were what are known as men;

You said a hen was quite a fool to be so taken in By crockery eggs; and that a colt of wood no love could win

From mother mare; but you, you fool, with sense to plainly see,

Have been more badly fooled than they, for you were fooled by me;

By me, all false from head to foot; how cute you are! I can

See nothing half so gullible on earth as you, you man."

### ANTE-POSTHUMOUS LETTERS AND DIARY.

(Continued.)

Feb. 14th.—Met Mac on the street to-day—asked him why he didn't publish that two-column article—said it was published in a condensed form that week it was sent in. I didn't quite understand him, but went to the office and looking over the file with him he pointed out an article which I certainly read but did not recognize as mine. It consisted of about a quarter of a column—"condensed" with a vengeance, and only bringing me some seventy-five cents. Mac can do a mean trick when he likes—however, beggars mustn't be choosers. As we were coming out of the office we met Miss O—, and I could not but see the impressive smile with which she greeted Mac's salutation. It has ever been the fate of genius to be neglected.

Feb. 16th.—Sent in an application for the editorship of the *Mail*, but my offer was declined on the ground of my well-known Grit proclivities. My landlady brought me up a *Telegram*—and pointed out to me among the "situations vacant" an ad. for a boy to carry parcels, and said I might get as much as would pay my board anyway! Such insolence! A boy, forsooth! But as I owed her three weeks' board I said I would see about it. A boy! Great Caesar! Does a beard necessarily constitute a man? I set my teeth resolutely together, and looked over the "ads." I noted one which, temporarily at least, I thought might suit me. It was, "Wanted, a few smart penmen—*extra pay*—for two weeks only." I went and found that I would be required to address 500 letters in an hour, for which I would receive five cents, but if I could address only 300 in that time, I should receive only three cents; besides, I had to take the names out of the directory. No, by Jove! literature is at least a shade better than this.

Feb. 19th.—Aunt Jane has just gone—she brought me in butter, eggs, a home-made loaf and a chicken, and wanted to know if I'd be home in time for the ploughing. My landlady instantly took charge of the above—but nothing will ever convince me that that leathern fowl we tried to chew at dinner-time was the tender, plump chicken I saw in Aunt Jane's hand. No, siree!

March 1st.—Am sick of journalistic work and go back to the farm to-morrow—Cincinnati affords me a noble precedent. Farewell, visions of fame! dreams of coming into the city, and stepping at once into positions of honor and influence! Farewell, oh vision of myself sitting sole autocrat in the sanctum of a newspaper office, and controlling, guiding and directing public opinion! A long and last farewell to poverty, privation, suffering and insult! I go where there are ever buckwheat pancakes, fresh eggs and sweet milk for breakfast—lashings of pork and beans with pie for dinner—and the farm when the old lady departs this life.

Such, Mr. GRIP, is my diary and letters. If anyone has anything to say or find fault with, let him speak now, or forever hold his peace.

Ever yours, in kind remembrance,  
OLIVER FORESTALEM.

### AN AWFUL WARNING.

BY OUR NEW REPORTER.

A most tragic occurrence, and one which bears a moral on the face of it, took place in Hamilton last week. That quiet hamlet was jogging along much as usual—slower if anything. The people ate and drank, were being born, married and buried, all unconscious of the terrible lesson that was about to be read to them on the sin of carelessness in writing. It was afternoon, the weather mild comparative-

ly. The afternoon train from Toronto had dashed shrieking into the station, the mails, passengers and freight had been duly delivered, and once more the Colossus of roads had fled shrieking and snorting on his way. The people in the village some three-quarters of an hour afterwards were suddenly startled by the apparition of an enraged bull, who, having slipped his cables somewhere in the suburbs, with tail erect and horrent hair came charging through the streets, like another horned individual seeking whom he might devour. In an instant the streets were cleared. Loafers who from time immemorial had propped up the gables of the corner groceries (licensed) suddenly vanished; business momentarily came to a standstill; doors were shut and hastily bolted; the streets were silent and deserted as at the present day those of the resurrected cities of Herculaneum or Pompeii, saving for one individual who, all unconscious, came stepping forward to his doom. This individual, strange to say, was not a woman, but a man. He was attired in a Government uniform of navy blue cloth, with scarlet collar; on his head he wore a blue cap with scarlet band, and a scarlet line denoted the outside seam of his trousers. He carried under his left arm a leathern bag suspended from his shoulder by a strap also leathern, and in his hand he bore a card which he perused with such close attention that he did not notice the unusual silence of the streets, nor the cause thereof. The bull bellowed, but so engrossed was he in spelling out the writing on the card that he heard it not. People from their top windows, seeing the danger of the man, shrieked at him like all possessed to beware of the bull. In vain!—he was bound to master and possess himself of the contents of that card, and he was blind and deaf to all else. Twice he ran up against a lamp-post, but he only rubbed his bruised nose and read on. Meantime, the bull careered wildly up the street, suddenly came to a full stop. For a moment he seemed to be unable to believe his senses as he saw that scarlet collar moving serenely towards him. But it was only for a moment. The next, with waving tail and horns ploughing the street, he bore down upon the unfortunate man who, before he had time to lift his eyes from the card, was tossed up, and thrown, limp and insensible, across the telegraph wires, while from his unconscious hand the post card he had been so intently perusing fell fluttering like a snowflake to the ground below. The poor fellow was a letter-carrier who, being slightly near-sighted, was unusually puzzled that afternoon over the contents of this post card, which he was anxious to deliver. The body still hangs in its airy position, pending the decision of the courts to decide whether the postal service or the telegraph company shall bear the expense of removal. This is another awful warning to people who will persist in carelessly writing on post cards, instead of writing all they want to communicate to their friends in a clear, legible hand, so that the letter-carrier who runs may read. There can be no doubt but that the careless writing on the card was the primary cause of the man's death. To say that his own inquisitiveness—but—speak no evil of the dead.

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.

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.