



"So the world wags."

No, I'll be hanged if I can see any harm in card-playing, that is, in the simple act of playing cards, though doubtless it may lead to gambling, like almost anything else. Still, children should be taught not to mix up what they learn whilst amusing themselves with the bits of pasteboard, with other and more serious things, or, doubtless, euchre, poker, whist, etc., will lead to

#### BAD EFFECTS.

Ethel's mother, writes Eli Perkins, was reading her Sabbath-school lesson to her when she came to the verse—

"But when they next saw Joseph, they found him in a position of great authority and power, and —"

"Joseph was King, wasn't he, mamma?" interrupted Ethel.

"No, Ethel, he was not King but he was very high—next to the King."

"Oh, I know, mamma, he was Jack—Jack high."

Alas, Ethel had seen too much card playing. —*Exchange.*

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Young men, as your friend and well-wisher, I am always anxious to do everything that will make your lives happy, and as most of your trials and tribulations will probably come upon you after matrimony, I feel that it is only right on my part to give you a "pointer" as to your conduct on certain occasions. Read below, then, what John did, and go ye and do likewise.

#### HE MAINTAINED HIS MENTAL EQUILIBRIUM.

"Here you are again," she said in a harsh voice and with a dark frown upon her face, as she opened the door for him and let him in; "an hour past midnight, and—and—my gracious! you've been drinking, as usual. I don't care! I won't stand this: I'll go back to mother. There!"

"Whizzer mazzar, lovey?"

"Matter! I should think there was matter enough, you brute; what's that you've got in that paper bag?"

"Angel cake; thazzar whazzar call it. But not half good 'nuff for you, lovey. You are better than 'nangel." So saying, he produced a large slice of rich fruit cake from the bag.

A smile passed over her face as she took the cake and said:

"John, you are just too awful, coming home so late and in such a state. Now, just say you won't do it any more, like a good boy."

"Nor, lovey; wonner dor her no more."

"All right, then; I forgive you this time, dear. Let me help you upstairs."

And as she put the fruit cake away in the closet, she murmured to herself, "Angel cake; and isn't half good enough for me, he says. Well, John is a dear, good fellow, after all." —*Somerville Journal.*

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The appended extract is said to treat of a conversation that actually happened. It is

not only possible, but probable, that such was the case, as any one can testify who has ever travelled in that land of jaw-breakers—Wales—which country can double discount Germany, Russia or any other known place in the matter of polysyllabic words with most of the vowels left out.

#### HIGHLY LUCID.

Welsh names are proverbially of a crack-jaw tendency; but perhaps the palm may be given to the following, which casually occurred in a conversation between a Welsh maiden and an English visitor at a village at the foot of Snowdon. The visitor enquired—"What is the name of your little cottage, my dear? Welsh Girl—*Lletyllifllyflynwy*, sir. E. V.—Oh. And are your parents living? W. G.—Yes, sir; but my father works at Chwael Caebrachlycafn. E. V.—Well, well. Any brothers? W. G.—Yes, three, sir. One at Rhoslanerchrugog, one at Llanenddwynowmllandwywe, one lives between Penmaen-mawr and Llanfairfrehan. E. V.—It's growing worse, I see. How many sisters? W. G.—Only two, sir; one is with my aunt at Llanfairmathafarneithf. E. V.—My word, what a name! And the other? W. G.—Oh, she is in service, sir, at Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllgetrobwlllyndysiliogogoch." This agreeable name signifying—"Llanfair," St. Mary near; "Pwll Gwyn-gyll," White Hazel Pond; "Goger," near; "Y Chwyrn Drobwll," near the Whirl Pool; "Dysilio," Saint; "Ogo," cavern; "Gogo Goch," ancient hermit.

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It is to be sincerely hoped that the young woman who speaks in the following verses is not to be taken as a specimen of our Canadian pic-nic going damsel, even though she may happen to "run the bar." I don't think any girl in the Dominion above a certain grade would speak of young men as "gents," even to make the metre of her conversational verse run smoothly: No; let us trust that it is an American lass who is speaking of

#### THE MODERN PICNIC.

"You must wake and call me early; call me early, mother dear,  
For our association starts its picnic from the pier.  
We've a couple of lads to dance, mother, and a dozen or so to spar,  
And I am to run the bar, mother, I am to run the bar!"

"The boys are perfect gents, mother, though they're fond of getting high,  
So, just wrap up the cartridges and pistols with the pie  
If any Sunday schools, mother, should picnic thereabout,  
We're able to knock 'em out, mother, we're able to knock 'em out."

"Of course there will be rows, mother; if there wasn't it would be queer,  
When I serve them all with mugs of froth, where they've called aloud for beer;  
But what can you expect, mother, when a couple of hundred meet,  
Who would rather fight than eat, mother, who would rather fight than eat?"

"If I shouldn't come home at all, mother, through being a bit too game,  
Just work the hospital list, mother, until you find my name;  
Or else at the station house, mother, though the cops would hardly dare,  
Yet you'll possibly find me there, mother, you'll possibly find me there!"

—*Woman's Kingdom, in Toronto Mail.*

#### BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

A noted physician says that nearly all women have smaller chests and trunks than they ought. Baggage men don't think so.—*Burlington Free Press.*



The managers of the Caledonian Games at Lucknow have courteously sent GRIP a complimentary ticket, which he regrets to say he will be unable to avail himself of. The demonstration takes place on the 12th, and we hope it will be as happy, enjoyable and successful as its predecessors under the same management have been. We can say nothing heartier.

Manager Sheppard has caught the town this week with a grand spectacular play, involving brilliant costumes, gorgeous scenic effects, pretty ballet girls, and no end of attractions. The piece is mounted by Kiralfy Bros., and nothing further need be said in testimony of its excellence.

The Holman Co. are performing *Iolanthe* at the Zoo, and they "do it very well." Miss Blanche Holman is playing the title role, and O'Connor has made a hit as the *Lord Chancellor*. Next week the Company take possession of the Holman Opera House—late Adelaide St. Rink.

A Concert is to be given at Shaftesbury Hall on the 18th in aid of the Children's Home. Mrs. Caldwell and other eminent vocalists are upon the programme, and a first-class entertainment may be anticipated.

#### PERSEVERE IN WELL DOING.

BY MCTUFF.

Come weal, come woe, let come or go  
This world as it will,  
Though oft distressed, yet do your best  
Life's functions to fulfil.

Nor grief, nor care, your heart let sere,  
Though fickle fortune frown,  
And cruel fate, first elevate,  
Then rudely cast you down.

No thoughts unkind, let sway your mind,  
To give unmanly thrust,  
But whilst you've life, ne'er cause the strife,  
And in the issue trust.

Let not your heart the dastard's part  
Vindictively perform,  
Nor ever swerve, but with strong nerve  
To honor's laws conform.

With sturdy arm, and purpose firm,  
The right eye keep in view;  
Though baffled still, unyielding still,  
Its well marked path pursue.

Success with those, will but repose,  
Who ply the willing hand;  
Who show by deeds that ne'er mislead,  
Must confidence command.

Then persevere, nor doubt, nor fear  
What the result shall be,  
With truth for shield you win the field,  
And gain life's victory.

#### CLIPPINGS FROM OUR COMIC EXCHANGES.

Life is a Sirius affair in the dog-days—*Globe*. (This joke was patented in 1666.)

"Ouida" denies in a very spunky manner the story that she is insane. The Ouidas of her novels, however, will scarcely believe her. —*Globe*. (Birth of this witticism contemporary with the appearance of "Ouida's" first novel.

If a man gets his coat wet from the spray of Niagara Falls, why is the moisture like a certain steamboat that once went down the rapids? Because it's Maid of the Mist!! (Made of the mist!!) —*Globe*. *Punch* please copy.