

THE PASSING SHOW.

The complimentary excursion given by the management of the Zoo on board the "St. Jean Baptiste" on Wednesday evening was a great success in every way. Mr. Harry Piper did the honors as he only can, and the guests fared sumptuously. Mr. Hanlan supplemented the excursion by a generous entertainment of the company at his Island Hotel. We are glad to know that the Zoo is an established success, and bids fair to become not only a first class public institution, but a good paying investment as well.

Ryan and Robinson's circus proved to be one of the best in the matter of ring performance that we have had in Toronto for many years. The display on the street was meagre and the menagerie limited, but the show—the feature of most interest to visitors—was capital, presenting a long programme of well-performed acts in gymnastics and equestrianism. The critics of the *Mail* and *News* either do not know a good show when they see it, or they libelled Ryan and Robinson deliberately, out of revenge. The advertising agent who "got sat on" apparently wrote the notices.

Those who cannot manage a regular vacation at one of the watering places, can at least enjoy the balmy breezes of our beautiful lake. The trip to Oakville and Hamilton by the *Southern Belle* is one of the choicest now offered to seekers for fresh air, and the expense involved is a mere bagatelle. Those having business in the Ambitious City would never go by train in the summer season if they realized the pleasure to be derived from the trip by water.



THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

1ST NEWSBOY.—Goin' to Manitoba, are ye? Pshaw! Ef yer want to make money hand over fist, jest start out and sell this!

2ND Do.—What's that?

1ST Do.—Why, the *Grip Sack*, to be sure!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INNOCENT.—The "yawp" belongs to a class of beings at once useless and a nuisance. He is sometimes known as the yahoo or hobbladehoy, and is to be seen in his prime on a Sunday evening, on the sidewalk at the church doors. His conversation is of the most insipid and imbecile character, and he affects the airs and manners of a man of fashion, with results the most ludicrous and disastrous. He is generally to be found during the week behind the counter of some dry goods store, where he will be immediately recognized by his cringing and obsequious manner to those in authority over him, and his arrogant and supercilious bearing towards those whom he considers his inferiors, as if there really could be anything inferior to him. His constant repetition of the words "By Jawge" have earned for him the appellation of "squab," a term usually applied to

sickly young crows, to whose cawing the words have a great likeness, and to which fledgeling he bears a marked resemblance, the similarity being greatly increased by his excessively slim legs, huge feet, vacant eye, and half open mouth. His one chief pastime, as has already been stated, is to hang round the church doors at the conclusion of service, hoping, to use his own choice expression, "to make a mash." He excites the disgust and contempt of all respectable people, and the world would roll on as usual if he were put out of the way.

"CHERULOUS" wants to know what are the component parts of a bologna sausage. We cave. The manner in which the pyramids of Egypt were raised is a mystery; the age of a woman who confesses to twenty-seven is another, but the ingredients of the bologna sausage lay over the knowledge of man.

LARA wishes to be informed whether we consider the helmet hat, so prevalent at present, a becoming style of head gear. In the majority of cases, Laura, the wearer of the helmet hat would look infinite y better if he allowed it to come down as far as his necktie. Is there anything more ridiculous than a very slender youth with legs which cannot measure more than ten inches in girth anywhere, and to whose chest and shoulders the torso of a champagne bottle would be herculean in comparison, struggling along on a sweltering July day under a huge helmet hat. The youth who asserts that he derives comfort from wearing one can never be mentioned in the same breath with the late lamented G. Washington. His name and that of Mr. Ananias should be linked together in the bonds of flippant falsehood. The only use of the helmet hat is in the case of a very soft head and tender brain, which might be injured by falling paint pots, mortar-hods, &c., and possibly this may account for its present popularity. The helmet hat is also a handy receptacle for carrying a brick in, and in this capacity may be frequently seen about 11 p.m. But for general utility, beauty, or comfort the helmet and Gainsboro' hats have about an even thing of it, and pictures of these articles will, doubtless, be handed down to posterity as illustrative of the idiotic tastes of the nineteenth century.

SNIFE is anxious to know what newly-fledged barristers carry in the blue bags with which they so proudly prance along the public pave. This is a secret, Snipe, and it shall be imparted to you if you will not give it away. We had occasion to investigate the contents of one of the bags referred to and found, not as we anticipated, huge, legal-looking documents and abstruse treatises on the mysteries of the law, but to our surprise, a bundle of soiled linen and socks, a half empty brandy flask, several sheets of blank foolscap and some billiard chalk, which met our astounded gaze. Why these young men, who would scorn to be seen carrying a parcel weighing half an ounce home for one of their sisters, will cheerfully burden themselves with several pounds of matter simply because it is to be carried in a blue bag, is another of those mysteries previously referred to.

VILLAINY DEFEATED:

OR,

THE CRAFTY BANK CLERK AND THE REPORTER

CHAPTER I.

Not far from the busy hum of the vast city of Slumville, and beautifully situated amidst the verdant foliage of forest trees and imported exotics, stood the palatial residence of John Sevenoaks, Esq., who in his earlier days might have been seen wending his diurnal way around the back slums and alleys of the city, driving his modest wagon laden with two huge hogsheds, in his search after the refreshing

though unasthetic hog-swill. Steadily and by almost imperceptible degrees, John Sevenoaks, then known as plain John Snooks, had amassed the base metal known as gold, and at the time of the opening of our tale, had retired from business, having amassed immense riches in his vast pork factory, to which he had devoted his energies on his abandonment of the pursuit of a collector of hogs-wash. The College of Heralds had been consulted, the inquiry resulting in the discovery that plain John Snooks was lineally descended from the powerful Saxon family of Sevenoaks, whose members had fought and bled for centuries in the cause of right and loyalty, invariably linking their fortunes with that side on which there was a preponderance of worldly goods, and impartially going over to the other when the fickle goddess appeared to be deserting their own, thus stamping themselves as men above the consideration of vulgar prejudices, and with a keen eye to the welfare of number one and the main chance. And now John Sevenoaks, at sixty years of age, reposed on his laurels, the proud possessor of untold wealth, a crest, a boar's head rampant, with a string of onious *coupe* and the motto, "Ye whole hogge or none," and a daughter whose beauty was the one theme of conversation amongst the youth of fashion of the city. Peerless Beatrice de Medici Sevenoaks! 'Tis of thee and thy adorners that this story treats.

CHAPTER II.

Reginald Adamson had long worshipped at the shrine of the adorable Beatrice, but the immense gulf which yawned between his position and hers presented an impenetrable barrier to aught approaching intimacy between them, for Reginald was but a hardworking and enterprising reporter on the staff of the morning *Whooper*, with naught but the balance of his salary after the payment of his weekly beer bill to offer, albeit possessed, in common with members of the reportorial fraternity, of a towering intellect and herculean frame, and though he had met Beatrice at various *reles*, &c., he could but gaze at her at a respectful distance, and sigh and strive to calm the floppings and reboundings of his heart with fond hopes that some chance might bring them nearer together. On the other hand, wherever Beatrice went, there also, attired in the highest style of fashion, was to be seen her avowed lover, Vivian Vere de Vavasour, a bank clerk whose princely salary enabled him occasionally to pay his washerwoman, and to make the settlement of his monthly board bill a not altogether unfrequent occurrence. To say that Vivian was mentally gifted would be to state what is not strictly true. He had, it must be owned, written and signed his name to various little *jeux d'esprit* in autographic albums, but he had only done so after searching thro' many poetical works, and painfully committing to memory the few lines he found which appeared suitable to the subject. By dint of a week's hard study, Vivian was enabled to retain upon the tablets of his memory as many as six lines of amatory poesy, in which "bliss," "kiss," "love," "dove," "heart" and "part" invariably ended the lines, and these, with variations, he had recorded in the albums of half the fair daughters of Slumville, who almost worshipped the genius of the talented bank clerk. But the mask was to be rudely torn from the face of the arch deceiver. How this came about will appear in a future chapter.

In the meanwhile Reginald loved on, hopelessly, longingly, heart-throbblingly, and his genius was made daily more apparent to the public through the columns of the Morning *Whooper*, his scathing articles upon "Jealousy, as shown in the Appointment of Episcopal Rectors," and "Champion Oarsmen regarded as National Advertisements," had called forth