



EXCEPTIONAL.

DE LOONEY (*Ottawa society swell, to His Excellency's aide-de-camp*)—"Aw, could you oblige me with an invitation to the State ball?"

AIDE (*horrified*)—"Good gwacious! You don't mean to say society people in Canada actually *ask* to be invited to balls?"

DE LOONEY—"Oh, no; only those balls that they have to foot the bill for as tax-payers, doncher know."

THE ROMANCE OF AN EYELID.

MY name is Green, Tom Green, though why I have not the least idea. Probably I was so called after our old cat, for I resemble that august animal in at least one respect—I wink.

Did you ever watch a cat sitting before the fire, and every now and then indulging a sly wink at the flames? Well, that is my specialty, too. In childhood my winking was ascribed to that large factor in boys called devilment, and accordingly I often suffered for my involuntary twitching.

But the sufferings of my youth were nothing to those of my later life. Some time ago I saw a girl, just the girl that I, a middle-aged bachelor, have sought for years. She used to take the same car down town every morning, and soon her face became so familiar that it began even to intrude into my books during the day, chasing the figures in the columns I was adding, and making everything bright. Well, after a few weeks of that I got into a way of hurrying through breakfast and rushing down town till I came in sight of my fair one's corner, and then managing to time my arrival so as to meet her and her car at the same moment. I even helped her on several times, and I shall never forget her pretty way of saying "Thank you;" but one dreadful day when I helped her off the car she dropped her handbag. Of course, when I picked it up, she thanked me in her prettiest way. She smiled, and, while I gazed into the depths of her beautiful eyes—to my horror—I felt my eyelid twitch, and I knew that I had winked at my darling. It did not need her little stare of angry surprise to tell me that I had insulted her beyond forgiveness, so I grasped the hand-rail, swung myself on the car, and stood glaring up the street, winking fiercely to keep back the tears. My dream of love was over.

S. J. R.

TO SETTLE IT.

IS marriage a failure? Some point to divorce
And others, indignant, deny it;
But to all men and women (unmarried, of course)
GRIP's advice (which is *gratis*) is,—“Try it!”

A POINTER.

MY frens, ef you wish ter be pointed out as er great man, keep yer mouf shet on things you don' know nuffin about. Fokes may tink you're dun'b, but don' let dat trubble yer.

ANOTHER WAY OF PUTTING IT.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENDANT—"And now, my man, you say that when you entered you were struck with the heterogeneous conglomeration of articles in the room."

PLAINTIFF—"No, your honner, 'twasn't none o' them things as struck me. It was Billy Maloney as did it, an' it was wid a frozen turnip."

NEEDED EXPLANATION.

MR. DE LIMPKIN—"What a flatterer that fellow Brown is!"

MISS BJONES—"Flatterer! Why, he is too conceited to think of anyone but himself."

MR. DE LIMPKIN—"Exactly. And he is always talking about himself."

QUITE SO.

MR. 1ST BOARDER—"This confounded butter is a mixture. You can see two colors in it."

MR. 2ND BOARDER—"Well, isn't that all right? 'In union there is strength,' you know."

STOP, THIEF!

GENERAL BOOTH having asked Government aid for the establishment of Food and Shelter Depots, and Rescue Homes for Fallen Women, the London *Spectator* and other papers protest against the employment of public funds for such purposes.



THERE'S a hue and cry, and a hurrying of feet, Britannia has nearly been robbed on the street; She was just passing through the Salvationist mob, When a light-fingered 'convert' attempted the job. But the thief has been caught, a poor, wretched, drab, Who thought the dame's pocket a fortunate grab. March her off to the cells in double quick time, Let want and starvation excuse not her crime.

'Twas a dastardly deed to attempt to waylay
The pious Britannia in that sneaking way.
She has plenty of outlets for all her spare cash,
Without letting any be boned by such trash.
She has many a servant and tradesman to pay,
And the sum of her debts is increased every day,
For her family burdens are truly enormous,
As the budget's long columns of figures inform us.

Yet methinks if instead of that poor, dirty hand,
One sceptred and jeweled would make a demand
For twice such a ransom that some royal prince
Might set up a household, she never would wince,
Nor dream for a moment of raising a row,
But with many a servile, and worshipping bow,
She would pay out the money, and wish a God-speed
To the robber, and pray for long life to the breed.

WILLIAM MCGILL.