

"No Tick," by the author of "For Cash Only."  
 "An Iron Stomach," by the author of "A Golden Heart."  
 "Liver and Crown," by the author of "Heart and Cross."  
 "No Ice Cream," by the author of "Why Had They Parted?"  
 "At the Muzzle of a Shot Gun," by the author of "How I Married Him."  
 "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" by the author of "The Question of Cain."  
 "\$5000 Damages," by the author of "Two Kisses."  
 "M'riar I'm (hic) drunk," by the author of "A Terrible Confession."  
 "Smash-up on the Grand Trunk," by the author of "Story of a Railway Journey."  
 "Toronto's Streets in Winter," by the author of "No Thoroughfare."  
 "Broken Suspenders," by the author of "Never Too Late to Mend."  
 "Shem, Where's Dad?" by the author of "Japhet in Search of a Father."

MR. BEST'S BLOW.

CANTO I.

A city chap was Mr. Best,  
 As from these lines will soon be guessed.  
 He'd heard of rustics, but I fear  
 He really knew not what they were.  
 He deemed them heavy-headed chaps  
 And called them "green horns," "gawks," and saps,  
 Now, Mr. Best took great delight  
 In cultivating muscles' might.  
 He felt an overwhelming pride  
 As his huge biceps oft he eyed.  
 His comrades deemed it not a jest  
 To get a "clip" from Mr. Best;  
 For he belonged to what he'd dub  
 The City Athletes' Slugging Club.  
 To which, at evenings, he'd repair  
 And "knock out" all the "chummies" there.  
 Each member feared him as he viewed  
 His "deltoids" vast and "triceps" rude.  
 And all declared he could, with ease,  
 Soon "do up" Boston's Hercules.  
 This "tuff," as, no doubt, you've guessed  
 Was relished much by Mr. Best.  
 Now Mr. Best would oft declare  
 He'd like to sniff the country air.  
 And show the gawks what he could do,  
 And that he knew a thing or two.  
 And that there were some "tidy dabs"  
 Amongst "them thin-legged city slabs."  
 Well, as I think I said before,  
 No rural field he'd e'er step o'er.  
 And what the country might be like  
 He could not any notion strike.  
 How'er, to breathe the rustic scent  
 He gained permission, and he went.

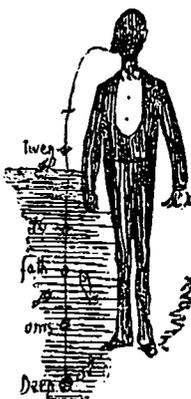
CANTO II.

Two boys sat on a rural fence,  
 With rugged locks and mouths immense,  
 Which, like a gash in pumpkin's side,  
 Were opened most intensely wide.  
 As likewise were their two pair eyes—  
 For they experienced surpriso,  
 For coming down along the road  
 A stranger from the city strode,  
 And these two boys had never seen  
 A fellow of the stranger's mien.  
 And, as my reader will have guessed,  
 The stranger was our Mr. Best.  
 "What are these things I wonder, now,"  
 Said Mr. Best. "Is this a cow?"  
 He laid his hand, as this he said,  
 Upon one rustic's shaggy head.  
 And similar remarks he made,  
 As these two urchins he surveyed.  
 The boys returned the other's stare  
 As he stood questioning them there,  
 "Ha! what's yon whitish-looking thing  
 Which from that branch doth pendant swing?"  
 He asked at last, and pointed right  
 To where the thing had met his sight.  
 The boys looked round and said "That there  
 Is what we call a punch-ball here.—  
 We uses it 't' increase the size  
 Of muscle in our arms and thighs.  
 We punches it and kicks it, too,"  
 "I'll do so then, as well as you,"

Said Mr. Best, who wished to show  
 That he could strike a swinging blow.  
 He thought "I'll show these country chaps  
 A few old stinging city slabs"  
 And so he went to where the ball  
 Was hanging, neath the poplar tall.  
 Took off his coat; rolled up his sleeve  
 The tightness of his arm 't' relieve.  
 The boys stood near; not *very* near—  
 They seemed to feel some awe or fear.  
 But whether for our Mr. Best  
 I do not think need be expressed.  
 Now see our City Athlete, see  
 Him proudly stand beneath the tree.  
 One urchin said, "Now see him, Mike,"  
 "That city slab's a golt' to strike."  
 And so he was: the fatal blow  
 Went forth: The ball was shattered, lo!  
 Our much misguided Mr. Best  
 Had struck a well filled hornets' nest  
 His fist went through; his naked arm  
 Was covered by the yellow swarm.  
 His head, his body, everywhere  
 A vacant spot was, "Jack" was there.  
 And Mr. Best like lightning flew  
 To where a brook appeared to view;  
 Sprang in, quite frantic with the pain:  
 Sank: rose: sank: rose: sank: rose again.  
 And, as about to sink once more  
 Was dragged by those two boys to shore  
 But what a sight! how swelled! my eyes!  
 His face was twice its usual size.  
 And all his frame from tip to toe  
 Was quite convulsed with hornets' woe.  
 Here ends my tale; the moral's clear,  
 And must to every one appear.  
 'Tis this, that those who think they know  
 The most should learn to go it slow.  
 For oft themselves they over-reach;  
 Experience will a lesson teach.



"Siberia," at the Grand, is well worth seeing.  
 No Canadian can witness this play without  
 having his natural abhorrence of Russian  
 despotism strengthened. The Czar wouldn't  
 let them play "Siberia" in St. Petersburg, not  
 for seventeen free passes per night.



AT THE GATE.

They loaned against a garden gate,  
 The stars were overclouded,  
 Long hours had sped, 'twas rather late—  
 The pallid moon was shrouded  
 By misty pall, 'twas in the fall.  
 The streets were very crowded.  
 Good bye, my own, my own, good bye,  
 'Tis time we should be parting.  
 He said—She sprang up with a cry,  
 The tears from her eyes starting.  
 She sobbed, she gasped, and said "Oh dear!"  
 Her lover thought she'd fainted;  
 "Oh, darn it all!" she said "look here,  
 The gate is newly painted?"

SCHOOL MATTERS IN GRUBTOWN.

DEAR GRIP.—We hed a rayther excitin' time  
 here lately—We tukup the hul skule queschin,  
 an' dun up things about rite. Yer see there's  
 a small party here as allus talks a lot ov stuff  
 about a good skule—One ole fool, Frank Wise-  
 man sez—sez he, "It's the best safe guard we  
 have. If we only pay laborer's wages, we  
 can't expect to get a teacher that'll make our  
 boys and girls feel at home and able to take  
 care of themselves when they meet city folks."  
 as if we wanted eny safe gard, and don't know  
 enuf ter sampel both ends of the barl. Ole  
 Kresus sends his young uns to the town so he  
 was rite with us—Sed \$125 was quite enuf—  
 Jones was mad as git out—sed he couldn't af-  
 ford to send his to town—Sed I to em, they  
 has a real splendid teacher over to Dunctown  
 —an' only pays \$225—Cousin Punksseed sed,  
 "the taxes was all of \$12 to \$13 lessun last  
 year. Beside the feller they sent away was  
 so orful upish an' pertikler, sed he wanted  
 em to talk perlitte. So they bounced him and  
 got Miss Slickspooney—She gets up splendid  
 parties, pieces ard singin'—The young uns an'  
 everybody likes it fust rate.

We got all our own way at last. They put  
 another feller in to work with me.

I musn't forget to tell yer how our fellers  
 got over the man that runs the skule—Yer  
 see es long es they're in politicks—we kin  
 fetch 'em every time—Wo fooled around a lit-  
 tle about the holidays—but didn't mean biz-  
 ness till the superanyathun vote kum on—Yer  
 see it costs all ov \$10 a year a piece to insure  
 them from starvin', if they tries to live what  
 folks call kind er decent like—Wiseman sez it  
 keeps a better class in—We don't care we kin  
 git es good ez we want—We told the boss  
 strate he must cut it off—He kums rite down,  
 even offered to take it away from them that  
 paid for it—called 'em paupers—He felt orful  
 bad—es we held the stick over hi' head—sed he  
 wished they was ded—Anyway we stopt Wise-  
 man's party—and got the upper hand an' mean  
 to keep it.

I got a teacher fur Grubtown with no truble  
 an' thought it better ter hev things plane  
 at the beginning before all the rest, so I sez to  
 him—Well, stranger yer kin teach the skule  
 here es you're the cheapest—We want yer to  
 understand that we hire yer—yer must keep  
 order—yer can lick everybody's young uns  
 except ours they never does wrong, never tells  
 lies—They know it an' a grate deal more too  
 —Yer must keep the right side of them—an'  
 don't git too big feelin'—We expect an' kin  
 stand any amount of soft soap, so don't be  
 stingy with it—Yer earn yer muneey easy  
 enough, its only foolin' around in the shade  
 lessen half yer time anyway. So blaze away  
 —Wen yer put yer fut in it with eny of us, or  
 we gets tired of yer, or we wants the skule fer  
 a friend or relashun we'll fire you out.

If enything wrong while happens you shall  
 hear frum me again.

yours trooly,  
 ODDIEH GRUBBINS,  
 Skule Trustee.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

(NEW VERSION)

If you want to get on in this valley of tears,  
 And you find it right hard to go through,  
 The very best way, to GRIP it appears,  
 Is to paddle your own canoe.

Just mind your own business and let others fret,  
 And work themselves into a stew;  
 About party politics don't worry, my pot,  
 But paddle your own canoe.

You see that Lord Wolsey agrees now with GRIP,  
 When he has to get up the Blue Nile,  
 And up all the cataracts take a hard trip,  
 Where the climate and water are vile.

How does he manage to go up the stream?  
 To many the notion seemed new—  
 He said, "You can keep all your boats run by steam,  
 I'll paddle my own canoe!"