



A DRAWING OPERATION.

ARTIST—"Now, I'm ready to begin."

SITTER—"All right."

ARTIST—"O, cheer up in appearance. I'm going to draw your picture, not your tooth!"

MR. OSLER'S PARTING ADDRESS

TO HIS COMMITTEE UPON HIS DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND.

I AM going away to England on important business bent,
To leave my boom in faithful hands I'm very well content;
There's no need for me to stay here, for my name, as well you know,
Will carry all before it—'twas yourselves that told me so.

You only need to say that I give my consent to run;
No need of vulgar hand-shaking—the fight's already won;
Inferior men may take the stump and canvass for support,
But dignity demands that I do nothing of the sort.

There are self-seeking intriguers who, I'm told, do not refuse
To appear at public meetings and elaborate their views,
And will go among the people and mean-spiritedly deign
Their future plans and policy to outline and explain.

Now, gentlemen, I'm sure that it would pain you very much,
Supposing that your candidate were classed along with such;
I occupy much higher ground—I should be doing wrong
To take into my confidence the low and vulgar throng.

A dignified aloofness is the *role* that suits me best—
A sort of "press the button and leave you to do the rest"—
My name is E. B. Osler and I'm candidate for mayor,
Now surely that's sufficient to elect me to the chair!

As this is my position, it is just as plain as day
That it makes no sort of difference that I shall be away;
Just mention to the public that I'm in it till the last,
And cable my majority when the election's past.

A SOCIAL STAR.

MRS. VANDERPOMP—"Really, I don't know what
society is coming to. To think of Jack Dollinger's
wife 'coruscating in the social galaxy,' as the society
reporter puts it. Why, she is a very vulgar person."

CHAWLEY LEFLIP—"Ow, yaas. Chowus girl, or some-
thing of that sawt. (*Suddenly struck by brilliant idea*).
Perhaps that's why she 'cowus-cates,' doncherknow."

MOTTOES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

SIR HECTOR'S MOTTO.

"I AM as true as truth's simplicity, and simpler than
the infancy of truth."—*Troilus and Cressida*.

SCRAPS FROM OUR WASTE BASKET.

AS I was rideing onto the queen St. cars I heard some
people talking about the mayerality and one man he
says I don't think says he that Osler needs to put on
such airs he needent think hes way up in g—Wy says
the other heed make a good mayer—good nothin says
the 1st—Wy he neednt look down onto common folks
hes nothin himself but a 'Ostler—Ha ha said some r else
that's good enough to put into GRIP—so I just thought
Ide send it you and you needent use it if you don't like.

COLONEL DENISON's attention is called to the fact that
a man went into a drug store on King St. and asked for
tincture of *anarchy*. Did he mean dynamite? Let the
gallant colonel order out his troops and—

ABOUT this time of year
The cold gets more severe,
The winter winds do blow
And soon will come the snow,
Oh the sn—

—and hurl from power a set of corrupt and self-seeking
incapables who have basely betrayed the interests
intrusted to their charge. Hoping that I have not
unduly intruded upon your space, I remain, etc.

RATEPAYER.

So mr. Fleming needn't think
Hes going to be electid
were bound to have our beer to drink
and aint agoing to turn our cotes
An if he gets 200 votes
it will be a darn sight more
Than ever I expected.

—a great many Poles in the streets of Toronto"—
"Yes," said the other "I suppose they have been driven
out by the Czar of Russia." I won't charge anything for
this joke but Id like to write for you regular and can send
you plenty just as good at 10c. apiece or 3 for 25c.

JAMES BEATY, Q.C., is the man for mayor,
We've always found him fair and square,
His records pure and he'll get there sure,
Hurrah, hurrah for Beaty!

CONUNDRUM.—Why should McMillan be rejected if
he runs for Mayor? Because he'll sell the Orange every
chance he gets.

NOT A NOVELTY.

BEESWAX—"Have you seen the ossified man?
Quite a remarkable physical development, isn't it?"

SAMJONES—"Nothing so very wonderful. They had
the same kind of freaks way back in the ages of antiquity."

BEESWAX—"That's news to me."

SAMJONES—"Fact though. Have you never heard of
the Centaurs? They were hossified men."

OUGHT TO GO.

THERE is a bore who ought to go
Headlong adown a flight of stairs;
He is the youth who pains your ear
With stories of his love affairs.

N. Y. Herald.

But if that youth could have his say,
He'd ostracize a different foe;
The "heavy father" pains your rear
As headlong down the stairs you go.