



CUE-RIOUS.

"PROFESSOR VILLIERS STANFORD takes the character of the piano away. He says it is one of the most clumsy and intractable pieces of movable furniture."—*Court Journal*.

Quite so; but we have invented, and are going to patent, our Dining-Billiard-Grand-Piano-Combination-Table.—No home should be without it. When the cloth is removed the ladies can have music while the gentlemen play a quiet game—no separation. Please order early, as we anticipate an enormous sale.—*Funny Folks*.

Proceeding thither I begged Mrs. P. Rushton-Smith to have something to eat. "Yes," she whispered, taking my arm with alacrity, "anything to get away from these awful discordant sounds. How can she allow Mozart to be so murdered?"

After toil and perseverance we reached our destination, but I could procure no chair and was forced to leave the lady leaning wearily against the wall. In a few minutes I returned with full hands. The stout old gentleman, whom I had observed, through the lifted *portière* ever since my arrival, administering to his carnal being without cessation, now fixed his eye steadily upon me and remarked slowly, "I cannot understand how people can occupy this room for such a length of time. Don't they know others must enter?"

"Monster, may you consume even unto death!" This exclamation on my part was, of course, mental.

Mrs. P. Rushton-Smith and I conversed in a low key, intensely interested—while I listened to the animated discourse of the young gentleman beside me. His forelock was blonde and long. He clutched it, having finished his "trifle," and cried, "Well now, Miss Durham, the only question which troubles me concerning my literary career is this: Am I justified in writing for hard cash?"

The girl whom he addressed surveyed him gravely, calmly, "Well, Mr. Costigan, there is precedent. Scot and Balzac and other great writers have—"

"Yes, yes—you are right—still, although my journal presses me to accept—"

"For what journal do you write?"

"Oh! many—that is—several."

"Indeed, do tell me! I would so like to see something of yours."

"Well—a—*Saturday Night*—"

"Oh! Do you write for *Saturday Night*?"

"Well—a—I did, that is—a—I am going to."

At this juncture I was seized with such an uncontrollable spasm that to my companion's enquiry, "Did you see the University fire?" I responded, "Yes—I had an orchestra chair."

"And," she continued, as we reëntered the reception-room, "did you observe the fantastic effect of the birds fluttering midst the flame and smoke?"

"Yes—they looked—a—awfully—a—pretty." Ye gods and little microbes! Is inanity so contagious? Overcome with consternation I fled the premises.

I find to-day I have but one overshoe and somebody else's hat.

E.A.D.

A COMPROMISE.

PERHAPS never before in the Canadian Parliament was a Minister of the Crown convicted of such a scandalous piece of misrepresentation and so swiftly and crushingly exposed.—*Corr. Globe*.

Let us excuse young Mr. Tupper for inadvertently omitting a trifling item of \$325,000. Probably he overlooked GRIP's little bill, which is still unsettled for advertising the ministry. Hand us over the amount in discrepancy, Mr. Foster, and we will call it square.