

## Touchstone's Talk.

"And so the world wags."

When a man marries he very often, though not always, ceases to be "one of the boys," and he is looked upon by his former companions as a lost being, dead to all fun and jollity, and one very much to be pitied. Of course matrimony does and should make a change in a young man, and the hero of the following poem appears to be one of those who had turned over a new leaf, though I fancy pleasant memories of jolly times spent with his Bohemian comrades must have occasionally crept over him:—

CHANGED.

Glad? Don't I say so? Aren't your fingers numb where  
They've felt the home-returning wanderer's grip?  
Sit down? I will Put my umbrella somewhere  
Where it won't drip.

My book—that parcel—thanks! What is it? Mrs.  
Barbauld's—no, I mean, Plato's Nursery Rhymes—  
Burton's Anat—oh, never mind it! This is  
Just like old times.

Thank you, I will take something. No, not whisky.  
I've cut that—oh dear, yes, of course! from choice.  
One lemonade! Jove! I feel younger—friskier—  
One of the boys.

Give an account? Oh, I've been quite the rover  
These two years—yes, I've only just got home,  
Set out in April. Roughish passage over.  
Went first to Rome.

I staid in Paris longer than I meant to:  
(I had to break the trip there coming back  
From Rome). Bonn was the next place that I went to—  
Met you there, Jack.

You, with an ancient relative and a Murray—  
Relatives dead? I hope he ..... Ah, that's  
right!  
I say, what made you leave in such a hurry,  
On Christmas night?

I got engaged that last week in December.  
—Didn't you meet the Carleton's in Bordeaux?  
You knew the girls. Mine's Florry. You remember—  
The blonde, you know.

You—what? God bless me! And you were refus'd, eh  
Of course you were. That's why you looked so blue  
That Christmas? Ya-as! I called the following Tuesday.  
Sorry for you.

Hope, though, it, since then, some fair maid has consoled  
you?  
No? Deuce, you say. Poor fellow, that's too bad.  
My wife—  
Of course I am. Hadn't I told you?  
I thought I had.

Ah, boys! These pleasant memories stealing o'er me—  
I think I will take a Habana now,  
Thank you, old man .....  
You'll have to roll it for me,  
I forget how.

Well, this is pleasant. 'Bacco, tales vivacious,  
And beer. From youth's free spring once more I quaff,  
A wild Bohemian.  
Five o'clock? Good—gracious!  
So much? I'm off!

No, positively can't. My wife—my dinner.  
Always in, evenings; people sometimes call.  
(Here, Jack! one word—no grudge against the winner?  
Shake!)  
Good-bye, all!

And—I suppose my small domestic heaven  
Would much interest you? If it did—  
Fellows! come up next Sunday—tea at seven—  
And.....  
See.....

my kid.

I was reading in an American paper the various methods adopted by the soldiers, during the war, of smuggling liquor into the camp, and doubtless there was a vast amount of ingenuity brought to bear upon this important subject, but I do not know that any of the stratagems surpassed in ingenuity that of a man serving in the volunteers at Fort Garry, Manitoba, in the year 1873. The orders respecting the bringing of liquor into the bar-

racks were very strict, though means were found to break them repeatedly. The guard-room was then stationed immediately outside of the main entrance to the fort, and the sergeant of the guard had a standing order to confiscate any liquor that he saw being smuggled inside, and to make a prisoner of the would-be smuggler, if he saw fit. The river Assinaboine flowed past the fort at the foot of a steep bank, and a man could make his way down to the river, and round to the Hudson Bay store, where the liquor was purchased, without being seen. There was one man who was known to be a hardened "runner of the blockade," as it was termed, and though he was known to be in the constant habit of bringing liquor into barracks, he had never been taken in the act. Well, one day my hero walked out of the gate with a pail in each hand, and made for the river. "Where are you going?" shouted the watchful sergeant of the guard. "Down for water on fatigue," was the answer. "All right," said the sergeant, "go on," (then to himself) "but I'll watch you, my boy." Presently the blockade runner was seen returning with his two pails full. "What have you got there?" asked the non-com. at the gate. "Water, sergeant," answered the man. "Water, eh?" queried the other, advancing to the runner. "Does this look like water?" he continued, pulling a full black bottle from each pail; "nice water! you're a cute one; however, I won't make a prisoner of you, but I'll smash your whisky bottles"—suing the action to the word—"and now you may go on with your water," and he chuckled to himself to think of his smartness. Onwards into the fort went the blockade runner, bearing in each hand—a pail full of fine old rye! The brilliant sergeant had smashed two bottles of *aqua pura!*

## GRIP'S CLIPS, &amp;c.

The following advertisement actually appeared in an eastern paper: "Lost! One vito calf. His two behind legs most black. He was a she calf. Who brings him back pays five tollars. Fritz —"

"Yes," said the Vermont clergyman, "I consider it all right for a minister of the gospel to trade horses, but as a matter of policy he should trade with some one outside his own congregation."—*Boston Post*.

In China the law obliges physicians to suspend before their houses a number of lanterns equal to the number of patients they have lost during the preceding twelve months.—*Ex. change*. If our corporation papas would consider the advisability of introducing this law in Toronto, a large quantity of gas might be saved on some of our streets.

Sidney Smith being ill, his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Upon whose?" asked Sidney. Still better *steps* to take would be the purchase of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" which are especially useful to those who are obliged to lead sedentary lives, or are afflicted with any chronic disease of the stomach or bowels. By druggists.

AN EDITOR'S ASSESSMENT.—It does a body good to have his pride flattered once in a while. We realize the benefit of it once a year, when the assessors come round and ask how much money we have at interest; how much stock we have in the public funds or in banks, and various other questions that are supposed to belong only to the "solid men." If there is anybody round we straighten up slightly, expand our corporosity, and, in as heavy a chest tone as we can command, we answer, "about the same as last year." They know well enough what that is. So do we.

## AN EXPLANATION.

The Western *Figaro*, one of our exchanges, published in Plymouth, England, persists in addressing us at "Toronto, United States, America." This is a lamentable state of affairs, and we are indignant. When will those benighted Britishers try to learn something about geography in general and our whereabouts in particular? When we sent Hanlan across the wet to teach them how to scull, we did it feeling that our village (pop. 105,000) would be extensively advertised, but it seems as if some people never would learn anything. Now, right here, we wish to say that these few arpents of snow which Le Grand Monarque so kindly presented us with when he found himself unable to retain possession of them; these few million acres which the star-spangled banner men discovered were not worth the trouble of taking, and which they were exceedingly anxious to leave behind them, after the Battle of Stony Creek; this bit of real estate, Canada, is not the property of the Americans, and Toronto, being in Canada, is not therefore, in the United States. We hope we make this matter clear to the bloated aristocrats across the Oscar Wilde-disappointing Ocean.

We do not wish to work ourselves up into a passion, because we are very terrible when in that state, nor do we say that the Yankees either claim or want to claim any of our possessions—except Hanlan—but we do say that if that bald-headed old aquiline rooster comes screaming around our country and endeavoring to tramp on the tail of the British lion's coat, or words to that effect, then we shall simply mete out to him the same treatment that he got at Bunker's Hill and on other battle fields where British arms and legs maintained their old time *prestige* and glory. As we write this, sitting in the little log shanty which does duty for the office of *Grip*, we are filled with pardonable pride as we gaze through a chink between the logs in the wall, and see how fair a country this Canada is. Even as we write, the sound of the sturdy strokes of the woodman's axe in the bush surrounding our shanty is borne to our ears, and ever and anon the crash of some falling forest monarch proclaims the onward march of civilization and intellect. From time to time we are momentarily interrupted in our task of educating the British, by the entrance of a bear, or a band of Indians gay with war paint, but these things do not disturb us, as their frequent occurrence day after day has familiarized us with them, and we are thankful that they are not spring poets or budding humorists who come to us for encouragement. Deep in the seclusion of these primeval backwoods, our Toronto office affords us that peace and quiet, broken only by the slight interruptions referred to, which is so essential to the quiescent state of mind of the editor who labors only for the advancement of his specie and species. We have much to be thankful for, existing as we do in Toronto, in a state of Arcadian simplicity; the book-agent is unknown, and butchers' bills are things we hear of but know not what they are. When our inner man suggests that Nature abhors a vacuum, all we have to do is to take our rifle, and, strolling out to an open space in the bush, which leads to the boundless prairies beyond, pick off as many brace of buffaloes as will satisfy our modest wants. Tailors are beings we never see: our noble person being clad in the skins of those beasts of the forest that have fallen victims to our unerring aim, our—but we must pause. The time has arrived for us to go to press, and our assistant being absent on a sturgeon harpooning expedition in a birch bark canoe on Lake Ontario, we are reminded that it is our turn to wield the crank of the machine which enables us to give to the world the paper which is now before our reader's eyes.