

time I spies sum bunnets an' makes fer them. They wuz two bold jades a' standin' near an' as I picked up one an' says to myself, "now that's nice," says one of them: "Yes it is."

I turns round my eyes burning with rage and again says I:—

"Who ast your opinion? Speak when you'r spoke to, young lady," an' without payin' any further heed I put it on an' wuz admirin' it in the lookin'-glass when the two sassy huzzies busted into a roar.

This wuz too much fer me. I throwed the bunnet down an' says: "I wouldn't buy a bunnet from you if you wuz givin' them away," an' with that I walked away as bold as a police on Yonge street in daylight.

One uv them seein' she was losin' a sale yells after me in pleadin' tones:—

"Won't you take the elevator?"

I wuzn't quite sure what she meant, but guessin' it was some new fangle, I answered in witherin' tones of scorn, "Elevator! I wouldn't wear one uv your elevators if you'd give it to me fer nothin'," and with that I flounced down stairs and out onto the street.

I searched all afternoon and finally in the evenin' I found a bunnet to my suitin' in a store in Parkdale. All the alterins wuz to take off the black ties and substitute purple. But laws me, Kate! How's yer ma? Why, land' sakes, it seems ye want me to do all the talkin. You ain't sed a blessed word since I've been here.

How's your ma?

A. L. McNAB.

MCCARTHY'S WAIL.

AIR—"Empty is the Cradle, Baby's Gone."

HERE I sit and mourn the Dual Language Act,
Pretty little thing I doted on;
I feel sore bereaved, I tell you that's a fact,
Empty is the paper, baby's gone.

I am greatly puzzled how it came about,
I can't remember what was going on;
"Lost!" "Call in the members!" I heard some one shout,
Then the vote was taken—and it's gone!

Surely I was dreaming, but they seem to say
Of the men who shouted I was one,
So the second reading simply went astray—
Empty is the paper, baby's gone!

Then I woke and struggled hard to reinstate
My motion on the paper, but Sir John
Raised his little finger—and it was too late,
Empty is the paper, baby's gone!

IT'S DIFFERENT HERE.

We may all hope none of the aldermen and business men who are going to Montreal next week will get lost in the strange city.—*Hamilton Herald.*

HAMILTON people must be considerably more fortunate in their choice of civic representatives than we are. So far as most of our aldermen are concerned the most popular thing they could do would be to get lost on some of their junketing trips abroad and never be heard of again.



A POSSIBLE CASE.

[Time 9.30 a.m. Premier Abbott has accidentally fallen into the Rideau.]

EXCITED PARTY (on opposite bank—to Mr. Chumperton Chumpe, of the Civil Service, who is passing)—"Hi, there! don't you see the Premier in the water? Why don't you go and pull him out?"

MR. C. C.—"Not by a jug full! If I do I will get my clothes wet, and in that case I'd have to go home and change, which would make me too late to sign the book, and I'd lose a day's pay. No, siree!"

HEARTILY APPROVED OF.

ONE-EYED LOONEY—"Say, Spudsy, I see as the Society fur Systematic Givin' got a meetin' on ter night. Me 'n' you'd orter go along an' work 'em."

SPUDSY—"Sure, old man! It's jest the kind of thing us perfeshionals ought to encourage. We'll go up there an' I reckon they'll be mighty glad to see us—so's they kin start in givin' right away 'thout losin' no time."

DIDN'T APPROVE THE REMEDY.

SAMJONES—"I have been for some time in a depressed condition."

DOCTOR—"Hm! Want of sleep, no doubt. I must give you something to make you sleep soundly."

SAMJONES—"Oh no—if you do that my condition would be more deep-rest than ever."

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

ESPECIALLY infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

TO GRIP'S BOYS.

WE will give to the boy who sells the largest number of GRIPS during the week ending May 28th, a handsome open face silver watch, stem wind and set, and warranted to keep good time. Each week thereafter until further notice we will offer a prize of similar value, varying the prize and the conditions, so that all boys will have an equal chance to become prize winners. At the end of six months, three prizes—a bicycle, gold watch and double-barrelled breech-loading shot gun—will be awarded, for which all boys selling GRIP, whether winners of weekly prizes or not, can compete. If any boy thinks he can sell GRIP in his town he should write us at once for our circular with terms, etc. Any of our older readers who will recommend a good live boy will get GRIP free as long as he sells papers for us. The Grip Printing & Publishing Company.