

## THE RUMSELLERS' APPEAL TO THE LADIES.

Oh, let up on us, now, ladies, we ain't doin' no great harm—  
We've got a legal license for to keep the public warm ;  
And we do our biz respectable as any other shop,  
Then why this female raidin' for to try and bust us up?

We ain't the only evil, social canker, and all that—  
There's life insurance agents all around you gettin' fat ;  
And there's depots for new sewin' machines up springin' everywhere,  
A sort of posky nuisances the public has to bear.

While we—of course we're publicans, but that don't make us sinners,  
And bein' only mortal we can't go without our dinners—  
But we've been marked for vengeance, and come in for all the scorn,  
Because we do a business in—liquidated corn.

If we were whiskey merchants in the wholesale line of trade,  
Or owners of the 'stablishment where the cursed stuff is made,  
You'd never band together our evil work to stay,  
By praying on our custom till you prayed it all away.

We ain't the only sort of chaps that nurses guilt and grief ;  
That makes the ragged wanton, the murderer and the thief—  
You ought to rip the whole thing up—maker, seller, buyer—  
And the man that tipples moderate, he's the cove as stirs the fire !

Then draw it mild on our saloons—it's nothing more than fair  
That bosses of distilleries should git a decent share ;  
And in your kind petitions, that knock us out of time,  
Remember gonteel people, our helpers in the crime !

## THE FIRST BONAPARTE MENTIONED IN HISTORY.—OUR mother Eve.

## THE OLD STUMBLING BLOCK.

GRIP, with his own eyes, has seen lawyers sitting on stairs, and people who had business up and down found them very inconvenient ; but he does not recollect having seen any of them actually come to grief in this manner. In a town not many miles away, however, as a correspondent writes to a newspaper, "A sad accident occurred at the public school, whereby the daughter of Mr. B. of D. R. was severely injured by falling over the barristers of the stairs, and striking upon her head. She is gradually recovering, but it should be a serious warning, not only to the scholars, but to all connected with the school." And, the correspondent—was it the schoolmaster?—might have added, to the barristers who make a practice of sitting on stairs—stumbling blocks, as they always have been, to the heedless ones.

## QUIET HUMOUR.

The following from a rival, though not professodly, comic journal was intended to be apologetic :

"Owing to the telegraph lines being down on both sides with the heavy weight of ice this morning, we are without our latest despatches."

## AN INDIGENOUS DISEASE.

DR. ED. S. FRANKS, a native of Great Britain, now visiting the town of Peterboro', has issued this "Proclamation to the inhabitants," in answer to numerous letters of invitation to make a professional tour of their villages :

"In consequence of a severe attack of Rheumatism and Winter weather, I cannot at present, but will most certainly do so in the Spring, when the weather is more favorable. I shall bring with me a large stock for sale, when I may be consulted on all diseases of the Eye and Ear."

GRIP can well understand that a severe attack of Winter weather—an indigenous complaint for which, by the way, caloric, in liberal doses, is said to be a specific—should interfere, to omit any mention of rheumatism, with the M. D.'s professional arrangements ; and he can only express his sympathies with such of the inhabitants as desired to eye his countenance and 'ear what he had to say.

## PREMATURE SYMPTOMS OF SPRING.—So many robbin's around.

TAURUS HIBERNICUS.—The Chicago woman, who, according to the verdict of the "crown's quest," died of "premature birth," was not unlike many of the "pomes" upon which GRIP holds his inquisition often.

## VERY TIMELY INDEED.

GRIP, determined to have something in this number apropos of the Medical Bill excitement, and having failed to secure a contribution from any of *The Globe's* learned correspondents, was obliged, although with reluctance, to summons One of the Humorists to his aid, with this result :—

## A PEECE BI FILANDER WARD (2ND CUSIN TO THE LATE A. WARD).

The followin iz a maxum : "A man kan git uth'er fokes tew bleve what he kant bleve hisself," for insense :—

I had ben to the Toronter Skule ov Medicin in mi yuth, whar I spent mi respekted parients mony in fine-kut tobakker and mild drinks, and wild awa the tedyons ours in sniffin round the deskint rume with a nife intu 1 hand and a mershum pipe in the uth'er, lernin jest whar tu kat and whar not tu. I pade more munny than attenshun wile I was thare. I studied ocasionely ; all the rest ov the time I was down bi the Grand Trunk lookin for boddies. I thot I could git *trained* better thar than at the Colledge. Havin matriculated after 4 yeres ov labor, I succeeded in gottin first-clas honers in the seventh (7th) seckshun, which konsistod ov a bran nu pot-meteled jack-nife and a walkin kane, with a skull and kros-bones along with a pill-box painted ontu the hed ov it. Ever sence those dase ov brylaney & sukkes I hav ingued the nabers tu bleve I kno sumthin about fizick. The wa I kured a yung-but onest farmer ov dandrif in the hed waz pronounsod bi sworn Jay Pecs tu be miraklus, besides sum wonderful restorashuns tu helth from carbunkels, korns, and wartz, that I hed eckded on the on the passon ov about half a duzen yung ladys attendin Female Colledge, had made mi name az familir in most housez haz jouny kake or lickins. I waz also considered tu be extremely skilful in the surgery liue ov biz (that waz what the jack-nife waz emplynatik ov when I waz levin kolledge). The nabers fur miles all round had adwase entrusted me with the dellerkate surgikal task ov amputatin their pups' tales at the tender age ov fere munths. I waz so gentil and sistematiek in this operashun that I dont foreoleck a single dorg that suffered any pane after his mouth was tide. I waz a Homeopath bi profeshun. I cood give an instence of a yung girl which was kured bi me with a drop ov water mixed into a tumbeler with a nickel spunc, but I desist. Mi fame had spred, like butter when thar's a nife pressed onto it (this a clasick simely which must be thort about be 4 it is seen). I waz herd ov in the sitty. Thare waz a epidemick of collara ragin at the time, and I waz surprizid in the nite bi havin my bed rum window busted throv with a defunkt kow's horn. I rose up with mingeld feelins ov augur and the lickor I had drunk in the evenin. I groped mi way tu the window, and puttin ont my hed saluted the midnite air with the war kry ov "Who's thar?"

"Tis me!" came a ripplin up to my listenin ere frum a bundle ov shawls and a old sun bunnet.

"Wat name shal I say?" says I, in a loud voic.

"Cwn down quick, Mr. Ward; mi poor boy, George Agustus Freddy has been taken sick I'm afrade frum the way acts," sez she. (I knew she was Misses Jenkins bi the ade of a match.)

"What does he do?" I asked.

"He's cutting all his har off short by the rute, and cussin about his trousers, Mr. Ward," says she. "Do be quick and fetch yer pills."

With my usal promp'de I put on mi things, and went for the house whar mi medikal shil was requested to be present. I found the yung man sufferin' under a attack of a peculer disease. I examined his hed and tung, and also a yung mustash which he was training at that time, but I succeeded in findin no symptoms ov sickness. A hapy thort struck me. With a loud screem I gave his murther instructshuns to cut off the neck band ov his shirt, and cut the buttins of from behind it. I then produced a box ov paper kollers ov the turn over spees. I drew the sobbin Misses Joneks aside, and explained as follers: You must be kareful and not let yure boy go into King Strete with that short kane; also don't let him make his trousers any titer than they air. He's got his har cut off, wich is a bad job, and kan't be helped. Don't let him part in the middle. Take this box and give him the mild dose ov 1 coller per woke before brekfast. These kollers dont stand up—beware of the bon-ton variety. "What du yu kall the dose?" sez she, wipin her eyes. "Kollara," sez I, "in its fast stage."

WHAT is the difference between an Irishman and a pun? The one may be witty without being Pat, the other may not.

## THIEVES' PHILOSOPHY.—Taking things as they find them.

## A REFLECTION.

He said, as at Miss Maloney, the swell  
Through his eye-glass did steadily quiz,  
I'll be hangod if ESTHER ain't a success,  
And HAMAN will swing if she is.