

HEALTH HINTS.

(FROM "HYGENE," WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRIP'S OWN HY-GENIUS).



1.
Never sit up late.



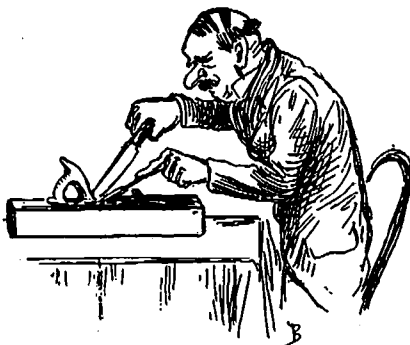
2.
Drink plenty of water.



3.
Avoid spirits and fermented liquors
of every kind.



4.
Keep the head cool.



5.
Confine yourself to plain food.



6.
Let your supper be light.

COULDN'T ACCOMMODATE HIM.

"CAN you give me a bed to night?" asked a stylish looking young man of the clerk of a dollar-a-day hotel.

"Yes sir."

"All right—that is, if you have the accommodations I require—I say," he continued, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, "put me in some stuffy little caboose way up onto the fourth flat with an old-fashioned back number bedstead where the plaster is off the walls in spots—somewhere where there's just swarms of 'em you know."

"What do you mean, sir?" replied the clerk, indignantly. "We have no such rooms as that in our hotel—all the furniture is completely new, and everything clean."

"You don't say?" exclaimed the convival, with a disappointed expression. "Honest Injun, now, just between ourselves, ain't you got some hole or corner in this hotel where there's a few of the breed left—where a fellow would get all bitten up by morning?"

"This is an insult, sir! I can stand a joke, but if you come here to run down the place by such insinuations I'd thank you to clear out as quickly as possible."

"All right," responded the young fellow. "There's no object in my staying here if I can't get the accommodation I want. I didn't mean any insult. I want just the kind of a room I say—and no other will suit."

"But what on earth —"

"Well, if you want to know particularly, I may as well tell you—I've just had my holidays and go back to business to-morrow. I told the boys I was off to Muskoka, but I couldn't raise the stuff, and never got any further than the island. Now, I'm afraid they'll get onto me, but if I show up with my head all swelled with bites I can give 'em no end of a stiff about the high old time I had camping and fishing up North only that the mosquitoes was so thick I was nearly eaten up—see? Well, you don't keep that kind of a place—all right—I'll go and hunt up some cheap boarding-house in St. John's ward—guess that'll fill the bill—so long."

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

FRIENDS who have decided to contribute to this fund need not withhold their contributions on account of the lateness of the season, as any surplus in the hands of the committee will be held over for use next summer.

THE FUND.

Previously acknowledged	\$12 68
R. S. Thompson, 1 Elm St.	1 00
A Friend to Poor Children	5 00
A Friend of "Grip," Clinton.	1 00
C. — Chelsea. Que.	0 50

\$20 18