

loud hulloa ! and brutal noise, they summoned that gentleman to the door.

"Well fellows," said the terrified Percy, "what's all this infernal waw about?"

"We've seen a spooke !"

"We've seen a ghast !"

"What—what was it like—"

"Oh sir ! it had on a big collar of gold on which are carved crowns, roses, shamrocks, thistles, a surcoat of red with edging and living—"

"Go to bed you infernal idiots. It's only Sir John you saw in his robes of the bawth—aw—get out !" and Percy Sniffens retired to his room in high dudgeon.

"Be the powers of Moll Kelley !" said Mr. Cardigan, "if them's the robes Sir John takes his bath in, he has mighty hoigh notions, Pether, that's all I can say."

"Well, oh well, what for in a' the warl is the purauld man comin' tae, I fear thon trip tae the auld counthry has turned his heed—well, well, to take a bath in. Con hae ye any thing in your flask, for I'd lak a we drappie. Ae mon, but this has beer a terrible nicht !"

THE SCALPEL.

WANTED—VIGOROUS AGITATION.

We are on the eve of a vigorous agitation for Canadian Independence.—*Toronto News.*

Only on the eve, eh ? Then you don't count your work for a year past ? This is candid, but it doesn't say much for the weight of the editor.

HE WAS PURSUED.

Mr. Eaton has already ran up a large workshop on the rear of his lot adjoining the English church.—*Orillia paper.*

But you don't say whether it was a festive bull or only an inquisitive dog that chased him.

AGRICULTURAL NOTE.

Personals in some of the county locals appear to have gone to seed.—*Boston World.*

Yes, to hay-seed—judging by the subjects of some of them.

MOVE INSIDE.

There is a miserable den within a hundred yards of this office.—*Coltingwood Bulletin Local.*

Must be rather inconvenient to have the editorial sanctum so far away.

PRECEPT vs. PRACTICE.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong.
—*Gentle Poet.*

That's all right enough in sentiment ; but what about it when the nurse girl leaves the cradle right across the bed-room door on lodge night ?

HEAR THIS, CODY !

Cleveland will reside in Buffalo until his inauguration. The President elect, you understand, wants to leave nothing undone to fill the bill—the Buffalo Bill, as it were.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

Mr. G. E. Whiten has decided not to be a candidate for re-election to the Council.—*Orillia Packet.*

Mr. Whiten probably wants to preserve the literal significance of his patronymic. That is to say, Mr. Whiten wants no one to blacken his name.

A SHERRY COBLER FOR ME.

It is said that drowning men will catch at a straw. The Tories are somewhat similar.

Just so. But there must be something of a liquid nature at the other end of the straw.

THE SHINGLES.

A LITTLE DRAMA.

Patient.

"What can it be, so large and wide,
This burning rash upon my side ?
I am not well—I am not sick,
But you must fetch the doctor quick."

First Neighbor.

"The doctor did you say ? oh dear !
He must be very ill I fear !"

Second Neighbor.

"Doctor indeed ! oh my, oh my !
He is not half so sick as I."

Third Neighbor.

"Well, he has but himself to blame,
My Peter had the very same ;
It will be nothing, I am sure,
Ye want no doctor in your door."

Wife.

"Have patience, James, the neighbors say
The doctor need not come to-day."

Patient.

"Neighbors, indeed ! what do they know !
My pulse is beating very low ;
I cannot eat, I cannot sleep,
And chills along my members creep.
My lips are parched, my tongue is dry,
I'll have the doctor, live or die !"

Doctor.

"Heigho ! what have we here to-day ?
A rash upon one side, you say ;
Commencing with a pain within,
Then efforescing on the skin.
While groups of vesicles appear,
Containing each a tiny tear ;
Engrafted on a tender base,
Yours is 'an interesting case.'"

Patient.

"Oh, doctor ! how it burns and tingles !"

Doctor.

"Why, yes, my friend, you have the shingles."

First Neighbor.

"I'm sure the doctor ought to know."

Second Neighbor.

"The shingles ! sure I told you so !"

Third Neighbor.

"Shingles be blowed ! my daughter Nelly
Had just the same from eating jelly.
These doctors don't know beans, I swan ;
But if it's 'shingles' he is gone !"

Wife.

"Oh, Doctor, dear ! what shall we do ?
Is there a chance to pull him through ?"

Patient (to Doctor indignantly).

"Shingles be blanked, and you the same."

Doctor.

"Aye, 'shingles' is the common name ;
But since true science we should foster,
The proper name is 'herpes zoster.'"

(The Patient subsides, the Neighbors collapse, and the Doctor continues.)

"There is no danger, if, with care,
You use the medicines I prepare ;
Let not your pleasures run to riot,
And live upon the best of diet ;
Tone up your nerves, as well you may,
And sleep by night and work by day.
Who rest and labor duly mingles,
Shall best escape the pain of 'shingles.'"

THE NORMAL SCHOOL PETITION.

It having become known to GRIP that a petition signed by all the male students at the Normal School had been sent in to legislative headquarters, praying the educational duennas for leave to speak to the sweet girl undergraduates at present attending there, and knowing that said petition is causing no little curiosity among certain outside members of both sexes, GRIP, in order to prevent the appearance of an unseemly protuberance on the craniums of these outsiders, caused by an undue development of the bump of inquisitiveness, has telephoned the secretary of the Legislature, and now proceeds to render a service to humanity by giving to the public, with his usual generosity, an original copy of the petition, free gratis, and no collection taken up :

To the Honorable the Members of the Legislature and others connected with, and in charge of, Educational Interests and Institu-

tions, the following petition is humbly and respectfully presented.

GENTLEMEN,—

Whereas, we, the undersigned and mighty illused and discontented students (male) at present attending the Normal School in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty four, with the avowed and declared intention of learning how to teach the young idea to shoot ;

And whereas, we are most of us strangers in a strange country as it were, being deprived of the society of our sisters, aunts and cousins, in fact semi-orphans for the time being ; and whereas, some of these, our fellow students, are our sisters, or aunts, and all of them our consins ; and further whereas, we are continually in their vicinity, tantalized by the flutter of their ribbons, the rustle of their garments, the smile of their faces, the heaven of their eyes ; and whereas, in all other government institutions, with the exception of penitentiaries and penal institutions, men are allowed to converse with women, to clevate their hats to them, to bow, and conduct themselves otherwise than as deaf mutes ; and whereas, we, the male students, daily suffer agonies from the unrelaxing death grip of old Fogeyism, in that we are not allowed in connection with these, our sisters, aunts and cousins, to use the human prerogative and grand distinguishing faculty of speech in the same way as to all other human beings or even animals. Albeit, it hath been previously shewn, by church certificates and other testimonials that these aforesaid sisters, aunts and cousins are the salt of the earth, and therefore more likely to preserve than corrupt the morals of poor innocent fellows like your petitioners ; and whereas, the woman being the natural complement, or completion, or half of man, it follows that there is great and imminent danger of your petitioners growing mentally and morally lob-sided, for lack of the support afforded by free speech with 'tother half ; and farther whereas, these, our sisters, aunts and cousins aforesaid, may speak, laugh, and chat with any other outside fellow, right under our disgusted noses, are in short being entirely monopolized by aforesaid outside fellows, we not allowed a decent show alongside of them, but must remain dumb, without even the privilege of protest, being under an interdiction of silence, monks against our own will and consent, having our hands tied with red tape and their lips sealed with a government seal.

We, therefore, the aforesaid male students attending the Normal School in the winter solstice of the year of our Lord 1884, do therefore, in language not loud but deep, humbly pray your Honorable Legislatureships to remove or cause to be removed at once and forever this Government seal from our lips, thereby raising us from the level of convicts to that of ordinary men. And we would humbly shew and set forth that such a concession on your Honorable parts, would do away with the tiresome practice of male students arraying themselves in female apparel, with veils, furs, etc., in order to gain, with full consent of the janitors, an interview with any one cousin ; for your Honors cannot be ignorant of the adage that love laughs at locksmiths, and applies a digit to the side of his nose, as he reads the Anglo-Canadian rules anent the male and female students of the Normal School. That your Honorable House may see that monkish separation of the sexes is at variance with the genius of the time, and an insult to the high moral standing of the female students in this the nineteenth century. And that the sun of said century may enlighten, warm and thaw your Honors out,

Your petitioners will ever pray.

In a boarding-house a man's room is better than his company, if he does not pay his board.