

## A DISAPPOINTMENT.

GINKS—"There is one feature of the exhibition now on at the musee-theatre that is positively shocking."

BINKS—"That so? Let's go and take it in. What is it?"

GINKS—"The Electric Girl."

BINKS (*suddenly losing all interest*)—"Pshaw!"

## FUN AT MIMICO.

MIMICO SCHOL, Jan.

## DDITER OF GRIPE—

E

Las satterdy we had a big time hear an i thot id tak my pen in han to let you kno bout it cos a man from yure ofis come hear an helpt to give the sho an I gess he wont put nothin in the papper

about it so i rite this leter. i am one of the boys hear at the Mimico schole i jes come an i cant rite much but hear gose. i gess you no all a bout the schole dont you it is a fine place an we lern rithmtic gografy spellin. ritin an all that kind of a

raket an then in the shops we lern trades carpenter farmer shomaker an setry we have techers to lern us all them things an Mr. Mccrimin he is the hed bos of all nere every saterdy some persen comes from tornto to give us a concirt or a sho some kind in the big schole room and some times it is ladys wot comes but most of the time it is jes only men well they sing and gives redins an cetry an we like it bully you jes dott to here us yell an clap our hans but we dont stamp on the flore or the hed master stares at us with his i an paralyze us you bet. Las saterdy we had a bos sho cos Billy he took charley thats the hors and buggy an went down to the stashin an fetched the two men wat was goin to give the show an Mr. Hendry wich used to be the master of the schol but dont live here now. So long bout three oclock we all marched in like sojers singin bout dare to be a danyel an cetry you know the toon wē was jis like the quens one or tenth riles ony we didn't have no guns then we all sat down an the sho came in. They was two small fellers one was from yure ofis and the other was a irish feller i dont no his name but a boy tole me his name is Valentine

Voks but I gess it is a stuffer Nother boy sed his name is jes harry Simsen thats all well the master he got up firs an sed boys we are goin to have a big time an cetry then Mister Hendry got up to make a spech an ses boys i am glad to see you happy new yere an setry i wont take up yure time an next the man frum yure place got up an made some pichers on the blakebord with chawk he drawed the master rite of slick an we jes laft fit to split an he ma de a lot more an we

leyd till we nere bust the winders then the other feller val Voks sung a song with a pocket hankercher bou\* his mother of law an cride like thunder but we jes laft then

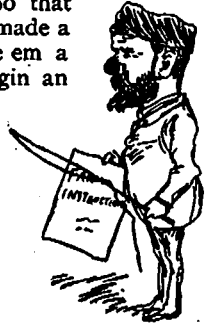
the man from yure ofis he spoke a pece wich was good an then Val Voks took some dols out of a box an set em on his nee an made em tawk irish an nigger an worked



there mouth with a wire behind, an you never herd nuthin so funny i bet sinc you was born. then he toke out a ole irish womin an tole her to sing a song an she sed ten sents an he sed sing firs then ile give you 10 sents an she sed i want the 10 sents firs before i sing then the irish man wat was in the box yells out ha ha she knows you Simsin. He had awful gol that irish dol had an was givin cheek every minit well after this the man frum yure

ofis made sum more picters on the blakebord he drawd the feller with the dols an mr Hendry an john A an mr Scot wat lerns the boys to be farmers here at the schole an lots more then he made a spech an tole us if we keep way frum wiskey an cetry we can get to be membirs of parlment but i dont want to my self cos i want to be a good man wen i grow up. So that was the hole sho an Mr. McCrimin made a spech thankin the fellers an we give em a big chere an then we marcht out singin an sum of em went skatin an setry but it was a big time i tell you Mr. GRIPE an i hope they will come some more cos it jes ketches the boys hear an they like fun. Mos all the boys was pore raggit little cussis runnin roun lose in tronto but is now clene an there hare comed an lern in out of books so i think it is a good thing to hev this schole an if you come out to see it you will say its jes immens. No more at presint frum

GORG WASHINGTON,  
Mimico schole.



## HER PREFERENCE.

DOCTOR'S WIFE—"Dear Mrs. Jones, you are very sick. Would you not like to see a doctor?"

MRS. JONES—"No, thank you, ma'am; I would like to die a natural death."