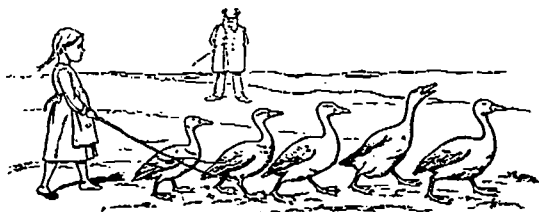


THE PHILANTHROPIST AND THE GOOSEHERD.—(From *Fliegende Blätter*.)

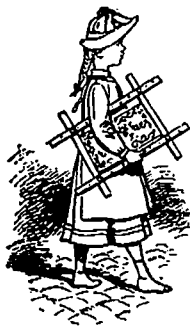
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A DISCREDITED COMMUNITY.

"NOW where are you living?" the merchant said,
 "And what are the prospects there for trade?
 Before I trust you I want to know
 How business with you is like to go.
 You've an honest look and you promise well,
 But you can't most always, sometimes tell,
 And though your capacity may be good
 Yet much depends on the neighborhood."
 "My home, sir," the customer slowly said,
 As he looked rather sheepish and hung his head,
 "Is in Lincoln county across the Lake;
 A store in St. Catharines I mean to take.
 And just now business is not so slack
 As it has been for a twelvemonth back;
 Give me three months' credit and I've no doubt
 I can meet my bills when the time is out."
 "St. Catharines, eh? Then my terms are cash.
 To give you credit would be too rash.
 You may be honest—how can I tell?
 The ballot-box guards its secret well.
 But no sensible person his interests leaves
 In the hands of a public that favors thieves,
 Where convicted rascals can head the poll
 All moral restraints must have lost control.
 You mayn't intend to rob me it's true,
 But what hinders your customers robbing you?
 Who rank dishonesty will condone
 Can't have much honesty of his own.
 Don't ask for credit—my rule must be
 With Lincoln purchasers—C.O.D."

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.

MR. EDITOR,—Please convey my compliments to your intelligent bird, and ask him to let me say a few words regarding the accursed tax of wedding presents. When I last boarded in the city I was sued by my bootmaker because I had spent all the balance of my quarter's salary in buying a silver gridiron for a couple I barely knew by sight. Hence could not pay for my boots. How much more sensibly we do the thing here in Weggville. Pet Brighteyes and Phil Brassey took it into their silly heads recently to marry, and among the wedding gifts were the following contributions:

From UNCLE JOHN, a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

From DAISY DUMBLE (a school companion), a light yellow switch, of the kind at \$1.40, with a card pinned on it: "Hope it will match, dear."

From an anonymous FRIEND, a packet of letters tied with a blue ribbon and written by the bridegroom to another girl, but the address carefully obliterated.

From her GODMOTHER, a year's subscription to GRIP.

The first and last of these were really useful, and, in fact, all of them showed an amount of affection that the largest display of plated ice-pitchers and cruet-stands would fail to do.

VICTIM.