



"So the world wags."

I don't think Grip has yet published a Fall poem this year, so I venture to offer one. I am not its author. I don't know who is: I don't even remember where I saw the beautiful poem below: but here it is, and if not altogether melodious and rhythmical it is at least true. Some of the lines are a little longer than the others, while again some of them are considerably shorter than the rest, but as the poem is evidently an imitation of Walt Whitman's style, that is all right.

THE FALL SEASON.

This is Fall. Upon that you can bet your shekels. Not the fall of the iceman's spirits, nor the fall of the hopes of the undertaker who has reaped a harvest of small boys.

It is the Fall of the year. The time when the young man wonders whether he had better buy an ulster, or put a fur collar on his duster, or make his last winter's overcoat stand the racket.

And generally he comes to the latter conclusion. Especially if he's working for about ten dollars a week. It's the season when the maiden wanders through the woods after autumn leaves, and jumps on a rock and screeches when she sees a snake three inches long. And this is about all I know about it.

Let Shakespeare say what he pleases about the value of a name. It has a value, as the anecdote below will show. It is astonishing what a large number of people there are in this world who put no faith in a medicine, unless it is given a long, jawbreaking name. As an example of this let me tell you the story of

CHLORIDE OF SODIUM.

The little incident I am about to relate occurred in my own experience when putting in my time as a gallant defender of my country against foes, chiefly imaginary ones, in Fort Garry and elsewhere in Manitoba. I held the distinguished position of Hospital Sergeant, and in this capacity I was frequently, in the absence of the regimental surgeon, called on to prescribe for many minor ills to which military flesh is heir. Well, one afternoon a man came to me and stated that he was suffering from a sore throat, as indeed he was, but as it was only an ordinary case of this complaint I told him to make a gargle of common salt and water and use it frequently. He went away with a look on his face which plainly said "you don't know much about your 'biz' salt, indeed!" and next morning, at the regular hour for the sick to present themselves to the doctor, my gentleman returned and was duly ushered into the surgeon's presence. "What's the matter?" enquired the doctor.

"Sore throat, sir," was the reply. "I came to the sergint yesterday with it, but it's no better, and no wonder."

"H'm!" muttered the doctor, looking down into the fellow's throat, and then turning to me, said, "What did you give him for it, sergeant?"

"A gargle of salt and water, sir," I replied. "Tut, tut, tut," said the doctor, who seemed to understand military human nature. "we must try something stronger. Give him a gargle of chloride of sodium cum aqua; and

you, my man, come for your medicine as soon as the sick parade is dismissed." It was laughable to see the look of triumph on the man's face when he heard the doctor order his gargle and he cast a look in my direction which said, "There; so much for your medical knowledge."

According to order, the gargle, "Sodii chlor: cum aqua" (in other words, common salt and water), was made up in a bottle labelled and handed to the sufferer, who showed up on the following morning completely cured, saying to me, "Ah! sargint, I'd have been in a bad way by this time if I'd gone on wid the salt and wather: It's thim docters as knows what to ordher." Now, was this a faith cure or what?

* *

Here is another yarn which is not so bad. I can swear to its truth. It also happened in Fort Garry. I will call it

THE BEAST.

Of course we were all, officers excepted, regimentally numbered; that is to say, each man bore a certain number, as No. 541, Private John Smith, and so on. There was one man, Grant by name, who was most tremendously unpopular, partly on account of his excessively uncleanly personal habits, and partly from his disagreeable and boorish manners. He was unanimously nick named "the Beast," and was better known by that sobriquet than by his rightful appellation. I chanced to cross the barrack square one day when a knot of men were teasing poor Grant and gadding him nearly to distraction by their taunts. I halted and said, apparently siding with him against his persecutors, "Never you mind, Grant; you can crow over those fellows at any rate?"

"Hoo's that, Saigreant?" he asked, "hoo dy'e mak' that oot?"

"Why the bible speaks of you, and singles out you, in particular: I dare swear none of these fellows are mentioned in it."

"Dis it ara! A didna ken that. Whaur will I be speerin' to see a Grant mentioned i' the Buik?"

"Look in the thirteenth chapter of Revelations and read the eighteenth verse. It plainly refers to you."

"What dis it say, Saigreant?" asked Grant.

"It says, 'Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast; for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred, three score and six.' What's your regimental number, Grant?"

"Losh, man, its sax hoonder an' saxty sax, sure eneuch," and so it was

Of course this brilliant witticism was loudly applauded, and I'll be bound that very few of those who were in Fort Garry in 1873, do not remember Grant and the number of the Beast.

How I came to be so well posted in Scripture is another thing, and one which it is not necessary to touch upon.

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The following anecdote of Bismarck is not new, but many, probably, have not heard it. I fancy his lordship, Odo Russell, must have felt the least bit cheap.

It is narrated that Lord Odo Russell, while calling upon Prince Bismarck a short time ago, asked him how he managed to rid himself of that class of importunate visitors whom he could not well refuse to see, but whose room he found preferable to their company. "Oh," replied the Chancellor, "I have a very simple method. My wife knows them pretty well, and when she sees they are with me she generally contrives to come in and call me away upon some pretext or another. He had scarcely finished speaking when the Princess put her head in the door and said: "Otto, you must come and take your medicine. You ought to have had it an hour ago."

No comment is necessary on the following. Every one knows what the big "blanket" newspapers are, and I don't want to say anything either for or against them.

THE BIG BLANKET SHEET.

Did I dream? Was 't a fancy
Of weird necromancy
That mingled the living with shades of the dead?
Was 't a deep meditation,
Or hallucination
Provoked by a paper I had but just read?

The blanket-sheet editor
Sat in his den,
With his yard stick and tape-measure,
Paste-pot and pen,
When there came to the doorway
And stood in a row
The spirits of Shakespeare,
Of Addison, Poe,
And a multitude more
Of the same brainy school;
And one in clown's raiment—
A poor, verbose fool.

"So your hunting for places?"
The editor said.
Each made in his turn
Gave a nod of the head.
"How much can you write
In the course of a day?"
The spirits proceeded
Their work to display.

One had written a sonnet
Of usual length,
Another a paragraph
Towering in strength,
Still another romanced
In sensational strain—
Every thought a rare gem
From a procreant brain.

Then forth from his bag
The poor motley clown brought
A hay-mow of words
With a needle of thought.
And the editor measured
Them all with his rule,
And dismissed every spirit
Save that of the fool.

—Eugene Field.

SCOTCH THRIFT.

LITTLE GIRL —(to Scotch Housewife). —
"Please, mem, ma mither has sent me to see if yo would lend me yuir beef bone to make broth wi'."

SCOTCH WIFE. — "Weel, ma lassie, I canna jist do that. Ye see, we made broth with it oursel on Monday, and we lent it to Mrs. Macvicar to flavour some hare soup on Tuesday, and we're using it the day for cockie-leekie oursel; but ye may get a boiling o't on Friday, for Mrs. Tamson has the promise o't for the morn for some nice strengthening soup, for her man's an invalid!"

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A revolting spectacle—now to be seen in Spain.—*Life*.

Judkins, who married a girl named Emiline, says that he feels "embossed."—*Marathon Independent*.

A Humorist was once Called into the Presence of the Managing Editor and Solely re-proved for the Dullness of his Wit. "Your jokes," quoth the Editor, "are so Bad that I am Daily Compelled to Print them in that Nondescript department entitled 'Pearls of Thought.'"—*Denver Tribune*.

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