

Grip's Clips.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

THE MISSES WE MEET WITH IN LIFE.

The dear little misses we meet with in life,
What hopes and what fears they awaken,
For when a man chooses a miss for a wife
He may be Miss-led or Miss-taken.
When I courted Miss Floming and secured the kiss,
I thought in the warmth of my passion,
That I'd made a great hit in thus gaining a miss,
But 'twas only a Miss-calculation.

There was a one Miss Dayton, once a friend of Miss F.,
With me and my love interfering,
A jealous Miss-trust put it into her head
That she ought to give all a fair hearing.
Then a certain Miss-chance that I met with one day
Almost sent my hopes to destruction.
For she felt a suspicion of what I would say,
All owing to one Miss-construction.

Deceived by one Miss-information I wrote,
The cause of her anger demanding,
Miss-direction prevented her getting the note,
And introduced Miss-understanding.
When to make her my wife I exultingly swore,
Miss-belief made her doubt my intention,
And I nearly got wed to Miss-fortune before
I could wean her from Miss-apprehension.

But when she no longer would yield to Miss-doubt,
Nor be led by Miss-representation.
She had with Miss-like a most serious fall out,
And to wed felt no more hesitation.
But when to Washington to be married we went,
Miss-take made the parson to linger;
And I got so annoyed by an awkward Miss-fit,
That I failed to put a ring on her finger.

Having been so Miss-used I keep a strict watch,
For I still felt a fear of Miss-leading.
And I found when too late an unlucky Miss-match
Interfered with the joys of our wedding.
Miss-rule in our quarters put everything wrong,
Miss-management there took her station;
Till my cash, like the time taken reading this song,
Was all wasted by Miss-application.

—A.C.M.

WANTED, A NEW TEMPERANCE DRINK.

A wail has gone up from the Temperance mongers. They want a new drink which shall possess all the cheering attributes of "bitters" without its inebriating qualities. They view with alarm the fact that the Exchequer returns indicate a substantial increase in the Excise. What is to be done? The inventor of a really genuine teetotal drink of the kind indicated would make a speedy fortune, and we may naturally expect that half the chemists in the kingdom will be inventing at once.

RECORD OF GREAT TEMPERANCE FACTS IN 1884.

The Committee for the inspection of teetotal drinks sat three times during the year just closed. At the first meeting a sample of ambrosial nectar was submitted by Professor Sparkings. The committee, after testing it in various ways, quaffed three quart-mugs each. The liquor itself was pronounced excellent, but the result was remarkable. The chairman got on the table and insisted on singing "We won't go home till morning." A free fight ensued and the majority were taken home on shutters. They passed the next day a unanimous vote of confidence in the new beverage. It was, however, afterwards discovered that a designing publican had surreptitiously filled the professor's bottles with whiskey punch. The real ambrosial nectar was in the end pronounced vile stuff, and the committee having resigned, immediately went in quest of the approved nectar. They are now confirmed toppers.

A fresh committee having been appointed the "Oxygenated Superlative" of Mr. Jerkins was tested. It was a warm summer evening, and as the temperature of the committee room was about 90 fahr. it proved too much for the oxygen, which burst the bottles,

with the result that nine out of the twelve members present were taken to the hospital, the remaining three disappearing for fear of being indicted for manslaughter.

No further experiments were tried for some time, as few members were courageous enough to form a third committee. Eventually, however, a quorum was brought together, and a sparkling drink submitted called Trupotos Rarerum. Mr. Swankey, the inventor, proceeded with great deliberation to open the bottles, and after making an eloquent speech, prepared to decant the liquid. He did not drink it himself, but it was duly handed round, and he then left the room while the committee deliberated. What followed is matter of public history. Mr. Swankey left the house ostensibly to procure a fresh supply of the beverage, and did not return. Suspicion being aroused, the door was broken up, and the committee were found with empty glasses, each man sitting bolt upright, dead as a stone.

After this, the Temperance League as a body, desisted from further experiments.—*Moonshine.*

LECTURE IN THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Pickles Smith was requested to walk up the hall, and when he had come to a halt before the platform Brother Gardner said:

"Brudder Smith, I has been informed dat you has been sued by a grocer for a bill of fo' dollars."

"Yes, sah."

"De bill was fur oysters, dried peaches an' jellies."

"Yes, sah."

"And why didn't you pay it?"

"Kase ize hard up, sah."

"Now, Brudder Smith, de member of dis club who kin afford oysters on a salary of \$7 per week kin afford to pay fur 'em. If dat debt ain't squar'd up befor' de nex' meetin' you will h'ar sunthin' drap?"

"Yes, sah."

"In bringin' dis performance to a close," said the president, as he nodded to Samuel Shin to strike the triangle, "let me say to one and all of you dat de present ailment of dis kentry am de want of common sense. De man who aims \$7 per week wants to lib and dress as well as de man who aims \$12 an' dis piles up debts an' brings about trickery, fraud an' communism. Nobody am satisfied to be what he am. Eben the poorest of de poor will go hungry sooner dan let anybody know dey can't buy fried oysters. De member of dis club who hankers fur luxuries kin make up his mind to pay fur 'em or be known in dis hall no moa'. Let us perambulate homewards."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE KIND OF A RAISE HE GOT.

"Hello, Henderson!" said Mr. Greatheart to his old friend the other day; "I hear your salary has been raised."

"Yes," replied Henderson.

"How much are you getting now, old fellow?" queried the philosopher.

"Seventy-five dollars a month," was the answer.

"Seventy-five dollars a month," ejaculated Mr. Greatheart. "Why you were getting a hundred before!"

"Yes, I know. The raise I got is spelt with a z."

"Eloquent!" said the St. Louis lawyer of his partner. "Why, he's a second Demosthenes! Why only yesterday he stated in court that the besotted carcass of the opposing counsel had wallowed in every gutter in St. Louis, and then he made a jump for the man and kicked him in the stomach. How's that for eloquence?"—*Ec.*

A FACT.

"Unless your son has some decided bent," observed the Rev. Timothy Larkspur the other day to a parishioner, "he will always be a burden to his friends."

"And why?" asked Mr. Muggs.

"Because," quoth the parson, "unless he has some decided bent, he will always be in straitened circumstances."

"True?" assented Mr. Muggs, with a sigh. Nor was he ever seen to smile again.—*Moonshine.*

"Where would we be without women?" asked a writer. We would probably be at our clubs all night.—*Providence Transcript.*

That was a mean dealer in printer's supplies who, when he found he could not get his pay for material furnished, attached the composing-room towel to get some of his ink back.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Do you know," asked a gentleman at the bird show this week, "why robins are more intelligent than hens?" "No," was the reply. "Because they are better posted in the higher branches."—*Boston Times.*

"The best remedy I know for this foot and mouth disease," remarked old Mrs. Blinker, as she looked up from the paper, "is for folks to stay at home more and talk less." And then she resumed her reading.—*Peck's Sun.*

When a house owner put his hand to his hip pocket on meeting a burglar in the dining-room the thief coolly remarked: "Don't draw on me, sir; I'm not a capitalist, and I don't honor that kind of a draft."—*Boston Times.*

"Sneer not at old clothes. If many an old coat could speak, what tales it would tell of the noble heart beating underneath!" writes a sentimentalist. This seems to be more an argument for the noble heart than the old coat.—*New York Graphic.*

A young lady who is learning music says she has heard that fish is a good dish for people who write stories, etc., and wants to know what would be a proper dish for a person studying music. We should say a note meal diet would be excellent.—*Somerville Journal.*

When Joseph Cook lectured in Philadelphia last week, he spoke of "the rubbish in the newspapers," and then added, "Beg pardon: I thought I was in New York." When he lectures in New York he says, "Beg pardon, I thought I was in Philadelphia."—*Hawkeye.*

At the annual dinner of Sorosis in New York, on Monday, Mrs. Croly, the president, in offering the toast "The Women Martyrs," said that "the martyrdom of woman was an unspoken agony." Anything "unspeakable" must be a great agony to a woman, that's a fact.—*Norristown Herald.*

"They call a horse a shovel (cheval), they teach it so in school;
They call a hat a chapel; they call a crowd a fool;
Chaises pass for chairs; for letters they say billies;
They call their mothers mares, and all their daughters fillics."

—Unknown French Scholar.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits. Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.