



OH, so you think a young and enthusiastic lover resembles the star twirler of the Toronto base-ball team because he is always Atkisson, do you, Henry? Yes, well if you will kindly refrain from telling us what you think we shall be obliged to you.

The fact that "The letter that he longed for never came" is accounted for by the theory that she gave it to her husband to post for her.

The dew dropped on the gentle flowers, and the dude dropped when his washer-woman requested him, in front of his best girl, to please call and settle. This is a new styl of joke. A tank of laughing gas goes with each package.

It is a singular fact that the restaurant that advertises "Game in Season" never has it in the season for games.

Apropos of the recently published lists of "Books that have helped me," no one seems to have reflected that a properly conducted bank-book is the finest of them all.

Some popular novels: "The Legacy of Cain"—Sugar; "A Modern Magician"—Herrmann; "Sundered Hearts"—A bobtail flush in them

One's a busy bee, and the other's a boot-black, but they both improve each shining hour.

#### A LEAP YEAR FANTASY.

One evening o'er at Hanlan's isle  
My love and I went straying,  
We watched the people pass awhile,  
And music sweet was playing,  
And though I knew her free from guile  
Methought she was delaying,  
My tender words which might beguile  
Her to my love, repaying;  
That evening o'er at Hanlan's isle  
When love and I went straying.

And still we go to Hanlan's isle,  
And still we go astraying,  
And watch the people pass awhile  
While music sweet is playing,  
But now *she* woos with look and smile,  
And now *I* am delaying,  
For though her heart be free from guile  
Her love-words I am saying;  
For leap-year, love, at Hanlan's isle,  
Has set my heart a-straying.

[NOTE—We understood from the gifted author of this that it is from the German. The gifted author is now dead. He died editorially and suddenly. The German can have the poem back again by proving property and paying expenses. ED. GRIP.]

#### THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A MASKINONGE.

It was getting tiresome. Luck seemed to be dead against me. Jones and Brown seemed to have nothing to do but to throw in and the fish would come swarming about the bait, each more eager than the next to have

the honor of being caught by such doughty fishermen While I, John Smith,—I might fish all day unnoticed by bass or sunfish or by any living thing save and accept the humming hordes of mosquitoes that deserted Jones and Brown to fatten on my swelling flesh.

And so it was with trolling. I might drag the shining bait through sun and shadow with my nerves on a terrible strain of eager expectancy and all in vain, but let me give up my post and take an oar, and as I did so, as sure as fate would come a jerk or tug, a plunge, and some monster of the deep would flap in the boat and be set down to the growing credit of Jones or Brown.

I could stand it no longer. And so, on that eventful Friday, I resolved to be no longer the subject of my comrades' jests. Was fate against me? I would defy fate! I let out my trolling line with fire in my heart and a determination in my eye. No maskinonge could withstand my settled resolution. I would catch one or break the line in a wild endeavour.

Out, still out it went for I had made up my mind to spare no length of line. Hold, what was that? There it is again. Aha, the old chap is tasting the bait. Hello, a tug!—strong and full this time. "Pull, boys, pull," I shouted, my cheeks hot and my eyes flushing. "How the beggar pulls!"

I hauled in the line, hand over hand, forgetting in my haste what little science I ever knew. For my day of misfortune was past,—my luck had turned. Still on he came, pulling as I had never felt fish pull before. What a monster he must be! The others caught my excitement and were all alive with expectation. Brown saw his head and swore he weighed fifty pounds at least. In still he came, closer yet closer! Now he is almost alongside and, with one last effort, I give the final jerk and land the monster in the boat.

\* \* \* \*

Exhausted by my terrific efforts, I could not at first understand why Jones and Brown first stared, then burst into roars of laughter.

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Gentle reader, pity me. You have been there yourself and will permit me to draw a veil over the scene that followed. My first maskinonge was—a log!



"WHISTLE AN' I'LL COME TO YE, MY LAD!"