



THE NEXT ITEM ON THE PROGRAMME.

C. P. R.—Now, Sir John, having carried the volunteers to the front, you won't be so unpatriotic as to refuse us another fifteen million or so.

OLLA PODRIDA.

By the Perpetrator of the Former Batch.

EFFECT OF SMOKING.

"I think" said Jack to Bill one day.  
"That smoking's bad and clouds the mind;  
My memory it takes away  
And leaves a blank, I often find."

"I think so too," said Bill, "you see  
I treat you to the best *tabac*,  
But though you take cigars from me  
You quite forget to treat me back.

"Tis clear your memory's very bad;  
I will not aggravate it; hence,  
From this time forth—now, don't get mad,  
You'll smoke no more at my expense."

ALL STUFF.

"Ah! yes; the service is going to the de—to the dogs," exclaimed old Martinet, colonel on the retired list. "That General Woolsey is no good at all: he's a regular lins-y-woolsey sort of an officer, it seems to me."

"Worse than that, colonel," said the gentleman addressed, "it looks as if he would be *worsted* before long."

VERY TOUCHING.

A new song has been written which contains the following touching lines:

"Rolling home, rolling home, dear land, to thee,  
Rolling home across the sea."

These are words which will go straight to the feelings of all women whose inferior moisties "get that way." How expressive! "Rolling home across the sea;" evidently half way across; half-seas over, in fact. One can almost see the man zig-zagging along as those words are sung, so well do they express the thing.

ARMOURY AMMUNITION.

Phil Armour, the Chicago "pork millionaire," has secured a huge contract to supply the warriors in Egypt with the meat of the festive hog. Here is another illustration of the pen being mightier than the sword, for the wielders of the latter can't get along without the product of the former. If Mr. A. has not yet selected a family crest, we would suggest, not a hog in armor, but an Armour in hogs, as appropriate.

HE DIDN'T HAVE TO.

General Grant, the brave old soldier,  
As they tell us, never swore;  
Never in a single battle  
Did he swear throughout the war.

Well, the General ne'er was beaten,  
*He'd* no cause for ripping, tearing;  
Why should he give way to cussing?  
The other fellows did the swearing.

GRAPES FROM THE BO-VINE.

One of Offenbach's latest productions is entitled "Dr. Ox." Surely it is well adapted for "opera bouf"! It is said to be a "bos" performance, and bully all the way through.

WAR NOTES.

The Anglo-Russian difficulty is a regular circus, Akrobat and all. The Czar's Eastern policy seems to be Amerer ruse. Russia and England are acting in a very cat-like and stealthy manner just now, and both are after Herat.

GRIP'S GUIDE TO HAPPINESS.

Pointer the Second.

HOW TO POP THE QUESTION.

A great and noble poet hath truly said:

"Popping the question, 'tis a terrible thing."

He doubtless went right through the throes and got left. Many a man who had previously professed a profound contempt for woman and her apron strings, has felt his resolutions fall way down below zero when bracing up to face his zeroine on the occasion of asking for the degree that will make his hopes freeze or bound to white heat (Fahrenheit) according to the reading of her heart's thermometer. Such is life. Now, popping the question must be done systematically. There is a purpose and there must be a plan for its successful carrying out. The marriageable ladies are divided into four varieties or classes. This I have discovered by the use of a little instrument of my own, I call a Temperameter. By this I have sized up the fair ones eligible for wedded bliss and find them to consist of: The Prosaic, the Romantic, the Ultra-Sentimental, and the

Widow. Therefore, my bachelor friend, having during your long or short courtship with your beloved one discovered the degree of sentiment possessed by her, you must shape your conduct accordingly.

The Prosaic, or matter-of-fact young lady, cares not for asuperabundance of lovespeeches. A little goes a long way. When you have braced up for the important question, talk to her about your dollars (of course, I assume all readers of GRIP to be rich in pocket or in complimont), and your house and lot. If you have not got the house, a little of the Claude Melnotte style thrown in discriminatingly may prove of service. A touch of fiction during popping times quite harmless, especially when tnero is the prospect of a rich relation leaving this world at no distant date. When the lady is sufficiently interested, pop the question. Do not drop on your knees before a prosaic young lady; do not whisper; matter-of-fact girls do not like whispering when no one is around, nor do they object to kissing under same conditions.

The Romantic lady is the one who delights in reading the stories of the knights of the chivalric age, and who is ever dreaming of the day when a prince or a millionaire will throw his love at her feet and love her distractedly until death do them part. Any young man paying "attentions" to such a lady must observe great caution when, where and how he pops.

Probably the best time is a balmy summer's eve, when the sun is sinking in the west—he usually sinks in the west, but this is the romantic way of putting it—'midst a sky of radiant beauty, when the leaves gently whisper in the cooling zephyrs, and the birds bill and coo in the branches, etc. As an introduction to the main effort, discourse upon the noble deeds of the knights of high degree and sigh to be one of them. During the discourse keep your weather eye open, whether right or left, no matter, for a suitable place on which to "pop"—a mossy green sward or a bed of roses is preferable. When this is found he should then flop and next pop in chivalric accents, and complete his happiness. This is certain if the formula is properly carried out.

The Ultra-Sentimental lady is probably the most difficult to face. This lady is neither matter-of-fact nor romantic; she is possessed of high-souled ideas of love and devotion. Her husband must be the very ideal of affection and reverence for the female sex. In popping the question to a lady of this temperament neither the place nor the time need be taken into consideration. No better time can be chosen than on an evening when pa and ma are at meeting, and you know your loved one has full possession of the front sitting-room.

As you enter the room assume a melancholy expression of countenance and heave a deep sigh. The soul of the loved one will come out to you, and she will ask if you are suffering from dyspepsia; this may somewhat unman you, but do not be discouraged; direct a series of heavily-laden love sentences at her heart, in which unutterable love, deepest devotion, and a distracted mind are the leading features, and end with gently sliding on the carpet and asking her to be yours for life. Sure success if well done. Measure your utterances according to the time passed by pa and ma at meeting, and be ready to meet them with a smile on your face and a quiet joy in your heart that cannot be removed by threats of pa's club or bull dog, both of which, according to accredited yewmorists, are the indispensable adjuncts of a father who owns a marriageable daughter.

The Widow may be romantic or ultra-sentimental, but usually she is prosaic, having gone the marriage lines before. The elder Mr. Weller, of happy memory, said to his son Sammy, "Beware of vidders." This, however, is no business of ours. When about to