

Horticultural Gardens and thence walk to the Queen's Park, and perhaps visit Yorkville. After spending a few hours in viewing the Councillor, and other antique curiosities of Yorkville, he will take the Northern Railway train for Couchicouchiching and a trip around Lake Simcoe, returning to the city in time to catch the car for the picnic in the Crystal Palace Grounds. After walking around a few hours he will partake of luncheon, and then return to town to dine at the National Club. That is all he has arranged to do as yet. A large portion of the afternoon and all the evening is still free, it will be observed, and invitations to private parties, balls, picnics, concerts etc., etc., will be most pleasantly received up to Saturday night.

The Lamentable History of the Dundas Club.

Come all ye good folks, hear this story of GRIP'S,
Between drinkers and cups illustrative of slips;
Illustrative likewise that when liquor you'd sell,
And lack license, club-making won't do just as well.

For a seller of such, which his name it was MOSS,
Of his license aware he'd soon suffer the loss,
(Let's remark that the place where these things came to pass
Was that neat, pretty, pastoral town of Dundas.)

Said, "I'd like to see them stop my selling, that's all;
I'll establish a club and I'll laugh at 'em all."
So each jolly good fellow who relished his glass
He enrolled in "The Union Club of Dundas."

He had kept a saloon, this club-founder, before,
But a club-steward now, he saloon keeps no more;
And he raked in "new members" from far and from near.
Entrance-fee was a dollar: half-dollar a year.

Now these jolly good clubbers enjoyed their own will.
They their glasses could empty—their glasses could fill,
And for law-prescribed hours cared never a fig,
For your jolly good clubbers at all times could swig.

But all pleasures of earth quickly hasten away,
Spring, flourish, and pass into sudden decay,
Few the days, few the nights, of delight that they pass,
When their joy-spring quite failed the poor club of Dundas.

For Judge SINCLAIR came down on them just like a flood,
And he trampled their happiness into the mud,
Declared that club and such clubs a mockery quite,
And the plans of its framers opposed to all right.

So GRIP just would advise those who'd money amass,
By retailing of liquor at so much a glass,
Don't expect as a club without license to do,
For you'll find the club system won't comprehend you.

And he adds this advice to big clubs in the town,
Who are incorporated to swig their grog down
When they please—Don't presume on your license too much,
For you're not, some folks say, all quite worthy of such.

The Bravo Case.

Oh, the lady was young and the doctor was old,
And he came to visit her every day;
And she had a husband with plenty of gold,
And it's Oh so shortly he passed away.

Then his mother-in-law all so jewelled and fair,
Who knew that the doctor came every day,
Declared that she thought there was nothing wrong there,
And the doctor and lady they went on their way.

And it chanced that the lady got married once more
To a jolly young barrister learned and gay;
And the doctor was still quite enough to the fore,
Although he didn't come every day.

And the loving old doctor leaves drugs around,
And some of them get in the husband's way;
And the jolly young husband is poisoned found,
And they're holding an inquest every day.

Now, jolly young men, when you've got any ground
(While courting a widow on every day)
To suppose an old doctor is visiting round,
Don't bite till you're sure he's quite out of the way.

The Special Train.

Interior of Train; Brown recumbent on pile of Globe; Patteson ditto on ditto of Mails.

BROWN.—Hae, mon; is this hae something like enterpreeze?
PATTESON.—Enterprise be hanged! Who's to pay the expenses?
I'll be ruined! I'll be bankrupt! I'll be d—d!

BROWN.—It is na improbable; in which case ye're future sufferings
will gie an edifying spectacle ta the Clear Grit Pairty. But ye lay an
unco stress on ruin. Losh, mon, I hae been repeatedly ruined, and
prosper on it, amast like the pair frail creature wha said she likit being
ruined. Borrow mair, mon! Borrow mair!

PATTESON.—Now, BROWN, be reasonable and tell me in plain En-
glish what's the use of this expense.

BROWN.—English! D'yc ca' the baurbaric awksent, acqeerred in Ox-
ford, English? Mon, parity poleetical and deaelectical belangs tae the
Scotch, wha are the vara backbane o' the Pairty o' Purity! As tae the
expense, it is absolutely necessary pooer should be centraleezed in
Toronto. Thae county politeecians like MILLS wi' their new-fangled
conceits maun be pit doon. The *Globe* maun be taken, the country
papers discardit.

PATTESON.—I knew it! I said so! Grand Conservative Reaction!
Hooray! The country is turning against you, and you want to overrule
its voice!

BROWN.—Be quiet, ye pair ignorant moothpiece o' bribery an' cor-
ruption! Didna the *Globe* win Glengarry and Sooth Wellington? As
for thae GRIBSES, I wad mak a big push and buy them baith ony day.
As for ye, I shall allow ye ta increase ye're circulation by using the
Globe train: but ye shall gain nae proportionate influence. Ye shall
remain under ma thoomb, as ye are.

PATTESON.—What the deuce! Play second fiddle to you? Never!
Use the *Globe* train? I pay for it, don't I?

BROWN.—Yes, when I compellit ye.

PATTESON.—Base upstart! Compel me!—the manager of the great
Conservative sheet!

BROWN.—Sheet! Wat blanket!

PATTESON.—Glanderred donkey!

BROWN.—Base hoond!

PATTESON.—I'll—(*picks up great bunch of "Mails."*)

BROWN.—I'll—(*prepares to hurl ponderous mass of "Globes."*)

PATTESON.—Keep your life! (*sits down.*)

BROWN.—Ye're no worth being hangit for! (*sits down; both glare
at each other.*) [*Scene closes.*]

A First-Class Modern Education.

Send off your fresh youngster, yet tender and weak,
To the care of a thorough-paced crammer.
Cram him with Latin and cram him with Greek;
Stuff him with English grammar.

Teach him arithmetic's figures and forms;
Teach him all algebra's mazes;
Teach him philosophy, earthquakes, and storms,
Till his poor little brain almost dazes.

Pour in some French and some German likewise;
Let him Italian, too, try for.
Who knows, before he quite wears out his eyes
But he may Sanscrit decipher.

Let him each book of old Euclid explore.
He must be a geometrician.
Pour in geography, history pour.
Make him a mathematician.

Chemistry, too, he must certainly learn,
Though his cheek it should never grow ruddy;
And botany's something he never must spurn;
And the use of the globes he must study.

Physiology, then, is a thing you're aware,
He'd ignorant be if he knew not.
Astronomy high he must read up with care.
He never will do if he do not.

If he should pass alive through this journey of woe,
Though his face with confinement quite blanches,
He must straightway to some university go,
And climb through the still higher branches.

And then o'er divinity's tomes he must pore;
Or else legal knowledge must cram down;
Or if he is meant for a doctor, still more
Of the curative art he must ram down.

When you know, in a close-planted garden, that one
Class of herbage another will smother,
Be assured that as there of good plants you'll grow none,
No great minds you will rear in the other.