

of Jemima. I rung the bell, which was answered by a female Home Ruler.

"Is Jemima—Miss Bird—at home?" I queried.

"Yis, sorr, she do be in," replied the domestic in a dubious tone of voice.

"Can I see her?"

Hearing a silvery ripple of laughter from the parlor, the door of which stood slightly ajar, I waited not an answer, but pushed impetuously past Bidelia and into the apartment.

How can I dwell upon the spectacle that met my gaze. There sat Miss Bird upon the knee of a pink-haired, spindle-shanked, big-eared youth, whose right arm was entwined about her willowy waist, while his left hand lovingly trifled with her alabaster ear—that ear which—but oh! this is too much!

"And 'tis thus, false and heartless girl, that you keep the plighted vows which a few brief weeks since you breathed in tones half choked with the tremulous sighs of passion? Thus that you trifle with the true and tender affection of one who lives but in your smile?"

I spoke for about five minutes in this strain. I poured out the vials of my wrath upon her.

She laughed—positively laughed. Turning to her companion in treachery and dissimulation, she said:

"Mr. Bixley, this is the fresh Toronto dude who fell so violently in love with me in the summer and whose letters we have so often laughed over. Isn't he too funny for anything?"

Bixley said he thought I was, and when I heaped additional reproaches on them, requested me to withdraw.

It would have been ungentlemanly to muss up the nice new carpet with his gore, so I complied, assuring him that I would bide my time. I am yet biding it. In the meantime I have procured his address, and drop him a postal card occasionally telling him what I think of him.

No more girls for me. They are too uncertain and slippery. If I ever marry, I shall look out for a widow with money.

GRIP.

I'M not a politician, and I do not care a pin
What kind of legislators have the outside hand, or in.
For I have to pay my taxes to Conservative or Grit.
And the annual assessment is an evidence of it;
But I like to know what's doing, so I read up all the news
That our town and city papers so impartially (?) diffuse.
And when I'm tired of reading them, my slippers on I slip,
To take my only luxury—a half an hour with GRIP.

If a Tory's really honest—though 'tis difficult to say,
Or a Grit is truly loyal, or perhaps the other way;
If John Haggart goes a-courting, or Sir Richard's talking blue,
Or even Dr. Ferguson is saying something new;
The pencil of the artist puts the fact before my eyes,
And I see it as it ought to be, denuded of disguise.
Oh, the ring about those epigrams, like lashes from a whip,
Are worth an age of reading in another page than GRIP.

And then the sentimentalist can find a sentiment,
And even the obstructionist an echo of dissent.
The optimist and pessimist can both be satisfied,
For there's always something comforting for both on either side.
The bachelor and benedict, the hero and the dude,
The Christian or the infidel, the polished or the rude,
The nectar from its pages can invariably sip,
For a mine of human knowledge lies the folios of GRIP.

Though I'm not a politician, as I stated at the start,
I dabble in philosophy, and have a human heart.
And though I laugh my troubles off I'm sensitive to woe,
And where a dollar's sympathy, I like to have a throw.

But my own domestic troubles I keep locked within my breast,
And my very closest neighbor never knows if I'm distressed;
For even as I write these lines the tears unbidden drip,
Because my wife and family are coralled with the "grip."
SMITH'S FALLS, ONT. W. H. ROBINSON.

TO GRIP'S BOYS.



DOUGLAS MODE,
Winner of Camera, Sept. 10, 1892.

THE winner of the Student Camera offered to the boy who sold the largest number of GRIPS in any town during the week ending Sept. 24, 1892, all previous prize winners barred, was Fred Thomas, Tilsonburg, Ont., who sold 30 copies.

On receipt of his portrait we will send him the camera.

The prize for the week ending October 8th, is another Student Camera and complete outfit, to be given to the boy who sells the most GRIPS during the week, all previous winners barred out.

That for the week ending October 15th will also be a Student Camera and complete outfit. It will be given on similar conditions.

The winner *must* in all cases send his photo or tintype before he can receive the prize awarded; from it we will make a cut for this column. Stanley E. Parker, Sterling, got the Rogers jack-knife, as his letter with remit-

tance was opened first.

Another knife will be given to the boy whose letter with money and orders is opened first on Tuesday morning.

The list of prize winners is growing, and we'll know the winners of big prizes very shortly. There is only another week before the contest closes and then the big prizes will be awarded. There will be some great hustling until Oct. 15th, but these boys will get them.

PRIZE WINNERS.

For week ending

- May 28th, A. Bardwell, Guelph.
- June 4th, Albert S. Moore, Gananoque.
- " 11th, Henry Bulford, Athens.
- " 18th, Arnold Anderson, Morrisburg.
- " 25th, Tom Power, Orillia.
- July 2nd, Willie A. Prosser, Kemptville.
- " 9th, Wylam Richardson, Port Stanley.
- " 16th, Sam Papernich, Toronto.
- " 23rd, Ernest Meason, Windsor.
- " " Fred Urstadt, Waterloo.
- " 30th, R. Pettipiece, Calgary.
- Aug. 6th, Willie A. Prosser, Kemptville.
- " 13th, John McLean, Glencoe.
- " 20th, Nelson Prior, Exeter.
- " " W. Honeyford, Toronto.
- " 27th, Claude Fisher, Arnprior.
- Sept. 3rd, Harry Ash, Markham.
- " 10th, Douglass Mode, Vankleek Hill.
- " 17th, E. Javan, Penetang.
- " 24th, Fred Thomas, Tilsonburg.

The following have gained watches by selling 100 GRIPS in two weeks and remitting 5 cents each for all sold:

- Willie Zimmerman.....Jordan.
- A. Woodhouse.....Virden, Man.
- Willard Glassford.....Beaverton.
- Nelson Prior.....Exeter.
- Fred Urstadt.....Waterloo.
- J. P. McCammon.....Paris.
- A. E. Paul.....Napanee.
- Douglas Mode.....Vankleek Hill.

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