



A CALL ON THE QUADRUPLETS.

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH MR. STOCKWELL.

"Good day, sir, good day," exclaimed GRIP's interviewer, as he entered the presence of Mr. Stockwell, with a gash cut-in-a-ripe-melon smile on his genial countenance; "you're a brick: you are well named, sir."

"Don't, please don't," pleaded the other, an agonizing look spreading over his features, looking up from his estimate of the cost of shoes, socks, etc., etc., for four children for fifteen years, at which he was deeply engaged as our representative greeted him, "you are the nineteenth who has said that to-day."

"You ought to be a happy man, sir," continued our representative, "it isn't every day a man's wife presents him with eight children—"

"Refrain, audacious man," shrieked the papa, (the papa parpar excellence) "not eight, oh! no: give a man a chance; only four."

"Ah! four was it? All boys I believe?" enquired the other.

"No, sir: two girls and two of the other denomination."

"Ah! two pair, eh! ha-ha; here they come," as the two nurses entered the room bearing the latest society craze, "why how red they look; say, Mr. Stockwell, how can they be two pair when they are a-flush, for they are pink, now, aren't they?"

The parent gazed wildly round, and then said,

"Were you ever the father of quadruplets, sir?"

"NEVER, sir," was the reply.

"If you were you would not add to my already great mental perturbation by perpetrating those fearful jokes!"

"I must say your babies are beautiful, quite æsthetic; two boys and two girls, eh? H'm two—two; how does that strike you?—Never mind," added our ambassador hurriedly as the other rose with a savage expression. "Do you attribute this affair to the National Policy, sir?"

"No, you idiot," shouted Mr. Stockwell, "nor to the natural policy nor any other policy, nor yet to the tariff."

"Ha: well, I don't know; though the tariff may not have brought the thing about, still, when these little popsy-wopsies all yell in chorus the noise must be terrific; am I right?"

As soon as the promoter of the new industry was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak he gasped out,

"Don't, please don't; supposing this thing goes on, where shall I be in ten years? Just fancy, at the lowest figure I shall have about thirty children. It's awful to think of. Just try and realize the amount of parogoric."

"And cradles," said Nurse No. 1.

"And rattles, and rings, and bottles and things," poetically exclaimed No. 2.

"Oh! no, cheer up. What little beauties to be sure. Which are the boys and which the girls?" enquired the interviewer, hoping to divert the other's mind from the contemplation of such a fearful possibility.

"I—I—I—well, I don't know: nurse which is which?" enquired the perplexed parent.

"This is Caleb," said nurse No. 1, indicating the mite on her right arm.

"And this is Floss," interrupted nurse No. 2 poking her chin towards the bundle in her hand.

"And this is Mary," chimed in Nurse No. 1.

"And this is Jos," concluded No. 2.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the interviewer; "good, good, let's see, how does it go?" and he chanted,

"This is Caleb,
And this is Floss,
And this is Mary,
And this is Jos,

Capital. Say, old fellow," he went on as a thought struck him. "What is the difference between unmarried life and the present state of the house of Stockwell?"

"I give it up; I can see that there is a difference—a big one—explain."

"Why, one is celibacy and the other is Calebacy; dy'e see," but Mr. Stockwell had swooned.

"Would you like to take the little dear in your arms, sir?" enquired the nurses, both together.



"Well, I—I—yes, some of it, not all at once," replied the GRIP man, somewhat embarrassed.

"Give me Mary," and he held out his hands.

"This isn't Mary," replied Nurse No. 2, "this is Cale—no, this is Jos, no—my gracious, Kitty," she said to Nurse No. 2, "you've got Jos and Caleb and I've got Mary and Floss, or you've got Jos and Mary and I've got Caleb and Floss, or—oh! dear, oh! dear, they're mixed, they're mixed. Mr. Stockwell, mister Stockwell, do'ee come to, and tell us which is which. You're quadruplets is all mixed up and we don't know which is who."

"Female," roared the now reviving parent, "take the offspring away," and the two nurses left the room in a fearful state of excitement.

"I must say good-day, sir," said the GRIP man, rising, "I sincerely trust your children will thrive and do well."

"They won't, if they follow their miserable father's calling," returned the other, in a lugubrious tone.

"Why, what d'ye mean?" hurriedly enquired the interviewer.

"They could not live, was the answer.

"Why?"

"Because they would dye," howled the champion papa, as GRIP's representative fled like one who sees a wrath.

S.

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POEMS OF LIFE. No. 3.

THE INEBRIATE.

BY MCTUFF.

Bundled up in a bar-room chair,
The sterling pride of manhood gone;
A human wreck is slumb'ring there,
A pitiful sight to gaze upon.

Mud-stained, ragged, unkempt, unwashed,
Nothing more abject could you meet;
In his sad condition, unabashed,
A toy for the urchins of the street.

Now reeling along 'neath his heavy load,
Or stretched in the shade a senseless sot;
The sidewalk being too narrow a road,
A bed in the wayside mire he's got—

And fellow beings pass him by,
Nor think such heedless act a shame,
Yet soothe their conscience with a sigh,
And say he has none but himself to blame.

Himself to blame! O! could you but know
The fiend who has bound him hand and foot,
Your heart with pity would overflow,
Your eyes fill up, and your tongue be mute,

Unless to speak a kind word of hope,
And help him to curb that fierce desire,
For without your aid he cannot cope
With the scorching flame of that inward fire

That is burning his very vitals up
And driving out self-respect and shame,
For nought can equal the poison cup
To ruin the soul and rack the frame.

O! give him your hand, do not pass him by,
Hope should not die, whilst life remains;
Through kindly aid he may yet defy
The demon and his powerful chains.

For once he was young, and pure, and free,
Before the scoffer with devilish smile,
"Doubting if ere a man he would be,"
Lifted the cup to his lips the while.

The generous youth to guile untrained,
Led astray by unprincipled men,
The fiery draught to the dregs has drained,
Repeating the act again and again.

O, rum fiend, heartless probrante!
How dreadful the ruin that thou hast wrought,
What happy homes made desolate,
What souls to the depths of infamy brought.

And this poor man in the bar-room chair,
Free middle age, all manhood gone,
Is sitting the picture of blank despair,
A pitiful object to gaze upon.

Early English—baby talk.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Is that dog mad?" he asked the boy as the animal dashed by. "I guess he is," replied the boy; "I just see a butcher take a piece o' meat away from him and kick him six feet in the air. Wouldn't you be mad if that was done to you?"

"Any good shooting on your farm?" asked a hunter of a farmer. "Splendid," replied the agriculturist, "there's a dry-well man down in the clover meadow, a cloth peddler at the house, a candidate out in the barn, and two tramps down in the stockyard. Climb right over the fence, young man, load both barrels, and sail in."

He had at last screwed his courage to the sticking point and had come determined to pop the question. "Is Miss Blank in?" he asked of the new girl. "Indade she is that?" "Is she engaged?" "Bless yer sowl, but you'd think so if yez could see her and a young man on the parlor sofa just now. Do you want to see her?" But he had fled.

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