



MEN OF ONTARIO! TO THE RESCUE!!

ÆSTHETIC.

Of Oscar's visit to Hamilton he may say *veni, vidi, vici*. He looked as if he had stepped out of a picture frame, and on the platform talked a good deal of common sense and second-hand Ruskin. A shrewd fellow who can use other people's brains to his own advantage and the improvement of his hearers. He did not mention anything about the washboards on this continent, but we suppose the sight of the horrible stove restrained him from further research. *Apropos* of his visit to Brantford, while waiting at the station he was accosted by the Rev. C. A. Johnstone, of the *British Lion* and the *Moving Sun*, who introduced himself as one of the clergy.

Mr. Leland, the American Consul, being also on the platform, was then instantly buttonholed by Mr. Johnstone, who led him up and presented him with great *calor* to the distinguished apostle of æstheticism, who thereafter departed on his way rejoicing, no doubt profoundly impressed with his unexpected interview with the representative of the Hamilton city clergy. As for the genial consul, we are certain that he more than appreciates in its true inwardness, the ah—ah—ah what-d'ye-call-it French word of the whole affair, and we would desire nothing better than to measure the size of his smile, as he privately meditates thereon.

NOTES FROM HIGH SOCIETY.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Though but a new correspondent, I (like all of Adam's sons and some of Eve's daughters) take such delight in seeing myself in print that I have resolved to send you a few more letters on the same general subject. This I do with the praiseworthy intention of increasing your world-renowned wisdom in a direction where one of your sober and thoughtful disposition cannot have many opportunities of observation. I am therefore for

the time being a critic of our society and even of my personal friends. A critic, I say, but not from the far-off gallery, nor the brilliant boxes, nor the humble pit, but from behind the scenes where I, an actor, move among the actors, and view my brethren much too close to join in the rapturous clapping and the delighted smiles awarded us by the audience. The rosy cheeks too often are daubs of paint, the luxuriant ringlets musty wigs, the brilliant jewelry tarnished tinsel. And yet there are actors on this stage who manage to admire themselves and fellows, shortsighted people who see no more than the audience though much more near. Well, I do not wish to quarrel with them; let them enjoy themselves while they can, that time is past for me, I see that. I wear the paint, powder, and tinsel and despise myself for it; still it is better to be what I am, an actress, if you will, but one who hates acting, who suffers herself to be decked out, stands in the background of the stage, and repeats mechanically the words of the chorists, than to daub myself with delight, walk to the footlights and repeat grand poetry which I do not understand, lofty sentiments which I do not feel, to laugh when I am sad, and weep when I am gay. I would rather—but, dear me! I've been borrowing a leaf from Thackeray, that won't do! He is the one novelist whom a young lady should not quote, the only one whom a woman of fashion may not read, the solitary writer of fiction who should be banished from aristocratic circles. Why, what untold mischief may not Thackeray do? He has often spoiled a ball for me by including me to look too far beyond appearances, and he may do the same for others. He may teach young and foolish girls that if marriage is the end of our existence (as we all believe), that end is not attained by marriage of every kind, but only when the life-partner is chosen by the heart. He may say that where indifference exists between husband and wife, they are

farther from the end designed for them than they were before their birth. He may try to prove that happiness does not consist of servants, carriages and dinner-parties, and I fear he may even insinuate that it may be entirely independent of them. Now this, Mr. GRIP, your owlish wisdom will tell you might seriously interfere with Mamma's little plans for a "really good marriage" for dear Ethel, and induce that misguided child to neglect her parents' advice and her own interest, and marry Jack Blank, who has a very small annuity and works hard for that. Having said this much in extenuation of my fault, I will close for to-night, promising the next time to write nothing but what is proper for young people to read.

I am, dear Mr. GRIP,
Yours in deep contrition,
JEMIMA.

THE SORT OF POETRY WE LIKE.

(BY A SUBSCRIBER, WITH CASH ACCOMPANIMENT.)

MR. GRIP, your gracious pardon
Now most humbly I implore,
That so long I've kept you dunning,
Dunning gently, o'er and o'er.
But the truth is, my good husband,
Seeking to increase his store,
Off hath hied him to the North-west,
Where the mails reach nevermore—
That is, hardly ever—reach they
Once a week, but nothing more.

And I being but a woman,
"Lone and lorn" and all unversed
In the art of paying moneys,
Had to write and ask him first,
"Can I send for GRIP, beloved,
Till, at least, election's o'er?"
All my politics come through him,
And I'd miss him, oh! so sore.
And he answered, like a husband—
"Do without GRIP?—nevermore!
Do without your summer bonnet,
Do without all lesser lore,
But, pay up your sub. for GRIP, ma'am,
Or I'll leave you evermore."

So I herewith send two dollars,
And my tardiness deplore;
One I owe you for back numbers,
And the other you'll be sure
To repay me in hard rappings
On the pates of men who'll lure
Our fair country to destruction,
Had we not a GRIP, who, truer
To the cause of Right, cries, "Never,
O, ye wrigglers! nevermore
Shall ye nibble in our cheeses—
Squirm away for evermore!"

NAPANEE, ONT.



THE MODERN ATLAS.
OR, PHIPPS BEARING UP THE "WORLD."

A Frenchman, by way of giving expression to his love of nature, exclaimed, "O madam, I love ze cows, ze horses, ze sheep, and any-zing else that is hoasty."

Spring pants are so attenuated in style that when a young man of the period sits down in them he will wish he had stood up and saved rent.—*Elmira Telegram*.