

"seamless lady." Just the same old story I told you long ago about Allen's Anti-f. At How Allen, in order to make known his valuable compound and to air a wretched pun at the same time, allowed himself to even *anagram* his *fat aunty* into "anti-fat," regardless alike of spelling and the injured feeling of his obese relative. So to the point in question. By dint of burning the midnight oil (and some gas) to a ruinous extent, wearing out two pairs of spectacles, three dozen pencils, a bald spot on my cranium, and several reams of foolscap, I have discovered, beyond all doubt, that "seamless" should have been spelled "seemless." A mere advertising dodge, you see. The "seamless lady" simply does not exist—how can she? "Seemless," ex, "without seeming," "does not seem." Of course I have searched all the ancient and modern dictionaries, and that's what they all say. Alas! friend GRIP, can it really be that you have fallen into so shallow a trap, at your mature age, too! However, you can atone. You must listen to the advice of a privileged friend and colleague like myself. *Immediately* write, telegraph, telephone or see that wronged martyr "Mr. Benedict," acknowledge your error and implore pardon on your venerable bended knees. After that—a thought has just rioted across my brain tissues. Does that firm mean "ladies' seamless vests," instead of "seamless lady's vests?" If so, then tell them to say so, and not lead astray and waste the precious time of

Yours always,  
SEARCHEMOUTUS.

P.S.—By-the-bye, if my last supposition be correct I withdraw all my insinuations, friend GRIP, and drink (water, of course, Scott Act, you understand) to our speedy meeting, and wish you a "Ryghte Merrie Christmas Tyde."

WHY HE LEFT HER.

Oh, leave me not, dearest, so sadly alone,  
Am I not thine own darling, thy pet, and thine own?  
Or am I supplanted in that warm heart of thine.  
That now thou wouldst leave me alone here to pine.  
I see thou art moody and restless to go.  
If no longer your own one, oh, pray tell me so;  
When you go to the presence of her you love dear,  
Oh, remember the love for you still cherished here.  
One kiss e'er we part. It will be a relief;  
One kiss to assuage now my sorrow and grief.  
Tell her who is waiting to see thee to-night,  
That I yield to her all that seemed happy and bright.  
Nay, nay, do not linger, but leave me in tears;  
May thy life be of happiness through many years,  
For me I am tranquil, resigned to my doom,  
There is nothing for me but the cold, silent tomb.  
"Oh pshaw!" said her lover, "let up on such trash,  
I'm hungry, that's all, and I'm off for my hash."

A BANK CASHIER'S LETTER.

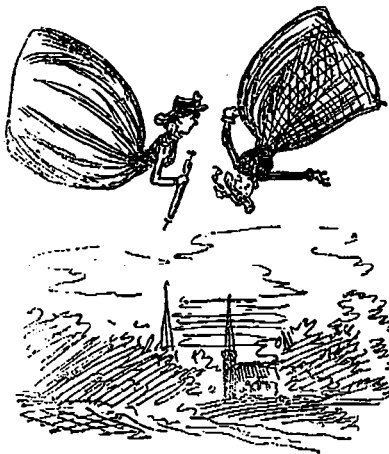
TORONTO, Nov. 19th, 1884.

MY DEAR FRED,—As you will see I am settled in Canada, and a glorious country it is. I am so sorry that I had not an opportunity of saying good-bye to you before I left the land of the free for the land of the free-er, but the fact is, dear boy, I was hurried, very hurried, and almost missed the train. For some time I had been contemplating my removal from New York, which I found to be not at all suitable for my health. I am much improved since I came to Canada. This Toronto is a dear, delightful place, and so very American. It is just like living in the States. We get the New York papers here regularly, so that I am able to read the comments on my departure which has occasioned more concern than I expected. I have a magnificent house on one of the leading streets, elegantly furnished. I drive my carriage and pair and, of course, have my coachman and footman. I am in the giddy swirl of the brightest society, and am much courted. I intend taking a trip to Quebec next week, to see Eno—John C. Eno—you know the Enos, don't you? The dear fellow, he is so clever, an excellent financier. If

you or any of the other fellows in the bank make up your minds to leave New York, do come to Canada. It will be so pleasant for us all, you know. It is strange, but there is quite a number of retired New York bank fellows here. We are about to form a club, which will be called, "The Refugees' Club." Odd name, ain't it, dear boy? Well, ta-ta. Give my regards to all the fellows, including the president and the managers of the bank.

Yours sincerely,  
ARTHUR LITRETOU.

Frederick De Faultaire, Esq.,  
Smashional Bank,  
New York City.



FEMALE BALOONATICS.

Probable effect of the next wind storm if the craze for bustles continues.

The car was crowded and old Mr. Jollyboy had secured a choice seat. But all of a sudden he stopped the car and squeezed out. "I'm not likely to get another car for half an hour," quoth he, "but I forgot to get a GRIP ALMANAC, and I wouldn't dare go home without it!" It only cost him ten cents.



A FABLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF ARISTOPHANES.

A certain grocer, coming into a place where in he was a Stranger, and being desirous of introducing to his future Customers a Choice article of Fish, of which he had a large stock—it was, of course, Stock-fish—set his Wits to work as to the Best Means of fulfilling his Desire. Finally he went to a Printer and had several Immense Posters struck off, bearing the name of his Commodity of Trade; but by some Inadvertence, he forgot to have his own name printed thereon, but only added, after the names of his Wares, the words "Enquire Within." Then he hired a Boy, and putting the Posters into his hands said, "Go Forth and blazon these goods around the City and

hang these Placards up where all may see." And the Boy went forth, and by Chance or Premeditated Accident, his footsteps wandered to a region of houses of people who were proud, Stuck-up, yea, exceeding Arrogant, for they were of great Wealth, yet were of low Degree.

And the Boy, it being eventide and Dusk, stuck up his Posters, one on each house, or Mansion, in the Row where dwelt the People spoken of.

And lo! in the morning on each House was seen the placard bearing the words:

BONELESS COD-FISH.

ENQUIRE WITHIN.

And the city flocked to read what was there, and said, "Who hath done this?" And it was soon discovered, and for what he had done, the Grocer was applauded of all excepting the people who dwelt in the Mansions.

And his trade Increased; yet had the Joke been more Apparent, had the words been "Bloodless Cod-fish." For those people lacked Blood, yet not Bone, for they must have possessed Good Backbone or they had not risen to wealth from Low Degree.

MORAL.

Even by Accident is the Truth told sometimes. Yet was this Truth but Half the Truth which is even The Blackest of Lies.

ANGELINA'S AUNTY ANN.

Every night when I go sparking  
My own Angelina dear,  
Her lit e brother's always larking,  
But I don't mind his childish jeer,  
(He ask's what my moustache's made of  
Says my hair is black and tan);  
But gime out me! I am afraid of  
Angelina's Aunty Ann.

There she sits in arm chair knitting,  
Knitting large size woollen hose;  
I wonder who they will be fitting,  
For the hired man I suppose.  
By the fireside she keeps sitting,  
Would I could devise a plan  
To shun the glances unreturning  
Of Angelina's Aunty Ann.

If I nudge may chair up nearer  
To my Angelina's side,  
Aunty's sure to rock her car or  
Open up her optics wide;  
Every little move or motion,  
Acts upon us like a ban  
Would she were across the Ocean!  
Angelina's Aunty Ann.

Does she take me for Don Juan,  
For a gay Lothario,  
That she dampens thus my wooing?  
Never Edgar Allen Poe.  
Dreamed in all his wild, wierd fancy  
Of a bird, or beast, or man;  
More fearful than to me seems Nancy,  
Angelina's Aunty Ann!

So I thought until last Sunday,  
When despair my bosom nerved—  
I won't forget it, 'twas the one day  
That my courage never swerved.  
I right before the gaze of Aunty  
Prop'd the question like a man!  
Thou uprose quite spy and jaunty,  
Angelina's Aunty Ann.

Speaking thus, she said, "young fellow,  
So you've come to time a last,  
It's raly made me turn rale yellor  
In watchin' you this three months past:  
I think you are the slowest critter  
That ever sparked since world began!"  
And by Jove! commenced to titter,  
Angelina's Aunty Ann!

T. BROWN.

On another page of GRIP this week will be found the card of the Canada Pacific Trading and Importing Co'y. of this city. This company has just opened out at 120 Bay-street, under the management of Mr. J. A. McMurtry, a gentleman of long experience in the tea and coffee business.