



"So the world wags."

"My ma says I musn't fight with you, 'cos your fam'ly's in trade," said an aristocratic little boy to a bigger boy, and the little story below appears to be another version of the same. I, myself, have laid it down as my rule, never to fight any one under the rank of a Quaker preacher, and if John L. Sullivan was to challenge me, I should be compelled to back out, on principle. I don't fancy it would be much of an insult to call an Arkansaw colonel a liar, however, for every man in that state over thirty years of age is a colonel, and surely they don't all speak the truth. If so, society small talk must be very insipid.

NOT HIS EQUAL.

"I shall not resent your insulting language," said an Arkansaw colonel to a man who called him a liar. "You are not my equal in social standing, and I shall pay no attention to you." The man slapped the colonel's face. "I shall not resent any of your slaps, for I cannot afford to lower myself to your level."

"You won't fight me, eh?"

"No, sir."

"You don't challenge me because it would reflect discredit on you to meet me on the field?"

"You are correct."

"Let's take a drink, then?"

"All right. I'm your man. Give me a mint toddy."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

I clip the following little story of "the deadly parasol" from the columns of the *Hamilton Times*. I make this statement in order that the real author of the article shall not come down upon me like a wolf on the fold and say that I don't give him credit. I should be very happy to do so if I only knew who he is; but I don't, and he must take it out of the *Times*. Of one thing I am certain, and that is that some means ought to be taken for quietly putting the parasol fiendess out of the way, or better still, some law ought to be passed to make it death for her to carry a parasol. She is only equalled, as a public nuisance, by the perambulator-shoving female, the fat woman who occupies three seats in a street car, and always tramps on one's toes, and the lady who speaks French (best boarding school article, 'ong, 'mwor, and so forth) in public.

Vvorse, as the latter would say, vvorseo l'eeestwore of

THE DEADLY PARASOL.

Why does the young lady hug her sun-shade so affectionately?

She is in the employ of a surgeon.

In the employ of a surgeon? What do you mean?

Do you not see the crutch of her sun-shade protruding from her left shoulder?

Oh, yes; I see that quite plainly.

There, did you see her gouge out that gentleman's eye?

It was neatly done.

Very; that is probably the twentieth eye she has obliterated during her walk. The surgeon will pay her for her kindness to him.

Does she confine her operations to optics? No; sometimes she destroys a nose, and occasionally slashes a cheek. She is very versatile. She is more terrible than an army with banners.

But do not the gentlemen hate her? Oh, no, they love and admire her; but they hate and despise her parasol.

From the ever entertaining columns of the *Arkansaw Traveler* I take this anecdote concerning James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *N.Y. Herald*. Anyone who is acquainted with the editor of GRIP will be at once struck by the resemblance between him and "Jim" in the matter of flinging money around.

WHAT HE INTENDED.

One New Year's day, Bennett arrived at the Union club towards night, having made many calls. He sat down in a chair, and, observing that some members of the club were presenting Peter, the venerable porter of the club, with \$5 bills as New Year's presents, he called him over, and, fishing down into one of his pockets, brought up a bill.

"Peter, my friend," he said, without looking at the bill, "take that."

"Thank you, sir," said Peter, his eyes glistening at the sight of a \$20 bill.

Bennett gazed at him for a second, said sleepily, "Wait, Peter," and, diving down into another pocket, brought up another bill.

"Take that, Peter."

This performance went on for fully five minutes. Every time that the astonished Peter attempted to retire he was called, and the presentation of every kind of bill, from \$1 to \$50, went on, to the amusement of the spectators. When no more bills came forth, Bennett stopped and went away. Peter asked some of the members what he had best do with his hatful of money. He was advised to ask Mr. Bennett, the next time he came, whether he had not given him more by mistake than he intended. So the next day when Bennett appeared, Peter said to him:

"Mr. Bennett, I think you gave me more of a New Year's present than you intended, last night."

Bennett looked at him for a few seconds, not having a glimmer of an idea of how much he had given, or whether he had given anything at all.

"How much did I give you, Peter?"

"Eight hundred dollars, sir."

The position was a delicate one, but not so much so to a man with an income of a million a year as to an ordinary man. "That was the amount I intended for you, Peter," said Bennett, without a sign of annoyance.—*Freund's Daily, New York.*

I often hear of the ruling passion being strong in death, and an instance of it lately came under my own notice. I will tell about it.

THE GATES AJAR.

In a certain printing office not a sabbath day's journey from Toronto, it had become the custom during the winter for all the types to yell out "Door, door" almost as soon as that article was opened, as a hint that the chilly air was too much for their delicate constitutions, and that they wanted it shut. As people were constantly passing in and out of the composing room, the sound of the words "Door, door" were constantly ringing in the atmosphere of that room, and let me tell you that the atmosphere of a printing office is one peculiar to the place, and its like is not to be found elsewhere. No sooner did that door open than from every part of the room came, in the deep bass of the fully-grown 'comp, or in the shrill squeak of the diabolical imps known as 'devils,' those terrible words, "Door, do-ah, doore, do-wah, dor."

It was stated by some who professed to know, that the married printers would be partially aroused in the middle of the night by their better halves monopolizing the bed-clothes, and leaving their lords and masters out in the cold; and then, so strong had the habit become, they would yell out on the icy atmosphere of night the refrain, "Door, door," and yanking their share of blanket and quilt over them, once more sink into slumber. And now comes the sad part of this story. One of the compositors erstwhile employed in the office alluded to, lay sick unto death. He had not long to live, for he was attended by four physicians, and he lay awaiting the approach of the old gentleman with his mowing machine. Silent and motionless he lay, his limbs gradually becoming more and more chilled as dissolution drew nigh. Death's icy fingers clutched him by the legs, and the chill of the touch ascended upwards to the vital organs. He was getting very cold: he appeared to sleep, when suddenly he raised himself up in bed, and glaring wildly around, shrieked in tones that will long linger in the memories of those who heard them, so unearthly and discordant was the sound, "Door, do-ah," and fell back—dead. Thus was the ruling passion strong in death.

SPRING

OR, THE

WAIL OF THE HOUSE-CLEANED HUSBAND.

It is cleaning time—it is cleaning time—What a deafening din in this house of mine! With a clash of pails and a swoop of brooms,—And a topsy-turvy in all the rooms! Oh! the general odor of "Brunswick Black" Sends a sickening thrill right down my back; While the Furniture Polish, which everything smears, Is a nuisance reducing me even to tears. My shattered home reeks of dust and fuzz Till my wretched brain is all in a buzz. The women are grappling with tables and beds; Hideous aprons on and cloths round their heads, They lose all respect for us (noble MAN!) When they're armed cap-a-pie with a broom and pan, In the shivery morn I start from my sleep—Aroused by the rattle of chimney sweep—I bury my head and endeavor to doze, But my wife sings out—"I want those clothes!" Of course e'en my bed is no place for rest All during this period of cleanly zest!

Oh! I scoff at the Poet who prates of spring—For a different song he would certainly sing—And his Muse from Spring would be rudely weaned If ever his house has been thoroughly cleaned! He'd find out (like me) that the Spring to adore Is the Spring of one's mattress—when house-cleaning's o'er!

F. J. M., London, Ontario.

"THEIR OCCUPATION GONE."

R. V. PIERCE, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.: I was attacked with congestion of the lungs, soreness over the liver, severe pain in the joints, a burning fever, and a general giving way of the whole system. Failing to find relief in remedies prescribed, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery." It effected my entire cure. Your medicines have only to be used to be appreciated. If every family would give them a trial, nine-tenths of the doctors would, like Othello, find their occupation gone.—Yours truly, L. B. McMillan, M.D., Breesport, N.Y.

Host (really in agony about his polished inland floor): "Haden't you better come on the carpet, old fellow? I'm so afraid you might slip, you know." Guest (with a wooden leg): "O, it's all right, old fellow—thanks! There's a nail in the end, you know."—*College Journal.*

Could Hardly Stand on Her Feet.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.: Dear Sir,—I MUST tell you what your medicine has done for me. Before taking your "Favourite Prescription" I could hardly stand on my feet, but by following your advice I am perfectly cured. The "Favorite Prescription" is a wonderful medicine for debilitated and nervous females. I cannot express how thankful I am to you for your advice.

Yours truly,

Mrs. CORNELIA ALLISON, Peosta, Ia.