



"So the world wags."

Young man, don't try to be funny in any language you don't understand; it is a reckless proceeding, and will assuredly bring you to grief. It was this kind of foolishness that got the hero of the following little anecdote into trouble. Give ear and hearken unto what happened to

#### THE MONKEY BARBER.

"Where is the Monkey barber?"  
 "He's lait up from fooling mit a Inglish choke—dot kind of a riddle vere von vord means choost der same und also someding deefrent, already. Dere comes in a man und to me he says, 'You peen marrit, ain't it?' 'Yes,' I says, 'A leelle, vonce.' 'Vell,' he says, 'ven is your vife not a lady half der time?' Tell, now, I peen bizzy too much to vaste much dalk on such nicker minisrel dings, so I says, 'I gif it up right away.' 'Your vife is in der daytime a lady,' says he, 'but not at night, because effery night she is a-bed.'"

"Dot monkey barber he had to vent und fool mit dot choke. He goes right away afer to der peer saloon und sees der enchineer from der corner arout, und says to him, 'Your vife is no laty, und I can broof it.' Dot chentleman he vent on choost like a bile-drifer, und chumped on der barber's negk und chucked him arout undil der barber vos in four or fife blaces at once. He sent for me, and so soon I reckerulized him I sayt:—

"Ah, ha! I dolt you so. If you fool yourself mit some puns you peen sure to gatch fire."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Just the same, only different, was the young Englishman's mistake, who, whilst airing his French, seems to have put his foot in it.

#### IT WAS A SLIP.

"Never go to France unless you know the lingo."—A young Englishman found himself seated at dinner next to a pretty and vivacious French damsel, to whom, by mistake, the butler had given no bread. Said the gentleman, innocently enough, "Voulez vous partager mon pain, mademoiselle?" "Il faut d'abord, monsieur, que je demande la permission a maman," replied the lady. The Englishman wondered why materfamilias need be consulted in so simple a matter as sharing a roll, but was presently informed that he had put his foot in it, as "partager mon pain" meant in French nothing more nor less than house, home and wellock. He left France next day.

People have different ideas as to what an insult is,—no doubt a little thickness of skin is found useful to that class of beings called commercial travellers, drammers, or bagmen, and the gentleman spoken of below would appear to have been a pachyderm of no mean order. Read.

KICKED HIM, BUT COULD NOT INSULT HIM.

"That man to whom you sent me insulted me," said a young drummer, who had only

been a few months in the business, to his trainer, in a large house in this city.

"Insulted you?" reiterated the trainer, with an expression of contempt almost sufficient to make the novice sink into the floor.

"Were you never insulted?" timidly responded the young man.

"Never, sir; not even during the period of my novitiate, which I passed through very rapidly, and I have been twenty years in the business."

"That is very strange," said the novice, sceptically.

"Very strange if you don't understand it," ferociously observed the old drummer. "I have been often badly abused. I have been ordered peremptorily to leave the premises. I have been frequently knocked down for standing on the order of my going, and several times I have been unceremoniously kicked down stairs, but," he continued, gazing fiercely and triumphantly at the young man, "I have never been insulted. The moment a drummer feels himself insulted, he is no longer fit for the business."—*New York Star.*



"Muldoon's Picnic" at the Grand all week to laughing audiences.

Col. Bain, "the silver-tongued orator of Kentucky," lectures on Temperance to-night (Friday) in the Central Presbyterian Church.

The performances of the Philharmonic Society on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings were highly successful. *The Rose Maiden* was given in capital style, with Miss McManus, Mrs. Baxter and Messrs Warrington and Taylor as soloists. In the duo, Miss Ryan, contralto, was well received. Mr. Bradley, Mr. Schuch, and Mr. Sims Richards acquitted themselves with their usual ability. The audiences were large and enthusiastic.

This (Friday, 20th) evening the Eichberg String Quartette reappear at the Pavilion in their captivating entertainment. Those who were present on a former occasion will not need pressing to again listen to the splendid performances of these young ladies. Miss Mason will appear as usual in solos, and an additional attraction is added in the person of Miss Minnie Dwyer, a young elocutionist who bears a high reputation in the West.

Miss Maud McCutcheon, assisted by Mr. Laufer, pianist, Miss Howland, soprano, and Mr. J. F. Thompson, baritone, will give a select concert at the music rooms of Messrs. Mason & Risch, King Street West, on Saturday afternoon. A rare treat may be anticipated, and a large audience will, no doubt, be present in recognition of the brilliant talents and many musical services of Miss McCutcheon.

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affections, cured without a physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

#### JUST THE THING FOR PICNICS.

Johnston's Fluid Beef spread *a la* butter upon thin slices of bread makes the most delicious sandwiches. Pic-nickers make a note of this. No more stale meat and dry bread. Take your pot of Fluid Beef with you and make the sandwiches as required.

#### GRIP'S FABLES.

##### THE HUMORIST WHO FOUND HIS SPHERE.

A Young man who felt that Nature had intended Him for a Newspaper Humorist, sat down and wrote a few Articles in his most Racy and Brilliant Style, and then wended his Way through innumerable Stenches to the Sanctum of an Editor, to whom he handed his Productions and awaited his Verdict. The Editor who chanced to be perfectly Sober, glanced over the Manuscript and returned it to the Author, merely saying, "Won't do." The Youth, who had read what some Fools had written about Editors, inquired, "Will it do if I ask you to Come out and take a Drink?" Whereupon the Editor rose and Kicked him down Stairs, at the Bottom of which he lay lamenting his Cruel Fate. And as he lay there Groaning, a Fine looking Man clad in Black came past and inquired what was Wrong. And the Youth told him all, nor hid anything from him. Then the Man in Black said, "Let me see your Articles;" and when he had glanced over the Manuscript he said, "I engage you on the Spot at an Enormous Salary. You are the Very Man I have been looking for for a Long Time to write Pieces for my Paper, for though I am an Undertaker I am also the Editor of the *Funeral Gazette*, and I want to introduce a Style of Writing that will make people anxious to Die, and I think your Humorous Sketches are the Very thing, and with a few Changes they will do for Obituary Notices of some Stiff, as well.

And the Youth was engaged on the Spot.

##### MORAL.

As this Fable may come under the same Head as the Articles of the Youth, we will leave the Moral till some other Day.

#### 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.

Random notes:—An editor's ten-dollar bank bills.

*The Transcript* of Portland, Maine, smilingly enters its forty-seventh year of newspaper prosperity.

The man who egotistically says: "I'm nothing if not critical," is usually found to be extremely hypercritical, and less than nothing.

A bird let loose in Eastern skies glibly warbles: "The poor man with ideas of poverty is no worse off than a rich man with a poverty of ideas."

An exchange says the best thing to give an enemy is kindness; but that depends on the enemy's size.—*Toledo American.* And greatly on his science.

It is said that much of the recent prosperity in the South is due to the slipshod manner in which all Northern drummers play poker.—*Nashville American.*

The Cincinnati dude makes a great effort to carry his arms in the shape of a horse-collar. He carries his legs in the same shape without effort, thanks to eccentric nature.—*Enquirer.*

Secrets of the confessional: "is it a sin," asked a fashionable lady of her spiritual director. "for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am handsome?" "It is, my daughter," he replied, gravely; "we should never delight in falsehood."

"Women's rights!" exclaimed a certain benedict when the subject was broached. "What more rights do they want? My wife bosses me; our daughters boss us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights."