



THE REASON ON'T.

"Yes, to be sure they 'ave more sodiers in' France than we 'ave; but w'y? 'Cos in them furrin parts hevery young man is *obliged* to become a volunteer!"

ESSAYS ON THE PERFESSIONS.

By Little Tommy.

III. GENTLEMEN.

I HAVE rote bout doctors and lawers and i take up my pen to rite bout gentlemen, wich is the fellers that wares plug hats and sunday close every day of the week and dont have to work. i call them a perfession cos they aint a trade anyhow. they dont have to work as they have enuf munny to get along and jes walks round with a cane. but they dont all have munny neither, and it is more than i can do to tell how they make it go my dad sez they live on there cheek and i gess that is bout it. them kind of a perfession jes goes in a grocer store and gets tea and sugar and everything they want and then sez send it up please and charge it. they woodent be seen carryin' a parsel on the street by no means. and then when the grocer man sends his man round to collect the munny they tell him call agin till he is sick and finely they got to sue it but it dont do no good. my dad says they are ded beets. it is quere that pepel think thereselves fine becous they dont work sted of bein ashamed it makes me weery to see sum snips that i no i cood tell there names if ive a mine to, that turns up there nose at pepel that works and petends they dont no them when they meet them. i feel o jes let me have one good kick at such snips i dont care if they are girls or not they deserve a good kick. i think the perfession of gentelman is the softes snap of all if you got plenty of munny cos you can have a good time goin round and helpin those that is poor and then they will say god bless you and you will feel happy and that is wot i call a true gentelman. So no more at present.

TOMMY

STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

No. 13 Grand View Avenue,
TORONTO, Nov. 18th, 1894.

ED. GRIP,

DEAR Sir,—I am not a rich man as wealth is reckoned now-a-days, for my bank account is under a million, and my real estate is barely half as much more, still there is a spark of goodness in my soul—I feel it borne in on me to benefit my fellow men, and I propose to do so in quite a novel manner, viz., by offering rewards for this, that and t'other; that is to say, as a matter of course for purely meritorious purposes.

With your consent, therefore, I hereby offer a reward of \$10,000 to any man, woman, or child, who can produce, or suggest the production of an electric motor which, for combination of pound, thump, hum, screech, buzz, bump, bang, clatter, hammer, rattle and so on, will prove superior to the dynamo on Toronto Street Ry. car No. 4. This offer will remain open for fifty years. Headache and nervous proof candidates will find ample knowledge as to what is required by riding half a block on this car, anywhere between the Walker House and the General Hospital, and the nearer they get to the hospital, the better.

I will also offer \$10,000 for a suit of T. S. R. conductors' uniform which shall be lawfully proved to contain more dust, a larger number of grease spots, fewer buttons, more badly mended rents, is a worse fit, or generally looks more disreputable in a village of this size than the uniform of conductor No—— why should I mention his number? Everybody has observed it, I mean his uniform(17) shabby suit. This offer will remain open until the close of the present century.

My third offer is one of \$25,000 to the first person of either sex, young or old, who will give such information as may lead to the apprehension of knowledge relating to the existence of any town in the civilized world having such a "cribbed, cabined and confined" general post office as Toronto has, with an additional \$5,000 for information as to any similar building elsewhere having a narrower or meaner entrance—jails or poorhouses excepted.

\$50,000 is hereby offered for a design according to which the grounds in front of the legislative buildings may be laid out, and \$15,000 to any one who will suggest a plan to remove successfully the immense display of unadorned lumber in the west tower of the above so that a large Waltham watch or other timepiece may be inserted—just for the look of the thing.

Yours surely

AMOS KEAG.



PROSE AND POETRY.

DAWKINS—"What have I had? A bun and coffee, and waited on by *you*, but don't charge me what it's worth; a millionaire could'nt pay the bill!"