



PIANO-FORTE WINKS.

"The latest novelty in composition is a work expressly written to send the hearer to sleep."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Mrs. Kerr Rect gives the innovation a trial at one of her "evenings," by engaging Herr Kittelheim, who, by means of his performance of "We're a' Noddin'," with variations, achieves a highly satisfactory result.—*Funny Folks*.

AT THE CHEAP FURNITURE STORE.

BILDERKIN—"That table is altogether too rickety. Why, it creaks if you put your hand on it."

STOREKEEPER—"Why, that's all the style, sir. It's built that way on purpose. You can't read any account of fashionable dinner parties without noticing how 'the tables groaned under the weight of the delicacies.' Why, in the regular way of business we ought to charge \$5 extra for them kind of tables, but seeing it's you," etc.

CAN'T YOU SPARE A DIME?

COMPLETE arrangements have been made for the management of a series of fresh air outings for the poor

little waifs and strays of this city during the hot weather. It just takes ten cents to pay for this luxury for one boy or girl, and that small sum pays for more solid fun, refreshment and healthful exercise, than many of these poor children have ever had in all their



EACH DIME PROVIDES A
HAPPY OUTING FOR ONE
DESTITUTE CHILD

lives before. To help this good work GRIP proposes to open a subscription list, and he wants every one of his readers to contribute something, and to do it without delay. All sums received will be acknowledged in this column from week to week, and handed over to the committee who have the Outings in charge.

ENOUGH TO SOIL IT.

THE late Sir John Macdonald did not often get the worst of it in repartee, and many are the reminiscences now floating about in political circles, showing his cleverness in turning aside the force of an opponent's argument by a smart rejoinder. One of the aptest replies to the late chieftain, in the same vein has been recently recalled. It took place in connection with a visit paid by Sir John to Kingston some years ago, when he was somewhat fiercely assailed by the local Grit newspaper the *British Whig*.

Sir John in replying to its attacks, on the platform, gave the journal a terrible dressing down, and wound up by denouncing the *Whig* as "the dirtiest paper in the country."

Next day the paper replied to the following effect: "We are compelled to admit that Sir John's statement that the *Whig* is the dirtiest paper in the country is strictly true. Our readers may be surprised at such a confession on our part, but with a little reflection they will see that it could hardly be otherwise, for last night Sir John Macdonald *handled us without gloves*."

It was a very neat and pointed reply; and probably nobody enjoyed the joke more than the Premier himself.

THE PARTING.

WE met, 'twas in the gloaming,
We sat in one big chair;
But sad to tell, I'm roaming,
We parted then and there!

I flung you from me madly,
Nor wished you to come back;
But murmured, oh, so sadly,
"Confound that carpet tack!"

HOWL.