

GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BARKOUGH

GRIP ENG.



J.W. Barkough

MAKING THE SUBLIME RIDICULOUS;
OR, THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS AS MR. VAN HORNE WOULD HAVE THEM.

The gravest beast is the ASS.
The gravest bird is the Owl.
The gravest fish is the Oyster.
The gravest man is the fool.

— LAURENCE MILLER

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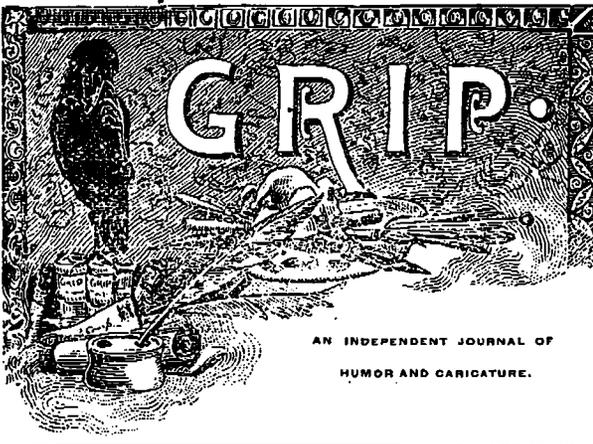
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Comments on the Cartoons.



TOPICS OF THE DAY :—
 Tho' the dog days now are here,
 And all nature wants a rest,
 Things go on, it would appear,
 With considerable zest.
 And though rumors now are rife
 Of a failure of the crops.
 In the "field" of public life
 Topics now are thick as hops.
 Glancing first across the sea,
 We behold the Grand Old Man
 Coming up quite smilingly
 With a bran new Home Rule plan.
 And we notice that the Press,
Apropos of Goldwin's plea,
 Say John Bull will acquiesce
 In full Reciprocity,
 Should we get our Uncle Sam
 To that project to agree.
 In *La Belle France*, across the way,
 Ferry and Boulanger fume ;
 And having fought a wordy fray,
 Their former common sense resume.
 John Sherman, with Ohio's vote,
 As Presidential candidate,
 Starts off on tour, a man of note,
 Through Canada in princely state ;

(In this event we note again
 Obedience to the Boodler's law,
 For having robbed poor Jimmy Blaine,
 John skips, of course, to Canada.)

M. Laurier, the new Grit Chief,
 Has made a long official speech,
 Well calculated to bring grief
 To Grits who fain would office reach ;
 Reaction—platitude—no tact,
 And views all Liberals must regret ;
 And, striking and instructive fact,
 He made this speech at "Somerset."

Sir Tupper, with his iron wand,
 Is trying hard to make a "hum ;"
 But, somehow, we don't understand,—
 The things he promised fail to come.

Our base ball club is working up,
 And Hanlan rules the roost once more,
 Dugas still plays the blood-hound pup ;
 McGarigle has reached our shore ;
 The Island campers will not go,
 At least not for the present year ;
Le Monde blackguarded Mercier so
 Its recantation he won't hear !

There our machine for doggel tasks
 Has given out and busted—whew !
 In time—for here's that fiend who asks,
 "Is it hot enough for you ?"

MAKING THE SUBLIME RIDICULOUS.—Somebody, whose sycophancy is more pronounced than his sense of the fitness of things, has been naming the Rocky mountain peaks along the line of the C.P.R. after certain leading personages—confining his attentions in this regard, however, to the Syndicate and the Cabinet. What a pity it is beyond the power of this peddler of "names" to carve these mighty peaks into outward resemblances of his fetiches as suggested in our picture. The conceit of the men who will countenance this sort of tomfoolery may be accurately described as mountainous.



CHAPEAU A LA DAME.

If Eve had worn bangs, a bustle and a big hat when she first burst upon the sight of Adam, that gentleman would have ran away from his boarding-house and taken to the woods.—*Fall River Advance.*

TO THE TWO SUMMER BUTTERFLIES.

I.—TO THE BUTTERFLY IN THE GARDEN.

PRETTY little butterfly !
 Dancing, glancing, flutt'ring by
 Like a spirit, free and airy,
 Carrying some lovely fairy
 In its journey to and fro
 Flowers in the sunshine's glow ;
 Now upon a bell of blue
 Poising thy contrasted hue,
 Now upon a lily white
 Perch'd in wonder and delight ;
 I can see thee hie and hover
 Over daisies, grass and clover ;
 High up now among the trees
 Lifted by the lightest breeze,
 Kissing now the rippling stream
 Like the passage of a dream ;
 Always happy, free and gay,
 Pleasure-seeking all the day,
 From life's pain you mount on high,
 Pretty little butterfly.

II.—TO THE BUTTER-FLY IN THE KITCHEN.

Wretched little butterfly,
 How you struggle, squirm and try,
 Like a man in a morass,
 To get out of your sad pass ;
 How you strain to disentangle
 Every limb, and only mangle
 And mix up your legs and wings
 With the butter which still clings ;
 Now I see you raise your neck,
 But your body's held in check
 By the bright and yellow snare
 Which you dropp'd on unaware ;
 Now you set your hind legs free
 But can't lift your first front three ;
 Now you buzz with your right wing,
 But the other's left—poor thing !
 Little thought you when you landed
 How you'd get so tightly stranded—
 Now I guess you'll have to drop
 With this dab of butter—flop.

P. QUILL.

STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

(Continued.)

BACON did not die till 1626 ; but Donnelly still says he was Shakespeare and doesn't account for what he did not do in the odd years after he died. Ignatius doesn't seem to care for time at all. (Stubbs says Shakespeare was a call-boy at a low dime-show in London ; but Stubbs' breath smells of gin, and I fear his facts are tainted. The flesh is willing with Stubbs, but the spirit is not weak.) That's all we know about William Shakespeare. Donnelly thinks he knows more ; but we know better. He says he has got the key to a cipher ; we say he had better lock himself up with it. " Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own house."—*Hamlet*. At the time when Good Queen Bess tried to fill the throne (Stubbs says " chestnuts " ; he has been drinking again), England was boss of the European situation. The ship of state was steered by Burleigh and Drake, who was *dux* of the fleet, made *dux* and drakes of all other ships. He built the famous wooden walls around his country and invented the hornpipe for his sailors' amusement. England beat the French, Dutch and Spanish one after another, and when she asked for the next to step up, no one replied, so she became champion of the world and hung her belt around the earth, where it has been ever since. The great Armada was beaten so badly that the Spanish nation wept—hence the

term Spanish onions ! (Stubbs says this makes his eyes water. I say if he doesn't dry up I shall dot his eyes for him.) The nobility used to give great entertainments to the Queen, and she used to make speeches in Latin and Greek in return. She was a woman of much tongue. There was no Scott act in those days, and everyone used to drink ale and lots of it. Shakespeare is said to have got tight once, but cut himself loose from the habit after seeing the way old Falstaff carried on. The spirit of the times was whiskey—they used to call it usquebaugh ; but it was just the same as what is called " Old Times " now. Shakespeare refers to it in *Hamlet*, who, though he didn't drink himself, constantly talks about his father's spirit. People believed in fairies and elves as much as they did in themselves ; they also practised the black art (now known as nigger minstrelsy) and hung witches, which is rather remarkable. These were the sort of days when William was ushered into the world, and they seemed good enough for him, for he doesn't state much against them. Shakespeare didn't hanker after a wreath of laurel. He wrote for cash down, and wasn't any of your young spring-poets, who want to see their name under a few lines about nothing. He wrote right along as if he were an ordinary newspaper night reporter who had to send up copy without the privilege of signing his name to it. (Stubbs thinks he was a very fat man, because he must have filled many sheets at night.) Donnelly didn't think of that. What I like about Shakespeare most is the fact that he didn't leave any autobiography, or memoirs, or even a diary after him. He didn't propose to open up his private life for public criticism. Also, he didn't fool away his time trying to prove that Chaucer was Gower. There wasn't any of the Ignatius Donnelly about him. He didn't set it down in black in white that he was an ass, nor try and show the earth was shivered by a comet. Not much. Shakespeare wrote his plays, acted old man and pocketed a share of the profits. Stubbs says it's no good pitching into Ignatius Donnelly, or he may write a book proving I am not myself and that Stubbs is some one else, and Stubbs also says he doesn't want to lose his identity and put generations-yet-unborn to the trouble of hunting up his registration at the Orphans' Home. Perhaps Stubbs is right ; so we will leave Ignatius to the conscience he does not possess, and proceed to the study of Shakespeare's masterpieces :—

I.—THE TEMPEST.



HAVING given a voluminous account of Shakespeare's life and times, we (Stubbs has not been home for three days, having received one dollar and fifty cents on account of salary due for eight months) propose to proceed with his plays. We shall not follow the hackneyed order of his plays, but adopt a go-as-you-plays method. We have selected " The Tempest " as the first work on which to try our newly discovered cipher, which is superior in every respect to Ignatius Donnelly's. The chief beauties of this remarkable comedy are reproduced with illustrations below. By the aid of our cipher (which is patented and copyrighted throughout the world) we have detected allusions to events and persons now before humanity, such as previous commentators have never dreamed of. Malone says (Stubbs, having arrived, says, interruptingly, " Let him Malone," so I desist from exposing the old critic)—Pope remarks (Stubbs angrily

remarks "Popes ain't infallible,") so I pass Pope. Stubbs says this sort of criticism is not required, and urges me to get on to the cipher. I comply with his request. Of all the many remarkable allusions to the present day there are some so pointedly aimed at this Canada of ours that I am convinced Shakespeare thought of Canada first and last in this comedy. The poet is always a prophet, though the profits of his works are always the publishers. The Sweet Swan of Avon projected his eye (being a seer) into the labyrinthine vista of the world's tomorrow and beheld Canada as she is to-day. He foresaw the Old Man grasping the helm of the ship of state and pulling one way or the other, according as the wind was blowing, and that he plainly discerned the masterpiece of electioneering engineering which gave the Indians the right of voting is proved by the passage of pure Grit feeling in act 2, scene 2,



"DO YOU PUT TRICKS UPON US WITH SAVAGES AND MEN OF INDE?"

Can there be a doubt of the great dramatist's reference to the present wave of Prohibition when he wrote the text of each true temperance man—"My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up"? (Act 1, scene 2.) Or can we doubt for a moment that the far-sighted dreamer observed in fancy's magic glass the present attitude of Labor and Capital, when he so beautifully refers to the Knight of Labor thus:—



Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn or wine or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all
And women too." (Act 2, scene 1.)

"He's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike." (Act 2, scene 1.)

Who would have thought it possible that the genius of this great man could have seen the socialistic societies of to-day looming up in the distance? That he did so is unmistakably proven by the following description of their aims:

"In the commonwealth I would by contraries Execute all things, for no kind of traffic

Even the forthcoming Toronto Exhibition did not escape the poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling, for he plainly put these words into the mouths of all our boarding-house keepers and hotel men:—



"You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from your furrow and be merry;
Make holiday." (Act 4, scene 1.)

The modern railway system ran in his mind and he gave them a motto, in consideration of their amalgamating qualities, in the same scene as the foregoing:—"We steal by line and level." Jay Gould might well adopt this for his own.

How his study of nature crops up when he writes apparently of other things is wonderful. There can be no doubt to anyone who has taken a walk in the woods that the exclamation in scene 2, act 1—"Hence! hang not on my garments"—was especially directed to the common burr. It is a by-word among us to-day. Many other beautiful thoughts and consoling passages are sprinkled through the play. For all people who lose flesh in the heat of summer he gives this soothing counsel:—

"Let us not burden ourselves with a heaviness that's gone." (Act 5, scene 1.) For the dude and masher there is this proud reflection:—"Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard." (Act 3, scene 1.)



That bartenders used the same phrases as are current to-day in saloons is evident in this:—

"But three glasses since, we gave out split." (Act 5, scene 1.)

We could duplicate these instances of his profound and prophetic genius; but the last quotation to which the cipher was applied is too much for Stubbs, and he has generously offered to pay the expenses necessary to test the present phraseology of the bartender. As a matter of literary curiosity I shall accompany him. P. QUILL.

SOME one once said that care killed a cat. What we want to know is the exact locality where a goodly quantity of the quality of care above referred to can be procured at any price.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

SHE WOULDN'T - 8.

A PRINTER'S PROPOSAL.

DEAR maiden, * of all the race,
Before thine iii I bow ;
Please do not hide thy pretty face,
But hear my ? now.

The . has come, my own,
When I must take a mate,
And as I o thee alone,
We'd better - 8.

The maid looked ††† at the bore,
And hit him on the nose ;
Then = upon the floor
He lay quite ,tosc.

W.M.T.



DILIGENCE.

Mabel—See, ma, how much I have done for you ! I have taken off your calendars for the whole year !

TORONTO'S ISLAND RESORT.

GRIP delegated one of his aspiring reporters to write up the Island last week. There was some difficulty in securing him for the occasion, but when a free ferry ticket was shoved under his nose all objections melted away like an ice-man's hundredweight. He returned about one o'clock in the morning all broke up, as he missed the last ferry and had to swim home. His manuscript, when dried, panned out about as follows :

It was one of those beautifully mild days in August, when the newly-arrived Englishman's ideas on the rigor of our Canadian temperature get shaken into fragments as suddenly as they would if he attempted to climb up a streak of chain lightning. I took a ferry to the Island for the purpose of gasping a few gasps of the ozoneified air which occasionally wafts in off the blue water when the breeze blows from the south. This day it didn't blow from the south—it came from the direction

of the cow-byres and gas works. But I could detect the ozone quite distinctly—it was strong. In the neighborhood of the shore the water was covered with a delicately colored oily substance from the gas works. This was ooze on, a near relative to the chemical ingredient I have just mentioned. As we neared the shore sweet dulcet strains of music were wafted to my ears across the intervening waters. When I arrived at the dock they did not sound so dulcet ; and after I had been there two hours my auriferous orifices were aching and my tympanums throbbing in agony. I asked one of the gate keepers if he did not tire of listening to the hurdy-gurdy and orchestricon ? He answered that he never heard them ! I gazed at him sadly and walked away. Am now hunting for the man who said "Music hath charms, etc." I am told he is dead. Pity he hadn't lived to visit our Island so that he could have an opportunity of undoing the mischief he has wrought.

Oh, agony most pure !
Oh, horrid nightmare dream !
A punishment I can't endure
Is music run by steam.

A little farther on I saw a young fellow with about a hundred jack-knives stuck in a board and a few small rings in his hand. "Every knife you ring, gentlemen, is yours." Thought I might speculate by ringing a few and selling them again. Spent a dollar with him, then went over to the lake shore and soaked my head for a blank fool. Dropped into a refreshment booth and asked for a glass of milk. About fifteen minutes afterward I was singing "The Capture of Batoche" to an admiring crowd of children. Think the cow must have been drunk when she layed that milk. Saw from a distance a large crowd of men and boys standing on a bridge gazing into the weedy depths below. Asked if anyone was drowned but found they were only fishing.

The Island is a delightfully cool place if you don't wear much clothing. When my collar had withered like the leaf of a mimosa, and my coat and vest had been removed, and I had got outside a pail of ice water, and the sun got low in the western skies, then, and only then, did I begin to realize what an inestimable boon we have at our door. Had I spent the afternoon in the city that day, in all probability I would have melted three or four collars and drank *two* pails of ice water.

Toronto is the very proud possessor of the handsomest female population on this continent, and a big percentage of them bask in the luxuries of cool verandahs and breezy hammocks on the Island. Every verandah has its hammock and every hammock has its dainty foot swinging over the taffrail. I was particularly struck with the elegant proportions of one little pedal and stood and stared at it in helpless goneness, when suddenly the foot gave a twitch and a laughing pair of eyes * * * Here the manuscript is unreadable, but it is presumed that she was an old acquaintance, as farther on it states: Oh, the ecstasy of those few hours ! What bliss to converse with so transcendently beautiful and intelligent a being ! The sun sank low in the west, the moon rose, and still we talked. We watched the silvery sheen of the moonlight on the waters. She hinted at the luxury of a row in the aforesaid silvery sheen, but the jack-knife fiend had my dollar ! [There is a lot more of this stuff about "She," the reporter evidently having forgotten his duty to our readers. We break the monotony and give his closing sentences] :

Suddenly I bethought me to look at my chronometer. Half-past eleven ! The last boat gone ! Wonder what

the old bird will say when he reads this report? It is not complete, and I'll request another ferry ticket for tomorrow. I find writing very pleasant, and I promised to see her then. Must hire a boatman now to—no I won't, either, the jack-knife fiend has my dollar! I'll have to swim home or lose my situation, and that means that she would postpone—well, it's none of your business what.

SAM STUBBS.



EUREKA!

Glass hats for the ladies—you can see right through them!
—Puck.

A PEEP INTO THE ARMORY.

You would get but poor directions from the make-believe *militaires* of the Dominion police who pose so artistically in the main entrance of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, if you asked to see the Party Museum and Armory. Yet within the crypt beneath the main tower is a securely bolted room where may be seen strange sights. There the Party store their campaign properties during this off season, when the stormy sea of Canadian politics has settled to the flatness, as it always had the hue and scent of Toronto Bay. Before the next election there will be bustling and tinkering; but at present the collection is given over to the moth and dust. Let us enter.

In the place of honor is a chameleon labelled "*Wandering Wullie*," with a barometer to divine, if possible, his next variation. Lay figures of the Cabinet are grouped in picturesque attitudes—the same that these Honorable gentlemen delight the public with. The Father of his Country blessing a kneeling figure—either Canada or a contractor (the dust is too thick to determine which); a little dapper military gent swashbuckling with a pewter spear pole; the gallant High Commissioner with burnished cheek and comfortable portliness—a perambulating advertisement of Canadian plenty; the Secretary of State in the dumps; and the Minister of Marine fondling a cod-fish.

A massive tank, with an odor like that of a sauerkraut tub when excited, contains a little evil-smelling, greasy liquid—it is known as *soft sawder*, and will be sweetened

up to suit all palates by the *chef* himself whenever it is convenient. Hanging carelessly on Orange and Bleu standards is a tattered panorama that is not shown so much of late. It represents the Don Valley like a fine-toothed comb, so bristling is it with tall chimneys; a toy engine with jewelled bearings, careening on gold-plated rails is the working model of the C. P. R., and is the pride of the Party.

On a shelf in a corner is a dusty volume. It opens readily at a marked spot. Lay it down reverently—it was read on the *Jamaica* and may be needed again. A little jar that might hold an ounce if full, still contains a little ointment—it is "Political Virtue" and there is enough to go round. It is reported that at a council it was discussed whether the Party should be at the expense of procuring another lot. It is said, that on mature consideration and after inquiries into the resources of the other side, it was deemed unnecessary. The story has to me an air of truth.

CRUEL.

"GOOD gracious!" said old Mr. Bildad, looking up from his paper, "what are we coming to? Well, well, who would have believed it? The wickedness of this age, Mrs. B., is something appalling. Bless my soul, what'll we be hearing next?" And then he very carefully read all about the scandal to himself, and when he was through put the paper in his pocket.

THREE DRINKERS.

THREE drinkers went drinking out into the East,
Out into the East as the moon went up;
Each thought he could finish a gallon at least,
And pint after pint was poured into the cup;
For men must drink and women must wail,
And Temperance talk is of little avail
While the liquor bar is chuckling.

Three women went up to the front street corner
Er into the store as the stars went round;
Each thought of her man and his whiskey horn,
And the bread for the family weigh'd a pound;
For men must drink and women must wail
Though the sheriff comes in with an auction sale
And the liquor bar is chuckling.

Three prisoners stood in the dismal dock
With blood-shot eyes as the charge went down;
Each woman was wiping her eye with her frock
As the magistrate sentenced them all with a frown;
But men must drink and women must wail,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to jail,
So bad-luck to the bar and its chuckling.

P. QUILL.

CONFUSING.

In the *Mail*, not along ago, some space was devoted to the Chinese who grace Toronto with their presence. An Irish policeman, who was interviewed in the matter, was reported as being particularly annoyed by their idiotic resemblance to one another, it being absolutely impossible for citizens of ordinary ability and education to tell these almond-eyed Mongolians apart. The Irish policeman also felt rather aggrieved at having repeatedly mistaken a Celestial on the street for a female cousin of his.

Our young man, with the *café-au-lait*-tinted derby and the polka-dot vest, has been devoting his attention to the subject, and, after accumulating a large body of evidence, has deduced the conclusion that the meek, sad-eyed Asiatics purposely make themselves up to look like one another, just to Confucius.

FROM A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW.

BENEATH a spreading willow tree,
Upon a rustic seat,
They sat and talked about the sea
And other matters meet.

She said she loved the ocean best
Just where it hugged the shore,
And as it had (excuse the jest)
A thousand arms or more.

His arm obeyed its impulse then;
The willows sadly sighed
As he remarked, "I love it when
Of corsets waist is tied."

JOURNALISTIC.

THE "Exhibition and Jubilee" number of *The Dominion Manufacturing and Milling News*, published at 31 King Street West, Toronto, has just been laid upon our table. It is as fine an issue throughout as any Canadian trade journal has ever sent forth, and the enterprising proprietor, Mr. Mortimer, is receiving so many congratulations that he is in a perpetual blush.

THE MIDSUMMER "PUCK."—Our brilliant New York contemporary has eclipsed all previous efforts in its midsummer number for this year. When *Puck* takes off his coat none of his rivals can hold him. The work alluded to represents high-water mark in the art of color-printing, while the artistic and literary material submitted to the printer represents the best fruits of American genius. There a few copies of this masterpiece still to be had at our bookstores, and no one who appreciates a good thing should fail to secure one.

A MAYOR'S NEST.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR,—As you are well aware, having been entertained by me often in my official capacity, I am the mayor of Pokerville, P.Q., and I write to complain of a matter of neglect on the part of the Imperial Government, which has not only occasioned me much expense and regret, but also has given much disappointment to my brother mayors throughout Canada.

You will remember, MR. GRIP, at the beginning of the Jubilee boom, about one of the first things fired over here by cable was the intelligence that the Queen had intended to confer the honor of knighthood on the mayors of the great cities throughout her Empire. Pokerville, P.Q., is a great city. In it are consumed over 10,000 plugs of chewing tobacco yearly. An ideal picture of it is exhibited in every railway station on the Grand Trunk Railway. It has a police force, fire-brigade, and staff of night watchmen—each composed of the same three young men. Several "mills" have been started here, but the police have always stopped them. Pokerville, P.Q., has deserved well of its country; and its mayor, when the first announcement of knighthood was made, confidently looked forward to the pleasure of receiving the *accolade*. My amanuensis, Stubbs (who is also my store-clerk, stable-boy, boot-black, cork-puller and friend), tells me that *accolade* is the correct word. Stubbs ought to know, as he used to go to Brazenose College, Oxon., before he came to Canada as a professor of the great Rednose University. I shall never forget how Mrs. Quill, who was pouring out coffee from a

spoutless jug at breakfast when I read the paragraph, spilled the scalding brown fluid all over my bald head as she embraced me in a wild delirium of uxorial joy. The good woman hired a girl for twenty-five cents a week that very morning to do the chores and broke the honorable news gently to the neighborhood, assisted by the chore-girl. My own children seemed already to know that their long-suffering father was in the course of a well-merited promotion. Before night all Pokerville, P.Q., was in possession of the news that its mayor was to be made a knight, and all Pokerville, P.Q., became full of reflected glory in consequence. Nothing else was talked of for weeks. Our local paper, *The Poker-Villain*, was full of references to the fact, and agreed to pay me a dollar for two columns of Jubilee news every week during my stay in England. The Town Council prepared a vote of congratulation, addressed to Lord and Lady Quill, which was hand-painted on satin by the head schoolmistress. Everything was arranged for a civic holiday and public banquet on my return, and Pokerville felt happy with anticipated joy. This was in March last, MR. GRIP. What is it now in August?

The Jubilee has come and gone. The greatest event of modern monarchical history is a thing of the faded past. Already the trappings and hangings have been taken down, the balconies been removed, the colored lights put out, and the united military bands of the Empire played the "God Save the Queen" of the great occasion. It is all over. But the knighting of several hundred mayors from all over the world did not take place, and the programme of the Jubilee certainly lost its principal attraction. Mrs. Quill had made up her court dress of green satin trimmed with terra-cotta and gold spangles for the occasion. I had decided to wear my uniform as colonel of the mounted yeomanry, with the six medals I have gained at local cattle-shows. It would have been an event, but it did not come off.

Now, MR. GRIP, I want to know whether some redress cannot be obtained, or some of the expenses paid in connection with the great Jubilee Fraud. There are many other mayors in Canada, and their wives and daughters, who are as disappointed as myself and Mrs. Quill, and I think if Mayor Howland would call a meeting we might take some action in the matter.

Yours b-knighted-lie,

PETER QUILL,

J.H.O.C.

POKERVILLE, P.Q.

W. B. JENKINS, ESQ.

WILLIE BENJAMIN JENKINS

Is a baby small;
In construction he is just
Like a rubber ball;
And for most a mile away
You can hear him squall.

Sometimes he is very bad,
Sometimes very good;
And whene'er he deigns to smile,
In his sky-blue mood,
Credit it not unto him,
But to Snyder's Food.

Sometimes he will kick and howl
Till his face is black,
For to be toss'd up and down
Like a jumping jack;
And if there's a thing he hates
It is ipecac.



TOPICS OF THE DAY.

WHO? WHAT? WHICH? WHERE?

WHEN the young *débutante* gets sight o' a beau,
She scarcely can peep thro' the leaves of her fan,
Her heart doth so flutter, her cheeks do so glow,
As she asks all a-trembling: "Who is the man?"

Twenty doth bring her to years of discretion,
No longer she blushes, but changes her plan;
With thoughts of the pocket, the place, the profession,
She questions the circle with: "What is the man?"

At thirty, each day the thought doth appal her,
That hour by hour her roses grow wan;
Her circle of lovers grow smaller and smaller—
She duns each deceiver with: "Which is the man?"

Forty changes her tune, and grown romantic,
Deems it charming to simper as much as she can;
Haunts watering-places, streams the Atlantic,
For the query of life now is: "Where is the man?"



THE RULING PASSION.

Professor (to young man who has come to propose to daughter, but has broken down in the effort.)—My youthful friend, you have recited so badly that I must order you back. Write your exercise out fifty times, and come up again to-morrow evening.

"SHE COULD COOK."

CHAPTER I.

SAM SNAPPER had a long head. He wanted no learned wife—he wanted a girl that could cook. He wasn't going to have mathematics served up hot to him, with equations for vegetables. What he wanted when he was hungry was, not Greek or Latin quotations, no indeed—he preferred a properly broiled beefsteak, with a savory pudding afterward. Learning, he said, was run to seed. What is a college-bred girl fit for matrimonially, he'd like to know? He pitied Frank Strettup, for he heard he was engaged to a female college bookworm, and what was to become of the poor fellow, dear only knew.

Unconsciously Mr. Snapper had voiced the unspoken sentiments of the majority of his kind—"Man wants but little here below, but wants that little—well cooked." Inspired by such a sentiment, it was not surprising that

when he asked Miss Mimican one evening whether she played or sang, and was answered coyly, "No, but I can cook," it was not surprising we say, that these words haunted him. "She could cook!" there was a solid fact for a man to grapple on to! He brooded over it till imagination regaled his olfactorys with delicious odors—the savory odors of gravys brown, rich, and rare. Miss Mimican was not rich, she was not accomplished, nor thank goodness, learned—but, she could cook! So one night when the moon gazed sponily down upon the lake, and the stars winked at each other across the chasms of illimitable space, Sam Snapper whispered to Mamie Mimican, "I love you! Come and cook for me!" And she answered in a soft, simmering, sizzling voice, "Yes, I will cook your goose for you!" And still the moon gazed down into the lake, and again the stars winked at each other, for Sam Snapper had got a wonderfully long head.

CHAPTER II.

Six months had fled, six happy months of good cookery and consequent felicity, and yet, Mr. Samuel Snapper looked thin, and restless, and unhappy. Sam had taken to visiting at Frank Strettup's—and somehow had got terribly dissatisfied with his home. Frank was as happy as a big sunflower. True, he had married a university graduate, one who was an ardent lover of the fine arts, but who was also in the art of cookery—an artiste. Sam had married a woman "who could cook," but never on his table were seen or tasted such *recherche* dishes as those cooked by the fair hands of Mrs. Frank Strettup. When dinner was over at Sam's house all was over. Nothing remained but the commonplace, the unsatisfactory, the irritating, and the degrading gossip. Sam tired of it—he turned for mental rest and refreshment to Frank Strettup's, and on his way home dropped occasionally into a saloon. He had married a cook—and now he had taken a most unreasonable desire for a wife. Debarred by law from such a boon, he deliberately drank himself to death, a victim of good cooking. And so perished a man with a long head.

MORAL.

She cooketh best, who knoweth most
Of things both great and small;
For the same mind that learning grasps
Can house-keep, cook, and all.

AN UNFEELING REMARK.

MRS. YERGER—"I believe I will accompany our daughter, Clara, to the ball this evening."

Col. Yerger—"What is your object?"

"When the people see how beautiful she is they will say: 'how lovely her mother must have looked when she was young.'"

"No, that's not what they will say."

"What will they say?"

"When they see you at the ball with Clara they will say, 'See how ugly Clara will be when she gets to be as old as her mother.'"

"Oh, you brute!"—*Texas Siftings.*

Beach, the N.S.W. aquatic champion, has eight children.—*News item.*

If this pathetic statement is sent out in view of Hanlan's departure for Australia, we hope it will have no effect. No doubt Hanlan would fight to defeat such a fatherly person, but business is business.

WHEN piercing rays
Of noonday's blaze
On every side salute you,
You're sadly tasked
To then be asked
"How does this weather suit you?"
—*Boston Budget.*

PARADOXICAL as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that, however dangerous the profession of a bank burglar may be, he is unquestionably a safe man.—*Boston Budget.*

JACK—What! Are you smoking cigarettes?
Harry—Yes, dash it all! Cora refused my offer of marriage last night, and I don't care what becomes of me.—*Tid-Bits.*

HAROLD—Humph! you needn't boast. My father's got a house that cost twice as much as your father's. Bertie—Well, my father's been an alderman only six months so far.—*Tid-Bits.*

"I ALWAYS prefer to be on the safe side when I speculate," remarked the trusted treasurer, as he alighted from the train at Montreal.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"You girls want the earth," said a State street father when one of his daughters asked him for six dollars for a new jacket. "No, papa," said the ingenious child of twenty, "not the earth—only a new jersey."—*Trenton Emporium.*

A GOOD many people thank the Lord that they don't understand Henry George's works. If they really do feel thankful to the Lord for their ignorance they have much to be thankful for.—*Rev. Dr. Pentecost.*

"It looks as if there was a row between Snobley and his wife." "There is." "Anything serious?" "I guess not. Snob read that the Prince and Princess of Wales had had a falling out, and he had to follow suit, you know. He's watching the papers now to find out when to make up."—*Ex.*

IGNORANT FOREIGNER—You have agricultural fairs in this country, I hear. American Farmer—Yes; every fall. I'm getting ready for the next one now. I. F.—Rather early to make selections of agricultural fair exhibits, I should fancy. A. F.—No sir-ee; takes a good while to train trottin' hosses, mister.—*Tid-Bits.*

"WHERE shall we go this summer, dear?" asked Mrs. Flyaway. "Well, let's see," replied her husband, "last winter we got malaria in Florida?" "Yes, and the alligators got your pointer dog." "And the preceding summer we got the rheumatism in the mountains?" "We did, and the bears got my little Skye terrier." "And the summer before that we went to the seashore and got bled by the mosquitoes and the landlord?" "Yes." "And the summer before that, we went into the country and the children were laid up all summer with ivy poison?" "I remember." "Well, if I felt as strong as I used to, I'd like first-rate to take a vacation this summer, but I'm feeling kind of weak and listless, and I'm afraid I couldn't stand it. Let's stay home and rest this year."—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE BOOK AGENT.

"THE stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth."
—*Addison.*

LITTLE Tommy:—"Mother, what part of heaven do people go to who are good, but not agreeable?"

"I LIKE cold weather," she said—"there's no danger of perspiration taking the powder off your face when you're hugging."

LITTLE Johnny (in re the latest baby):—"His face is just the color of Uncle George's. My word, but he must be a hard drinker!"

THE daily papers tell us of prisoners being "fully committed for trial." But we never hear of any criminal being partially committed.

KATE: "Louise dear, there's crape on the Van Brisket's front door. Some one must have died!" Louise: "Impossible! I'm positive the doctor hasn't been there for several weeks."—*N. Y. Life.*

A LEARNED man doesn't need a learned wife. He needs a nice little woman to look after his house and see that he has his necktie on when he goes out.

"WHO is the god of battles?" "Mar," answered little Johnny Henpeck. "Mars," you mean, Johnny," corrected the teacher. "No, I don't, neither. I only got one mar."

AT Divine Service: Miss Molly—"Come into our pew, Kate." Kate—"Oh, no; come into ours. We've got such nice, comfortable, high kneeling cushions. They don't strain your polonaise a bit."

INFURIATED subscriber (to editor):—"What does this mean, sir: In that obituary notice of my respected wife's mother, you have said that she was 'consigned to her last roasting place.'"

MAUD—I hate that fellow De Johnson. He never knows what to do with his hands. Maria—You are mistaken, my dear. In that respect he is one of the most accomplished young men I ever went out in a buggy with.

CHAMBERNAID—"Wait, Mary, it isn't time to lock up the house yet. Miss Ethel's young man is in the parlor." Kitchen girl—"He's gone, Sarah." "Did you hear the front-door shut?" "No, but the drawing-room gas is turned up again."

YOUNG Man (whispering to jeweller)—"That engagement ring I bought of you yesterday—" Jeweller—"What's the matter with it; didn't it fit?" Young man (cautiously)—"Sh! It didn't have a chance. Gimme collar buttons for it."

"It is wrong," remarked Bernhardt's manager to a reporter, "to think that the great artiste came here to get American dollars." "Indeed?" "Yes, I can prove it to you very easily." "Tell me about it." "You can see how little she cares for American money when I tell you that before sailing she had it all changed into French money."

COURT officer (to Queen Victoria)—There's an American gent houtside as what wants to see your majesty. The Queen—It's Mr. Phelps, I suppose. Tell him I've gone over to the tower to see if the Kohinoor is all right. Court officer—It's not Mr. Phelps; it's Buffalo Bill. The Queen—Oh, show him in at once.—*Ex.*

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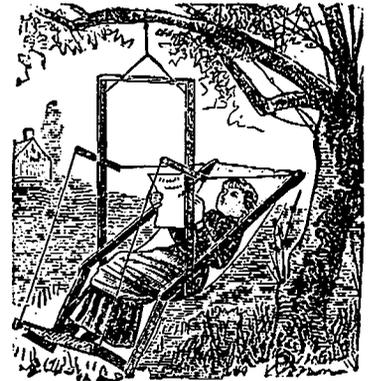
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Scroggins—I intend to, sir. Would you oblige me by returning my tools?



AT THE RAILWAY RESTAURANT.

Flora—Ma, I guess this chicken was hatched out of a hard egg; don't you think so?



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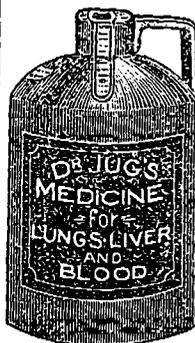
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RATHER POINTED.

Miss Goldollar—Excuse my yawning, Mr. Seeker.

Mr. S.—Certainly. I suppose you have had many tiresome callers.

Miss G.—Oh, no. You're the first!

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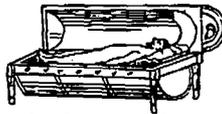
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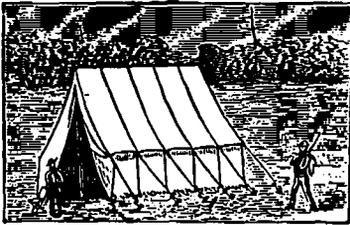
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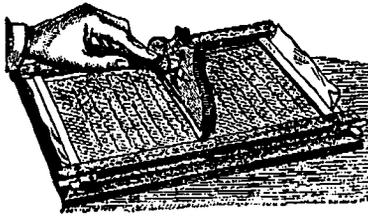
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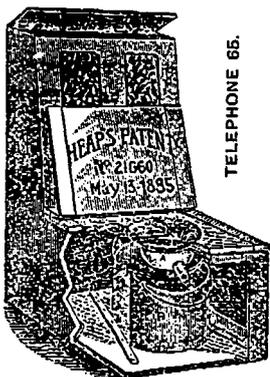
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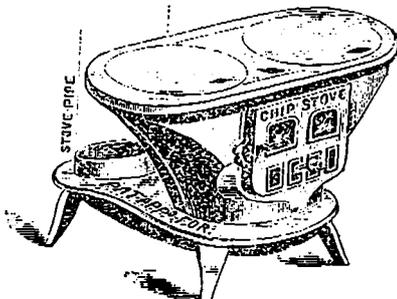
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