



A HINT TO THE TRADE.*

The Photographer.—Now, madam, it's all ready; look pleasant, if you please, and keep your eyes fixed on that sign!

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

OPEN TO ALL OUR READERS.

NOTICE.—For conditions to be observed when sending for delineation of character from handwriting see GRIP of Nov. 27th. Back numbers always in print. We implore the patience of those who have forwarded specimens. Our expert is working day and night to keep up with the enormous quantity of letters which daily arrive at our office. All will be served in turn; those forwarding donations first, subscribers next, casual purchasers last.

7. Dear Sir I write this
8. Latest fashions for
9. It might have been
10. Three year old next
11. Very graceful
12. Specimen of my writing

7. "Painter," Kingston.—Gentleman's hand. There is an unsteadiness about this hand which leads me to the opinion that the writer has a closer acquaintance with the bottle than he should have. He is a painter, whose coloring is somewhat glaring. Red is his favorite shade, and when using it he lays it on in large quantities, enough to cover a whole town. I see also that he has a liking for mathematics, for often, when he wanders homewards, he describes stranger curves and lines than Euclid ever dreamt of. As a married man he is shrewd, because his wife is a shrew. When in his right senses he has a most comprehensive grasp of material things, which, were it not checked by the masterly mind of his wife, would land him into jail.

8. "Lady Maud," Toronto.—In this hand I find strong evidences of a determined temper and a firm desire not to be left in her search after her rights. She is young and doubtless beautiful, but has no one to love her, because she is a flirt. Were she to abandon her impetuosity she might yet be courted by a real live lord all the way from Hingland. She plays upon the piano with great taste, but she has a greater taste for the meals prepared by her

hard-working ma. She is a past mistress in the art of choosing stylish bonnets, and could she but catch a husband who could allow her lots of money some milliner would reap a rich harvest.

9. "Socrates," Winnipeg.—Gentleman's hand. The owner of this hand possesses a highly imaginative nature (the expert would require to be more highly imaginative still to realize that he owned the dollar bill which "Socrates" states he enclosed) in which is mingled a small amount of military dash. He evidently passed through the terrors of the late rebellion, and what his military dash failed to accomplish his imagination fully made up. In private life he is nervous and excitable. This is clearly traceable to the efforts of his mother-in-law, who wears a wig. He has a great regard for his friends and will stand drinks round whenever he has the money, on the presumption they will lend him a quarter when he is out of the needful.

10. "Sportsman," Hamilton.—Gentleman's hand. Here is a gentle and refined nature. He keeps dogs and his love for them is unbounded, and his desire that they shall be well fed, unlimited. He has a wife, too. Kicks, curses and crusts are good enough for her. In company his diction is choice and elegant, and his manners engaging. To some extent he is impulsive, but only in the presence of his wife. He has much dramatic force and his effects are striking. On Sundays the serenity of his countenance is not surpassed by that of the minister he hears preach. He thinks the minister a good man, but he thinks himself a better. His last words will be: "Bury me with my dogs."

11. "Madame Le Duc," Toronto.—There is a severity of temperament noticeable in this hand which would be positively chilling were it not counterbalanced by an inner gushing love for some one who could be bold enough to lo—well, respect her. It is plainly evident she is of uncertain age, and that whilst in her sweet teens she suffered some bitter disappointment in love affairs. It is much to be regretted that she is not better known to those in search of a wife, for there is a small fortune in her mouth alone. Her inclinations are to the luxurious and refined, but she does not indulge them. She drinks strong green tea without sugar, but varies it occasionally with a dash of gin.

12. "Nick O'Demus," Toronto.—Gentleman's hand. There is ample proof to my analyzing mind that the writer of this hand is an alderman. There is such a preponderance of vanity and love of self displayed throughout, which admit of no other conclusion. His thoughts are subtle and deep; so deep, indeed, that when he ought to speak upon his subject, he finds them so far down that a pair of grappling irons cannot bring them to light. He is generous (with the ratepayers' money) and thoughtful (about improvements around his own house), but his word cannot always be relied upon. One portion of his existence he is busily engaged promising that every good thing asked for shall be performed; the other, acting the reverse.

(More to follow.)

"LEN GANSETT."

In the issue of the *Arkansaw Traveller* dated December 26 will appear the opening chapters of a new serial, by the editor of the *Arkansaw Traveller*, entitled "Len Gansett; a Story of Arkansaw Life." The characters in this story are drawn from life, and will be presented in the author's happiest style. The short stories which have long been a feature of the *Traveller* have been widely copied, and "Annie Green," the serial now running in that paper, is a story of absorbing interest. "Len Gansett" is a work of wider scope and stronger character than any of the original stories that have yet appeared in the *Traveller*, and it will doubtless receive a hearty welcome from readers of fiction throughout the country.



HOW SHE CUM BY HER DEATH.

I'd been at school in the country with him, and was glad to see him again. He noticed me glancing at the crape band on his grey wide-awake. "That thar's for Almiry," he said, "Cousin Almiry Simple, she was allus kinder delicate like, an' she got lonely a-stayin' in the kentry, and said she thought she'd like to stay in the city, where a knock would come to the door occasionally like. She was tired o' the loneliness o' the kentry, she thought it would be kind o' cheerful—to have to answer the door—but she got enough o' that. Guess she's got all her fill of knocks at the door now—but I guess she won't be troubled with them any more—it was them as finished her—them agents, sir, finished Almiry."

"Cousin Zeke," says Almiry to me, "you come an' help me to move an' settle down like." Course I went, and we hadn't the furniture well in an' the door shet afore they began, some knockin', some ringin'—oh, lawk! Almiry she'd go, an' then I'd go—but she said it was so social an' cheery like, so different from the kentry—she didn't mind, if they'd only wait till she'd get her curtains up. She did want to get them curtains up, badly.

* From GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC for '86. Brim full of good things. Ten cents; send for a copy.