



AN IRREVERENT COMPARISON.

DAUGHTER—" But I don't care to marry yet; I want to learn a lot more first."

MOTHER—" That isn't at all necessary. Men don't care for learned, clever wives."

DAUGHTER—" Oh, you always think that all men are like pa."—*Pick-me-up.*

"And who is that, father?" asked the young girl, as the funereal scene hove in sight, the figures on the float wobbling with the jolting over the pavement in a manner calculated to convey the impression that the *dramatis personæ* had been imbibing to freely.

"That, my child? That is Elaine—allegorical representation, you know—Tennyson's Elaine—Idyls of the King."

"Elaine? And she's dead, isn't she? And what did she die of?"

"She died of eating green apples. There is a true and touching moral lesson in this emblematic scene which I hope you will take to heart."

And if one child shall have been saved by the truth thus implanted in the youthful mind from the pernicious practice of eating green apples, who shall say that the Carnival has been in vain?

A SUGGESTION FOR MANAGER HILL.

AMONG other attractions at the Industrial Exhibition is to be a grand International Dog Show. This will be of great interest to sports and dog fanciers, but what do the farmers, the bone and sinew—beg pardon—

what do the farmers, as a rule, care about dogs? So long as a dog is big and courageous enough to keep a tramp at bay, that's all the use the agriculturist has for him, and he don't care two cents about his breed or the fine points as to shape, color and general get-up which determine the decisions of judges. By the way, why not make this feature of the show of practical benefit and lively interest to the farmers, the horny-handed—excuse us again, please—the farming community, by having special prizes for "tramp" dogs? An exciting competition could be got up in the horse ring to test their qualifications of speed and tenacity. It might perhaps be difficult to procure real tramps who would fill the bill and allow themselves for a consideration to be hunted down amid the plaudits of the thronging myriads, but this difficulty would not be insuperable. Just as the volunteers practice on a mechanical running man, the dogs could be started after an artificial running tramp costumed to suit the character. That would catch the ruralist in great shape, wouldn't it? As an exciting and entirely novel and unique display it ought to receive Manager Hill's favorable consideration, and result in a batch of extra tickets being forwarded to GRIP office, simply as a token that the suggestion is appreciated.