



MY DEAR GRIP: It pains me to say it—but you are behind the times. While some of your contemporaries enliven their Saturday issues with tales of battles between a mule and a bear—a cab and a coon—and other bits of natural history, adapted to those useful minds which yearn to develop under the full sunshine of Truth, your columns lack this attraction. Allow me to supply the deficiency from a vast treasure-house of memory, stored by experience and travel. Take this for a sample:

A FLORIDA ALLIGATOR.

I have just returned from a visit to Florida in company with a Toronto friend. We sat in our punts on the bayou one balmy evening in January, fishing. But the fish “didn’t seem to catch on,” so my friend drew a Canadian paper from his pocket and began to read. Ere long the water boiled up beside his boat, and I saw the gaping jaws and lack-lustre eyes of an enormous alligator rise level with the gunwale.

My friend gazed an instant as if magnetised, while the awful crunchers rose higher and higher—gaped wider and wider. Then uttering a shriek of horror he sprang erect, and—with an instinctive motion of self-defence—crumpling up the paper he held in his hands, *flung it right into the monster’s throat.*

Then began an indescribable scene. The Saurian dived—came up with a rush which threw him clear of the water—lashed the bayou into lather in his agony. We drew off and watched his weakening contortions for 37 minutes, when, with a few feeble, final flops, he stretched himself belly upward on the surface—*dead as a log.*

We towed him ashore and found that he was 17¾ feet long—the largest killed in Florida for eleven years. Opening his cavernous mouth to ascertain the cause of his agony and death, I found the ball of newspaper still sticking in his *fauces*, and drew it forth. It proved to be the Toronto *Mail* of Jan.—th, and my eye caught at once such headlines as these:

HON. T. WHITE’S GREAT SPEECH ON THE REBELLION.

NO HALFBREED GRIEVANCES.

COMMISSION APPOINTED LONG BEFORE OUTBREAK.

THE GOVERNMENT BLAMELESS.

We closed our *post-mortem* at once—the verdict was obvious.

Mr. White’s allegations had proven fatal to the alligator.

The huge beast COULDN’T SWALLOW THEM, and choked to death in the attempt—after the prolonged and frightful struggle we had witnessed.

Now, Sir, if you agree with me that the recital of such facts as these must tend to promote public and private morality, I may send you more anon.

VERAX.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. S. S., Quebec.—Better send your poem to the *Globe*; they can publish a twenty-sheet issue: we can’t.

F. M. F., city.—We have carved it slightly.

M. L. S., Port Hope.—Accepted.

G. C. R., city.—Appeared in a late number.

A. M., Halifax.—Try some other subject.

W. B., Peterboro.—Too long.

FROM THE PACIFIC.

* * * SUCCESS to you in your new dress. Go ahead in the good work and never fail to “hew to the line.”
New Westminster, B.C., Jan. 20. J. S. C.

“MOTHER,” said a little Rockland girl, looking up from her book. “what does transatlantic mean?”

“Oh, across the Atlantic, of course. Don’t bother me—you made me forget my count.”

“Does trans always mean across?”

“I suppose it does. If you don’t stop bothering me with your questions, you’ll go to bed.”

“Then does transparent mean a cross parent?”

Ten minutes later she was resting in her little couch.
—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*



ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD.

Clara.—What nonsense they do talk about trade and people in trade not being really aristocratic, and all that.

Mabel.—Yes, I know, dear: and yet I am always glad that papa’s store has no retail department. Trade does seem common after all.—*Chicago Rambler.*