

Grip's Clips.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

TOOK IT FOR A BUSTLE.

A very pretty, modest young woman came shyly into "Hawley's" yesterday. Approaching Henry, she pointed to a baseball catcher's mask in the show-window, and with a demiblush timidly said: "Please let me examine that."

"Certainly," beamed the gallant Henry. Then he extricated the mask from among the other baseball goods, while he whispered to a Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* reporter: "One of the female nin, sure as I'm a sinner. Didn't know they were in town."

The lady turned the mask around gingerly in her daintily-gloved hands, examined it critically, and asked with a pert, upward glance: "Isn't it rather short?"

"Oh, no—they come in that size always," smiled the blonde chief clerk.

"I never saw one made exactly like this before—new invention I suppose?" ventured she.

"Oh, my, no; been in use three years, at least," said Henry.

"Indeed! How strange. Do you think they are better than those made of whalebone?"

"Undoubtedly," was the reply, though he mentally asked, "Who ever heard of a whalebone mask?"

"And the strings?" said she, turning it around.

"Strings?" echoed Henry in perplexity.

"That is, the straps—the fasteners—how does one keep them on?"

"Let me show you," said Henry reaching for it.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself," cried she, with a half scream, and then she turned pale as death while Henry took the mask into his hands.

As he stood loosening the straps preparatory to adjusting the affair, the customer seemed paralyzed with deep emotion, and on the verge of a dead faint. But when Henry pulled the mask over his face the color returned. She gasped for breath, opened wide her eyes, and panted:

"Why, what in the world is it?"

"Why, a baseball mask to be sure; didn't you know?" smiled Henry through the wires.

"I—no—that is—I thought it was a—oh, dear!"

Her prostrate form was laid on the counter.

A GHASTLY PUN,

"Alonzo, dear, do you believe in ghosts?" she asked dreamily.

"No darling, I do not," he replied.

"Well, Alonzo, that ghosts to show you are not superstitious." Then they fell into a sweet, calm sleep.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

FOULS.

As the High School girl and her friend Amy were watching the game the other day, the umpire sang out—

"Foul!"

"But I don't see any fowls," said Amy to Mildred.

"There is a gentleman hen over there," replied the High School girl, pointing to a rooster strutting around outside the fence; "but I don't see why they should become alarmed at him."

"No; besides, they ought to be safe enough with that high fence to protect them," replied Amy.

"Yes; and those wire screens on their heads ought to keep the fowls from picking their eyes out," added Mildred.

"But I think the fowls they speak of are geese, not chickens," said Amy.

"Why so?" asked Mildred.

"Why, didn't Jim speak about the goose-eggs they had at the other game?" suggested Amy.

"So he did; but where are the geese?"

And they were still looking for the geese when the game broke up.—*Oil City Derrick.*

AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO TALK QUAKER.

It is no easy matter for a novice to fling "Quaker" fluently. The tongue becomes confused with its triple choice of pronouns, and flaps loosely around the palate.

I well recollect my clumsy effort to engage in conversation with a farmer, whom I met in Chester county, the Quaker stronghold of Pennsylvania. When I happened upon him he was sitting upon a worm-fence, vacantly staring at a cream-colored cow in the adjacent field. I at once divined him to be a friend in undress, and determined to delight the old fellow, and amuse myself by carrying on a skillful dialogue in his idiom. This is how I succeeded:

"How do thee do, sir? Is—that is, are thee meditating?"

If he was delighted he controlled his emotions admirably. All he did was to gape and inquire:

"Hey?"

"The fields, the birds, the flowers," I pleasantly pursued, "are enough to bring thou dreams—I mean dreams to thou."

He was looking at me now, and critically. I felt that my syntax had been idiotic instead of idiomatic; so wiping the sweat from my brow and hat, I eyed him calmly and observed:

"Those cows, are they thy's—or thee's—that is, thou's—dum it! I mean thine's."

It was very unfortunate. He crawled down from the fence, nibbled at a plug of nickel-nugget, an act of itself sufficient to un-Quaker him, and as he ambled away, muttered indignantly:

"Go ate your pants; I'm a tramp, but a gentleman."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

THE FARMER AND THE SQUIRRELS.

A farmer whose freshly-planted corn-field was being greatly damaged by crows went to the squirrels for advice, and to his great joy the squirrels agreed to take charge of the field. In the course of a week, however, the farmer made an inspection of the field and cried out:

"Lo! but what the crows left me you squirrels have taken!"

"Foolish man!" replied the leader of the squirrels, "how could you expect that between buying off our friend and providing for our wants, that anything would be left for you!"

Moral: The man who appeals from the robber to the lawyer, might as well sign a bill of sale in advance.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HE KNEW HIM.

"Did you arrest that fellow I put you on to?" asked a grocery keeper of a policeman.

"Yes, and the Judge nailed him."

"Was he found guilty?"

"Yes."

"What did he do?"

"Paid the penalty, of course."

"What was it?"

"Workhouse for thirty days."

"Well, it's a good thing it wasn't a grocery bill or he would have hung before he paid it. I know the snoozer."—*Merchant Traveler.*

HE HAD STOOD WHERE SHOT FELL.

He was strolling through the West Side while his boat was taking freight at a pier on the river. Approaching a squad of men who were holding up a post in a Randolph-street saloon, he held out his hand invitingly, and said:

"Shake, stranger; I've stood where shot fell around me like rain drops in an April shower; but that is past. I'm for peace and reconciliation now. By-gones should be gone, and here's my honest right hand on that immortal sentiment."

They had a hearty shake all around and his new-found friends each in turn invited the battle-scarred hero to drink with them.

"Ah, by the by," asked one of them, as the veteran of many wars was about to depart, "by the way, what battle were you in?"

"Me—who said I was in any battles?" he asked in a surprised tone and manner.

"But you'd been where the shot fell thick and fast."

"You are right—I was there!" earnestly emphasized the stranger—"and it was in the Clinton-street shot tower, right down here in Chicago!"—*Chicago Sun.*

TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY.

Said an English dude to a Winnipeg wag one day this week: These boots of mine are a splendid pair. This is the first day I have had them on and they feel so comfortable and yet—look so æsthetic."

"Mine are a better pair," replied the wag, as he advanced a pair of cowhide, insect-crushing fourteeners.

"That is impossible," replied the dude, "for it is the very best of calf that is in mine."

"I agree with you, for the feet of a calf are always considered the best part of it."—*Winnipeg Siftings.*

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.



Draw, Pride, and Sackett's Amusement Pavilion is becoming the popular resort of the city. It deserves this patronage, because it is managed in the interest of the respectable classes, and the performances are intrinsically good. Lucia Zaria, the "little bit of a thing," remains during this week. The stage programme has been changed entirely.

The Holman Company are singing in Joe H. Banks' operatta, "Bubbles," at the Theatre Royal, corner of Bay and Adelaide-streets.

The Grau Opera Comique Co., now at the Gardens Pavilion, are presenting a round of popular comic operas in first-rate style. Their engagement closes on Friday evening.

Next week lovers of amusement will have no chance to complain. All the established institutions will be in full blast, and in addition to the out-door exhibition we are to have Liberati, the great cornet soloist, Fanny Kellogg and the Mendelsohn Quartette Club. Claxton's Orchestra is growing in popularity, the result of the good work it is doing.