

(Specially drawn for Grip.)

**BITING OFF HIS NOSE, ETC.**

What's the matter Mike? you look sick.
 O'im starvin.' We're on a stroike, and o'I havn't et anything for days.
 Why don't you go to work, then?
 Work! and let the monopolists thrive off me? o'I'll doi first.

Boundlightly, seeing that he afterwards became apostate, and left his first love, and the name of the other was James Adam, a son of Mathew, the same being a leader of a great sect, and a man of good conscience.

And when he refused to sign the roll, lo and behold Georgious spoke unto him bitter and burning words, and said, Thou shalt not have yellows or granulate from us, saving thou pay so much more than the Guild.

But he turned himself away and called unto him his sons and said, We will not sign this roll, forasmuch as it seemeth unto me an abomination that men should grind down the face of the poor.

What aileth now the land of the covenant that we may not get goods from thence, and sell unto the people? And his sons said, even so.

So they and Boundlightly did send mighty ships unto that country, and argosies, which did carry them cargoes of yellow and granulate, which they forthwith sold throughout the land.

But Georgious, when the news was brought unto him, waxed exceeding wroth, and gnashed upon them with his teeth, but they smole and heeded him not.

F.

OUR LEAP YEAR BALL.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—

I thought you would like to hear about our Leap Year Ball. It was just the sweetest thing that was ever given in this dear old city, and Mabel Smith says she would not have missed it for a coupè. Just think of one

of the lordly mansions on the mountain being thrown open, with all its luxurious appointments, to us girls, to have all the fun we wanted, and to pay off the men in their own coin! Didn't they look silly sitting about the room, waiting to be asked to dance, while we went about and filled up our programmes with all the nicest fellows and the best dancers? They tried to look indifferent, but it was a dead failure. They haven't studied the art so long as we have, and we could just see that they were on pins and needles. My! but they made stiff wall flowers, and they found out how pleasant it is to "blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air." There was one dude, we just boycotted. He goes to all the parties dances twice, and passes the rest of the evening holding up the door post. Well, we just let him see we didn't approve of that sort of thing, by never asking him to dance at all. Didn't he look small! It was almost pitiful to see his anxious glances, when any girl came near him engaging dances, and passed him by, as if she were quite unconscious of his dear existence.

At supper time we took our partners down, and didn't we give it back to them for their shabby treatment for the past three years! We helped them to just a little taste of anything they wanted—not enough to satisfy the most delicate appetite—and then we offered them our arms and took them upstairs again, as quick as possible. Some of them we didn't take down at all, so they might see how awfully jolly it is when a poor girl is left behind with no one to see or care whether she gets anything to eat or not. Then we went down and stayed about an hour, having just the loveliest time you ever saw. We got enough to eat for once in our life, and we had toasts and sung "Jolly Good Fellows," and had the dearest old gossip about the

men. It was too funny for anything to hear all the little experiences of the evening related at their expense.

When we returned to the ball-room we found them wandering about as if they didn't know what to do with themselves, so that we took pity on them, and made it a little more lively for the rest of the evening.

My! haven't they been good ever since! I think a Leap Year Ball, once a year, would do them all the good in the world. If we have another you may expect to hear again from

Yours devotedly,
 MONTREAL, April, 1888.

KATIE.

A FEW MORE EXTRACTS

FROM "THE JESTER'S HANDBOOK, OR EVERY MAN HIS OWN HUMORIST."

WE give a few more clippings from the pages of the entertaining volume above mentioned, which, we understand, is meeting with a ready sale among diners out, politicians, and the large class popularly known as "Smart Alecks."

AT THE TAILOR SHOP.

"I want a new suit. Have you anything to suit me? Credit? Yes, of course. I wish to present a creditable appearance. Yes, that is a fine piece of tweed, the Boss Tweed, I suppose. But I think I prefer this article of twilled goods. As Shakespeare says 'Tis enough, 'twill serve.' You have quite a display of fashion plates. I judge that your store must be well patternized. That