

## MY ROOM-MATE'S CLOCK.



Y DEAR GRIP:—For harrowing eccentricities and idiotic idiosyncracies I claim that nothing was ever invented, created or evolved, that would bear comparison with my room-mate's alarm clock. I am accustomed to smile as sarcastically as a bucksaw whenever I look at it. My acquaintance with it began about three months ago and since then its conduct and intentions have been my continual study. At first it seemed to be a well-regulated and thoroughly reliable time-piece, but before long it began to show signs of insanity. For a few mornings, without the slightest regard for my feelings, it went off at the hour appointed by its owner, and after the manner of its kind, showed itself to be "No respecter of persons." The first time it exhibited decided symptoms of mental weakness was about two months ago, when, without any apparent motive, it gained two hours in one night, and had me as wide-awake as the bull's-eye of a through express before the roosters had begun their morning services.

My room-mate having intimated to it, through its regulator, that such conduct was not approved of, it lost two hours next night and let us lie abed until after breakfast, so that our kind boarding-house mistress had to feed us on cold potatoes and scraps of gristle which we washed down with a semi-purplish fluid obtained by pouring hot bay water on over-worked tea-leaves. Being again remonstrated with it continued to tick along as diligently as if it had to keep time for the solar system, while the hands remained as stationary as those painted on a watchmaker's sign-board. During this last phase of its conduct the alarm continually went off with startling vehemence at highly irregular hours.

Then it was dissected by its possessor and put together again in such a way that it now hasn't sufficient energy to keep moving for more than a few seconds at a time. I would be satisfied with this state of affairs if my amiable bed-fellow would leave the execrable thing alone; but this he refuses to do. Every night, as regularly as if it were part of his devotions he sets off the alarm and then winds it up again; for he claims to be sanguine enough to think that the clock may yet come to itself and do its duty as it did in the past; but I hope that repeated disappointments will teach him to leave it alone. Sometimes, I think he sets off the alarm for no other purpose than that of startling me into a fit of variegated profanity.

I know I shouldn't expose my troubles to the world in this fashion, but having done it I feel that a vote of thanks is due to me for having refrained from comparing the peculiarities of my room-mate's clock with those of the famous timepiece that belonged to my late grandfather.

Yours Respectfully, P. Kus.

## AN INCIPIENT ECONOMIST.

"WHAT'S that thing for, pa?" enquired little Algeron Charles, pointing at an object projecting from the cellar of a new house.

"That is the coal-shute—where they shoot down the coal you know," replied Pa.

"Oh, yes," responded Algeron, "but which is the place where they shoot down the coal monopolists?"

WHY should one lie abed on the first of January? In order to have a nappy New Year,



SHE DOESN'T SEEM FORMIDABLE, BUT



IT DEPENDS UPON YOUR POINT OF VIEW.

A NEW name for the Provinces of the Dominion, illustrative of the rapid increase of titles among their populations: The Be-knighted States.