



The Age We Live In.

"By means of a **BLAKE** transmitter placed in the Dominion Methodist Church, Ottawa, on Sunday evening, by the Dominion Telegraph Company, and connected with the **BELL** telephone, a large number of persons were enabled at their residences to listen to the sermon. So perfect was the transmission of sound, that the very echoes of the minister's voice could be distinctly heard."
—Mail.



The Beauties of Listening at Home.

"Humph! I wonder where you cabbaged that sentence, parson?"

Portraits of Societies.

BY ASPER.

One of our correspondents recently in sorting over a number of old papers and letters which had been brought by his great grandfather from England many years ago, found among them a bundle of papers evidently written by some dabbler in literature a long time back. They were descriptions of different classes of Society of the period in which the papers were composed, and as many of them are adapted in a wonderful manner to Canadian Society of the present day we reproduce them for our readers. The first was entitled

No. 1.—YE BANKKE CLERKE.

Ye Bankke Clerke is one of ye upper stratum of all ye inhabitants of ye worlde. A man on whom ye kindest Providence has been most lavish in bestowing its blessings. So well do they know that they are not as the rest of mankind that it is said—of course this is known to a humble writer only by hearsay—that they do object to being called clerkes and do insist on men calling them ye Bankke Officers and not ye clerkes.

A man may always know one of these

proud gentlemen by ye haughty stride with which they do perambulate ye by-ways of ye city. At ye hour of four of ye clock they do issue forth from their offices and it is a most pleasant sight to see them, as with swinging cayne they do brush past all ye lower classes. It is most refreshing to see them accost with graceful bow ye damsels in ye streets.

By them they are most favored—and it is said that ye maidens do delight in their society, so entertaining is their discourse and so full of wit and knowledge is their conversation. They do pride themselves on their comely figures, and do take especial delight in a most wonderful, difficult and intricate dance which they do perform before the lords and ladies with ye damsels at ye entertainments called Balls. This dance is called ye "Bostonne," and is remarkable for ye easy graceful glide assumed by ye partakers therein. Of all ye dances in ye worlde this is said by ye highest authorities to be ye most difficult to master. Ye Bankke Officers do in ye afternoon frequent ye clubs and in ye evening ye pit in ye theaters, but never do they take any interest in ye performance of ye actors, as it is contrary to ye manners and customes of ye higher classes to exhibit any indications of mental excitement. They do all things by rule and in order, and are not to be agitated by any occurrence of ever so extraordinary a nature. They do set themselves up to be critics of ye actors and of ye playwrights—and do criticise as they do indeed comport themselves in all things—by rule and order. They do describe all public performances as "not so bad, by Jove," but to go beyond that much in praise of anything would be to overstep ye bounds of that decorum by which in their department they are limited. Men also do say that these gentlemen do in those countries where no soldiers are to be found take ye place of ye captains and ye ensigns in ye Regiments of His Majesty, and this is the reason why they do insist on being called officers. Although they do not wear uniform or livery of ye King, yet they do display in their bearing and presence that martial appearance which is by ye vulgar supposed to be confined to men of war.

The London *Free Press* speaks of a Roman Catholic clergyman, who, in a recent lecture in that city, in support of his faith, "proceeded in an eloquent manner to defend the allegation" that Romanism was antagonistic to education and intelligence.



The Irish Grievance.

PADDY—Has it come to this, that a decent man has got to pay his riat !!



Caught at Last.

The Hon. the Minister of Education, after fishing in every likely spot, has at length secured a fine scientific **Pike** in the profound water of Oxford. The new fish will be placed in the chemical laboratory of University College, where **GRIP** hopes he may feel quite at home, and live and flourish for many a year.

The following lines are selected from one of the numerous "parodies" garnered by the *Advertiser* man of London as the fruit of his new departure in the parody line. We believe the particular effusion in which they occurred was rejected on account of its not attaining the required standard of abusiveness of the chieftain, "Cockywalky."

- "Glib the tongue of **COCKYWALKY**,
- "It could father countless fictions
- "Scarce the first to ground had fallen
- "Ere another was invented."
- "Strong of arm was **COCKYWALKY**,
- "Greatly could he draw the long bow,
- "Draw it sometimes till the arrow
- "Slipped the string and him impaled."
- "**COCKYWALKY** loved his long bow.
- "For it had a *horns* at each end
- "Many strings too had he to it
- "Many irons in the fire."

We understand it is the intention of our versatile contemporary, after he has several times filled and emptied his waste paper basket in the parody business, and thus fitted himself for the task, to publish a new edition of an old poem possibly not unknown to some of our readers—entitled "Parodies Lost." While we think he should not rashly trifle with a *graw* subject, we wish him success in his *undertaking*.

Query.

Does the Insurance Company of which the Honorable **ALECK** is President issue National Policies?

The *Orillia Packet* intimates somewhat snappishly that "in his treatment of affairs in Quebec, **GRIP** does not rise above the level of a petty party hack." It would be more to the purpose if our esteemed contemporary would kindly point out wherein we have misrepresented the facts either with pen or pencil. We certainly have not done so wittingly.