

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BINGOUGH

GRIP ENCL



UNCLE SAM'S SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

Uncle Sam.—Mr. Wiman, I quite understand that this Commercial Union scheme would be a big thing for Canada, but would you mind taking the platform and showing me where *my* benefit comes in?

The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.
 —J. W. MILLER

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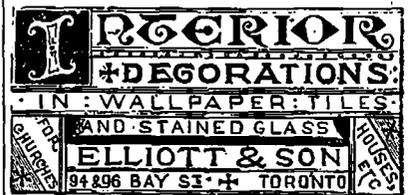
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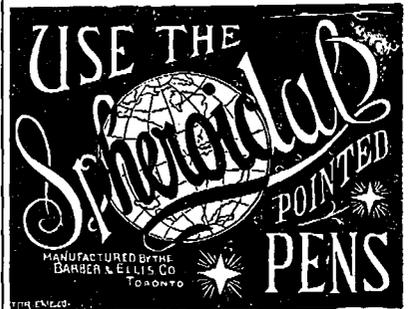
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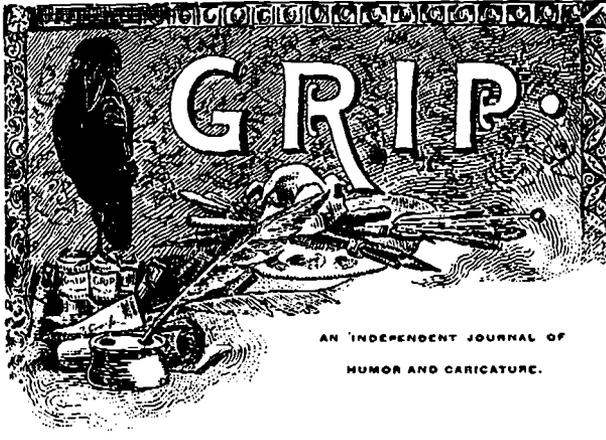
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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE CHARIOT RACE.—GRIP pleads guilty to a slight departure from his proverbial accuracy in presenting this picture at the present moment. It is a decidedly lively scene, whereas nothing can be imagined more flat and dull than the world of Canadian politics is just now. Nevertheless, the picture does contain elements of truth. For example, there is no question that the Tory chariot is well to the front in the political race. The late session left the Grit driver a little further in the rear if anything, and there are no indications of a gain since the House adjourned. Our picture represents a vast amount of excitement in the spectators; and here again it is seriously in error, as nobody that we know of is exhibiting the slightest degree of interest in the politicians and their doings. The flies are commanding far more attention.

UNCLE SAM'S SIDE OF THE QUESTION.—Mr. Wiman has been invited to deliver a public address at Buffalo on the subject of Commercial Union, and to show, if he can, that the scheme would benefit the United States, upon which point a good many of our neighbors seem to feel dubious. It is clear to the American mind—as we believe it is to the Canadian—that Commercial Union would unquestionably be in the interest of Canada; but Uncle Sam's side of the question has not yet been so fully discussed. We have every confidence that it is within the power of Mr. Wiman, or any other intelligent and thoughtful man, to show that continental free trade would be a mutual benefit, fully as profitable to the United States as to our own country. Mr. Wiman's appearance at Buffalo will be awaited with interest.

ARGUMENT A LA MUCK-BUCKET.—What perseverance will do! The editor of the *Hamilton Spectator* appears to have made up his mind that he would get his portrait into GRIP somehow or other, or perish in the attempt. He has succeeded. We cannot longer refrain from placing him upon the pinnacle as the conductor of the most scurrilous and small-minded paper in Canada. To this title his course on the Commercial Union question (which consists of vulgar abuse of all who differ with him) has given him a clear claim, and he may wear the new honors as proudly as he has long worn the distinction of being the conductor of the champion boodle organ, (if the public printing accounts are truthful.) We suspect that the latest honors have been really won, however, by the editor's tail-piece, and we therefore feel compelled to recognize that more obscure but very worthy person in our picture as well.

OUR OWN HOLIDAY PARADISE.—It gives us pleasure to note the fact that our own summer resorts are becoming more popular every year with Canadians, and are every year attracting larger numbers of visitors from a distance. People are only beginning to find out that in the Muskoka and Parry Sound regions we have attractions for the holiday-maker which eclipse those offered almost anywhere else on the continent. The places along the American sea coast, ruled so rigorously by Dame Fashion, have lost their charms for most people of common sense. The summer holiday is meant for rest and recreation, not for an accentuation of the rivalries of society, with all their accompanying worry. Persons who take this view are increasing in number, and they have discovered, many of them, that they can get a great deal more of solid comfort, pleasure and profit for their money in Muskoka than at any of the fashionable resorts.



THE PINK OF POLITENESS.

PROF. YAUKOHSON,—WHO IS BOWING AND SCRAPING ALL THE TIME.

TO MABEL, WHO HATH A COLD.

HAND me my harp, that I may sweetly touch
 Its chords to tell my loved one's sad affliction:
 She hath a sneezer! Ah! there is not such
 A term so eloquent throughout the diction-
 ary.

Her eyes, once bright, are dim with greasy tears;
 Her nose is like an overgrown carnation;
 A rash spreads o'er both cheeks unto her ears,
 A pimple on her chin hath long been station-
 ary.

O pray, sweet harp, my Mabel soon is well;
 Indeed she looks as if in some transition:
 Woman! without your charms you are a sell!
 At least you seem so to this humble vision-
 ary.

P. QUILL.

Sonnet.

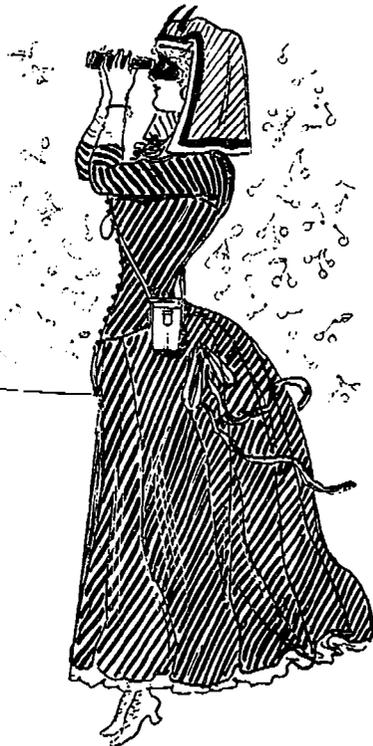
TO THE SHADE OF MAZZINI.

"Mazzini was the first to point out the cardinal defect in the writings of Thomas Carlyle; and that the cause of human liberty had nothing to expect from him."

FROM the time-servers here in time,
Sad, solitary, yet sublime!
Upon a throne thou sit'st apart,
In the Valhalla of the heart.
Most godlike of the heroes thou,
Mazzini! Enthroned on thy brow
I see Faith, Hope, and Charity—
The ever-glorious trinity—
Regarding with a sorry smile
The selfish spirit of Carlyle;
For when Freedom's outlook was dim,
No help could she expect from him.
E'en he could not escape thy ken,
Diviner of the souls of men.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

"AUGUST."



OUR pallid, poetic young man, who is at present off on his vacation in Europe, sends us from the Tyrol this dashing, *dégageé*, tailor-made young lady. He calls his vignette "August." Now if he were in Toronto we would endeavor to remonstrate with him,—but we must confess that however firmly though gently we might expostulate, it would be of little use. You can't reason with a long-haired artist.

She seems standing on the tip-toe of expectation; anticipation is suggested in all the lines of her graceful figure, from her dainty wrists to her little French boots. The

style of hat she wears is rather *bizarre* in effect outdoors, however admirably it may be adapted to win the gratitude of all who may sit behind its wearer in a theatre. It may, however, be the latest freak of fashion, this combination of a cornuted napkin and a black velvet mask.

Perhaps the young lady is a Parisian heiress with whom our artist, who is a melancholy, romantic sort of fellow, has fallen in love. It may be that she is looking through her tourist's glass for his coming. The rest of us envy the luck which has fallen to him in that beautiful old-world region, under soft blue skies. It is rather likely that he sent us the sketch of his divinity just to make us dissatisfied with our surroundings, and to fill us with yearning and vague unrest. In return we have cabled over to him that since he has seen fit in his dream of love to idealize the goddess of his dream as "August,"

he can have no reason to feel aggrieved if her rejection of his suit is *summary*.

They don't charge extra for time-worn jests like that, and indeed it would trouble us not if they did; for we neglected to prepay the cablegram.

QUEBEC'S SOLIDITY.

"Quebec will never consent to Commercial Union. I have now a letter from an influential gentleman from that province, and he says Quebec is solid against Commercial Union."—*Letter of Stapleton Callicott in "Mail."*

MR. GREEP, MONSIEUR,—Zese vorts I read in ze papier vich I shall not to name; it is *un tres* vicked papier which I am not suppose to read some time at all. *Eh bien*, I read zese vorts, and I feel I shall owe myself ze duty to write to you zis small *petite* letter, to tell you I am not ze booby zis gentleman *influential* thinks me to be. He say, I am "solid" against le Union Commercial. Who tells him this? *Au contraire*, is it not that I should be "red hot" ze other way? Vat is zis Union Commercial? Is it zat I shall be ask to give up my right? my treaty? my church? my leeberty? my religion? Non! not at all! Is it zat I am no longer under ze Breetish flag? Non! I am not ask to give up any of zese. It is zat I shall keep all I have secure, and get some more also! It is zat I shall only join ze other provinces to trade freely wiz the people of *P'Oncle Sam*. Shali I not share in ze benefit? If ze Union Commercial makes of Montreal un *ville magnifique*; ze great commercial centre *a la* New York, as Monsieur Wiman foretell, shall I not share in ze prosperity? And shall it not be zat my many thousand of brothers who have gone away to work in ze factories of ze States will come back to me? We cannot now keep them; and why? *Helas!* we are too poor! Why then, shall I be "solid" against my own interests? What is my interest? To keep *mes lois, mes langue, et mes religion* under ze Breetish flag! Zis I can do by le Union Commercial, but not by annexation. I am solid against annexation, but what shall I do if Nova Scotia and Manitoba, and ze other provinces, through discontent break up le Confederation? Le Union Commercial will cure their discontent, and make us all "solid" together.

Yours,

JEAN BAPTISTE.

THE SONG OF THE TORONTO BURGLAR.

I'm boss cracksman of the little gang, wot burglarize this city,
And I'll tell you how we works it, if you'll listen to my lay:
Perhaps yer think I run a risk in chirping of this ditty,
But if yer do, ye're rather off—that's all I've got to say.

The gang is small and quite select and lor! ain't it a terror;
If there wos many in it, some 'ud give it dead away;
And we're more afraid of "peechers" than policemen, make no error,
So the fewer tongues the better—that's all I've got to say.

There's a woman at the bottom of our burglarizing racket,
Just as sure as there's a bottom to our werry dirty bay,
And a woman's work'll want a good detective for to track it,
And it wants it in Toronto—that's all I've got to say.

She finds out all about a crib by calling on the mistress,
And keeping open optics for as long as she can stay,
While telling her misfortunes and relating shocking hist'ries,
For scandal tickles ladies' ears—that's all I've got to say.

Then when we knows the place well, and how to get inside it,
We watches till the bobby from the neighborhood does stray,
And that ain't werry long; at least whenever I have tried it
The peeler never bother'd me—that's all I've got to say.

The rest comes pretty easy, for there's senses in our fingers,
Which you chaps haven't got, because you ain't quite built that way,
And when we've got the swag you bet it isn't long we lingers,
We go like watches of the night—that's all I've got to say.

Perhaps if we are hungry, and runs up against a cupboard,
We takes a meal of pickles, pies, or something wot'll stay
Our appetites, which ain't like boots, and can't be India-rubber'd,
Though they're certainly elastic—that's all I've got to say.

We takes the boodle to a crook as fakes it round the city
Among the Ikes, and scatters it before the break of day,
And after our night's work if we don't sleep—well, it's a pity,
And it's better to keep quiet—that's all I've got to say.

Talk about variety ! I guess you'd laugh to see 'um
When we empties out our bundles for to reckon up the pay ;
I often think the swag 'ud make a technical museum
As good as at the Normal School—that's all I've got to say.

It's awf'ul fun to read the *News*, when supper I am taking,
And hear its wise opinion as I smoke my old black clay ;
It makes me laugh until my very ribs are all a-aching ;
It's a very funny column—that's all I've got to say.

Detectives and policemen might be cowcumbers for greenness ;
I don't believe they'll nab us, though perhaps, of course, they may,
But if they do, I bet it's by a fluke, and not by keenness,
For they're about as keen as cheese—that's all I've got to say.

Well, I guess I've got to finish—for here comes Slippery Timmy,
If he sees me writing perhaps he'll think I'm giving him away ;
I know wot he's come after—it's to borrow my new jimmy,
Well ! I'm sorry as I lost the tool—that's all I've got to say.
P. QUILL.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

UNANSWERED letters have been suffered, of late, to accumulate to such an extent that it has become necessary for some one to undertake the task of attending to at least a few of them. Our Foreign Affairs editor is off canoeing with the Assistant Business Manager. With the thermometer in the nineties, the staff seems to be wilting away. Our desultory Young Man, with the stylographic pen, was seen last on the Niagara boat, smoking cigarettes, and wearing a *café-au-lait*-tinted derby and a polka-dot vest.

Under these circumstances the elevator boy has deemed it his duty to grapple with the following correspondents :

J. I. C.—When a man grabs hold of the handles of an electric machine, and then dances around and finds that he can't let go, he may consider it all a voltaic cell, as you suggest ; but that isn't the way to spell "sell." When writing for the press you should strive to be grammatical.

C. U. LATER.—Don't mention it.

OSCAR.—So you'll "be happy to furnish us with seven or eight columns of original matter per week," eh ? Well, you won't, Oscar, you know.

C. N. SHIFTER.—You send us an article in the course of which you want to know if every eminent actor who is not asked to write a soap testimonial feels bad about it, and shakes —'s soap ever after. No, you don't work off any free ads. on us that way ! You can't play us for chumps. Good afternoon.

DICK SWIVEL.—You say in your letter that you will call around some afternoon and talk over your MS. with the editor. Don't, my friend !

SADIE R.—We are very sorry that we can't accept your Browning essay, and the one on "Soulful Insight,"—we regret it exceedingly. Your beautiful scented paper, with the dainty bow-knots of pink and pale blue, brought with it exquisitely delicate suggestions of poetic gleams and glimpses, and—er—we—that is to say we are grieved, er—or rather, it would be a sacrilege to put your essays into the hands of the vulgar printers. By-bye, dear.

GEORGE P. BINKS.—It strikes us that we have seen your poem "Dollars and Dimes" somewhere, long ago. GRIP SACK, by the way, may be obtained anywhere now for a dime.

HIRAM FOGG.—So your dog was "dazed by the heat of the dog days." Well, well, you don't say !

KIT CARSON.—No ; we haven't a vacancy on our staff for you just now. Tra-la.

SANCHO PANZA.—We wouldn't advise you to bring your contributions to the editor yourself,—not if they're anything like the first you've sent. You see, you might get surrounded ; and the Business Manager has just added several base ball bats to our library.



More Modern Painters ; or, Notes on the Art Exhibition at Toronto. By John Ruskin, Jr., author of "Many Unwritten Things." Published Annually. No. 1.

This work has created a vast amount of mingled emotion amongst the Ontario artists and their friends, as a perfectly plain-spoken review of their work could hardly fail to do. The author endeavors, he assures us, to deliver a fair judgment in every case, and his language is certainly plain enough to be clearly understood. The consequence is that some of the exhibitors are raging mad, and others are quite the contrary. The publication has been rendered necessary in the interests of Canadian art (so Mr. Ruskin, Jr., thinks) as the newspaper critics have evidently no time or no aptitude for the work of reviewing the annual exhibition. We were not aware that John Ruskin had such a promising boy, but the relationship can hardly be doubted if a family likeness in the matter of literary style goes for anything. Witness his introduction :—

TORONTO, *Jubilee Day*, 1887.

DEAR PEOPLE,—I write from my villa overlooking the bay of this city—a stretch of water meant by Nature to be both beautiful and refreshing ; but which (owing to the unseemly puffing, rushing and screeching of countless tugs, ferries and other marine monsters of human invention, and to the constant impouring of streams of refuse") is rapidly becoming as ugly and malodorous as is possible, and will get more so, thanks to our modern notions of hygiene and omniscient sanitary inspectors. Consequently fishes are less and flies are more numerous around the wharves. Forty years ago there were only a few large specimens of bluebottle to be found at this spot ; now the varieties of *diptera* are incalculable ; chiefly because uncatchable. At that same date I used to hook fine and beautiful fishes at early dawn. Of these a threefold division was made. One portion I anatomized, the second I painted and etched, the third I cooked and ate. Now only a multiplicity of catfish and flat-stomached abominations of the finny tribes are partial to my home-made bait. (Bah ! there sounds that defiant fog-horn again—a minutely repetition of monotonous horror ; the remorseful wail of the most fiendish of all modern inventions—enough to frighten off all fogs forever)—but to my subject—the Art Exhibition !

HOT ENOUGH FOR HER.

Miss Airey (looking in upon her brother who is enjoying a cigar while cooling his heels on the mantel-shelf)—"Good gracious Tom how hot it is in here—hot enough to roast a goose."

Tom.—"Better not come in then."

* I counted nine dogs, three cats and one pig — all floating corpses in front of my villa at five o'clock this morning. I also also secured a beautiful specimen of algae—*Saragassum bacciferum*.

SONG OF THE DYING FLY.

WHEN I was young, a week ago,
I never thought to come to this;
Why should a trick so very low
Wind up my life of bliss?

To only think how once I flew
Around this world of men and facts,
And here I am as fast as wax
Upon this sheet of glue.

I used to buzz right merrily
About the city at my will,
And from each table take my fill
Of hospitality.

Upon a bald head I could sit
And dream of things that long had flown;
The man, with sympathetic groan,
Would aim but never hit.

And now, upon a sheet of glue,
I'm fixed and cannot get away,
Whilst other flies around me play;
It makes me very blue.

I'm minus three legs and a wing,
I've pulled till I can pull no more;
To-morrow it will all be o'er,
And then no more I'll sing.

I had preferred an end more meet;
But still must bear with this mishap.
I wish the fool who laid this trap
Had made my death-glue sweet.

P. QUILL.



OFFICERS' SERVANT GIGGAN TO JEAMES IN SERVICE.

DEAR JEAMES,—Sogering is better than footman to an orid old woman and her nasty pugs—wich the livery to is pleasanter. The capting is all I could wish and then, Jeames, the fair sects! Ven in service as you well noes I could no more look at the feet of a pretty girl, being so bashful like—but the unyform has made me as impident as the best of 'em. The capting he is doing the perlite to his lady miss, and as doing my dooty I looks arter the made. She's a stunner and no mistake. The capting thinks so to; at least as I was a carryin' in a bastick of wine to our mess I heard him say that she reminded him of "one of wa-toe's jems." The capting was mistaken—for she's from Donegal. I told him so arterwards and he told the mess and they had me in to say it over agen to make sure like. Anyhow whether she's wa-toes or Irish she's a beauty—a little turned up noz and larfing eyes and cheeks like the bloom on a peach—I couldn't keep from puttin' my arm round her waste the fust time what I seed her. She larfed and sed—Don't go to fast my

brav lad in red—hands off ontill akvainted. Seys I—to fast from victals or love is mitey onpleasant, so I wont—and with that kist her. She was rite angry and it tuk me some time to suthe her, but I succeeded at last and no no more at present from GEORGE GABRIEL GIGGAN.

P.S.—If you wishes to jine the serviz (hateful wurd) I will egsert my influenz with the capting. G.G.G.

BASE BALL NOTES.

BINKLEY, the umpire, is an absent-minded fellow. He was driving down street the other day when his horse balked and began kicking. "Collins, I fine you \$50," said he, in his usual firm, low voice. The horse moved on.

Terry, of the Brooklyn club, belongs to a swell family, and they are strongly opposed to his ball-playing. They regard it as a base business, but probably he is the only member of the family who will ever make a hit.

The New York Mets. are opposed to the suggestion of salaried scorers. They say it would be unfair to make them contribute to scorers' salaries, since they don't get any benefit in the scoring, anyway.

Hastings bought six players from Leavenworth the other day for \$1,500. Good fresh players seem to be worth about \$2,000 per dozen out that way.

"The Base-Ball Player as a Chattle" is the title of an article in one of the magazines. An International League umpire says there's not half as much chat about 'em as there was before the new rule was made.

One of our professionals went to church last Sunday for the first time. When the preacher had announced his text he stepped away from the reading desk and began his discourse. A look of perplexity and alarm overspread the base-ballist's countenance, as he turned to one of the deacons and said, "What sort of a game is this? Where's the umpire? The pitcher's out of his box!"

ORPHEUS ECLIPSED.

MRS. MCDUGAL—Oh fie! Angus Mactooal. What for wass you pe dansin' at ta Caelic Sassiety when it wass treescore-years an' ten you wass. They'll think you wass daft, when its a praw touce man you wass an' a member of the kirk—mirofer.

Mr. McDougal—I wass not daft at all, cootwife! It wass ta piper, Charlie Monroe, wass playin' a pibroch, an' she'll plaw, an' plaw; an' she'll plaw ta music inta ta plood, an' how can she'll pe sit still, Mrs. Mactooal, wi ta music a' ta Hielan' Fling, tuggin' at ta tendons o' her toes like ta current o' ta electricity? Tat's ta difference atween ta Scotch music an' a' ta other music. Ta other iss fery fine, fery fine, an' she'll can sit still all ta days of ner life maype; put when ta pipes or ta fiddle strikes up "Caber Feigh" or "Tullochgorum"—hooch! ta electricity goes zig zag down to ta toes, an' she'll cannot sit still nefer any more whatefer.

WITH GRIP'S COMPLIMENTS TO THE NEW LITERARY CLUB.

FROM BYRON to Wigwam; from Wigwam to Dickens—
What matters the name if the sentiment's sound!
As each evening's fun with the wreathing smoke thickens
To "Our Mutual Friend"—ship the toast shall go round.



UNANSWERABLE.

Mr. Strifer—Now, Matilda, leave me if you think best; but I shall advertise at once that I shall not pay any bills you may contract.

Mrs. S.—Don't you think that has been pretty thoroughly advertised already?

A WEATHER IDYLL.

IN vain I try to keep me cool
By every method and device.
I sit upon a block of ice
Instead of on my office stool.

All day I wave a ten-cent fan
To keep away the too-fond fly,
Whose chief endeavor is to try
And dodge it if he can.

The perspiration down my cheek
Rolls like an ever-dropping tear;
Whilst down my throat the lager beer
Doth trickle like a creek.

Thermometer is ninety-two,
And sometimes falls to eighty-three;
The only difference to me
Is choice of boil or stew.

We shall not designate a fool,
Nor deem that party a gallowt,
Who can invent a weather suit
To keep a fellow cool.

P. QUILL.

OPEN LETTER TO HON. MR. ROSS.

MR. ROSS, DERE SIR,—They tell me you are a smart man at ansering questions, so i take the libbety to ask you this won: Why shoudnt the fence be took down that is now around the normel schule? There aint nothing that nobody would hurt in the grounds, and if the fence was took down and benches put there for folks as was tired to sit on it would make a nice little park and would look much nicer than it does now. Can you give any good reson wy that miseble old fence is allowed to be there? If so do and blige

Sairy Ann.

LAWDEDAW'S DISGUST.

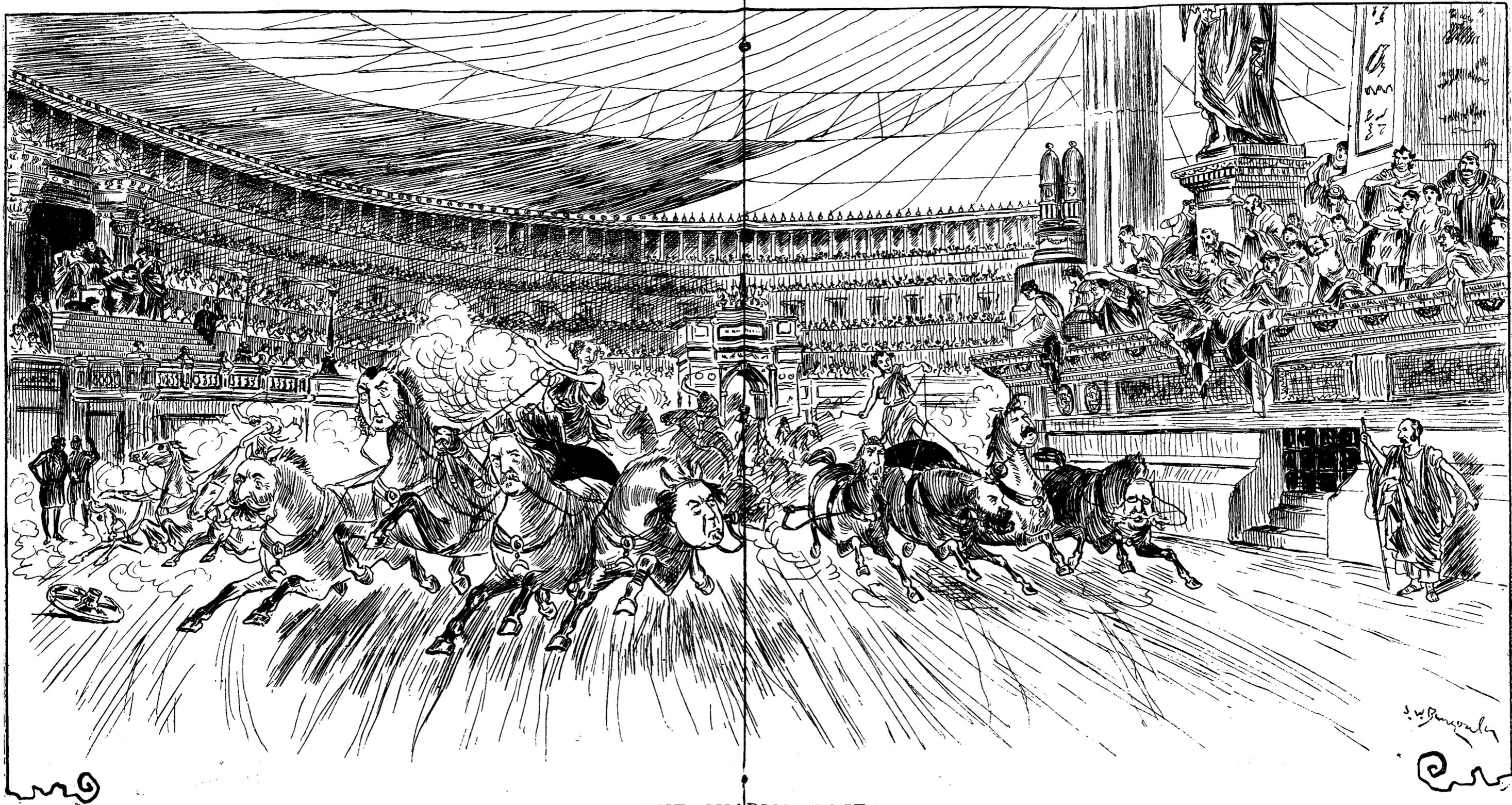
Aw—its dweadful! No, I don't mean the heat—aw—any fellow can get through the heat by simply keeping—aw—cool. What disgusts a fellow is, these *dweadful* people who are—aw—never happy unless poking other people up. Aw—these anti-pawvehty people. Why don't they let pawvehty alone—its—aw—veyv unpleasant to have a fellow continually poked up about the pawvehty of the wohking clawses. Aw—weally, upon my awnah, I would watheh not hear about these fwighfully enehgetic people—aw—they make a fellah's head ache—and then—on the otheh hand, if you don't look into a paper now and then—aw—with a view to weading up something to talk about when you meet people—aw—a fellow gets behind the age. Now—aw—this labow question—I have just been studying it up lately—aw—who is this fellow Gawge? A poor relation of Dr. McGlynn's I fawncy—aw—let me see, he had a quarrel with the Pope—aw—bad fawm—veyv bad fawm; why, the most awistocwatic families of the Empire wouldn't think of such a thing—aw—If the Pope wishes to set up an anti-pawvehty society faw the disposal of Peteh's pence, why should McGlynn or Gawge—aw—object? Aw—then the division of land I suppose—aw—that means thwee acres and a cow—aw—

pwepostewous! Suppose ewevy man had thwee acres and a cow, why, ewevybody would be ddowned in milk—and the milkmen would be—aw—aw—demanding compensation. Then again supposing—aw—one of the cows should calve—aw—I understand cows do calve occasionally—don't they? Aw—then there would he two cows and six acres—and—aw—that would, accawding to their ideas, be a mawnstwow injustice. Aw—the fact is—I'm disgusted with the whole thing. I cawn't see why people cawn't simmeh down and allow the Cwimes Bill to come into fowce—aw—certainly the pweservation of the Empire is of the fhst impawtence—as it is no fellow is safe from the encwoachment of these anti-povehty people—aw—it is excessively annoying—aw—but if Gladstone insists on coming to America to hunt me up—aw—I must positively lock the gawden gate, and take a box of cigaws into the hammock—aw—it's devilish hot—isn't it?

THE TOUCHSTONE TO VIRTUE.

DISTRUST the man who is heart-whole in presence of a hollow sounding melon. There is something uncanny about the man who can contemplate unmoved that quaint reservoir of the sweetness of summer's rain and the fragrant breath of nature; who feels no thrill when the envious knife invades the cool green covering and the gash lays bare the ripe red flesh trembling with its weight of vintage. It is the irresistible fruit! Whom would you trust in your garden at this witching season? You saw a heap of rinds behind Deacon Jones' last time you passed; you wonder where—

“Hi there! you Tubal Cain—get out of that patch you black thief!”



THE CHARIOT RACE.

(WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO WAGNER'S CELEBRATED PICTURE.)

J. W. Reynolds



THOSE STREETS OF OURS.

Departing Visitor from the States—Well, how do you like Toronto, now that you have had a good look at it?

His Wife—O, I think it's lovely! I don't see what they want to do it all over again for.

CONCERNING HENS.

THE career of this bird in its triumphal rise from the coop to the dinner table is full of picturesque situations. There is nothing more engaging than to watch a thorough-bred hen obeying the promptings of the ovarious instinct. She searches for the birthplace of her egg with all the coyness of a red-haired girl with a cast in her eye selecting her trousseau. She will stand behind a barrel, and peer suspiciously around the corner for an hour and twenty-three minutes. It is really pathetic. Weep, Rutherford, patron-saint of all hen-kind, for the daughter of Gallus hath not where to lay her egg! Acting on the advice of her medical adviser, the rooster, she generally deposits the succulent fruit in the churn or your wife's new poke bonnet. It is then put away in cotton in an extra-box for three weeks—to ripen, after which time you may discuss it—chiefly through the olfactory sense. This is the way the hen retaliates for burning sulphur in the hen-house. The vocal demonstration of the hen and the burst of applause with which sister-hens congratulate her on the performance of her diurnal duty constitute an

ovation (for that another egg, *ovum*) is born, and has no political significance whatever. Personally, the hen is a beautiful and graceful creature. She has an eye of exquisite emerald or topaz hue,—often of an opal shade, particularly if she has been struck with a corn-cob. Her head-gear is perfection. She has a magnificent, natural, fluted head-comb, which prevents her from unravelling, and is also serviceable for hostile hens to get their grip on. A hen's lips are not red, because all the blood rushes to her comb, very frequently producing vertigo. So beautiful was the hen comb considered by the ancients that they always represented Minerva with a hen comb on her head. The hen's profile is Grecian, and her gills compensate for lack of chin. She has poor teeth. She never compresses her toes in tight shoes. Her caudal configuration naturally resembles a bustle, so she never has to improvise one out of the *Weekly Globe*. She has a good voice, and, unlike other musical persons, has no objections to singing between meals. She can sing "Consider the Lilies," with variations, and all the "damned iteration" of that musical gem. It is sad to hear her sing in the minor key. In Cochin China hens often sing in choirs. The hen has no masculine pluck about her. Two hens will ruffle their neck feathers at each other, each will get her comb raked; they will then put their bills down close together, and pause in the fray for half a minute to look sidelong at a couple of cherry-stones in the offing. At this supreme moment their past lives float in dim phantasmagoria before their clouded vision, and then each hen, awaking from her brown study, remembers she was just on her way to lay, and must go right off. The patience of a hen is enough to make the mule look well to his laurels, and far surpasses that of Job. A long-suffering hen *will sit*, no matter how often you break her up. It is true that Job, after his easy chairs had been auctioned off, sat on an ash-pile, but he was not patient enough to wait till he hatched. A

hen, however, will sit on a big white rock all summer, and consider the prospect of hatching very bright. The only thing a hen refuses to sit on is a basket of kittens. When urged to do this, the hen sees the necessity of drawing the line somewhere.

After unnatural excitement, hens forget to put any shellson their eggs. Such eggs should be handled with a spoon, and the hen should be treated for softening of the brain. An egg laid by a hen with no flaw in her constitution will keep indefinitely. My grandmother possessed such an egg. It was laid during her childhood, and she used to put it in the toe of my socks when she darned them. Quail-on-toast is manufactured from superannuated hens. To make chicken soup: Bathe a hen in a pot of tepid water, being careful to strain off the feathers that drop in. We thus obtain the gallinaceous perspiration without sacrificing the hen's life. EUREKA BENDALL.

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"I TELL YOU, I've moved in mighty swell society," said the boastful travelling man; "I've met the Cleverlands and the Whitneys and all of 'em." "I've moved in some pretty tony society myself," remarked the quiet looking man to whom the remark was addressed; "I was introduced to the Siamese twins." "The Siamese twins! You don't call them swell opeople, do you?" "Why, yes; at all events, you can't deny that they were well connected."—*Ex.*

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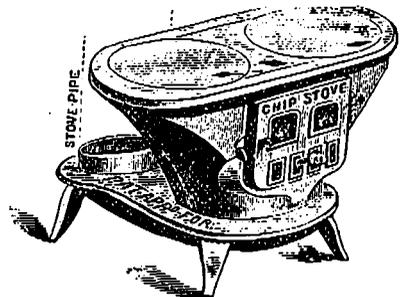
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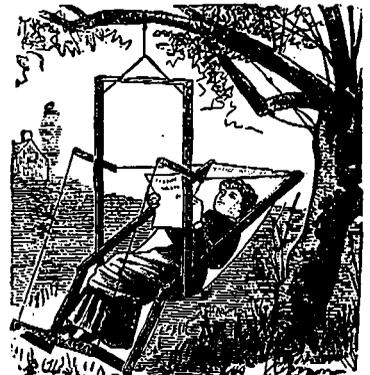
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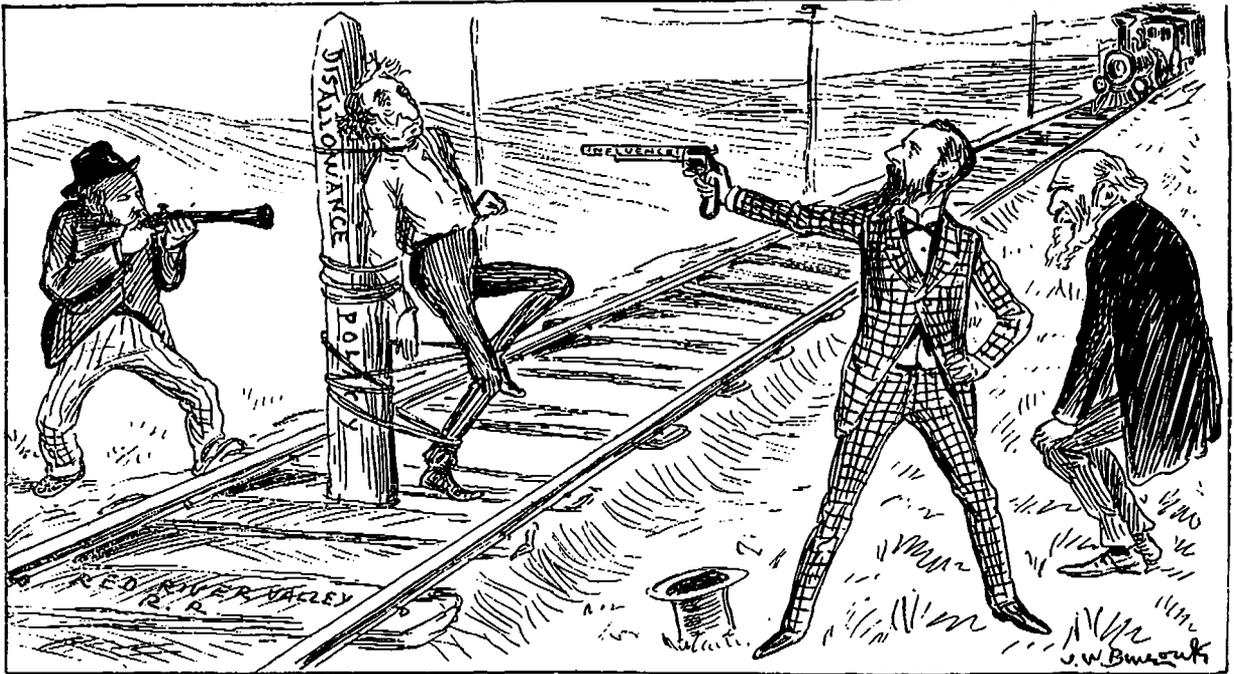
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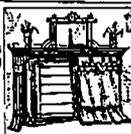
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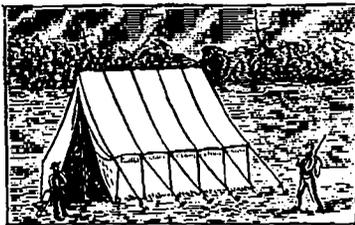


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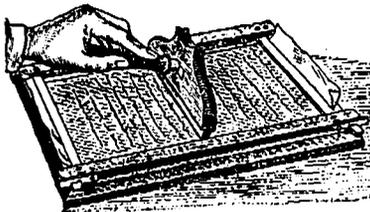
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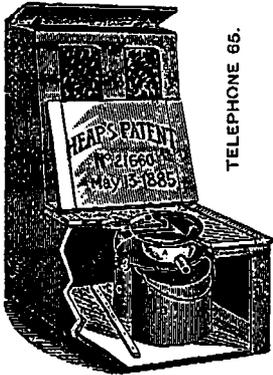
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