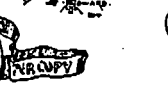
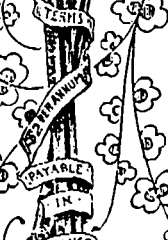


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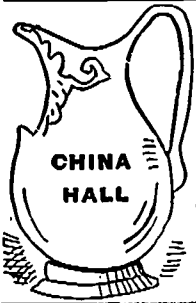
J.W. Brown

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

SALISBURY'S PLAN FOR SECURING "PEACE" IN IRELAND.

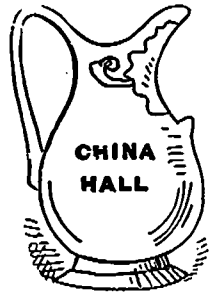
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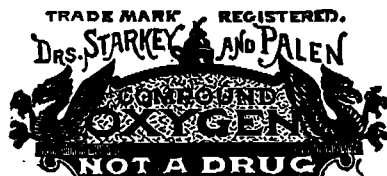
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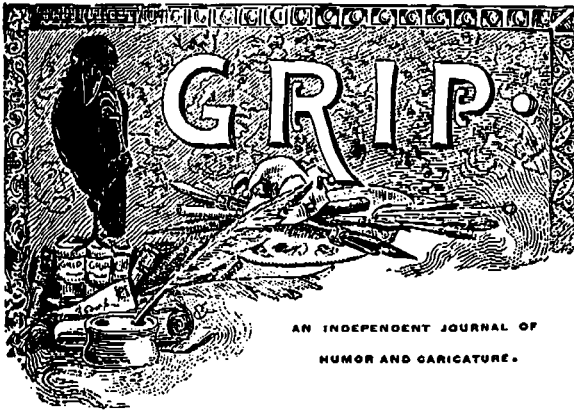


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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE GREAT BRITISH NORTH AMERICA "ACT."

—When the Fathers of Confederation had completed their labours they congratulated one another on the creation of a great and united Dominion—the makings of a solid nation. We have had twenty years experience under the Union, and we find ourselves to-day pretty much what we were before 1867—a collection of Provinces with but little mutual sympathy, and a spirit of "every man for himself" animating all. It begins to look as though the experiment of building a nation with the materials, and under the geographical circumstances of Canada, is doomed to ultimate failure. The result of present stock-taking is not highly satisfactory to Ontario, which has all along been the dignified but good-natured milch cow of the combination; and, so far as we can gather from expressions of local opinion, none of the other Provinces seem willing to admit that the union has benefited them. It will be a vast pity if, after all, we have to abandon the scheme, for the idea of a great British power on the American continent is one which is dear to every Canadian. It *must* be accomplished if it is within human power to accomplish it. As a means to this end we hail with pleasure the proposed convention at which the revision of the B. N. A. Act is to be discussed. Under present conditions there is too much of a strain on the Dominion Treasury, and the continuance of the wholesale subsidizing and bribing which now seems to be absolutely necessary, means certain ruin to the country.

SALISBURY'S PLAN.—If Lord Salisbury and his colleagues correctly represent British feeling (which we greatly doubt), then Britain rather enjoys the "Irish question," for the noble Lord is taking the very best means to perpetuate it, by still further aggravating the admitted trouble. The peace and quietness which is the result of a gag forcibly tied over the mouth of a community has no

value, and can only be regarded with complacency by those who prefer living over a volcano to dwelling on solid ground. "Coercion" is no cure for the Irish complaint—it is prescribing a mustard-plaster where a tonic is demanded, or, in this case, literally giving a stone instead of bread. It is tolerably clear, moreover, that the "facts" urged in justification of resort to this policy by the Salisbury Government are not facts at all.

"IT WILL NOT DOWN."—The Ministerial Association of Toronto, after full discussion, having decided that there is "something in" the cry of R.C. aggression in connection with the public schools, appointed a committee to interview Hon. Mr. Ross, and urge upon him the desirability of making the necessary alterations in the regulations of the Education Department.

THE FEDERATION CONVENTION.—We are not aware of having cast our vote for or against Sir Alexander Campbell as a candidate to represent Canada at the Colonial Hen Party now sitting in London. We have no recollection, in fact, that he was ever elected at all, and yet we are informed that he is abroad as our "representative." The forms of popular government appear to be set aside in this glorious country, where they would be inconvenient, as in this case; for we have no idea that the people would have approved this senseless mission if the question had been submitted to them. They will be called upon to pay the expenses of his pleasant holiday, however, of course.

FROM OUR MONTREAL MAN.

At the Windsor Hotel, famed for its good management and its literary manager, is an association known to the general public as the Chair Brigade, which meets nightly in the rotunda. The object of the association has not as yet been disclosed—whether it be political, social or dramatic. They are to a pretty general degree *dram*-atic in their tastes, but are not fired with action or feeling. They *ought* to be fired, however.

* * *

Two ladies walking on St. James Street. A howling swell passes.

"Who is he?"

"I do not know, but he belongs to the Metropolitan Club."

"Well, I should have thought the club belonged to him."

* * *

THE news comes over the wires that Chicago has fifty boodlers in quod. Our Montreal boodlers are not in quod, they are still in *statu quo*.

* * *

THE financial market here is often in a very chaotic state. Money is quoted scarce and tight; and when money is tight the banks are very full, as might be expected.

* * *

A NEW order has been issued in the C. P. R. offices here. It is that the secretary Drinkwater, and that no one take even "Van" Horn.

* * *

FOR some time past engineers have been blowing up the ice for some distance down the river with dualin. This is expected to aid in removing the chances for an inundation the coming spring. It has been suggested that the winter be blown up in order to get rid of it.

* * *

In the Fraser Institute meets the Astro-Metereological Society which is studying astronomy. Across the way is the St. James' Club, the members of which are studying gastronomy.

[All rights reserved.]

Little Sweethearts.

Oh mem'ry took flight
To a land o' delight,
The instant this picture I saw ;
To the lang simmer days,
And the bonnie green braes,
I was instantly wafted awa' ;
Despite the lang years,
Wi' their sorrows and tears,
And a' the wild storms that did blaw,
I was 'neath the haw tree,
My wee lassie, wi' thee,
In the dear land sae far, far awa'.

Whar the Blin' Laddie's dart
Photographed on my heart
Thy features that never can tinc;
And by some happy thought
Here the artist has caught
These very same features o' thine,
In the lang summer days,
'Mang the bonnie green braes ;
Then life didna' seem but a span,
When we chased the cuckoo,
And the croodlin doo,
And the bonnie wee courie wren.

The birds and the flowers
Werc wee cronies o' ours,
We followed them a' through the glen
Oh the gowans were bright !
And the lark a delight ;
Does he still sing as sweetly as when
I ranged a' the dells
For the bonnie blue bells
To twice in thy beautiful hair ?
And ye said to me
My wee lass ye wad be,
And we lauched as we never lauched mair.

I see us still sit,
'Neath that hawthorn tree yet,
Believing joy aye will remain ;
But misfortune chased me
Owre the weary wide sea,
And we never saw ither again.
Since then years hae passed,
And a's doon-hill at last ;
Though aft we may joyfu' hae been,
Yet sure I'm o' this,
We ne'er had sic bliss
In a' the years lying between.

Now my prayer shall be,
Little sweethearts, that ye
Through life's vale thegither may go ;
And tae ilkither cling,
Till at last ye can sing
Jean Anderson's sang to her jo.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DURING the evening Bramley took occasion to mention to his host that he was looking out for a good man to attend himself and friends on their travels, in the capacity of "general utility man," and asked Mr. Douglas whether he knew of such a person that he could recommend.

"As luck will have it," replied Mr. Douglas, "I do happen to know of a man who I think would suit you to a T. A friend of mine, hearing that I was in want of a valet—though I was not—sent a person to me with some very strong recommendations. He had been, as you express it, valet and 'general utility man' to Sir Jasper

Coneyatch, who, you may recollect, died in this country a few months ago. The baronet, something like yourselves, was touring about Canada and the States, and this fellow I speak of accompanied him in just such a capacity as you have indicated ; he appeared to be a thoroughly respectable fellow, and I think would suit you admirably."

"Indeed ; that is fortunate," remarked Bramley ; "do you know where he is to be found ?"

"Oh, yes ; he left his address," replied Mr. Douglas, "I will get it for you," and, leaving the room, he shortly returned with a slip of paper, saying, "I recollect now, he said any communication addressed to him at the post office would find him ; here's his name—Roger Pengwiche—he's an Englishman, and, as you don't want *too* young a man, I think this is the very fellow for you."

"I am extremely obliged to you, Mr. Douglas ; I will drop him a line in the morning," replied Bramley. "Now really, I think we should be saying good-night ; it is getting late," and he rose to take leave of Miss Douglas who was engaged in a game of chess with Mr. Burgoodle, whilst Yubbits was relating some anecdote with much vivacity to Mrs. Douglas, apparently much to that estimable lady's amusement.

"Well, gentlemen," said the jolly host, as a general hand-shaking commenced, "if you *must* go you must. Kindly ring the bell, Elsie ; you can reach the handle without any trouble. Mr. Bramley, I shall do myself the pleasure of looking you up to-morrow as I wish to show you some of our Toronto lions, and I am anxious that you should have a favorable impression of our city.—Tell James to bring the buggy round to the door," he said to the servant who answered the bell. "Yes, gentlemen," he continued to Bramley and Yubbits, "there is much to be seen here, and, if you would like to hear our civic Solons in solemn conclave, to-morrow evening we will visit the council chamber and I can promise you a rich treat, I assure you, if you are admirers of municipal eloquence."

"I should like, above all things, to hear the eloquence of which you speak, sir," said Bramley, "and I most thankfully avail myself of your kind offer to show us all that is to be seen here. I, I may say *we*, are much obliged to you."

"Well then, I will call for you to-morrow morning at say—well, about ten o'clock. Will that suit you ?" enquired Mr. Douglas.

"Admirably," replied Bramley, "and now"—looking towards Miss Elsie—"we positively must tear ourselves away. Good night Miss Douglas," and he tenderly pressed that young lady's hand, and afterwards made his adieux to his hostess and Mr. Burgoodle, and Yubbits having done the same, omitting, however, the tender pressure of the young lady's hand, the two friends, accompanied by Mr. Douglas as far as the hall door, took their departure in the light carriage which had previously conveyed Crinkle and Coddleby to the hotel.

On their arrival at that hostelrie our friends found that their two companions had some time previously retired to rest. Their example was soon followed by Yubbits, but Bramley remained in the reading room for a few minutes in order to pen a line or two to Mr. Pengwiche, desiring that personage to present himself at the hotel if possible, at half-past nine next morning ; but, in the event of his not receiving the note in time, asking him to call at six in the afternoon. This letter he handed to the clerk with instructions to despatch it as soon as possible,

and then, feeling somewhat fatigued, he repaired to his bed room and retired. He was prevented from falling asleep for some time, however, by his thoughts, which, do what he would, persisted in reverting to the charming face and figure of the bewitching Miss Elsie Douglas; and though he succeeded, at length, in wooing "Nature's sweet restorer," his dreams were still haunted by the same not unpleasing visions, from which the shrewd reader will, doubtless, perceive that the little archer had let fly his shaft with a true and unerring aim and that the usually unimpressible Bramley had fallen a victim to that passion at once so tender yet so irresistible.

(To be continued.)

HINTS TO INTENDING COMPETITORS

FOR THE PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A POEM ON THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE OFFERED BY AN "ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY."

A GREAT deal of poetry is written "to order," but not much of it is read. Of course this will not much signify to intending competitors. What they are thinking of is the hundred dollars, not the being read. Besides, a hundred dollars ought to bribe any Muse. But to my hints.

You have no chance of gaining the prize unless your poem contains "Ring on, ring on, sweet bells, ring on," or words to that effect. If you like, in order to introduce a little variety, you can say, "Ring out, ring out," or you can say "Peal on, peal on," or "Clash on," or even "Jangle on."

When a sovereign has reigned fifty years (that is what you are writing about, you know; you must not lose sight of that fact), when a sovereign has reigned fifty years, it is natural to conclude that he or she must be at least fifty years old. Now it is unfortunate that in the case before us the sovereign is a lady, and you would have no earthly chance of winning the hundred dollars if you made any allusion to the age of the lady; you must keep this well in the back ground. Never forget, however, that it is the fiftieth anniversary of her accession that you are "singing." (All poets "sing." Remember this, if they don't, their muses do. *Vide Milton et al.*)

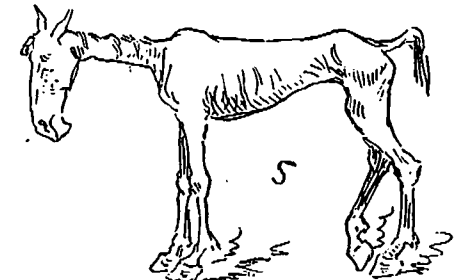
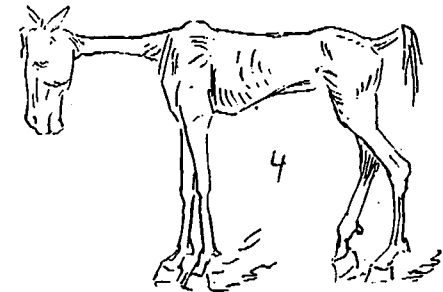
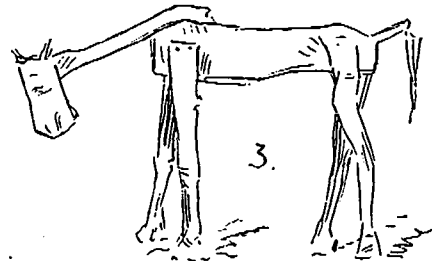
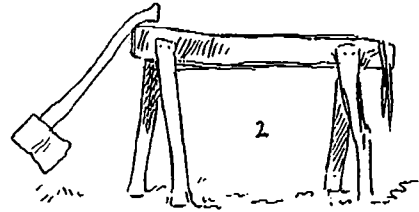
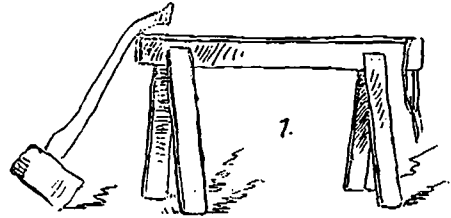
By the way, you must not joke about the sovereign; you must not say she is sterling, or golden, or is worth four crowns, or anything of that kind; and on no account refer to her as a "sov." This I know on very good authority will not be interpreted as a poetic license

You will of course have to be tremendously patriotic, loyal, unionistic, and all that sort of thing. You must not dream of saying that you think perhaps we would have got on just as well in the past if we had had no sovereign, and would get on ten times better in the future if England were a republic and Canada independent. Keep in mind the politics of the esteemed contemporary which offers the prize. And after all, a hundred dollars is pretty good pay for assumed loyalty—especially as you needn't really feel loyal—you are only writing poetry to order, you know.

Don't for the life of you mention Gladstone's name, or, if you do, compare him to Nero fiddling over burning Rome. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Take a pessimistic vein. Bemoan the spread of anarchy, democracy, and Henry Georgeism. If you refer to them at all call them false hopes—you can easily find a rhyme to this—"copes," (they must be coped with), or "mopes," (of course a loyalist would mope under a democratic government), or "ropes," (well, let me see, ah yes, advocate giving Henry George *less rope*).

But above all you must be awfully down on temperance, and prohibition, and scientific instruction in temperance in schools. It will be a little hard to bring this in in a poem on the jubilee; you had better do it by "quaffing a glass to the Empress-Queen," (that is rhythmic) or something of that kind.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE CAB-HORSE.

(Redrawn from *Tid-Bits.*)

LIBERTY'S torch might be lighted with the poems that have been made in honor of the statue.—*Boston Post.*





A LENTEN EPISODE.

Uncle Sam—Hold on! ITS FISH I'M AFTER, NOT BEEF!

NO INSTRUCTIONS.

STRANGER—"Isn't your name John Hayseed?"

FARMER—(suspiciously): "Mebbe 'tis, an' mebbe 'taint. What d'ye want?—check cashed?"

STRANGER—"No."

FARMER—"Mebbe ye want me to change a fifty dollar bill for ye?"

STRANGER—"Oh, no."

FARMER—"Like to have me sign some little dockyment jest fer accomydation sake, p'r'aps?"

STRANGER—"No."

FARMER—"Like to teach me poker or tongs or some other new fangled game of kyards, I guess?"

STRANGER—"No; nothing of the sort. If you are John Hayseed I have a letter for you."

FARMER—"Well, dern me if I know. Maria didn't tell me nothin' 'bout no skin game of this sort. Mebbe she forgot it. Stranger, ye'll jest hev ter wait till I kin write hum to my old woman an' find out 'bout this. She told me whether I was John Hayseed or not to most fellers as might ask, but she didn't tell me nuthin' 'bout a deal o' this kind."

E. F.

HE—SHE—IT.

A "Story" of Adventure—Rather!

BY RIDE HIM HAGGARD.

CHAPTER IV.

WE ADVANCE.

NEXT morning we set out with Billy and the palanquins for the capital. After three days journey across swamps, we came to a mountain 500,000 feet high, with a perpendicular face. Scaled the face by walking on our heads. Very easy. No feat about it. Came to a tunnel 5,000 feet from the ground. Entered and were blown 1,200 miles, by a terrific blizzard, in two minutes, right through the mountain into the crater of an extinct volcano, green and beautiful. Fine caves. In the inmost recesses of the largest lived *He—She—It* or "*The thing which must not be further declined.*" Sent for us. Ushered into its presence. *It* said, "How goes it, boys?" Replied, "bully," with which *It* seemed quite satisfied.

It was feeding on fruit and water, a regular prohibitionist. *It* said, "Now boys I'll show you something." Unveiled. Just sweet. Eternal youth and beauty. We were transfixed, Fell on our faces and in love at same time. Leo was not with us; he was down with fever in the next cave.

CHAPTER V.

LEO GETS WELL.

He—She—It sent for me after breakfast. Said I've lived six thousand years on this terrestrial sphere. Used to play marbles with Noah in the ark. Often had 5 o'clock tea with Adam, and frequently went to the opera with Sampson. Knew all the Pharaohs and helped build the pyramids. Didn't think much of Pericles. Low family. Wasn't toney enough for me. But loved Greece. Fell in love with Kallikrates and stuck a bodkin into his *fiance*. When he died brought him out here. Had him embalmed by H. Stone, the undertaker, and put him in my dime museum. That was 2,000 years ago. He is fresh now. Like to see him? No! Then doesn't matter. Show him some other time. Expect a real live Kallikrates, this chap revised, to come to me. Then we'll get married in St. James Cathedral, and I'll have eight

bridesmaids. I hear there are lots of old girls in Toronto who would do, but perhaps none quite 6,000 years old. Now about this Leo. Dead yet? No. Then I'll give him a little liver pill and I guess that'll fetch him." After this interesting conversation of which *He—She—It* had the lion's share, we went to see poor Leo. Found Ustane disguised as a hospital nurse, in a pretty costume of white and red, with a jaunty little cap, at his bedside. As soon as *He—She—It* saw Leo, *It* cried out "Oh! my dear, sweet, darling Kallikrates," and staggered in a dead swoon against the wall. As no one offered to support *It*, *It* came to at once, turned the pretty nurse out with a blast of her eye and told her to go to Jericho. Then chucked a little liver pill down Leo's throat, who was in the last gasp of death. He revived at once, and said, "Give us some grub."

To be continued.)

QUESTIONS FOR THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS CONFERENCE.

Does the reported "*full attendance of delegates*" imply that they dropped in to see their brother Bungs on the way?

Haven't police magistrates and "the trade" been having quite a *fine* time of it lately?

Is it for the sake of practically demonstrating that "union is *strength*" that the "wittlers" mix beer with water?

Isn't the bar of a saloon a good example of the bar sinister?

Aren't barristers jealous of laymen being permitted to take "Refreshers" at "the bar"?

Aren't the principles promoted by coffee "taverns" apposite examples of *inn*-temperance?

Isn't a proof of the contagiousness of vice to be found in the fact that "tight" boots can induce temperance advocates to become intemperate?

Do people who start on a day's drinking-bout reckon to make a sort of alcoholi-day of it?

Isn't there often a painful connection between the "nip" of spirits and the pinch of poverty?

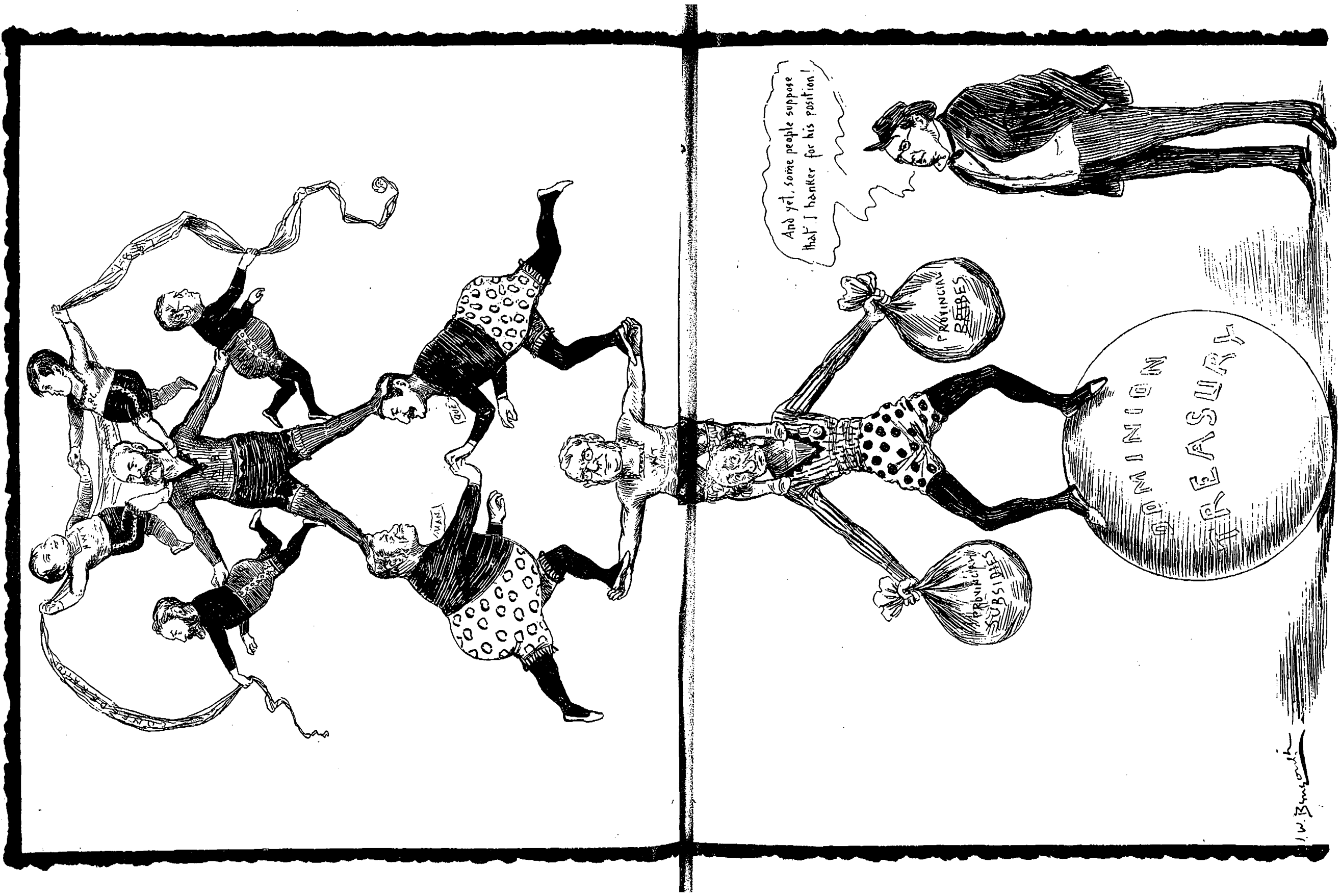
Isn't the most appropriate kind of *parting* glass a "split"?

Wouldn't the evil effects of strong drink be greatly reduced by its consumers practically recognizing the fact that it is "intended for use, and not for a *boose*"?—

Funny Folks.

A GIRL on a "schutó" in the Sault
Split her toboggan in twalt,
She fell down on her head,
And was picked up for dead,
And her lover said, "This will not dault!"

AN undertaker of our acquaintance who makes a specialty of exhibiting his wares in his front window, wonders how he should proceed to make an attractive holiday display. We beg to suggest the following, to wit: A sick plum pudding, a roast goose or other fowl, a quantity of nuts and confections, cakes *variorum* and galore, a few skulls neatly arranged with some scapulas, tibias, fibulas and phalanges, and a little stomach in spirits. These would not be so repulsive as bare coffins, and they would have this advantage, that they would "point a moral and adorn a tale." We absolutely refuse to copyright this idea



And yet, some people suppose that I hanker for his position!

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ONTARIO "THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE."

MOTHER ONTARIO (seated in a shoe, gives audience to her boys and girls)—

Mercy on us ! what's the matter ?
Such a clamour, such a clatter !

OLD BOYS (speaking all at once)—

Clamour ! yes and little wonder.
Why, it's nothing less than plunder !
Every cad and mother's son,
Want's to share our currant bun !

PRACTICAL SCIENCE SCHOOL BOYS (fifty of 'em)—

No, we don't, we just want bread ;
Mother, don't you want us fed ?

MOTHER ONTARIO—

Surely ! you must eat to live,
But the thing is how to give
Bread to all ;—the older boys
Had of the good things their choice ;
Now, you ought alike to share,
Seeing you're brothers, that's but fair.

OLD BOYS (in chorus)—

What ! share our fine currant bun
With every common workman's son !
Never ! Why look at us ! such men !
Every one of us gentlemen !
Lawyers, merchants, clerks genteel,
Brokers steering Fortune's wheel,
Bankers, doctors, clergy, too ;
Sons of widows well-to-do ;
Hotel keepers three or four,
Not one mechanic in the core !
Read our record—read our list !
Ah ! what a loss could one be missed !

MOTHER ONTARIO—

Well, well, my boys, of course you're good ;
But while your brothers starve for food,
Plain, strengthening, wholesome mental fare,
That such should be withheld, 'aint square.
'Tis hardly fair you " gentlemen "
Should cost me more than working men.

OLD BOYS—

But Grandma said it should be so.

MOTHER ONTARIO—

But my *will* is Home Rule, you know.

OLD BOYS—

We fill the University.

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS—

Not by a jug-ful ! One, two, three,
Once in a while you send, we own,
That's worth their salt ; but that alone
Is no cause why we should be cheated,
And you more than abundance meted.
We have our record, too—look at it !
Which is the nobler—dare you state it ?
Who wins most honors—we or you ?
Go—soak your heads and speak what's true.

MOTHER ONTARIO—

Well said, and don't forget to show it
When this goes before Papa Mowat.

Enter a bevy of girls.]

MOTHER ONTARIO—

Good gracious ! Girls, what brings you here ?
I trust you keep within your sphere.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—

I want a chance as well's my brother.
Why should we suffer all this bother ?
I think it is a mighty pity
That we've to leave our own Queen City
To find in neighbouring rural schools
Learning denied by city fools.
To think from our Collegiate
No girl can ever graduate,
Unless, indeed, her time and cash
Are both as plentiful as trash.
Enough to rouse one's indignation,

To think, that in a population
Of one hundred and forty thousand told,
We've *one* Collegiate, feeble, old.
Why Rip Van Winkle's yellow cheeks
For very shame would blush for weeks
To own a school as dull and slow
As 'twas some fifteen years ago.
No earnest life—no *corps d'esprit*.
Awhile Time bore it patiently,
Till finding it affect his mind,
He fled and left it far behind.
But we, who march with Time, and move,
To other towns and schools must rove
In search of learning. Mother, dear,
Give us our share of it—now—here.
These " old boys " there, what right have they
To more than we—

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS—

That's what we say !

We, too, are hard up—nay, can't half
Get what we ought to—we could laugh
At the pretensions of " the boys,"
Their pompous, grandiose noise,
Were it not such a serious matter
To daily dine off scanty platter.

MOTHER ONTARIO—

Come, come boys ; say no more about it.
That there's injustice none can doubt it ;
When " old boys " can't have cake and pie
Like " gentlemen," they boo-boo and cry.
Let Papa Mowat share each ration
" Now under his consideration."

IMPENDING RUIN.

AND so the youth of our land is to be ruined by the deadly temperance text-book. In the bright dawning of their lives the children in the schools are to have their young souls corroded by the knowledge that whiskey is not necessary to life in this climate. The evils of indulgence in temperance literature have been fully described to Mr. Mowat. He knows that the excesses due to looking upon the text-book when it is read have shadowed once happy homes and filled drunkards' graves. Let him persist in his wrongdoing and be punished only by the assurance that the fair haired boys of the future will date their start on the rugged road to moral ruin back to the hour they imbibed total abstinence principles in school. —*Toronto Telegram.*

WRUNG FROM HIM.

FIRST GENT, (To lady who is playing the Chimes of Normandy.)—" Has not that piece something to do with bells, Miss A. ?"

Absent Minded Rival—" Yes, chestnut bells !"—*Col-lapse of whole party.*

" REMOVE the tax from shoes !" shouts a labor candidate. Wouldn't it be better to substitute pegs for tacks ? —*Yonkers Statesman.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

LOOK out for the next issue of GRIP. It will have a double-page cartoon relating to the opening of the Dominion Parliament ; and in addition to the usual contents, a supplement sheet, size 12 x 17 inches, being No. 1 of Grip's Gallery of Men of To-day, a series of finely executed Lithographed Portraits, will be sent out with every copy.

☞ All who pay \$2.00 for a year in advance, have their choice of either of the large premium plates of Reform or Conservative Leaders—size of each 18 x 24 inches.

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REBECCA was a well-maid woman.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ADAM had a spare rib with apple sauce.—*Boston Post.*

TIMPSON has the skating wrinkle bad.—*Nacogdoches (Tex.) State News.*

"MONEY is tight!" No wonder. So much of it goes to the saloon.—*St. Paul Herald.*

A CYCLONE is like three school-girls walking abreast—it don't turn out for anything.—*Waterloo Observer.*

PRETTY Patti announces this as positively her last season in America. Anybody got a bell?—*Philadelphia Press.*

"MICE hole be on thy guard," said the boy when he saw the cat watching the retreat of the mouse.—*The Whip.*

THE Texas Legislature has a member by the name of Finger. It is expected that he will be "in everybody's pie."—*Boston Post.*

A BOSTON firm publishes a work entitled "A Girl's Room." The average girl's room is two seats in a horse car.—*New Haven News.*

IF petroleum is to be "the fuel of the future," what are we to do with the good Book, which says brimstone?—*Providence Telegram.*

THOMPSON—"Suppose a man should call you a liar, what should you do?" Jones (hesitatingly)—"What sized man?"—*Pitts-bury Dispatch.*

TAKING pictures after dark has been successfully tried in Olean. A photographer is offering a reward for the scoundrel who did it.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

A WRITER in a Baltimore paper tells "How to Make a Poutice." How to wear one and look stylish is the greater conundrum.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WE often pity the brakeman,
Whose life is far from a joke,
But our pity we seldom awake, man,
For the many poor men who are broke.
—*Goodall's Sun.*

IT has been a generally accepted fact that Wilkes Booth was the guilty party, but it looks now as if the *Century Magazine* took the life of Lincoln.—*Life.*

"I WANT a dish of souse," he said, looking up from the bill of fare. "You're going to be en fête to-day, sir," replied the Irish waiter.—*Pitts-bury Chronicle.*

"Do you know whether the doctor went to Mrs. Grap's yesterday?" "I think so. At least there was crape on the door this morning."—*New Haven News.*

KING COAL, as everybody knows,
Is quite a funny feller;
He never to the buyer goes,
But always to the cellar.
—*The Accident News.*

"WHAT I want," cried an impetuous woman, struggling to reach a ribbon counter in a crowded store the other day, "what I want is free trade!"—*Boston Herald.*

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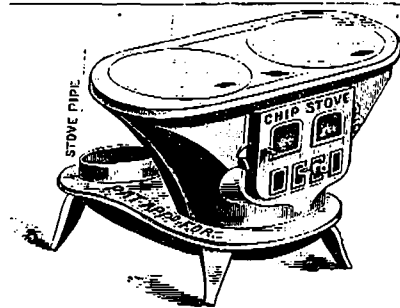
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IN culture-laden Boston town,
Where Learning smiles, ne'er frowning,
Poetic art's not yet done brown,
Since every thing is Browning.
—*Merchant Traveller.*

"HOW easy a man may make a mistake that he will regret a lifetime," feelingly observes an Ohio editor. It is inferred that he was recently married.—*Norristown Herald.*

AN exchange states that the army of Turkey is to be enlarged. That is right. Christmas and New Year's are yet to come.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"WHAT do you get your pincion for, Din-nis?" "Well, now, not to deceive you, me old frind, I've forgotten, but I think it was for shun-shstroke."—*N. Y. Journal.*

MILE. SARDOU has never been permitted by her father to see any of his plays. If she don't run away with a spangled lion tamer, she will grow up to be a very respectable girl.—*Puck.*

WOMEN doctors are becoming more numerous every year. Why not? Doesn't Walter Scott say of women, that "when pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou?"—*Boston Globe.*

"YOU can always tell a man who has once been a clerk in a hotel," says an exchange. Our experience has always been that you can't tell him much. He thinks he knows it all.—*Somerville Journal.*

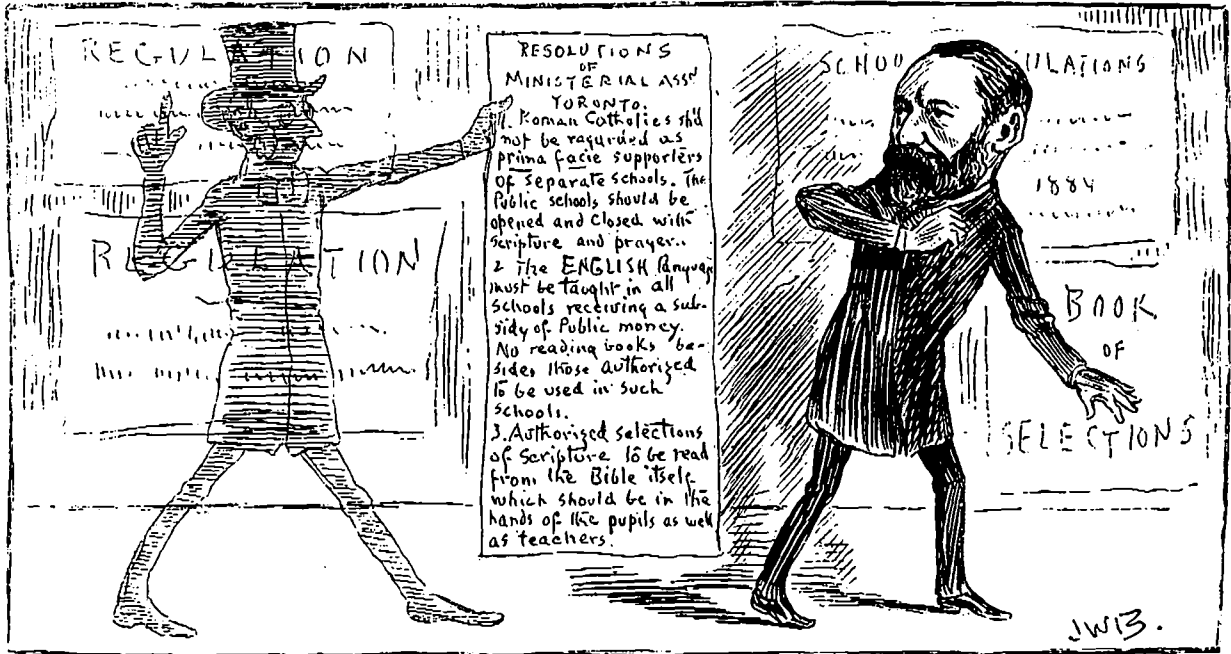
THE man who scoffs at the idea of there being such a thing as a sea-serpent, who is too smart to be taken in by any such humbug, is the first man to be roped in by the bunco-steerer.—*Boston Courier.*

"THEY have some queer whiskey bottles in Atlanta. One looks just like a book." Bacon must have had the perusal of one of these books in his mind when he said, "Reading makes a full man."—*Tid-Bits.*

MAGISTRATE (to complainant)—"You say that the prisoner struck you but once?" Complainant—"Yes, sir." Magistrate (to prisoner)—"Why didn't you strike him the second time?" Prisoner—"I didn't have to, yer Honor."—*Life.*

A TEXAS paper contains an article headed "Raising Mules on the Range." This sounds like cruelty to animals—especially if there be a fire in the range. We should think the mules would kick against it.—*Norristown Herald.*

MR. WINKS—"I wish, Mrs. Winks, you would read this article on the duties of wives." Mrs. Winks—"I haven't time to read now. What does it say?" "Well, it says, for one thing, that it is the duty of a wife to cultivate assimilation, and so far as possible, have the same tastes as her husband." "I never thought of that." "I suppose not." "No, but if you'll bring a bottle of whiskey home with you, I'll try."—*Montreal Star.*



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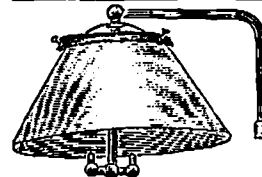
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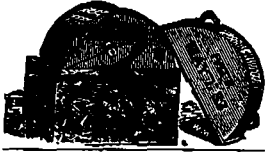
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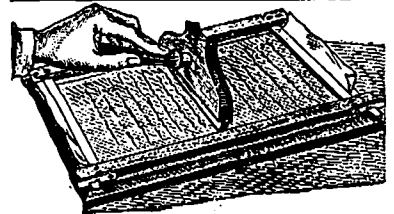
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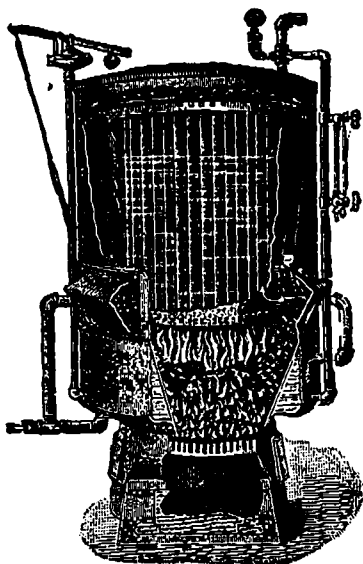
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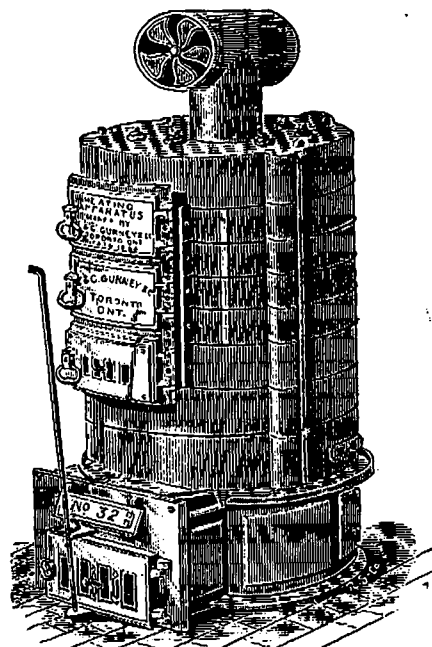
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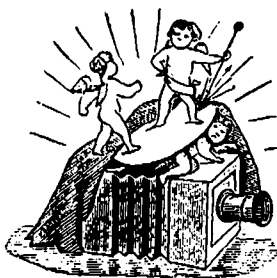
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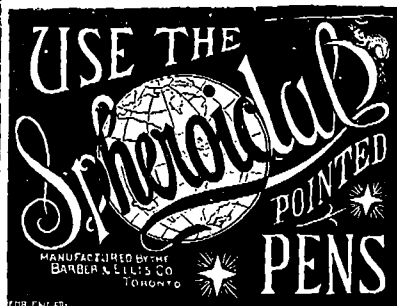
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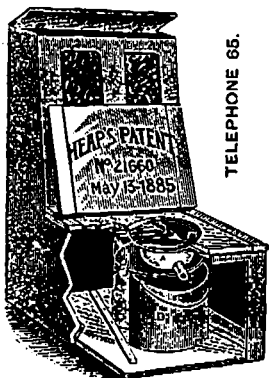
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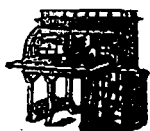
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