

ALD. GIBBS—"The city solicitor—"
 ALD. RITCHIE—"The original agreement—"
 ALD. HALLAM—"Rise to point of order—"
 ALD. VOKES—"I move to refer the report back."
 And it was referred back accordingly.

On resolution of Ald. Boustead, the business men who waited on the Mayor last August with the proposal to substitute a business tax for the existing tax on personality, will be given a hearing at the next meeting of the Council. This is the entering wedge of the Single Tax movement.

THE BALD-HEAD'S LAMENT.

MY sad tale I'll unfold—
 I've been woefully sold.
 Oh! list to my piteous lament!
 The Gaiety girls
 In their maddening whirls
 (In the posters) I've seen, and repent.
 Oh! those bills on the fences
 Enraptured my senses
 With their lavish esthetic display.
 Oh! those forms and fair faces,
 Those languishing graces,
 I could gaze on such scenes all the day.
 So I took in the show,
 But imagine my woe
 When I came to find out my mistake.
 The performance was vile,
 And the girls had no style,
 'Twas the wretchedest kind of a fake.
 The bald heads in force,
 Filled the front seats, of course,
 To gloat on the plump *coryphees*,
 To admire each limb
 So shapely and trim
 As it whirls in the ballet's mad maze.
 But their ardor it tames
 To see scraggy old dames,
 With no sort of *abandon* or snap;
 And a piece with no plot;
 Just the worst kind of rot—
 It made *me* feel like taking a nap.

I solemnly swear
 That I saw nothing there,
 Which seemed to suggest impropriety.
 No wonder we cursed
 And expressed our disgust.
 Such things are a fraud on society.
 'Tis time to suppress
 Such pretenders, I guess,
 As this Gaiety Girl show mendacious,
 When they make folks believe,
 With intent to deceive,
 That their antics are highly salacious.

HIT OR MISS.

RRANKIN—"Have you read 'Geoffery Hampstead?'
 It's the best Canadian novel out—and it's full of local hits."
DDUSENALL—"The author, I understand, strenuously denies that there are any local hits in it."
RRANKIN—"Well, there are some local misses among the feminine characters, anyway."

WOMAN'S ADVANCEMENT.

IT is announced that a well-known lady journalist has secured a position on the Canadian *Advance*. The Association for the Advancement of Women, which convenes here shortly, will be glad to hear of this instance of a woman "on the *Advance*."

WINTER FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

(Designed by Mr. Worth Grip in aid of the good cause of the Anti-Ornitho Destructive Society.)



(From The Mail.)

DEAREST BESSIE.—How sweet of you to write that charming letter to the *Mail*. I am sure we ought to give up the use of birds, as you say they are so cruelly killed. But, dearest, we ought even do more. Could we not wear "mice" instead? They are so cunning. How cute they would look! And then older people might, or possibly married people might, wear rats. I do hate rats, and even if they were a little cruel in killing them, still it would save many a fright. Then you know there are lovely beetles and spiders, and things they call tarantulas. I haven't made up my mind yet to the Medusa bonnet of snakes. I draw the—oh, forgive me, I was going to draw the line at snakes. Then, dearest, could we not get up a society and wear diamond stars, as the members of the Anti-Ornitho Destructive Society, or some other name, and then the subscription of a guinea a year could go for a home for cats, or somebody else. I hope, dearest, the *Mail* will put this in. Yours ever lovingly,
 HENRIETTA.

P.S.—I forgot to say—How about sparrows? They do not deserve protection and should be on the free list. They have driven away many beautiful birds. Charlie shoots them with an air gun for our cats.

NUMBER TWELVE.

GRIP'S forthcoming Comic Almanac will burst upon a delighted world about Nov. 1st, and will be found superior to any of its eleven predecessors. It will contain thirty-two pages, brimful of good things literary and pictorial, and the price will be as heretofore, only 10 cents. Look out for it!