

Grip's Clips.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

AN ECONOMICAL DUDE.

"Really, Mr. Slimlet," observed the sensitive Miss McGinnis. "I can excuse you for saying 'aw' and 'naw', but why you say September for September is more than I can comprehend."

"You see, my dear Miss McGinnis I only dwop the 'r', which is very economical these hard times, you know, aw suppose."

"I don't see how that makes any difference."

"Aw, my dear, doncher know that we don't eat oysters in the months without the 'r'?"

"I had observed," replied Miss McGinnis, "that the season has been very backward."

At this Mr. Slimlet came near choking himself by pulling at his suspenders suddenly. — *Scissors.*

WAS WILLING.

"I hab almos' 'cluded ter vote de democrat ticket," said old Marley, the colored gentleman, who, years ago, lighted the lamps that "shone over fair women and brave men" in the Ashley mansion.

"Yer may do it er few times," replied Silas, the politician, "but aiter erwhile, when de democrats gits inter power, da'll 'pribe yer o' suffrage."

"Wall, I'd thank de Lawd fur dat, fur I'se been sufferin' fur fifteen years. Ef da'd jes' 'pribe me o' dis heah rheumatiz, I'd be willin' ter be a democrat all my life."

MEDICAL AID.

"How is your husband to-day, Mrs. Jones?"

"He is very ill, indced."

"Worse than he was?"

"Oh, yes; the nurse says he is beyond the reach of doctors, now."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"What? What?"

"I'm glad to hear it. Now, if you can only keep him beyond their reach, I think he will get well rapidly." — *Merchant Traveler.*

SHOULD NOT KNOW.

A physician in great haste is summoned to the bedside of a suffering man.

"What do you think is the matter with me, doctor?"

"Why sir, you have been handling a poison vine, known as poison oak. A child should have know better."

"It is not natural that I should know better."

"Why sir?"

"Because, I am a professor of botany."

How many women would laugh at the funerals of their husbands if it were not the custom to weep?

An authority on angling says that the best way to brain a trout is to hit the fish on the head. Fishermen who held that the best way to brain a trout was to amputate its tail, will uow see their error. — *Norristown Herald.*

The Mother Hubbard dress has one advantage. When a woman is tired of wearing it on dress parade, she can give it to her husband for a night shirt. — *Fall River Advance.*

It may appear strange, but nevertheless it is a fact, that rich young ladies are often pressed for money. If you don't believe it, ask the young men who do the pressing. — *Yonkers Statesman.*



CASE HARDENED.

"Did you read those horrible stories of the Arctic sufferers living off of each other?" asked Mrs. Lumpy of her husband.

"Yes, I read all the particulars."

"Dreadful, isn't it?"

"Oh, its nothing when you once get used to having people live off of you. I used to kick when your mother, and your sister, and all the rest of them came to live off of me; but I've got so used to it now that I never complain." — *Texas Siftings.*

THE BRIDGE.

BY AN EAST ENDER.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
The bridge o'er the mighty Don,
And the flats on each side of the river
Were spread out like a neat cropped lawn;
And the odor that stole o'er my senses,
Seemed like the natural horn
Of vile and unrefined whisky,
That the bummer affects every morn.

And oh! the sweet scent of the cow-byres,
Intermixed with the smell from the marsh,
And the floating debris from the sewers!
Don't think that my language is harsh,
If I say that that horrible rum mill
And those byres at the foot of the bay,
Should be swept away down to the ocean,
To the salt seas far away!

THE EDITER'S HOLIDY.

WROTE BY THE OFFICE BOY.

Our editer has cum home from his holiday lukin iumens but he sez his arm is sore with pullin up black bas and he can't rite hisself so he told me what to rite and sez i must be his manenses. This is the first time i have rote for the paper and I don't think I can do it very good but i will shove all the blame for had ritin on the editer. Well, in the first place he did not go to Urope like Jack Robinson, cause he ain't got the spondulix I guess. Jack is a rich cojer and can go all over. i think it's a shame that our editer don't have so much cash as the other newspaper men such as Sheperd and John Cameron and Bunting, but such is fate, the Wicket is bound to flourish in this world, so our Sunday scool teacher says. Our editer is a awful patrotic feller and it is agin his principals to go to long Branch which is on foren sile, and he sez there's no fun outside of Cenady. So he ups and he goes to Prints Edward for a holiday. Don't make no mistake and spose I mean the Prints Edward way down near Halifax. That is a boss place I guess but it costs fearful to git away so fur. I mean down to Picton, Ontario, and low me to state John A. must be hard up for names when he has two Prints Edwards in one small sized country, it mixes things up like everything and shows John A. isn't much of a smart man after all. Well, when our editer got there he had a lively time

keepin hisseef cool. He didn't tell me much bout what he did every day but only goin fishin, but he says the country of Prints Edward takes the cake for beautiful scenery and farms and rich old farmers and hops and cand frute and cet. He went in a big factory down there and seen a heap of girls and wimmin makin cand frute and corn and chicken. They done it up slick and the editer sez he never tasted anything so spleudifres before. Mr. Boulter and Mr. Dunning is the names of the firm, and you ought to here em toot bout the N.P. They told the editer it was making their big factory hum, and they was sendin carlodes of cand frute all over creation and got orders to fix up a lot for the Army wot is going to Egypt. I have a mind to jine the army, if they take small boys, and go along. I ain't much on the fight, but I can get away with a heap of cand strawberries and things. The editer sez there is lots of jolly fellers in Picton, and sum of em was anxious to have their picturs took such as the shereff and other high nob, but he told em he did not like to enkeridge pride of that sort. Now about the fishing, and this is the principel thing. It was black bass, and the regler standard heft of em was between five pounds. He ketched em in West Lake, which is near the Great Sand Banks, and a lovely spot for a picnic. The editer most ruined his reputashun for vracity by tellin bout the black bass to the amature sports of Picton, such as Judge Gellitt and John Allan. That's all he tolc me to rite bout Picton, so here I close. I'd ruther rite bout a holiday wot I was on myself ony they don't give me none.

P.S.—The editer tells me don't forget to menshin he dropped in to see the ever happy and geniel Matheson at the Def and Dum Instoot, Belleville. Every editer nose Matheson and there ain't a man they would sooner die fer. He is a brick and so is his hull fambly and may they live long and prosper as the Gov't institoot under his charge is doin'. That's all.

EXHIBITION NOTES.

The wonder of the Fair is "the Little World," a marvellous collection of automatic figures representing the various branches of industry practiced in the big world. This remarkable piece of mechanism is the production of a clever Scotchman, Mr. W. H. Robertson, a native of Leven, Fifeshire. It has been exhibited in all parts of the world and has never failed to elicit the astonishment of intelligent onlookers. Be sure you see it or your visit is a partial failure.

The king-bee of Canadian apiarists, Mr. Jones of Beeton, is to the fore as usual, with a magnificent display of honey and beekeeper's sundries. Take home a good supply and you will have a reminder of the pleasures of the Fair which will be literally "liuked sweetness long drawn out."

PERFECTION SPRING BED CO.

Among the improvements noticeable in spring beds are several by the Perfection Spring Bed Co., 61 King-street East, Toronto, whose exhibit attracts considerable attention. One of these is the double coil spiral, the first of the kind invented, which not only doubles the strength of each spring, but also obviates all noise. Another is the facility for taking the bed apart in sections to facilitate sweeping and dusting, and the third is the use of lighter springs at one end to admit of the feet sinking to a level with the rest of the body. The article is likewise so adjusted that it can be packed in very small space for transportation.

Bring up a cashier in the way he should go, and when he gets fixed he will skip out to Canada. — *Texas Siftings.*