

second *debut* is possible, at least the sweet remembrances surrounding the first will last till this time next year, and what is a year in the lifetime of the young and fair? Nothing—less than nothing often, to judge from the fact that a lady's age, like cheese, grows less by lapse of time, and, like beer, improves by being kept dark.



THE AFFLICTED HUSBAND.

Jobbles (from cutter).—Hello, doctor. I want to speak to you about my wife.

The Doctor.—Well? What's the matter?

Jobbles.—I don't know. She's lost her voice. Ain't been able to speak a word for three days.

The Doctor.—Indeed! Then I shall—

Jobbles.—Er—I was going to say if you happen to be up our way any time next week you might jest drop in and see what you think of it.

A JEST OF DRAWERS.

I AM a born artist (*i.e.*, I do not belong to the class of artists who never were born); the fact is, had I not been born I would not have been an artist. I might have been born without being an artist, but I could not have been an artist without being born. I am very glad that I was born. My feelings are doubtless equalled only by those of my many friends. I first attracted attention to my qualities when I began to draw breath. In this little personal sketch I hope you will excuse anything like egotism or exaggeration, as in my professional capacity I may be somewhat disposed to draw upon my imagination and not upon canvas. I would like, of course, to draw your attention to my many characteristics. I have been drawing breath for so many years that I do not now pay much attention to it; but do it unconsciously, although my livelihood to a great extent depends upon it. At an early age I began to draw on wood, on a hand-sleigh given me by my father. I would always do it as a pleasure, never as a necessity or as work. I took great interest then in drawing water, and snow and wood, but not making much money out of it, I gave it up. I have not time to pass through all of my many changes and ventures, for my life was beset with many vicissitudes; in one thing always

have I been most punctual, *i.e.*, in drawing my salary, for there is more money in that than in drawing my breath. I can draw any man at sight, but I always prefer to draw on a good man at sight, or ten days if preferred. For fear you will think I am boasting, or drawing the long bow, perhaps I had better draw this to a close.

KRAL, B(ORN) A(RTIST).

DIE-JEST-YUN.

I HAVE jest discovered some "fizziological" facts, and hasten to give them to the world. GRIP's readers of course do not even know that they possess such articles as "stummix," but they may know some suffering indigesting fossils to whom the following facts may be facts. But some of GRIP's protégés may be suffering from indigestion through being killed by jokes. At any rate we dish up some food for thought. An English student says: "Food is digested by the action of the lungs. Digestion is brought on by the lungs having something the matter with them. The food then passes through your windpipe to the pores, and thus passes off your body by evaporation through a lot of little holes in your skin called capillaries. The food is nourished in the stomach. If you were to eat anything hard, you would not be able to digest it, and the consequence would be you would have indigestion. The gall-bladder throws off juices from the food which passes through it. We call the kidneys the bread-basket because it is where all the bread goes to. They lay concealed by the heart."

One thing only has been omitted—the indigestible foods are locked up in the alimentary canal, biled soft, and then delivered over to free circulation, but the aorta—yes, they orter—stop then.

KRAL.



SYMPATHY.

Emily.—How thin and delicate poor Mr. Slimey looks!
Maud.—No wonder! He lives on his wits!

ARCTICISM has shifted its centre from Montreal to St. Paul, Minn. The ice palace and all its attendant pleasures, suggestive of a below-zero climate, are powerful educating forces, and we are unfeignedly pleased that our American cousins are content to relieve us of them and the bad reputation they foster. Let it be understood from this time, O intending emigrant, that Minnesota, and not Canada, is the natural home of the toboggan crank.