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## GRIP



# # GRIP #

### TORONTO, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

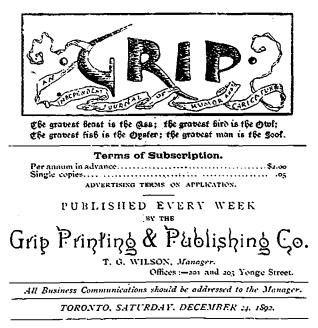
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#### THE FIRST GRANDCHILD.

"I suppose your family will return for Christmas, doctor?" "My-aw-what? Oh, my family. Yes, I expect the Baby and His nurse and His mother and His aunt and His grandmother to morrow."



HRISTMAS once more ! with all the delights that the festive season brings, the family reunion, the Christmas tree, with its gifts to young and old, the generous cheer and the many pleasant remembrances from distant friends and relatives. We might go on and give an account of the time-honored observances of the season, but now that the domestic furnace has rendered the Yule-log an impossibility and the spread of temperance sentiment banished the wassail bowl, while the waits have been superseded by the Salvation Army, most of such details are of antiquarian rather than practical With all the changes wrought by time and interest. modern progress, however, the kindly, genial, hospitable spirit of the season still remains, with perhaps an added sense of human brotherhood as manifested in the various philanthropic activities of the occasion. GRIP cordially extends the compliments of the season to his numerous friends.



FREQUENT subject of regret is that so little interest is usually taken in the school-board elections by the public. A change for the better was observable last year owing to the nomination of women candidates and this year the contest will probably be still more lively in consequence of the action of the labor and social reform bodies in bringing out candidates upon public issues, instead of allowing these positions to be filled in accordance with personal preferences. The nominees are good, trustworthy and public-spirited men worthy of the support of the electors. We hope also that the retiring lady trustees who have shown

their fitness for the work will be again returned. The example set by the organizations which have taken action in the matter is worthy of imitation by other bodies.

WHAT would be thought of the announcement that Premier Mowat, recognizing the growth and importance of the annexationist element and their right to representation in the ministry, had determined, as an offset to his own vigorous and uncompromising loyalty, to take T. M. White or Elgin Myers into the Cabiret, in order that the annexationists might not complain of being ignored? Vet it would not be a bit more absurd than making a place for an Orangeman, for the sole reason that he is an Orangeman, in the Ministry controlled by an Ultramontane.

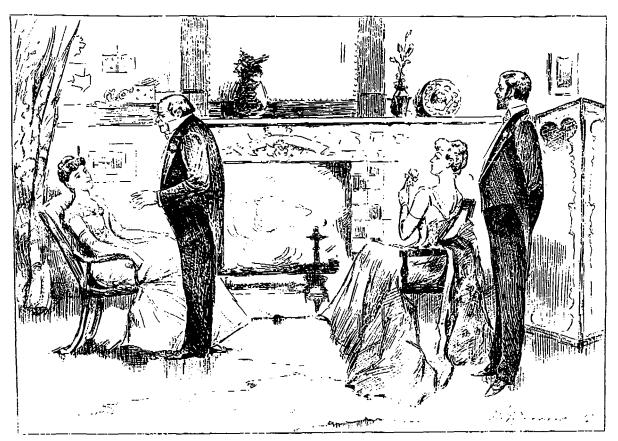
THE sole reason for existence of the Orange body is its deadly, uncompromising hostility to Roman Catholicism and all its works and ways. The antagonism between the spirit of Orangeism, as embodied in its constitution and professed teachings, and that of Roman Catholicism, is more bitter and irreconcilable than the difference between loyalty and annexationism, inasmuch as sectarian fights always rouse stronger and more deepseated feelings than do political issues. If there were a grain of sincerity about the pismire politicians of the Bowell and Wallace type who have crawled their way to prominence by professions of hatred and distrust of the Roman Catholic church, they would scout the proposal to accept office under an Ultramontane chief as an insult to their integrity and a bribe to betray the cause to which they owe everything. And if the country were not habituated to the pititul spectacle of men trading on the honest fanaticism of their fellows to secure profitable sinecures in this fashion, the Thompson Wallace compromise would excite as much indignation and ridicule as would the strengthening of a loyalist ministry by the recognition of the annexationist vote.



OLITICIANS of the ordinary Canadian type must regard it as a most singular feature in the Home Rule agitation that nobody seems to think of buying off the Orange opposition by giving them seats in the Cabinet. Judging from Canadian experience the brethren are ready to support "Rome Rule" or any other kind of rule so long as they come in for a share of the spoils. Gladstone does not seem up to the Macdonald and Thomp-

son standard of statesmanship.

MONOPOLIST Massey, having decided to make restitution to the extent of a hundred thousand collars of the fund legislated into his pockets by electors under the influence of boodle and balderdash, the question arises as to what form his benefaction should take The original proposition was to erect a music hall, a scheme which finds favor with many of the wealthier classes, but would be of very little if any benefit to the general public. If Mr. Massey really wants to do the most good with his conscience-money, instead of merely to erect a monument to himself, he should devote every cent of it to pro viding open spaces and recreation grounds in the more central parts of the city. This is the great crying necessity of Toronto. We have colleges and churches and charities of all sorts enough, but our millionaires seem to look askance at any scheme of public munificence that has not a tall and imposing building which may perpetu-



NOT A "STUDIOUS STOOP."

MISS DRESSER-" How stoop-shouldered old Mr. Newgold is ! I suppose he was very studious in his younger days." MR. SEYMORE-" Not exactly. He used to carry a hod, don'tcherknow."

ate the name of the donor. If Mr. Massey would only give us one or more open central breathing spaces, we might even forgive him the way he got his money in view of his beneficial example.

MAYOR FLEMING is not to be given a second term unopposed as at one time appeared probable, Mr. E. E. Sheppard having taken the field against him. Though it cannot be said that Mr. Fleming has been a bad mayor, it is not surprising that in attempting to please everybody he has dissatisfied many by the contrast between his magnificent promises and comparatively meagre performance. The element behind Mr. Sheppard is not such as to warrant any expectation of an improvement in civic affairs should he be returned, the Albany Club end of the Tory machine figuring prominently among his supporters. In fact, it may be said that there is no particular principle and more than a suspicion of partyism on either side.

#### A GOOD TEAM.

JACKSON—" If you fail in tailoring what will you do?"

JENKINS—" I'll try to get Brown to give up the bakery business and go into partnership with me on editing a paper."

JACKSON - " A fine pair of editors you would make."

JENKINS—" Well, I can use the shears and he can make good paste."

#### TASTES DIFFER.

DEAR GRIP,--Vour literary judgment is generally sound, but I really cannot for the life of me see why you gave such high praise to that rather commonplace poem which appeared over the signature of "W. G. Lampay 'in your last issue. It is deficient in rhyme and metre, and while embodying loyal sentiments which are a credit to the writer, does not, in my opinion, show poetic talent of a high order. To me there scems something crude and exaggerated about the conception of the "great Emperors of the world ever singing to her praise." It may be within the bounds of poetic license, but I much prefer the more chastened fervor of Sherwood and Imrie.

We shall never have a true literature until we cease the habit of greeting with extravagant and indiscriminating encomium every new aspirant for fame, and learn to judge them by the strict rules of criticism. Mr. Lampay, I fear, notwithstanding your too-generous recognition of such merit as he possesses, is never likely to rank among the great poets of the Dominion.

HAMILTON FRANCIS C. MELBOURNE.

#### ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BIMLY-"Have anothersh (hic), ol' fel'. It's too cold to go home."

JIMLY—"Awri?! But you're (hic) wrong, ol' man. My wife's waitin', an' itsh too hot (hic) 'stead of too cold."

#### UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

E—"You are my pet lamb."

**II** SHE (gasping)—" And is that why you keep me in your fold?"



TO THE GOAL OF KNOWLEDGE.

By all means give our boys a college training. It's so refining, you know."

#### DIARY OF MISS FLORA FEATHERWAITE.

DEC. 1st. Oh my! What a time I've had! Had to keep my room and out of sight and sound of civilization for two eternal weeks. Jack said I mustn't fail to see the comet, but as it was no use trying to get mamma's consent for me to go out astronomizing with Jack, we arranged that I should meet him round the corner at halfpast nine when we could view the comet till ten, mamma being busy entertaining Muldoon with an account ot a comet that appeared when she was a girl, with a tail like a long broom sweeping across the sky. Jack said the comet was to strike the earth about that hour, and if it came on time why we could die together and all that sort of thing. But after I had slipped out I thought I heard the door open again and I flew for dear life round the corner and struck—if it wasn't the comet, I don't know



THEY WEREN'T PREPARED FOR THE SHOCK. MCFAGAN-"Fwhat in thunder ails thim kids, runnin' out av

the school as av the divil had kicked them. I musht see about this, bedad !", But it was only the kind-hearted superintendent who had got up

But it was only the kind-hearted superintendent who had got up as Santa Claus.

I'm sure what else it could have been. First there was a collision, then a great shower of sparks, just as if I had been an exploded rocket—then darkness, and Jack's voice saying, "Great Scott! are you hurt Flora?" Better believe I was glad to hear that, but when I asked if the comet had hit him too he laughed till I got angry and went into the house again in a huff. But oh my! next morning Nett frightened me out of my senses—by screaming out at the top of her voice—"Flora Featherwaite! what have you been doing to your face?" and when I looked into the mirror—gracious! I didn't know who it was! Who would have thought that a hairy star could strike so hard?

I have been keeping raw beef on it ever since and it has gone down enough now for me to see to write this.

Dec. 3. Oh dear, my life is simply a martyrdom. An old aunt of Muldoon's called to-day and, to please mamma, I had to go down and speak to her and entertain her with all how the accident to my face happened; how I was going out of my room in the dark and struck it on the door and didn't think anything about it till the next morning, and oh, ever so many more fibs of the kind. She is



OF DUBIOUS POSITION. MAUD—" Oh ! how I do love Shakespeare !" CHAFERON (securely)—" But—is he eligible, my dear ?"

simply awful! She consoled me by saying that she once knew an Irish girl, who spoke the Scotch dialogue very well indeed, and who was about to be married to a very rich man, as rich as her nephew, Muldoon, when she struck her face against a door and tumbled down stairs, sustaining such infernal injuries in her abominable regions that her death was the insult, and so she lost a good match. Horrid snuffy old thing ! I knew she was hinting at Muldoon all the time. However, I kissed her good-bye and implored her to hurry back to see me again.

Dec. 4. Nettie scolds me for this way of kissing all and sundry. Shesays that kisses are bacilli conductors, and that I shall have a regular bacteriological museum in my inside presently—oh, that girl! You've no idea what she knows, and I guess I shall take her advice and get all the kissing germs deposited under my ear instead of on my mouth or my check. (I draw the line at Jack however, he always says there's no flies on him, so there will be no change of base there—just tulips as usual.)

Our Nettie is the queerest girl. We went into a furniture shop the other day and seeing a very pretty boy there she said:-"Flo, let me introduce you to Mr. Helmsman, our 'Varsity editor and a woman's rights man." Of course I was delighted, but she began rocking a swing cradle, and saying, "How would this do Mr. Helmsman? the other kind would be rather hard on the back, wouldn't they?" I-well I certainly thought that, like Festus, much learning had madeher mad. She explained afterwards, however, and I think the boy was quite right I am going to ask him to shake over it the first opportunity. He embodies my sentiments, that young man does -he doesn't believe in educating women like men, neither do I-all a ridicu lous fad. Woman's sphere is to be pretty and talk charmingly and flirt delightfully with every fellow who comes along, and in the end go off to the highest bidder. The idea of a woman teaching or lecturing for a living when she can marry and make Muldoon -oh I mean-her husband shell out. No woman's proper sphere is to be supported, fed, clothed and looked after generally by a man. When I say this to Nettie she snuffs up that nose of hers and says:—"If you believe in <del>s</del> barter and sale I don't, when I consent to live with a man for life it shall be as his equal; not his inferior; if a man prefers an inferior, and bend-over-the-cradleand-do-nothing else-style-of-mothselves, and cultivated mental



Sector CRIP Sector

#### IT TICKLED.

JASPAR-" The assassin stabbed the poor man twice before he began to resist."

1 Know that if the mothers of the JASPAR-"Yes. He was a Muskoka man, you know, and thought it was a mosquito that was present day believed in them- troubling him."

equality, and refused to be looked upon as mere breeding institutions, there would be fewer of these poor shipwrecked sons of theirs being laid up for 1epairs periodically in the tough ward of the general hospital."

Now-that's our Nett all over, she's down on everything-down on me for flirting with Jack when I'm to marry Muldoon ; down on me for kissing people I hatedown on a little bit of gossip-Oh my! No thank youno 'Varsity education for me !

#### NEW VERSION BY DR. COTTON.

VORK that Wallace oft has bled, Y York John A. has often led, Welcome to your Tory bed And to slaver-ee.

#### A CHEAP LYRIC.

MICUS--" What did you sell your last effusion for ?"

POET—" For a song."

# AN UNOBJECTIONABLE POET.

'HE Mail critic has the following concerning a news poet, Mr. John Allister Currie :

He is evidently sensible to nature's language, and has felt the burgeoning of thoughts too deep for words.

Now that is the kind of a poet we like to encourage. John Allister is a bright example whose habits of thought might be studied with advantage by many of the talented contributors to our waste-basket. If they would only let their thoughts burgeon, as it were, at the depth indicated, instead of continually cropping up to the surface, it would save no end of trouble.

#### A PROBLEM.

ROUNDER - "What are you thinking so hard about?"

OLD SOAK-"I have just been wondering whether foresight is twice as bad as seeing double."

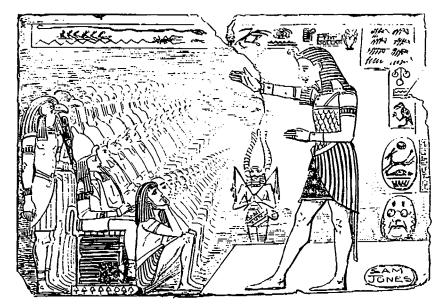




# FOUND OUT.

VAN GETS GAV AND TRIES TO FLIRT WITH THE RICH OLD MAID, BUT IS CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

#### 



#### AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL FIND.

RECORDS OF A SINGULAR ANCIENT PEOPLE WHO ONCE OCCUPIED ONTARIO.

FARMER in the township of Eramosa while making an excavation in the side of a hill for the construction of a root-house came across a stone tablet curiously carved with characters resembling ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics, interspersed with pictures in a primitive style of art. Mr. David Boyle, the eminent archæologist, happening to pass through that section shortly afterwards on a still-hunt for relics of antiquity, secured the tablet, which, on being submitted to some of our leading Egyptologists, theosophists, mediæval politicians, and others learned in ancient lore, was deciphered in the comparatively short space of two months. It is thought by some that the work might have been accomplished with more celerity, but when it is considered that they were engaged by the Provincial Government at \$5 per day each, and furthermore, that this is going to be a hard winter, their forbearance in not making the job last them till the spring time comes gentle Annie with, etc., is highly commendable.

We give the translation of this remarkable record of a vanished race below, also *fac-similes* of two-of the rude illustrations with which it was embellished. We may add that in the opinion of the *savans* the people to whom it relates were undoubtedly a remnant of the race inhabiting the Lost Continent of Atlantis, of Egyptian origin :—

"In the land on this side the great sea, and in the days when every one did know that his wisdom was more than that of the ancients ; a mighty and wise ruler, called Ol-Iver, whose surname was Sir, was over the country to the north of the great lakes. And under him were scribes, learned in the law, to keep rule over the Provinces and albeit to get much tribute. And one of the scribes, that was over the tribute in the town that is called Or-anj, was beset of Beelzebub. And he said, 'Thou art too great a man for this place ; get thee to the people and say, let us join ourselves to the barbarians to the south of the great lakes-and if all the people hearken to thee, thy name will be great.' And the evil spirit entered into him and his head did swell, and his hat was not in it.

" And he did so, and told all the people on this wise :

' Lo, to the South of us, where are the barbarians, the husbandman has oil and wine and shekels of gold and of silver while we perish with hunger; go to, let us be even as they.' But his heart was not right, neither cared he a choked up stream, how the husbandman fared.

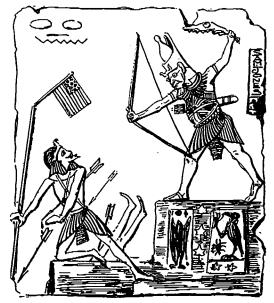
"And the common people marvelled greatly, for they said what is this thing he saith? 'Let us be an X to them.' And one said, 'Lo, are not we next to them now, or rather, are not they next unto us?' And there was much words spoken, and the matter was bruited abroad. And when the ruler of the land heard of the matter, his wrath was kindled, and he communed privily with himself and took counsel saying :- ' Sce how this son of Belial goeth about to destroy Of a truth the land may me. not be moved by the thickness of a hair, and if one cometh,

another goeth and so the balance is maintained, and were it not so the matter is beyond us. But this thing that he doeth would take away our place and nation and another would gather in the shekels.'

"And he said: 'This is not a matter for serious consideration but for action. Mine adversaries do so to me and some besides, an' I scoop them not, even with the nether lip of this ass.'

"And he fell upon the scribe and fired him out, (literally 'cast him forth with fire.') And immediately the evil spirit did leave the scribe and his head shrunk, that it wobbled in his head-gear, and he went forth into the wilderness, which is called Hy-Parck, and uplifted his heel against himself.

Howbeit, the ruler whose surname was Sir, had many enemies. And they said : 'Behold our time is not yet, for he walketh warily ; yet peradventure this scribe of the



town called Or-anj may over throw him and we may chew his neck.<sup>\*\*</sup> But when they saw how it fared with the scribe they grieved greatly and mourned sore saying : -'Verily we be chumps, for we called him not when we had a full hand and now he hath made it a jack pot and hath raised us out.'

GRIP

"And the fame of him called Ol-Iver waxed exceeding great and went to all people as of one wiser than many serpents. For his leg hath no man pulled<sup>†</sup> even unto this day."

\*Some of the translators are disposed to regard this as evidence of cannibal practices existing among this early people. Otherwise it seems to have no meaning.

The precise significance of this phrase is doubtful. It probably refers to a species of wrestling match.

#### BETTER AT A DISTANCE.

" IS distance lends enchantment to the view," A saying is we often bandy round, And when I hear the German bands I think

- Distance would lend enchantment to the sound.
  - \_\_\_\_

#### HE KNEW THEM.

"FREDDIE, go into your brother's room and ask if Tom is going to get up and go to church with me," said a Montreal mother to her youngest hope last Sun-

day morning, Freddie soon came back saying, "Tom says he's got a

sore throat and wants some belladonna."

"Well, ask Charlie if he is going to church," said the mother.

"Oh," replied Freddie with a scornful smile, "I guess he'll say he wants bryonia."

#### LAYING LOW.

WONDERWHY-" Why is Mr. Greathead looking so mysterious nowadays, and apparently doing all in his power to keep out of view?"

KNOWITALL-" 'He imagines he is a dark horse for the mayoralty election."



#### IMPORTANT UNREPORTED MEETING AT OTFAWA.

- IR JOHNNY he sat in his easiest chair; But it wasn't Sir Johnny that used to be there.
- And Sir Johnny the present was all in a stew,
- For Sir Johnny the past had eloped with the clue.
- "Oh, what shall we do?" cried his statesmanship there, And Foster he viewed with a glance of
- And Foster he viewed with a glance of despair.
- Lanky and long, and silent and grim-"Oh, when shall one get any good out of him?
- "That Dolph ! Oh where can one find words to express,
- And Tupper the great has left Tupper the less,

And he's off, with his cash and his air so sublime-Langevin-and Abbott has skipped just in time

- "Well, there's Carling. If it were a matter of beer-And that Bowell ! Oh, if my old leader were here ! But that great predecessor kept clever men out, That's the way we got in, and we're all up the spout.
- "Advisers ! From such advice keep me, I pray, Well, I'll advise them of the news, anyway."



#### A POWERFUL STRAIN.

TROLLEY CONDUCTOR-" Hi, there, Dago ! Stop that music You've paralyzed the motor."

So he met Davin's antiques, and unto them just Said, "Boys, our whole business is done up and bust."

- And the antiques they stared in an antical way, And the new importations seemed going to pray. And Sir Johnny the chunky he looked them around, And remarked, "We have run the thing into the ground."
- "We won the elections," the knight then relates, "By a promise of treaties we'd make with the States, Of that promise the chance of fulfilment was small— For our lot didn't want such a treaty at all.
- "So we couldn't keep faith with the country, you know, But we had to pretend to ; that's statesmanship; so We went to the Yankees all ready to make Any offer we knew well that they wouldn't take.
- "So no treaty ensued ; that's all right ; for the rest, Our supporters all shouted we'd all done our best ; And all things went quite smoothly, and would, but to day There's that Harrison's given the whole thing away !
- "The details we kept quiet he's told, great and small. If the country don't get mad it won't, then, that's all. So for you I ve a word ; it applies to the lot : Put your houses in order, if any you've got."

Then the Cabinet rose with a start and a wrench. And Sir Johnny perhaps will return to the bench; And Sir Adolphe his uniform sold then and there, And the elongate Foster is tearing his hair.

-R.W.P.

#### DELSARTE APPLIED.

#### (See Cartoon.)

#### IN A QUIET MOMENT.

CENTRE-PIECE—Miss McG'nty, reflecting on late experiences in the study of Grace, decides that (*st vignelle*) to exercise according to Delsarte, one should first buy a ten-acre lot; that (*and vig.*) the development of the figure is all very well, if a process for developing clothes could be applied at the same time; that (*and vig.*) to sit with the feet resting before, instead of under one, is practical in proportion to the size of the feet; that (*at vig.*) in dropping on one knee to rescue a fallen handkcrchiel, care should be taken as to the intentions of one's neighbors; that (*sth vig.*) to walk with the eyes on some object 100 yards away entails consequences; and that (*dth vig.*) it is not always possible to rise slowly from a chair, unless the chair has been thoroughly examined previous to use.

## GRIP



#### WANTED WORK FOR HIS JAWS.

HUNGRY HIGGINS-" Say, Judge, send me up for three days, will yer?"

JUDGE--" What do you want me to do that for?"

HUNGRY HIGGINS-" Well, yer see, I'm wantin' ter git a whack at the Christmas dinner they're goin' to serve up at the jail."

M<sup>R.</sup> MASSEY threatens to lay out \$100,000 in a music hall for the use of Toronto, but it is probable that the new edifice will remain under the control of his family all the same, as it intended to be for the benefit of the masses.

#### A DEAD GIVE-AWAY.

" | HEARD of a dead give-away to-day."

What was it ? "

"Old Jones gave each of his employees à turkey as a Christmas present."

#### OVERLOOKED.

AWTHAW—"At what hour do you dine on Christmas Day?"

ALOY-" I don't know yet, deah boy. I haven't received any invitations yet."

#### THOSE QUEBEC TAXES.

DICKERY, dickory, dock, The Bleus have had a shock; They've found every one, Merchant son-of-a-gun, 'Gainst that tax as firm as a rock.

Len.

#### AN APT CITATION.

SQUIRE—"S'death ! Lumpkin, I charge thee halt and do me thy obeisance."

LUMKPIN — "Go hang. I will do obedience to no man. I know my place and I shan't Cotton to no man. I stand, walk or run as I please. I can cat and drink as well as anything on two legs, and I can lie as it behooveth me or my mates." — Quoted from old flay by Mr. Wallace.

#### AN INVITING OPPORTUNITY.

JACK---" Cholly seems all broken up this morning." Tom--" Yes. Ethel's papa came down stairs to bid him good-night last night, and he got so excited that he dropped his cane while going out through the door and stooped to pick it up."

#### MY HUSBAND.

W HO tries his best my nerves to hurt When buttons fly from off bis shirt Who likes with other girls to flirt?

My Husband.

Who, while I at the washing tub His flannels, cuffs and collars rub, Is basking idly at his club?

My Husband.

Who, when I ask him for a cent To buy a hat or pay the rent, To naughty words will give full vent?

My Husband.

Who says that he would like in force Chicago laws for a divorce ? (And then a saint he'd wed of course.)

My Husband.

Who thumps the dog and kicks the cats And calls the children "Noisy brats," And when I murmur says "Oh, rats?"

My Husband.

Who, when the clock is striking four A. M., will fumble at the door, And then lie helpless on the floor?

My Husband. —POLLY PRATTLE.



#### HEARD ON THE MARKET.

"Marnin' t'ye, Mickey! An' fwhat have ye there, now?" "Fwhat have I, is it? Sure it's the time o' day I have." "Go 'wa-a, now, 'tis jokin' y'are. Fwhat are ye manin' by that, anyway?"

"Whist ! Sure isn't it a quarther to ate I have?"



#### A CHRISTMAS CONTRETEMPS.



HE Christmas dinner at Filbrick's would have been a brilliant success but for one untoward incident which tended to mar the harmony that ought to brood over such occasions. Among the guests was young Bertie Tutwiler who has tor some time been paying his addresses to the eldest Miss Filbrick. Bertic is not an over bright young man but as he has good prospects, and as Gussie Filbrick is no longer in her first

youth he is encouraged by the family.

They had been discussing Confistmas of the olden time with its traditional accessories of the wassail bowl, Yule log, boar's head, etc., when all of a sudden Freddie Filbrick was observed struggling with a suppressed snicker and a mouthful of turkey in a manner which threatened to terminate in a fit of asphyxia.

"What are you laughing at; Freddie?" asked one of his sisters.

"Oh, nothin', sis, nothin'. Only I was just thinkin' how funny it would look to see Mr. Tutwiler's head brought in onto a dish. Guess he's glad he didn't live in them times."

"Frederick !" said old man Filbrick, "your conduct is disgraceful ! Behave yourself.



#### MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

LITTLE GIRL (to surprised burglar)—" Are you Santa Claus?" BURGLAR—"YCs, my dearie! Hush! (Sotto voce.) It's a durned shame to have yer reputation spoiled by a bloke as has a beard like me. It's the fifth time to-night I've been took for him." "But pa," remonstrated the boy, "you know you said that Mr. Tutwiler was-"

"Silence instantly!" roared Mr. Filbrick, "you know I never said anything of the kind! and it you say another word you shall leave the table and have no plum-pudding."

The threat was effectual, and Freddie subsided. But the atmosphere fell about seventeen degrees, and nothing but the tact of the maternal Filbrick in inveigling Mr. Tutwiler into the library, where a piece of mistletoe had thoughtfully been sus; ended from the chandelier, and leaving him alone with Gussie for a few minutes, restored

the entente cordiale.



Her emotions she scarcely can master, Each day she more anxious doth get, For she's seen thirty summers get past her, And alas ! she is husbandless yet.

Now that leap year has almost departed, I fear that this maiden so fair, With fresh resolution imparted By the courage that's born of despair. May run down some frail helpless mortal, And breathing soft yows in his ear. Yank him off to where looms Hymen's portal, Ere her chances go out with the year.

She's a female of awful persistence, 'Twould be best to steer clear of her path, Oh, how could one offer resistance, Or brave her imperious wrath?

- 'Twere foolhardy with Fortune to palter, Or venture in range of her charms,
- I don't wish to be dragged to the alta-By her shapely though muscular arms.

#### WITH APOLOGIES TO OMAR.

NOW Christmas-tide, reviving old desires, The cashless soul to solitude retires, Where the white hand of Moses for his coat Hands out the shekels that his purse requires.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

#### SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

ESPECIALLY infants, is prevalent at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

WATSON'S Cough Drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest—for the voice unequalled, Try them. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

#### THE ONLY ONES.

"THE Barton ball was very select. There were only two common people on the floor." "Who were they?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Barton."-Puck.

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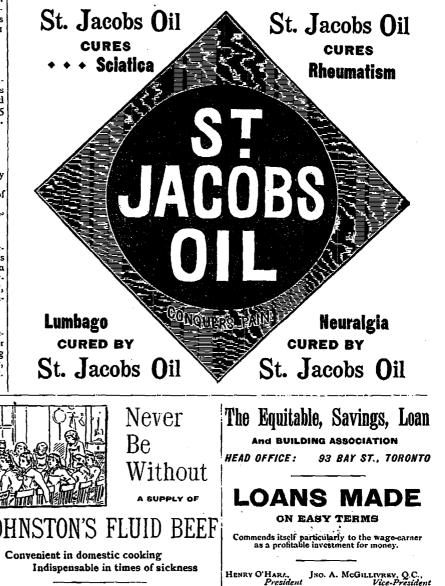
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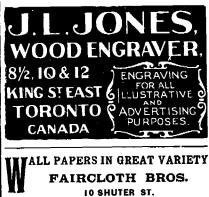
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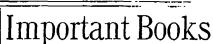
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