

scription "Worcester Sauce." The Domesticated Brave drew near, and softly murmured "whiskey?" The Pioneer nervously shook his head, saying "I haven't got any." At this the Domesticated Brave was sorely displeased. Once, at half the provocation, or none at all, perchance, he would have flown upon the Pioneer and scalped him. But now, mindful that he was Domesticated, he merely frowned, and answered: "The tongue of the Pioneer is more crooked than the paths of the politician. What is in that bottle?" The Pioneer smiled then a deprecating smile, and said, "Not whiskey, I assure you." And waving the patent reaper blandly, he passed on. Then the Domesticated Brave knew he was foiled, and plunging madly into the forest he made haste to disguise himself as the agent for the sewing machine. Thereafter, having gone a long way round, he again came face to face with the Pioneer, whose knees fell a-trembling at the apparition, and the reaper and the paper town clashed together loudly, and the Pioneer prevailed not in argument against the Domesticated Brave, because of the disguise, but was convicted of unwisdom, and very meekly took a sewing machine. And the machine was to be paid for in yearly instalments, a method by which, as the Domesticated Brave attested, he need never be conscious of paying for it at all.

(To be continued.)

GRIP

Is now read every week by at least 35,000 persons. We want to amuse and instruct at least twice that number. Help us, Canadians! Every one of you can lend a hand in the good work, and do it profitably. Read our announcement on the back page of this issue.

FINE ARTS.

SCENE.—Western Fair. The "Patch-work Quilt" and the "Amateur Water Color" discovered conversing.

A.W.C.—How in the world did you get among the fine arts.

P.Q.—None of your chaff. Bless you, I was a "fine art" before you were born, hatched or heard of. You need not get mad—what a color you are!

A.W.C.—Not quite so "highly colored" as yourself, Miss Snapping Turtle, "thou thing of shreds and patches, thou."

P.Q.—Ail caused by my "chequered career"—but I've had enough of your conversation.

A.W.C.—What a cross-patch.

P.Q.—Patch indeed—patch yourself, but you are to come to a worse fate than patching.

A.W.C.—Indeed!

P.Q.—Yes, indeed! you are to be hung, sir! Do you hear me, you are to be elevated to the ceiling; there is no use concealing it.

A.W.C.—One might as well be hung as kept in suspense. So that is what the cord is for.

P.Q.—Precisely, you will be attached by it, *sus per coll.*

A.W.C.—Quite a cordial attachment. By the way, is it the judge on pumpkins or pumpkins who is to—discriminate on our merits?

P.Q.—Neither, it's the mangel wurtzel gentleman—one of the prize beats.

The title of Wilkie Collins's last novel is "I Say No." It was evidently not written when Wilkie was asked to step up and have something.—*Washington Hatchet.*

BOYS AND GIRLS

You can make money taking subscribers to GRIP just now. If you do not win the big prize you will at all events be well paid for your time. See particulars on the cover of this issue.

Canadian Newspaper Men.



No. 1.—MR. J. L. STEWART,
EDITOR "MONTREAL TIMES."



The roller-skating craze has broken out again in our midst, and the devotees of the fascinating art have reason to be gratified at the conveniences supplied for them. Messrs. Going & Co., the managers of the Adelaide Skating Rink, have gone to great expense in fitting up the place for rollers, and are enjoying a large and increasing patronage. A grand dress carnival is talked of, but the date has not yet been fixed.

Irving is again with us, renewing his triumph of last season. Miss Ellen Terry is again illustrating the perfect art of acting, and the ensemble of the company is, as before, all that could be wished. Toronto is never backward at patronizing a first-class entertainment, as is evinced by the crowds at the Grand during the latter part of this week.

Uncle Tom (now in his ninety-ninth year) has moved his cabin to the People's Theatre, where those who like to cry and laugh for amusement are advised to go this week.

"UP GUARDS AND AT 'EM!"

This is what Wellington said to the readers of our competition advertisement. See last page of this week's paper. Pick in, young man. A good round \$50 is not to be picked up every fortnight, we can tell you.

SOME PECULIAR THINGS.

King Gama, in Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "Princess Ida," sings a very effective song entitled "I can't tell why." In my humble way I have endeavored to imitate it, only, of course, my production is far superior to that of W. S. G. Here is my effusion:—

I CAN'T TELL WHY.

Kindly listen whilst I tell you what I very often see—Some things that are peculiar it really seems to me; Some things that are permitted which should quickly be suppressed:

But why they are not stopped, perhaps, by some folk may be guessed—

But I can't tell why.

When at night time I'm going home I see young bloods of town, Such as bank clerks, rolling round the streets and often sprawling down; I see them very, very tight, unable to walk straight— But strange it seems they're never brought before the magistrate—

And I can't tell why.

If a poor man takes a drop too much he's very quickly brought Before His Worship, for the poor a lesson must be taught; But when a rich young lah-de-dah gets drunk it's hard to find A policeman who can see him, for the pedlers seem all blind—

And I can't tell why.

I see poor, honest sewing girls toil hard from day to day To keep the wolf of hunger from their thresholds far away.

I see girls dressed in silks who are not honest I am sure; It seems that hardship lays its hands on girls I know are pure—

And I can't tell why.

I see men clad in broadcloth, who daily pass me by, But into whose transactions it would never do to pry. I see men clothed in shabby coats who'd sworn a dirty oath, Who'd be rolling in their carriages if self-respect they lacked—

And I can't tell why.

I see proud "ladies," richly clad, in street cars sometimes ride, Who, from their ill-clad neighbors, with a shudder shrink aside, And I think, that if all things were known, I'd rather be without The gew-gaws and the jewellery in which those women flout—

But I won't tell why.

I see men whom I used to know who're rascals, I am sure, Who now are very wealthy and cut me because I'm poor. They walk across the street when they observe me come their way, Or heavenward gaze to see if stars are shining out by day, And I can't tell why.

They tell us all is for the best, but I should like to know Why people who are honest have so very little show; And why persons who are humble have to stand out of the way For those who've lots of money, as we see them every day—

And I can't tell why.

A SUBSTANTIAL REASON.

Several foolish young men were trying to tease an aged negro by calling him names, but the darkey preserved an unruffled temper. Finding they could not pick a quarrel by such means one of the young hoodlums ran up to him and asked:

"Say, 'you niggah,' what makes the hair grow so short on yer cocoanut?"

"So ye can't pull the wool over my eyes," replied the darkey, and he added force to his argument by kicking the indiscreet youth into a convenient gutter.

Anxious Inquirer—When you say that you have found the milk in the cocoanut, it is merely another way of stating that you have got the facts in a nut-shell.