

"BRACE UP."

This is not, as is popularly supposed, a modern nautical phrase, as its origin can be traced back to the numerous frays in Scotland, between the residents of the Scottish borders, in the seventeenth century, the phrase having taken its rise from frays of another nature. It was first used by the mighty chieftain of the great McCrammond clan, whose followers were in the habit of making numerous raids or forays on the cattle of their English neighbors, and many and deadly were the scrimmages which took place. The temporary headquarters of the bold McCrammonds were located on the Braes of Blaquidauchirmuchty, a beautiful spot, where every prospect was pleasing, that of obtaining English beef at the slight expense of hard knocks, being particularly so to the Scotchmen. The McCrammonds were in the habit of meeting at the rendezvous at the Braes in question after a hard fight, there to partake of their ox-tail soup, or, as they termed it, beef brose, made from the hypothe-cated cattle, and in the midst of a furious melee the gallant leader of the clan mentioned would yell, as an encouragement to his follow-ers, and to remind them of the anticipated feast, "A Brae sup, a Brae sup;" this slogan never failed to inspire the McCrammonds with renewed valor and vim. Old chroniclers, not understanding the Scottish dialect, have writ-ten the words "Brace up," and in this shape the phrase has been handed down to the pre-sent day, its meaning being "Pull yourself to-gether," or "Wire in for all you're worth."

MR. GRIP TALKS TO HIS NEPHEW ON CHEATS AND FRAUDS.

NEPHEW.

How is it, nunc, a butcher, when you want a pound of steak, Out of barely thirteen ounces will a pound quite easily make?

MR. GRIP.

The butcher man, my nephew, has a very taking knack Of pounding meat upon his scales; whatsoever it may lack

In weight he makes up easily; from steak, sirloin or round He cuts, as you remark, short weight, but makes it weigh a pound.

He presses down the scales, my boy, and slams the meat thereon.

NEPHEW.

That makes it weigh?

MR. GRIP.

It does, my boy.

NEPHEW.
He chuckles?

MR. GRIP.

When you're gone.

NEPHEW.

How is it, nunc, that loaves of bread, four pounds sup-posed to be, When weighed upon dear mother's scale don't touch much more than three?

MR. GRIP.

The answer is quite simple, and the question fully meets— The baker selling three as four—he actually cheats.

NEPHEW.

But isn't such a practice wrong? and do they no'r reflect That the city pays a man to go and all such things inspect?

MR. GRIP.

Oh! yes, of course, they're well aware of all these things, my dear, But when the inspector's coming round, they have a good idea.

NEPHEW.

And so they cheat?

MR. GRIP.

When he's not by.

NEPHEW

What wicked men they are! I'm very glad indeed, to think they don't resemble pa.

MR. GRIP.

Oh! yes, my child, you ought indeed, to be so very glad, That you have such an honest man as you have for your dad.

NEPHEW.

And so I am, but tell me please, is there no other trade

In which such naughty work goes on, and where light weight is made?

Are butchers and are bakers the only men who sell Their customers, just at the time they give light weight as well?

MR. GRIP.

Oh! yes, of course; wood-dealers pass as maple and as hickory

The poorest trash; the coffee that the grocer sells is chicory.

The tea is "faced," or mixed with dust; the sugar—

NEPHEW.

Oh! good sir,

Don't say another word; I see how very bad they are.

When I grow up I'm going to be an editor, for I see

That editors alone from all these practices are fr.e.

That editors are the only men who're good—

MR. GRIP.

My darling child,

In cracking up the editors go slow and draw it mild.



AT THE ARCADE CREAMERY.

She—How beautiful! They are as graceful and pretty as deer!

He—Well they ought to be awful pretty then, for they're thunderin' dear, I can tell you!

CONFUSED ARITHMETIC.

Thirteen thousand processionists, says the *Globe*, speaking of the Mowat demonstration. Three thousand odd, by actual count, says the *Mail*. Being respectable journals, both, it would be heresy to doubt their veracity. There is a method in it, however, for the *Globe* man must have been in a state of quadruple vision if the *Mail* is correct, or the *Mail* man must have been a quarter sheet in the wind if the *Globe* is right. There is something mystify-ingly metaphysical in this affair, and we believe that nothing but the chameleon sagacity that discovered that "you both are right and both are wrong," can solve the problem. GRIP can't.

OLD SUBSCRIBER!

Just note this. Twenty towns of about equal population are going to compete—three canvassers in each town. The town that secures the most names gets \$110 in cash, divided in order of success between its three canvassers, and, mark this, every subscriber they take, as well as every present subscriber residing in that town, gets GRIP WITHOUT FURTHER PAYMENT, FOR THREE YEARS.

THE DOMESTICATED BRAVE.

BY CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS.

Once he had been a great warrior, but now all that was changed. Slowly had it dawned upon his mind that peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war. Therefore the war-path knew him no longer. The martial but monotonous music of the war-cry had no more charms for him. No more among his fellow braves would he dance the Dance of the White Dog, till the passion of bottle was upon him, and he was ready to go forth with his life in his hand, and dare the dreadful infant in his cradle. His scalping-knife he had beaten into a crochet-hook, his tomahawk into a tack-hammer, wherewith to mash his thumb each spring when tacking down the carpets in his wigwam. His articles of toilet—his turkey-feathers, bear's grease, fish-oil, charcoal and vermilion—he had handed over to his faithful wives, with which they made them-selves beautiful and fragrant. Once had he dreamed of enlarging his tribe by conquest, of delivering his people from the pale-face. But now all day he sat in his wigwam door, wrap-ped in a snowy blanket washed scrupulously every tenth year. And he smoked a short, black pipe, and minded the children and pondered how to discover the white man's art—the art of making the land yield two gallons of whiskey where before grew but a single blade of grass—that so he might be called the benefactor of his people.

Now these many years had this ambition been troubling his soul, yet at the time my story begins he seemed no nearer its attain-ment. His brow was furrowed with thought, but the problem appeared insoluble. Finally he made a great resolve. He would come to an end of his pondering. He would try. Retiring into his wigwam he consulted the large-bowed Bacon, and came away much re-freshed, and wrote upon his cuffs two potent watch-words, "observation" and "experimen'." The unnoticed children, meanwhile, had gained access to the pantry, and were hastening to make themselves ill with cold fried horse-shoe and preserved tomato cans. Full of the inspiration of a new departure, he heeded them not at all, but moved majestically down to the field where his wives were hoeing corn. Long he stood and watched them, his snowy blanket gathered across one arm and drooping grace-fully to the earth. At length he bethought him to apply the first watchword on his cuff, and straightway observed that for all the labor of his wives and his own long years of pondering, nothing grew in the field but simple corn. This he made a note of, at the suggestion of Captain Cutter. Coming again the next day, by careful and s stematic inquiry, he developed the fact that his wives had planted there but simple corn. This was a great step gained, and he made a note of it. Yet again he came when corn-hoeing was nigh over, and learned that in the place where now grew corn had grown not one, but many blades of gra-s, together with certain buttercups and other trivial flowers. The problem was solved. He wandered off into the woods alone, his pipe and his great gladness in his countenance. And there before him, in a little secluded valley, his eyes beheld a plot of soft red earth, nestling amid the verdure. And on this plot a single blade of grass!

Having set his wigwam in order he departed for the dwelling of the pale-face, in search of the one thing lacking to bring his dream to pass. He had made a day's journey when suddenly whom should approach but a Pioneer, with a patent reaper and a paper town in one hand, in the other a cigarette and a pair of gloves. From the pioneer's breast pocket protruded a small black bottle, bearing a splendid label of an orange color, on which was written in large letters the mystical in-