



UNREASONABLE.

POLICEMAN—"Now, then, move on here!"

MR. FUDDLESOME—"Don't (*hic*) talk such awf'l (*hic*) bosh, p'liceman. I (*hic*) can't move on. Wish (*hic*) I could!"

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

FIRST POET—"Whither away, Eugenio?"

SECOND POET—"I have just penned a choice little *morceau* 'To the First Robin,' and I am taking it to the office of the *Yankee*. 'Tis a gem, yet withal not a flawless one, but mettinks if the metre doth limp a little the editor can, it may be, supply the missing feet."

FIRST POET—"He can, Eugenio, he can! The last occasion—positivly the last—on which I visited his sanctum. I left with the impression that in the matter of feet he was adequate for any emergency."

THE OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

WHAT matters it that I can make
Bright creamy rolls, or apple pie
That will not cause a pain or sigh
In sleep or when awake;
That I can sweep, and dust, and lake
The sweetest bread, and buy
"Rock bottom fine," and cinders rake
From out the ash-heaps where they lie,
To save the coal; can brown a roast,
Make jelly tarts and marmalade.
'Tis strange with these points none have said,
"Will you be mine?" Still will I boast
That men are blind. But stay—a thought
Dispels the gloom which lurks within.
'Tis Leap Year! Henceforth I'll begin
To seek instead of being sought!

"COACHING AROUND NICE" is a frequent heading in the N.Y. *Herald's* cable news. Wouldn't it sound more grammatical to say "coaching around nicely."

A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

THE following letter, which appears in the *Empire*, is humorous enough for republication entire in our columns:

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of "The Empire."

SIR,—It is nothing less than disgraceful, the ungrateful, ghastly views presented to the public by the man Goldwin Smith. We, in the country, hold you good people of Toronto responsible for the prominence given to this individual. If you expressed your abhorrence of him in as practical a fashion as the electors in these bye-elections are expressing theirs of the "gang" to which he belongs, this country would not be long pestered with him. If I lived in Toronto, and happened to be at a meeting where that man was put forward as a public teacher or oracle, I should get up and go out. If many people did this, the ostracism which he has earned would soon be complete, and the country that has known too much of him would soon know him no more.

Yours, etc.,

March 17, 1892.

A CANADIAN.

After reading the first part of this vigorous outburst we shuddered in anticipation of the terrific vengeance which the writer was preparing to mete out to the Professor as a penalty for his ungrateful ghastliness. Nothing less than hanging, impalement, or, at the very least, tar-and-feathers, seemed at all adequate to fill the measure of his righteous wrath. It was a decided relief to know that all he proposes is that those like minded with himself—if such people may as a figure of speech be supposed to have minds,—should get up and go out when the Prof. rises to speak. GRIP cordially seconds the motion. A public meeting where important matters are under discussion is no place for idiots.

A PARADOX.

SAMJONES—"Curious about Lent, isn't it?"

BORAX—"What?"

SAMJONES—"Why, that the people who observe it are the ones who lead fast lives."



MUSICAL MEM.

"THREE BEATS IN A BAR."