

GRIP GOSSIP.

What idle talk in ceaseless gossip flows
Gossips can only tell—
In dress rehearsals—there each story grows
And ends, some ill—some well!
They give sly peeps behind the scenes to show
How hollow is the sham
Humanity presents in woe or woe—
Sam Slick has said—'tis dam!

When gossip spins such yarns in shop and street as scandal weaves at home, Caution may bid us pause, tho' vice entreats, And beckons all to come—To hear the tittle-tattle of the town—Who lists therein may see, Traced to that busy-body Mrs. Brown, In whispers two or three. She first had heard Tom Green's wife plainly say, Her mother had been told That Mrs. Weeks had vowed the other day, That Widow Brett the bold, Believed she heard the Higgins' girls declare They learned from Kitty Hall, That Madame Bashman thought and didn't care, Though it were known to all, That Mrs. Chink, with ten-horse-power of tongue, Had talked the live-long day Of what the Lanes had all the changes rung, And heard the parrot say, That Widow Watson, like a witch herself, In fast ways making speed, Kept "Terrible Temptation" on the shelf For Cousin Charles to read. Had seen her neighbor buy, with willing hands, Miss Muloch's "Hannah" dear, The while her trusting parson, in his bands, Gave hints of grounds for fear! And Granny Higgins stated her belief, And spread the news about, That Reector Lukewarm's daughters found a leaf—Their mother tore it out Of Trollope's happy fiction, Ralph the Heir, Wherein it was foretold That widow Cross would wed a millionaire If she were not a scold! And Captain Weed's wife held it to be true, As gossips thought of yore, That Colonel Hopkins' wife with ribbons blue, When she first touched our shore, Had positively reckoned and declared, Her pretty waiting maid believed the whispers which her cousin shared, That Mrs. Lamb had said—That at the quarters which her husband took He heard the hostess grieve That Mrs. Preston had informed her cook, Whom no one could deceive, That soon the widow Webster, rich and rash, Would an old logy wed, And then a certain ancient maid might dash The wig from his bald head! And thereupon Miss Lawless made remark, For a dear brother's weal, If such a widow won him for her "spark," 'Twould turn one heart to steel. Her brother ne'er should wed a brazen flirt, to wear the stocking blue! Prepared to trail her dignity in dirt, Or break a heart too true. But if old Jews-harp die of failing health, His widow left bewitched, Then Harry's free to court her and her wealth, So rich, be more enriched.

The Gossip's moral lesson here is this,
For health and beauty pray,
Though youth and beauty do but dream of bliss—
Wealth bears the prize away!

GRIP feels called upon to follow the *Globe* in correcting the wrong version of Mr. CANADA-FIRST HOWLAND's quotation from the Parables, in his Board of Trade oration, referred to last week, and does so in the *Globe's* own words:

"By an error in the transmission of our report of Mr. W. H.'s speech in the opening session of the Board he was made to speak of Canada being like the man in the Scripture with "three" talents instead of ten."

It was therefore, according to the valiant W. H., "ten" talents that the unfaithful servant "buried in the earth"—so that the correction expands the blunder just seven-fold.

THE jury through which the TICHBORNE Claimant came to grief.
—PERJURY.

PHYSIC.

THE freaks of advertising committed by more than one professor of the healing art in our city papers may be attributed reasonably enough to the very learned but rather long drawn discussion of the new Medical Bill now going on through the columns of *The Globe*. A careful perusal of each succeeding letter and the alternate editorials is well fitted to lead a man into eccentricities. So perhaps this, combined with the effects of the late political campaign, will account for a card in *The Sunday Times* giving the address and office hours of

DR. A. ZIMMERMAN, Conservative Dentist.

Although there is no help promised in this announcement for Grits tired of "stumping" it, we have no doubt the Doctor's terms are *Liberal*.

An evening contemporary publishes the advertisement of a druggist who offers a rare advantage to customers in the shape of

"A private room for the treatment of chronic skin diseases."
Absolutely private and confidential!!

TO SIMPLICITY.

O gentle Sentiment, O tender witted thing,
How have you come to nestle in the hair
And furbished brows of MATTHEW, styled the CAMERON?
O gentle nymph (Simplicity I mean,)
How could you think that any Clear Grit man
Would write a letter to the Central Prison
And leave that letter lying round promiscuous,
So some suspicious, sideward-glancing sore-head
Might pick it up and blow on the McKELLAN?
O simple simplicity, point to MATTHEW CROOKS
To place no confidence in testimony.
D'ye think the Honourable AUCAMPORES,
Having before his eyes the awful fate
Of Statesmen who send telegrams and letters
That may be gathered by the prowling foe,
Would send a letter—with his name subscribed,
On any subject, or to any man,
That ever had sublimity existence?
The Honourable ARCHEBOLD ain't no such fool!
And tell your LAUDER, mad from Proteus outrage,
That you must leave him for awhile, to learn
Not to believe a single word he hears:
Nor never place a feather's weight of confidence
In any man, or telegram, or letter,
Or graven image, that would find a flaw
In the perfection of a Clear Grit Government.

INNOVATION.

"GRIP" respectfully calls the attention of MARY COWDEN CLARKE, CHARLES KNIGHT, REV. JOHN WEISS, and all other devoted students of immortal WILL of AVON, to a new reading of one of the most admirable passages in the works of that dramatist, now first given to the literary world by the writer of a long communication in the *Prescott Telegraph*. Here it is:

—A quotation from Shakespeare occurs to me as apposite to wind up with—

"He that steals my purse, steals trash,
But he that steals my good name,
Taket that from me which enricheth him not
But leaves me poor indeed."

There will doubtless be those who prefer the old rendering, as most minds are exceedingly Conservative in such matters, but others will, without hesitation, adopt the new. As Canadians we have the deepest interest in watching the course of this suggestion amongst the *literati* of the world, for the author of it is a native of the soil.

A FAIR QUESTION.

This is from the *Orillia Packet*:

"A most brutal fight occurred at the Orillia House about noon to-day. One of the combatants was severely punished and presented a sickening spectacle, the blood flowing from mouth, eyes and nose. How long is this disgraceful state of affairs to continue?"

ANSWER.—Until the fellow gets himself washed. Or perhaps it was a dog fight?

WHAT is the difference between a wedding and a maid of all work scrubbing floors? One is hymeneal and the other low menial business.

THE PIGEON CHAMPIONSHIP.—"Murder most fowl, as in the best (shot) it is."

ANIMAL PROFANITY.—When the beavers take to damning the rivers up and down. An exchange says that a new beaver "damn" has been discovered, but does not give the precise words.

CLERICAL PARADOX.—There is no man works harder for a living than the newly-ordained curate who as yet has nothing to do.

CAPITAL AMENDMENT.—The amendment to the Assessment Act, whereby Bank Stock is to be relieved from taxation.

MODERN ANTIQUES.—The performances over which Mad'le de Montford presides.