

"GROWN UP."

HERR PROFESSOR (to Miss Maudie, who has been disobedient)—"I haf yust tol' your liddle sister dat I lose her. You know vy I do not zay so to you."

MISS MAUDIE—"Because you wouldn't dare to, or pa would show you the door!"

TORONTO, DO LIKEWISE.

THE charitably disposed people of Montreal are going to supply free coal to those who cannot afford to buy that necessary article this winter. The money is to be raised by a series of entertainments, the first to be on Dec. 17th, and three following nights. In order that the profits may be handsome, an appeal is made to every lady in the city, married or single, to assist by selling at least one ticket apiece. Blank forms of orders for tickets are sent to all householders, these to be filled up and sent to the headquarters of the fund. The authorized collector then calls round and delivers the tickets, collecting the money for same. Now, Toronto is not quite so cold as Montreal, but our thermometer goes quite low enough to make a free coal fund here a very popular charity, and one which would be a great blessing to many of our poorer fellow-citizens. Can't we get up something after the manner of our energetic and kind-hearted Montreal brethren? Let us do it.

"CHESTNUT!"

THE great Talmage is on his way home from Australia and here is a sample bouquet thrown after him by Melbourne *Punch*:

Talmage should never be forgiven by Australians, if only for the deliberate insult he inflicted upon them when he got off that wheeze of the old-red sandstone era about the mean man who used a wart on his neck for a collar stud. Where is the nigger minstrel who would dare spring that spook of a pre-Adamite joke upon an 1894 audience?

CIVIC ODE.

AIR.—*This Canada of Ours.*

LET other villages and towns
Loud boast their claims to glory,
Toronto every other downs—
But that's another story.
We have the baldest-headed mayor
That er'e held civic powers,
None like him ever filled the chair.
This Kennedy of ours!
Fair Kennedy, good Kennedy,
This Kennedy of ours!

[other verses *ad lib.*]

THE BIKERESS.

FEMININE bicyclists are now so numerous that they form a distinct community, and one particularly worthy of notice. Indeed, the pedestrian who fails to notice them as he casually crosses over our asphalt streets, is quite likely to have the matter brought to his attention in a sudden and somewhat shocking manner. Mr. GRIP, wishing to be of use to all classes and conditions of people, deems it incumbent on him to set before bikeresses a few hints and suggestions which they may find it worth while attending to:

1. If you are very fat and pudgy, or very tall and scraggly, get a bike and learn to ride it. If you are of normal (or model) form and figure it is not so necessary.

2. When you have acquired a perfect control of the machine do your riding as much as possible down town, in the vicinity of King and Yonge streets and at the busiest hours of the day.

3. Be a little outre in your style of dressing, having a sporty looking cap at the very least. If you are anxious not to be entirely unnoticed, wear the divided skirt or bloomer, and make a guy of yourself.

4. If you are of the long and thin pattern, cultivate the spraddle foot-action, and learn to work your knees *a la* the Hackney carriage horse. This gives you an elegance of appearance which might well incite you to exclaim,

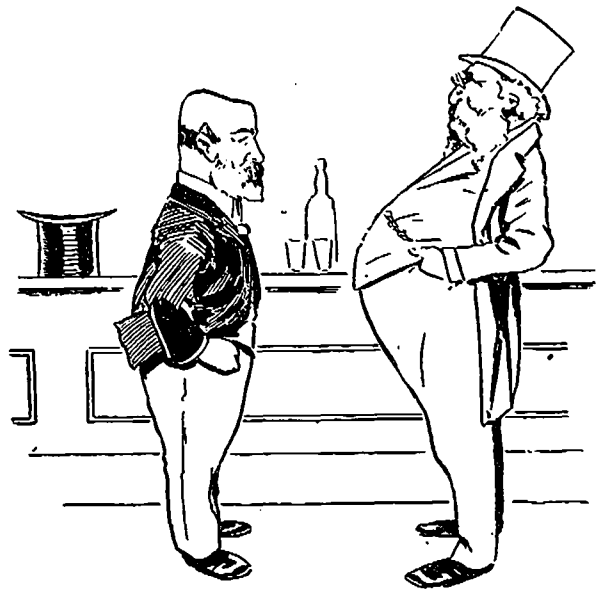
O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourself as ithers see us!

5. When you go out for a spin in the evening have a few humpy 'cyclists of the sterner sex with you, and conduct your conversation in a gentle shout. Don't let your escorts outdo you in the matter of humping.

6. If you run down a stray pedestrian, don't stop to make any enquiries. That's the way inexperienced 'cyclists get into trouble. Put on a spurt and pass on.

THE Ontario Opposition, feeling that it is doomed to continue indefinitely in the cold shades of Opposition, could not appoint a more fitting leader than Marter.

ALL who were present at the performance of "Charley's Aunt" were not single taxers, though they didn't fail to "see the cat."



"GONE."

DR. BOLUS—"Now that my patients have nearly all gone away, I think I shall get off myself."

JAGGERS—"Not going to join 'em, I hope, doc?"