

GRIP'S CALENDAR.



MARCH.

HUMORS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

**POLITENESS.**—"What a courteous gentleman X. is," remarked Y., "he always bows so very politely when one meets him."

"Does he!" snarled the General: "is the bow of a hum-boat evidence of its politeness?"

**DEVoured HIS WIFE.**—"Horrible! Oh, the cannibal! Devoured his wife! did I hear you say?"

"Yes," said the Captain, "I was about to add, with kisses." "Devoured his wife with kisses! Be the powers, then, maybe he afterwards found that she disagreed with him," put in Mr. Mulrooney.

One of the good sayings of the General, in talking about farmers and farming, was: "Sir, a lazy farmer is virtually dead, and his farm wears weeds in mourning for him. [This is not copyrighted, and can be used by the Minister of Agriculture.]

**WOMAN'S PREFERENCES.**—Speaking of Woman's preferences, here is the opinion passed by the General, who can speak upon this subject with some authority: At sixteen, a woman prefers the best dancer in the room; at two-and-twenty, the best talker; at thirty, the richest man.

**A POMPous YANKEE** appeared at the luncheon table a few days ago with a C. S. friend in the Public Works department. He happened to sit next the Captain, and in the course of conversation, boasted, after the manner of his countrymen, of the American eagle being the most courageous of birds. "So is the crow, Sir," remarked the Captain, after his most sarcastic style, "the crow is the bravest of birds, Sir, he never shows the white feather." The P. Y. collapsed.

**THE Married and Single state, Bachelors, Maidens, Coquettes and Widows** were amongst the things discussed, interspersed with anecdotes of the General's early fox-hunting days. "I'll tell you what," said the gallant officer, "the fox finds his best security in doubling. Young men and women should learn a lesson from the fox."

"TIMES have changed," remarked the Captain mourn-

fully,—"times have changed,"—and all looked towards him with an enquiring gaze. "In former times, man ate the cream."

"And now?" asked Col. J.—

"They creamate the man," responded the Captain;—"and I want some of Speaker Ballantyne's creamy cheese, Sergeant Kennedy."

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed the General, "that old gentleman I knew so well to meet his death in such sad case."

"How?—how?" asked half a dozen voices.

"Poor old man! He was choked to death by a 'bone of contention.'"

"CAPTAIN," said a gentleman from the Press gallery, with whom he had a slight altercation, "if I have used any unkind words, I take them all back." "Yes," answered the Captain, "I suppose you want to use them again!"

FASHIONABLE JUST NOW.

**A** POET sends us the following Sonnet, explaining that its merit lies in its photographic accuracy, only idealized. Quite so. He must have mistaken GRIP for a high class N.Y. Magazine that buys this kind of thing for poetry. Readers no doubt like the style, otherwise it would not hold the place it does in American literature. So here goes:

SPRING.

A chickadee sits tweeting on 'a bough,  
And picnickers have set their pot a-bile,  
And through the meadow spans the moolly cow,  
Riderless, making her two-forty mile,  
Stung by the spur of ruthless musquiteer.  
Street cars in cities run. In Indian file  
Sparrows and cockroaches and such small deer,  
And crows their way wing to the Baptist spire,  
While milkmaid Molly getteth o'er the stile,  
And nature wears one broad approving smile.



A TEMPTING PROSPECT FOR THE G.O.M.

**CANADA AND U. S. (in a breath)**—"Now that you are free from official cares, Mr. Gladstone, do come to America. The change of air, and a prolonged repose will vastly benefit your health. Do come, and we'll go wild over you, and give you banquets and demonstrations till you can't rest!"