



LOVE A LA MODE.

HE (*ardently*)—"Adelina, I would give ten thousand dollars to win your love!"
SHE—"What, cash down?"

THE WORLD DO MOVE.

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE BY "GRIP'S" OWN
CLAIRVOYANT.

"A BOON TO SUFFERING HUMANITY."

(*Toronto Mail, June 30, 1890.*)

WE had started early this morning to write an article under the caption of "Romish Aggression." The subject is one of vast moment to the imperilled people of this fair Province of ours. As matter of fact, there is no concern of greater importance agitating Ontario at the present time than this one—involving, as it does, our most sacred liberties and those cherished rights and privileges without which life would be practically intolerable, and which it has for some years past been the duty of this journal to do battle for single-handed and alone.

But just as we were in the middle of our most impassioned appeal to lovers of Protestant liberty to be up and doing, Col. Mendacity Puff, the able and well-known general advertising agent for Quack and Killen's Sock-dolger Specific, dropped into the sanctum to say that he was just in receipt of a telegram from one of the most influential farmers of Mossback township, which he desired to have published in our editorial columns. We readily and cheerfully acceded to the gallant Colonel's modest request, and herewith present to our readers the telegram in question:—

"MIASMAVILLE, MOSSBACK TP., June 20th

"This is to certify that I was suffering from an attack of combined fever and ague, inflammation of the lungs, diabetes and dysentery, somewhat aggravated by jaundice, small-pox and brain trouble. Seventeen doctors yesterday pronounced me deadlier than an Egyptian mummy. An autopsy was about

being held on my emaciated remains, when I noticed a big poster on a wall opposite my residence, announcing the recent discovery of Sockdolger's Specific. I gently but firmly asked to have a dozen bottles brought to me, and, upon taking the eleventh, I found myself able to get up and resume a job of ploughing I had been reluctantly obliged to abandon two weeks before. I write this letter in deep gratitude to the discoverers of the Specific, and after having eaten a hearty meal of flap-jacks fried in hog's lard, I never felt better in my life. This is voluntary, unsolicited testimony, and if you think it worth notice you can print it in the papers and send me the bill for the same.

(Signed) "HIPPO KONDRIACH."

No one can tell how overwrought were our feelings on receipt of this powerful and convincing testimony to the merits of Drs. Quack & Killen's great medical reorganizer. It is indeed a veritable "boon to suffering humanity," as the title of this article expresses it. Gladly, joyfully do we substitute this telegram for our intended Romish Aggression leader, satisfied that the people will hail the good news with unfeigned delight.

As to Mr. Kondriach's hint about the cost of publication, we simply smile at it. The Colonel offered us one thousand dollars for our space, but the money was politely refused. We do not publish such glad tidings as paid advertisements. We give them gratis, as a contribution to the health and happiness of our readers.

PURPOSELESS POEMS.

BY A LYRICAL LUNATIC.

No. I.—THE COUNTRY IN DANGER.

ON a bank where the violets glistened with dew
(Over-due since the 2nd of June,
A circumstance clearly that nobody knew)
Three persons were talking—or wasn't it two?
No matter—we'll get at it soon.

"This store seems deserted," the customer said,
"For the cow stands unmilked at the door;
Can any one lend me a needle and thread
And I'll fasten my hat to the top of my head,
As it wants twenty minutes' of four."

"But stop," said the Heeler who happened along,
"First fasten your eyes on that goat—
By throwing bananas and nuts to the throng,
And soothing their passions by sounding a gong,
We can capture the Jesuit vote."

"But the goat, why the goat? What on earth has a goat
To do with the matter in hand?"
"Tis a deep, subtle plot," said the Heeler, "your brain
As your hair's growing thin might collapse with the strain,"
Then he swallowed a mouthful of sand.

"But a goat," said the other. "Now wherefore a goat?
Bananas are easy to twig,
Pumpkin pie, lemonade, or a file of *The Week*,"
Here a tear slowly stole down his adamant cheek,
"Why goat? let us rather say pig."

Then he rushed from the scene in a fit of despair,
Crying "chestnuts!" though outwardly calm,
And the Heeler determined to write to Sir John,
To ask him if this sort of thing could go on
Without doing the party some harm.

When the storekeeper entered and finding his bills
Had been met by a check on the bank
(The dew-covered bank which we mentioned before)
Told the Heeler he'd better remain in the store
For the butter was mellow and rank.

But the public got onto the matter next day—
Or next year—for the goat was let out,
And who could suspect that a feasible plan
Could thus be destroyed by a dynamite can
Which blew all his sweetbreads about.

"But what had the goat—?" Oh, come off! don't you see?
When to rhyming your time you devote.
You'll discover it makes quite a saving of time
To grab hold at once of a passable rhyme,
And we wanted a good one for "vote."