

THE LOST BABY.

LOST, LOST, LOST.

Wednesday, from Union Avenue, a liver-marked fox terrier dog. Named "Baby." No collar. Five dollars to finder on returning to 20 DeBresoles Street. Anyone retaining him after this notice will be prosecuted.—*Montreal Star*.

THERE is no use trying to comfort me,
I tell you my Baby is gone!
I won't be consoled by your pity or talk,
Or by silver or cake or bon-bon.
What's the g-good of keeping on saying
"The dog has just gone away?"
Don't I know that B-baby's not w-with me—
That—b-b-boo!—some one's s-stole him away?

Will your telling me not to keep crying
Bring my darling straight home to me now?
"Yes, it might." Oh, go 'way! You're so foolish!
My Baby is gone—Ow-ow-ow!!
There he was in my lap just last evening,
And looked up in my face, 's if to say:
"Won't I know please—w-won't y-you p-please, missy dearest,
G-get in-me a c-collar s-some d-day?"

And I made up my mind I would buy it,
If it took every cent in my bank;
And I'd wash him and dress him and l-love him,
And not c-care if you called me a crank.
But now—Oh, my Baby, my Baby!—
They've got you! I'll not stop my bawl!
Boo-oo-oo! h-h-h-oo . . . poor lost beauty!
And you h-had no c-collar at all!!

When I think of his cute little antics—
How he'd beg and he'd bark and he'd frisk;
I let him go out in the sun-shine, you know,
Never thinking a bit of the risk.
So you see—bo-oo-oo!—he's been stolen,
Or the dog-catcher's got him, may be;
Or a big dog has killed him or something,
Or—boo-oo-oo! Go away! Let me be!

I don't care if you *do* advertise him—
But, anyhow, say, if you do,
That I'll give *all I have* for my Baby,
To get him back s-safe—Boo-oo-oo!
'T won't do any good now, I'm *certain*—
But tell them you'll punish the thief!
B-baby's gone, I will never more see him—
No—I-d-don't—w-w-ant—your—old—h-hankerchief!

He was more to me even than Dolly—
His cold nose or stump of a tail
I'd—not—give—for—a-a-any—one's—m-money—
What? I'll *not* stop this weep and this wail,
You can put it in all of the papers—
And I nev-never b-bade him g-good-bye!
There is *no use* in trying to comfort me!
My Baby is gone—and—I'll—die!

T.T.

DEFINITIONS.

(From GRIP'S *New Dictionary*.)

HARD DRINK.—Ice.
A BLANK FORM.—Chloroform.
A SHAVING BRUSH.—Trouble between two barbers.
HARD LINES.—Steel Rails.
NO THOROUGH FARE.—The Boarding-house Meal.
IN A TIGHT BOX.—Sardines.
SARDINES.—Three-inch herrings, boiled in kerosene.
AT A PINCH.—The snuff-taker's sneeze.
CONTAGIOUS.—The left felder catching a fly.
ON TICK.—The tick-cover.
ALWAYS SEEDY.—The fig.
IN THE PITCHER'S BOX.—The Pitcher.

IN THE RIGHT FIELD.—GRIP.

A BALL ROOM.—A bowling Alley.

ELECTION COLORS.—Black and blue.

THE CLOSE OF EVE.—Very brief.

A RISING MAN.—The balloonist.

A MAN OF STRAW.—The Hay-seed.

IDIYACHTIC.—The yacht owner.

A SPANKING GAIT.—The Schoolmaster's.

A BUSTLING BUSINESS.—The Dressmaker's.

EXTREMELY WITTY.—The End-man.

NOT HEADLONG.—The long-headed man.

FOUR-IN-HAND.—The fingers.

"A LONG FELT WANT."—The disappearance of this phrase.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.—The game of the gas meter.

A HEATHEN.—The butcher who offers "lamb at a sacrifice."

A QUEER FISH.—The one you catch.

AN ODD COINCIDENCE.—Fried Bacon and Fried Liver.

A DESIRABLE PARTNERSHIP.—The Lion and the Commercial Unicorn. TRISTRAM S.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

Illustrated by the Author.

ALFONSO QUANTURNERNIT DOWDELL, Frument, Ohio, writes to know something of the effects of alcohol on the brain of an adult, being evidently apprehensive that some day he may become an adult himself. He says:

"I would be glad to know whether or not you think that liquor stimulates the brain to do better literary work. I have been studying the personal history of Edgar A. Poe, and learned through that medium that he was in the habit of drinking a great deal of liquor at times. I also read that George D. Prentice, who wrote 'The Closing Year,' and other nice poems, was a hearty drinker. Will you tell me whether this is all true or not, and also what the effect of alcohol is on the brain of an adult."

It is said on good authority that Edgar A. Poe ever and anon imbibed the popular beverages of his day and age, some of which contained alcohol. We are led to believe these statements because they remain as yet undenied. But Poe did a great deal of good in that way, for he set an example that has been followed ever since, more or less, by quite a number of poets' apprentices who emulated Poe's great gift as a drinker. These men, thinking that poesy and delirium tremens went hand in hand, became fluent drunkards early in their career, so that finally, instead of issuing a small blue volume of poems, they punctuated a drunkard's grave.

So we see that Poe did a great work aside from what he wrote. He opened up a way for these men which eradicated them, and made life more desirable for those who remained. He made it easy for those who thought genius and inebriation were synonymous terms to get to the hospital early in the day, while the overworked wastebasket might secure a few hours of much-needed rest.

George D. Prentice has also done much toward weeding out a class of people who otherwise might have become disagreeable. It is better that these men who write the influence of rum should fall into the hands of the police as early as possible. The police can handle them better than the editor can.

Do not try, Alfonso, to experiment in this way. Because Mr. Poe and Mr. Prentice could write beautiful and witty things between drinks, do not, oh do not imagine that you can begin that way and succeed at last.