



## HIS IDEAS ABOUT 'RASIN' CHILDREN.

A good many folks has somehow gotten the notion that the youngsters of this here age is just about as bad as they was afore the flood. I am only a plain farmer feller, but I have observed a few things, and I don't agree with those people. The boys of to-day ain't no wuss than they ought to be considerin' the trainin' some on 'em gits. I was only 'tother day tellin' naylor Skinner that he was makin' a big mistake with his boys. Skinner's a good farmer—none better. He farms scientific. But he don't know the science of bringin' up a youngster. Children thrive best in the light sandy loam of kind words, where it is allus warm and cheery like. After a while, when they gits middlin' strong they ought to be transplanted to the heavier clay of common sense and self-reliance. This will give 'em a will of their own—strength of purpose, you know. I like to see a boy with a will of his own. Some parients is allus a feelin' bad when they sees the younguns actin' stubborn like. Then they go to work to break that stubbornness with a barrel hoop or hickory switch. They thrash and pound 'em until they beat out everything that's good, and there's nothin' left but a lot of worthless chaff that you can blow anywheres. It's fearful foolish, that. If the parients had only got the child's will under control instead of knockin' all the spunk outen 'em, their boys would have been some use to the kentry. The boys who makes successful men is those who have got lots of push and go-ahead, which is nothin' more nor a good strong will that has to be trained to grow straight. Another mistake—and naylor Skinner's makin' it—is to want all your boys to learn a pufession. You might just as well try to make a wagon-pole outen a tooth-pick, or a barn door outen a shingle. They would be dead failures. If you have had to work hard, the boys can work hard too. Some of the boys wou't make good farmers, and them's the ones to make store-keepers, book-agents, or lawyers of. But whatever you do don't choose their pufession. Turn a sheep out in the bush and it'll find the best grass and purest water. Give your boys a chance, and when they go into the thick woods of life, they'll in nine cases outen ten come out to the clearin' right side up.

## EXCRUCIATING.

*College papers please copy.*

"I say," said little Spiffkins to his chum, Jack Grinder, B.A., "who was that fellow in the classics that tried to fly? Dardanelles, or some such name, was'nt it?"

"I suppose you mean Duedalus," replied the other.

"That's the chap. Came to grief, too, didn't he. Queer case he must have been."

"Well, I don't think he was a 'case' at all. He must have been intensely intense, I should fancy, as he was one of the 'first aristocrats' of which we have any record."

"Spouse that's a joke, but I can't see it," muttered Spiffkins: "but as he seems to have got high up in the world I should say he was decidedly aristocratic."

A New York girl, while walking up Fifth avenue, stopped and kissed a horse. Just see to what straits the dudes have brought the girls.—*Hartford Post.*

## GRIP'S REFLECTIONS.

The duck of a lover makes a goose of a husband.

There are companions in arms but few in letters.

Men who speak ill of women have never known any.

Whereas the Romans urned their dead we earn our living.

Men who fish for compliments don't care how dirty the water is.

The woman who has three or four lovers has many more enemies.

The man who would strike his wife would murder his mother-in-law.

Be as clever as you can but don't let people become aware that you know it.

There is one thing a woman never believes, and that is that she has any faults.

Of writing books there is no end, and, with many of them, of reading there is no beginning.

When a man begins to think that his mind is going, it is a sure sign that it has already gone.

When butler and housekeeper agree their unanimity is wonderful—to swindle their master.

When a man lays down a lot of wine, in time it probably will take its revenge and lay him up.

When an actor speaks well of a rival's performance you may be sure that he is complimenting himself.

It has been said that coquetry is a steel spur strapped to a satin shoe: it is quite as often an insecure bit attached to a vicious mouth.

Men will ask advice from those for whose opinions they have the greatest contempt—in the hope of getting their own views confirmed.

## GRIP'S CLIPS.

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

A bright beginning—Sunrise.

An old suspender—Marwood.

The dude of flowers—Dandy-lion.

It takes the moon to bring a dog to bay.

Border troubles: Too much hash; not enough raspberries.

A Georgia Justice of the Peace told a Granger that the code allowed him two dollars for marrying a couple. "Well," said the newly made bridegroom, "here is one dollar, that will make you three."

Woman who has been looking over blankets in a Main-street store: "Well, I didn't mean to buy. Am just looking for a friend." Clerk, politely: "Don't think you'll find your friend among the blankets. We've looked 'em all through."

"There is one thing connected with your table," said a drummer to a western landlord, "that is not surpassed even by the best hotels in Chicago." "Yes," replied the pleased landlord; "and what is that?" "The salt."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

GRIP's back page cartoon represents John O'Donohue on his knees imploring Sir John to take him into the Cabinet. Sir John, with his head on one side, his hands spread, says, "Take you in? Why, my dear sir, I have taken you in most beautifully." This reminds us of a bon mot of Lord Dufferin. A Conservative politician said to him some months after the Pacific scandal, "My lord,

I think it is now clear that Sir John never sold the charter." "Yes," said Lord Dufferin, with his lisp, "he only sold Sir Hugh."—*Regina Leader.*

The following effort went the rounds of the press about fifteen years ago, and at the request of a friend we reproduce it. At first glance it might be taken for an American yarn, but it is a genuine Scotch story:

Concerning the long-bow, no American effort can surpass one that comes to us from Scotland:

"It was told that Colonel Andrew M'Dowell, when he returned from the war, was one day walking along by The Myroch, when he came on an old man sitting greetin' on a muckle stane at the road-side. When he came up, the old man rose, and took off his bonnet, and said,

"Ye're welcome hame again, laird."  
"Thank you," said the colonel; adding, after a pause, "I should surely know your face. Aren't you Nathan M'Culloch?"  
"You're richt, 'deed," says Nathan; "it's just me, laird."

"You must be a good age now, Nathan," says the colonel.

"I'm no verra aul' yet, laird," was the reply; "I'm just turnt a hunner."

"A hundred!" says the colonel, musing; "well, you must be all that. But the idea of a man of a hundred sitting blubbering that way! Whatever could you get to cry about?"

"It was my father lashed me, sir," said Nathan, blubbering aguin; "an' he put me out, so he did."

"Your father!" said the colonel: "is your father alive yet?"

"Leevin' ay," replied Nathan, "I ken that the day tae my sorrow."

"Where is he?" says the colonel. "What an age he must be! I would like to see him."  
"Oh, he's up in the barn there," says Nathan, "an' no in a horrid gude temper the noo aither."

"They went up in the barn together, and found the father busy threshing the barley with the big flail and tearing on fearful. Seeing Nathan and the laird coming in, he stopped and saluted the colonel, who, after inquiring how he was, asked him what he had struck Nathan for.

"The young rascal!" says the father, "there's nae dooin' wi' him; he's never out o' a mischief. I had tae lick him this mornin' for throwin' stanes at his grandfather!"

## GREATEST DISCOVERY SINCE 1492.

For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, laryngitis, and consumption in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is also a great blood-purifier and strength-restorer or tonic, and for liver complaint and costive condition of the bowels it has no equal. Sold by druggists.

## The GRIP-SACK.

We have pleasure in submitting the following unsolicited opinions:

"As a specimen of humorous literature it is immense—it out—Jumbos Jumbo.

"P. T. BARNUM."

"I expect to be in Canada shortly, and the greatest pleasure I anticipate is being able to secure a copy of the GRIP SACK.

"LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE."

"I never enjoyed complete bliss till I received the copy of GRIP SACK you sent. It is a complete antidote against beetles, mosquitoes, and Lord Randolph Churchill.

"W. E. GLADSTONE."