



"So the world ways."

Poots must certainly have felt somewhat 'cheap' at what may be termed a failure in his attempt to mesmerize his son, as below set forth. With this brief remark I will let the Cincinnati *Saturday Night* tell the anecdote of

HIS MESMERISM.

"What's mesmerism?" asked Poots' little boy the other day.

"Mesmerism, son, is the—well—let's see, how can I make you understand it?—it is the—where's your dictionary? But no, never mind. I'll explain it in another way," and then Poots, who thinks he has a remarkably powerful mind, undertook to exert a mesmeric influence on his son.

Fixing his eyes on his son in a way that made the boy shudder, he said as he pointed at the clock:

"See that pretty bird! Hear it sing! Let's catch it and put it in a cage," and he got up and dragged the unwilling boy after him.

"Pretty bird! Pretty bird!" he said as he patted the clock.

Then the boy broke away with an awful yell, knocking the clock down in his terror, and yelling "Ma! Ma! Pa's got the jims again."

And that wound up Poots' experiments in mesmerism.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

There is a good deal of truth in what Miss Root says in the extract I append, and similar thoughts to those expressed by her have occasionally flitted through my own mind, and she is wise when she says she "doesn't wish to join in any cry that will take women's minds off getting married," for she knows what a hopeless task would lie before her. Another thing might be remarked, and that is that when a woman tries to support herself by writing for the newspapers, she has got, to use a homely but expressive phrase, an exceedingly hard row to hoe:—

WOMEN'S WORK AND WOMEN'S WAGES.

In his story, "A Woman's Reason," Mr. Howell puts the problem of women's work and woman's wages pretty well in the character of his heroine, Miss Harkness, who is trying to support herself by writing for the newspapers, then by millinery. She finally confides to Miss Root, a capable and self-supporting woman, that she probably will not do anything for a great length of time—only until "Robert's return." "That's what I supposed," said Miss Root. "That's the great trouble. If a man takes a thing up, he takes it up for life, but if a woman takes it up, she takes it up till some fellow comes along and tells her to drop it. And then they're always complainin' that they ain't paid as much as men for the same work. I'm not speakin' of you, Miss Harkness," she said, with a glance at Helen's face; "I don't know whether I want to join in any cry that'll take women's minds off of gettin' married. It's the best thing for 'em, and it's about all they're fit for, most of 'em, and it's nature; there's no denyin' that. But if women are to be helped along independently of men—and I never was

such a fool as to say they were—why, it's a drawback. And so most of 'em that can't wait to prepare themselves for anything, because they don't expect to stick to anything, they turn book agents, or sell some little patented thing; or they try to get a situation in a store."

Some of the members of the Toronto Hunt Club might ponder over the little story related below. Of course it's thoroughly English and "good form" and all that kind of thing for a lot of full grown men and women to chase a poor defenceless little animal, but it *does* seem rather cowardly after all. In connection with the Toronto Hunt and some of its members, I would suggest that certain parties learn to sit decently on horseback before making such an exhibition of themselves as two gawky, callow youths I observed the last time the Club was out. Even the street gamins had to laugh and shout "get inside" as these hobbadehays were carried along, their limbs flying loosely in the breeze and their toes turned out till their feet looked like stun'sle booms. It was very laughable.

ON ACCOUNT OF A FOX.

"Speaking of fox-hunting," said Col. Moley, a well known Arkansas gentleman, "reminds me of how nearly I came to losing my life once. I was a boy and had just come from a New England city. My father bought a farm and, charmed with the romantic change, I spent the most of my time in the woods hunting. One day, while prowling around with my gun, I saw a party of mounted men dashing in the excitement of a fox chase. The hounds kept up a terrible noise and seemed to be close to the fox. While I stood under a tree I saw the fox slipping along through the briars. I raised my gun took a quick aim and fired. The fox fell over and in a burst of glee I rushed forward and was holding him up by the tail when the men and hounds came up.

"What the devil did you shoot that fox for?" shouted one of the men.

"Here he is; I've killed him for you."

"But, confound you, we didn't want you to kill him."

"You can have him."

"Have the nation, you say! We wanted to chase him."

"Didn't you want to catch him?"

"Of course we did."

"Well, you've got him. I thought I'd save you the trouble of running him and probably losing him at last."

"You're the biggest fool I ever saw. Don't you know that we merely wanted to see him run?"

"But you couldn't see him."

"Blame you, we could hear the hounds."

"Oh, is that what you want? Why don't you shut them up in a room and get in among them with a whip then?"

The huntsman's reply is not recorded, but it was presumably of a very torrid character.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

THE BUREAU DETECTIVE'S SONG.

"The tricks to which the average County Constable will resort for the purpose of heaping up costs are wonderful, and have been frequently illustrated of late,"—says the *London Free Press*, and then goes on to show some of the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, by which the County *Detectives* of Middlesex, manage to pile up costs. The following exquisite *morceau* is supposed to be sung by one of the gentlemen of the Bureaus, with chorus by his *confreres*.

SOLO.

Oh! I'm a bold detective from London in the bush,
And I'm the boy when things are dull to make 'em up
and rush;

I keep a little bureau, or an agency, the name
Is a matter of indifference, both their meanings are the
same.

SPOKEN.—Yes, gentlemen, we Middlesex
County Constables are the boys: ain't we a
gay lot? there's,—chorus, gentlemen—

Hodgity, Hodgity, Popity, Pope,
Popity, Popity, Hodge podge:
We'll hang ourselves yet, give us plenty of rope,
Oh! the bureau's a capital doddee-podge.

SOLO.

I'm hand in glove with magistrates—and some of 'em are
run 'uns,
But what's the odds as long as they will ne'er refuse a
summons
Or a warrant? For I tell you, that for 'right I'm not a
stickler,
As long as I see costs ahead I'm not a bit partic'lar,

SPOKEN.—No, I should think not, indeed:
Pile up the costs, I say. If its only a mile to
go to serve a summons, why, bless your heart,
go round by Lucan and make it twenty, and
at ten cents a mile it'll soon mount up, won't
it

Templary, Templary, Popity, Schram,
Simmonsey—Fitzety? Hurro!
Oh! what a cunning detective I am
With my County detective's bureau,

SOLO.

I try to make employers refuse to pay their men for la-
bor;
I do my best to set each man against his next door neigh-
bor;
Of course a minister would say my schemings are im-
moral,
But what the mischief need I care as long as people quar-
rel?

SPOKEN.—Care! not a bit of it. If people
will quarrel, let 'em: it's no trouble to me to
serve a bit of paper on 'em, and I can easily
set a couple of women by the ears by telling
one of 'em that the other said she has a red
nose or that her children are the ugliest little
brats in Christendom, and then comes the

Summons, warrants, attendance at court,
Mileage by road or by rail, oh!
Then another small fee of which nobody thought—
Carrying the prisoner to jail, oh!

SOLO.

Yes, when they quarrel, there's my chance; I'm down as
quick as thought,
And drag the naughty people up before the justice (??)
court,
What care I tho' folks are innocent; my fees and costs
are sure, oh!
There's nothing half so sweet in life as running of
bureau.

SPOKEN.—No: I should think there wasn't:
why, fellows, it's a picnic: you can get a horse
and buggy of your own in a few months, and
then's the time to charge mileage and hire of
horse and rig. Ah! I tell you, you're a muff if
you don't become a county detective and keep
a bureau with

Templary, Hodgity, Schramity, Pope,
Fitzsimmonsey, Edwardsey, F. P's.
Folks won't object to the law we should hope;
That will their ardor soon appease,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

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