

MUSIC AND ART.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. F. J. Moore, of London, for copies of her latest musical compositions—"Farewell, dear love, to thee," (tenor), and "Blackberries and Kisses" (soprano). Both songs are tuneful and pretty, and in all respects worthy of the daughter of Mr. J. C. Hatton. They are published by Ditson & Co.

Mr. Dickson Patterson is painting an ideal bust from sittings given by Mr. J. L. Stuart, in his make-up as the Pirate King in "Bunthorne Abroad." A very effective bit of work may be anticipated.

NEIGHBORS,

AND THE ANGELIC REMARKS THEY MAKE.

When a new family—no, that's not right,—let me see, when a family moves into a new neighborhood—no, that's not right, either, for the neighborhood may be a very old one,—ah! I have it: When a family moves from one neighborhood into another, the residents of the latter—that is such amongst them as are given to the odious habit of gossiping,—ho!d conclaves at which some such remarks as the following may be heard. This habit is not confined altogether to the illiterate and vulgar, detestable as it is.



SCENE I.

MRS. CHAMPIGNON (very wealthy).—Nice people, I think them as has just moved into the corner house?

MISS MOULDY.—Oct. 39 (owned to). Yes, I think they are; but my! *did* you see the furniture?

MRS. C.—I didn't take no particular notice of it as I was out in the kerridge when they come, but I think they're nice folks, and she is well eddicated I'm told.

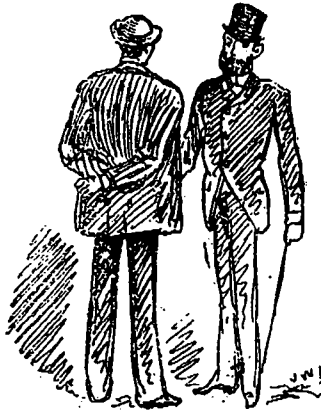
MISS M.—Educated! (scornfully) and well she might be, for I'm told she was a governess before she married.

MRS. C.—(who was a cook at one time but rather good-looking,—aghast) A governess! why—what! a governess! I shouldn't never have thought she was as low as *that* (concentrated scorn on the last word).

MISS M.—Well, I'm assured such was the case as I had it from Mrs. Clatter who heard Mrs. Bletcher tell her sister all about it. By the way, you were once *visiting* at the Bletcher's (the family where Mrs. C. used to cook, and of which fact the amiable spinster is well aware), were you not, Mrs. C.?

MRS. C.—Good morning: I am in *such* a hurry.

MISS M.—Good morning, dear (kiss and part).



SCENE II.

MR. JONES.—Think that fellow across the way, who's just moved into No. 23, drinks like a fish. Came in very late, or early, yesterday morning.

MR. SMITH.—Oh! he's a newspaper man and has to be out all night.

MR. J.—Don't know, 'm sure, but he looks bleary about the eyes.

MR. S.—Well, he does, that's a fact. Nice-looking wife, though?

MR. J.—Yes, fine woman, very. Take something?

MR. S.—Thanks, don't care if I do.

(*Exeunt*).



SCENE III.

MISS PECKY, (age uncertain, to MRS. BOODLETWANG).—Well, well, it is scandalous the way those new folks next door go on. I'm shocked. You know my dear Mrs. Boodletwang, he's what they call an athlete, and every afternoon as soon as he gets home, he—he—yes, he takes off, actually takes off his coat and vest, and, yes, *actually* the garment underneath, just fancy, and goes out in his yard and throws a great heavy stone about, and swings clubs and so on: I'm scandalized, just fancy a man exhibiting himself in that state—why, the police—

MRS. B.—But, my dear Jemima, why do you look at him, if you are so shocked?

MISS P.—I can't *help* it, dear. You know it is right in the next yard, and—

MRS. B.—But isn't there a high seven feet board fence between your yard and your neighbors?

MISS P.—Yes, but there's a knot-hole that I can just reach by standing on two bricks, so I can't *help* seeing him, can I?

MRS. B.—Well, I—
Miss P.—Good morning, dear.
MRS. B.—Good morning.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

"Oh! I wish it was winter," sighed poor little Johnny Hardup, as he walked into a friend's office the other day and sat down dejectedly on a stool. "I'd give anything if it was winter once more," and he fanned himself vigorously with his hat.

"Yes," remarked the other, "you do look hot, Jack, and no mistake."

"Tisn't that," went on Mr. Hardup, "I don't mind the heat, that is, I don't object to it as heat, but merely as a means of driving those confounded tradesmen out of their stores."

"Why, what on earth can it matter to you whether they stay indoors or out: My goodness! they've a perfect right to stop out if they like," said his friend.

"Don't doubt it for an instant," responded Jack, "but you see in winter I can walk along any street I like and know that every shop door is closed and that there's no chance of the proprietor popping out at the door to dun me: but now—my stars! I can't go two steps but out comes, first a tailor, then a grocer, then a something else to get a breath of air at his store door, and I owe 'em all, and they invariably feel this want of air just as I happen to be passing. By Jupiter! I can't go along a single street this weather, without feeling like a vessel running the blockade; I tell you, old man, to get to my rooms on Yonge near Shuter, I have to start from the office on King, you know, there near the Mail office, and go along Bay to Queen, thence westerly ten blocks more or less, then down to Front and back to York, up York to Wellington and along that street to Cherry: up Cherry to—" "Oh! come, Hardup," said his companion, smiling, "surely you don't make that *detour* every time you go home."

"Why! I haven't half done, man," replied Johnny, "I have to dodge up alleyways keeping my eye skinned all the time for some prowling dun, into front doors and out at the back, over fences, through vacant lots, till it sometimes takes three hours to get home, and all because those confounded tradesmen will stand at their doors during the 'heated term' as they call it. Give me winter or give me death, I tell you—but here comes Thingummy & Co's. collector, and I guess he's seen me, so tra-la," and he slid off the stool, skipped through an open window and fled like a whale pursued by threshers.

A SUMMER CURE-ALL.

What is it cheers me in the days
When Phoebus pours his scorching rays.
And all his fiery power displays?

The Grip-Sack!

What cools me when I toss and turn
At night, and all things seem to burn?
What makes me all these evils spurn?

The Grip-Sack!

What is it, sparkling thro' with 'chaff'
That makes me, if I would not, laugh:
Half pictures, wit the other half?

The Grip-Sack!

What comes like some sweet tonic light
To bring me back my appetite,
And makes me feel quite right and bright?

The Grip-Sack!

What is it men of taste should buy,
If they would have life's troubles fly?
Of course you instantly reply—

The Grip-Sack!

What is it that I'd gladly store
From all my wealth a quarter for,
Which when I've read I wish for more?

The Grip-Sack!

Now packed, but so full of good things that the publishers are trying to ram in those that hang out with their feet, the latter straining the capacity of the GRIP-SACK to its utmost extent. Will soon be locked and dispatched to every quarter of the globe. 25 cents will open it.