

insist on their right to be married, and will accept no shallow excuses of impecuniosity from the victims they select.

What sum a man can safely live on in the blessed state so as to avoid those "little difficulties" which do not always terminate in ecstasies of bliss in the vicinity of the curtains, and which are generally brought about by the failure of certain kissings and squeezings and other connubial endearments to produce the desired effect—money, seems to be the question at issue.

We should like to know what Canadian ladies have to say on the subject, and whether they can contribute towards the solution of this momentous question. Some of our consumptive dailies might with advantage follow the example of the *New York Times*, and make capital out of this feminine excitement.

### A Frightful Example.

Some fellow has exposed his malady by having his ravings published in the *Bothwell Advance*, thusly:

"Talk of devils being confined to hell, or confined to invisibility! We have them by shoals in the crowded towns and cities of the world. Talk of raising the devil! What need for that when they are constantly walking to and fro in our streets, seeking whom they may devour. There they are; do you not see them; you do not recognize them simply because they have not the hoof or the tail!"

That chap had 'em badly. We would recommend hydro-chloral, or prompt retirement to an inebriate asylum. Poor fellow! His case is an argument for a Prohibitory Liquor Law before which all our temperance lectures pale into utter insignificance.

### Pride of Country.

A prominent feature of Scottish character is pride of country. An amusing instance came under our notice the other day. A Scotchman remarking on the difficulty of producing a good map of Canada owing to the conformation, or rather want of conformation, of the country, said, "It's a hard thing to map Canada, because it's so long and narrow. It's easy enough to make a map of England, or even Scotland, *large as it is*; but Canada—"

Being a Canadian, we laughed aloud and spoiled a probable depreciation of our wee bit hame in comparison with the immense "Land o' Cakes."

### 'Grip' as a Reviewer.

THE STORY OF SAMSON. Toronto: Royal Opera House.

There are four pages in this story; and that's four too many.

It is anonymous. The writer after setting to work made a mixture of Yankee slang with sacred story, and, anon, a muss.

We would advise people to read the history of Samson in their Bibles. It will thus have the charm of novelty to many.

### Croaks and Pecks.

A LECTURE was recently delivered in St. Marys, the subject being a king, viz:—"William the Third." The lecturer was a clergyman, and the reader is enabled to judge for himself of the manner in which the subject was received, as the newspaper reports that "the reverend gentleman was warmly congratulated on the termination of his lecture."

JOHN O'DONOHUE confessed on Thursday of last week, and was absolved from the sin of being an M. P.

THE investigation of the charges against Mr. Rykert was delayed at the very start because one son of a GUNN who had been summoned was not present.

SUFFERY, N.Y., is sufferin' from the effects of the recent storm.

We hope that those directly interested will be able to see well how the SEWELL scheme for the winter navigation of the Lower St. Lawrence can be carried out.

AN ARTICLE in a late number of the *Montreal Star* is appropriately entitled "More Water." Exactly! In comparison with other *Star* articles, "more water"—less milk.

THE *Leader* is nothing if not sanguinary. The old lady has blood in her eye, and shouts, "While the remains of Thomas Scott are decaying in Red River those who dare to extend mercy to his brutal murder must be wiped out of existence." 'Scanth, but she's a violent old hag, who would show no mercy to the merciful. Fie, Deacon James!

"SAMSON," the play, has proved very strong, in the nostrils of the people of Toronto.

THE Duke of Edinburgh's baby is named Albert Alexander Alfred Ernest William. Should he survive the baptismal infliction an Irish friend suggests that the boy can write part of his name with great ease. He will then get in *Earnest* and finally sign himself, William. Certainly the Duke did go it pretty strong when he "named his little Bill." The question, "How high is that?" at once suggests itself; and the answer as readily comes:—The height of nonsense.

LAKE ERIE caught the infection, and but recently burglariously burst the locks of the Welland Canal. Well, well, and can all virtue be gone? Water calamity!

THE other day we came across a paper published somewhere in Toronto, entitled *Our Cheerful Friend*, and on examination we found it about as cheerful as an undertaker, or an impecunious ratepayer when the tax-collector has an execution in the house. It would be a good thing to wear in one's pocket to a funeral.

Servant-gal-dom has gained such an ascendancy that it bravely dictates terms to the trembling housekeepers, who are generally forced to capitulate. We notice that some of the latter in advertising for an *ABACRY* try to compromise the case by stating that "a man is kept." We are afraid it won't do, though it is cleverly contrived; for on making application the first thing asked for will be a sight of that man, and unless he is a very *ABACRY*, good-bye to the chances of getting a servant in that house.

BENGOUGH is drawing good houses and pictures wherever he goes; and he goes "but" and goes "ben;" does Bengough.

WE are informed that it was a Napanee girl who presented her young man with a Bible on the fly-leaf of which she had written the following:—"From JENNIE to ARTHUR.—Those that seek me early shall find me." If the youth didn't take the hint he don't deserve to have her, or else he don't want her, and had better stop fooling round there.

TRUE to its annual recurrence, JOHN BILLINGS' literary tumor had come to a head; he has spread some of the matter on paper and called it "JOHN BILLINGS' Farmers' Almanac for 1875." As it is now some time since it was issued, one would naturally infer that it was as much ahead of the times as this criticism appears to be behind, but a glance over its contents, comprising stale jokes and philosophic rubbish rehashed, &c., will not only undeceive, but lead to the conclusion that J. B. is in a condition bordering upon idiocy and confirmed dotage. On one page he exclaims, "Hear the papers talk!" and then follows, not what the papers really did say, but what JOHN BILLINGS said. For instance, he makes the "Counthollow Democrat" say, "We would rather be the author of JOHN BILLINGS' Farmers' Almanac for 1875, than be elected Captain of a Militia Company." Whereas, what that paper really did say was, "We would rather the finger of scorn pointed to us as the originators of the "Presidents Message," than as the author of JOHN BILLINGS' Almanac for any year." The only testimonial he correctly inserts is one from the "New Orleans Budget," which truthfully observes, speaking of the *Almanac*, "No man will buy our copy; No man will borrow it, and he who steals it, will finally die." The fact, that any man stealing such a compound of rubbish, will finally die, is not more certain than is the equal fact, that he would righteously deserve to.

A young theological student defined "effectual calling" as "the offer of a liberal stipend."

A case is now furnished to the Opposition. It is Mr. H. CASE, appointed postmaster at Hamilton.

As a proof that ecclesiastical domination prevails in the Province of Quebec, we have only to mention the fact that a *CHURCH* furnishes the law to the Government.

THE Conservatives of Muskoka have "resolved" to run JOHN TEVIOTDALE "if his health will permit him to stand." They should In the French Assembly the Right is said to have a majority "over the Left."

A FRENCHMAN who had taken a Cockney friend to a favorite opera, at the conclusion asked him if he were not satisfied. "Aw! oui," was the reply. The Gaul fancying the Saxon complained of *ennui*, was naturally disgusted.

THE *Berlin Telegraph* declares that "the country is full of rascals, the writer not even taking the precaution to reserve room for one honest man; and he is in the country."

RYKERT and McKELLAR seem to be nowise troubled about the result of the investigation on which depends the reputation of one or both. Probably they feel as did the pauper, who did not fear thieves because he had nothing of which to be robbed.

CLUBS are trumps just now with newspaper men.

THE *Leader* says the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature "need a whip"—GRIP proposes a cat-o-nine-tails, in the hand of MRS. ANCHIE McKELLAR.

THE other day we timidly asked an editor of the *Globe* who would be elected for East Toronto. His answer displayed ignorance of the matter, for he only growled, "Oh! dunno who!" remember that a man may be able to stand, and yet be unfit to run.