



### COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

School-room.—One of the class rubbing his his eyes and awaking from a snooze.

SCHOOLMASTER (to Jones, who is always sleeping in class).—"Dear me, Jones, I am surprised at you. You are always sleeping when you ought to be paying attention to your studies. Whatever will become of you when you leave school?"

JONES.—"Please sir, my gov'nor says he intends making me a sleeping partner in a large house in the city, and I am endeavoring to make myself competent to fill the situation."

### ESSAYS ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

#### No. III.—THE DOG.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

The dog is a very numerous animal. Numerous, not only individually, but also as far as kind is concerned. There are many different styles of dogs. So many, that we may safely say that the animal is very miscellaneous. The largest dog is the Newfoundland; his biting powers are in proportion to his size. The smallest dog is the black-and-tan; his yelping powers are above a fair proportion to his size. The ugliest dog is the bulldog. Why, I cannot say. Probably he is because he is. Nevertheless he is most apt to take first medal and the biggest mouthful in a square fight. The best-looking dog is the poodle. Why? Because he is so much fondled, hugged and kissed by young ladies. There are lots of young fellows who would like to be poodles for about three hours and a half. The most graceful dog is the greyhound. He is not inclined to corpulency, and would not experience much difficulty in getting through a fair-sized key-hole.

Most dogs are good for something. But there is one breed of dogs that is good for nothing. I refer to the mongrel cur. If there is such a thing as a parasitical canine, then the mongrel cur takes the confectionery. It is a vagabond loafer that lives upon the earnings of honest people; it is a prowling, rascally, do-it-behind-your-back thief, that steals the meat offered for sale to gullible man by the poor, the very poor butcher. It is a mean animal—far meaner than the average Grit politician. It has no respect for person, rank or title. It would just as soon steal from a rich man as from a beggar. It does not belong to any particular breed, but for charity's sake we may say that it belongs to the breed *Universalis*. In concluding with this most degraded of the dog family, let me say that for downright cussedness, unparalleled audacity, amazing forwardness, disgusting greed—for all undoglike qualities in general, and for every bad point in particular, commend me to the mongrel cur.

This is just about the season when the dog crop is ripe. This season is called the dog

days. The crop is gathered by means of large nets; it is carefully preserved in a compartment of cases, walls, etc. It is not pleasant work gathering dogs.

Some people put metal collars inscribed with their names around the necks of their dogs in order to show who owns them. Other people—or rather other people's children tie pieces of metal in the shape of antiquated tin cans etc., to the tails of dogs, which is a pretty good proof that those children don't own the dogs. No one has ever yet seen a dog having a tin can attached to his caudal appendage walk slowly down the street. Oh! no. When a dog has that kind of jewellery on, he becomes excited and goes shooting down the street like a woman who is in a hurry to see that duck of a bonnet only three blocks away.

Every farmer who owns a large apple orchard owns also a first class bulldog. The orchard and the farmer would not seem complete without the bulldog. The farmer takes care of the dog, and the dog takes care of the orchard. When small boys go fooling around that orchard, their teeth watering like a sprinkling cart, that dog assumes the defensive, and soon removes a neat piece of cloth from the sitting department of each boy's trousers. It is needless to say that the small boy squalls. There are more squalls in store for him at home unless he can adjust the missing piece of his trousers. Bulldogs generally adopt the same tactics in dealing with a tramp or a book agent. Dogs have no fear of man, except when man is at the butt end of a blunderbuss.

I shall conclude this essay with a quotation from one of the poets which bears on the dog question. I don't think that the poet is Milton or Shakespeare. It reads thusly:

"Oh, where! oh, where! is my little dog gone?  
Oh, where! oh, where! is he?  
Mit his tail cut short and his ears cut long,  
Oh, where! oh, where! is he?"

The probabilities are that the dog was exploring the intricate workings of a sausage machine at the time that the poet sang of him.



### A CHAPTER ON SMILES.

Some people are under a delusion that grin is only a slang word for smile. I wish to point out the difference between them. Grin might (metaphorically speaking) be called a slang smile; just as vulgar people might call a hand a "flipper" or a "paw," so a grin is a vulgar smile, it is an expansion of the mouth in the car direction, beyond what the exigency of the case warrants. For instance, when you trol on your partner's corn, and in answer to your anxious inquiries if she was hurt, did she smile and say "not at all"? Do you mean to say that her face beamed with pleasure and delight, soft dimples played around her mouth, and her eyes told of her thorough enjoyment? Friend, if you had only looked into her eyes you would have seen as plainly as you see it here "you clumsy brute." Or perchance you

are an admirer of old china, you have, in fact, a fine collection, and a small boy has come with his mother to pay you a visit, and has had the misfortune to smash your rarest specimens; did you smile as you tenderly gathered up the fragments, and said it was of "no consequence" in answer to his mother's earnest apologies; or did you grin grimly and look longingly at the chubby little fellow's ears? Have you not been many a time in a position when it was policy to smile and you have tried to, and have inwardly been boiling with rage; do you think you smiled then? No! reader, they were grins all of them, hideous counterfeits of a smile.

You smile when you meet a friend or pretty things are said to you, or something amusing happens but suggests no unkind thought. But after chasing your hat down a fashionable street at a fashionable hour, almost touching it with your hand several times, and a gust of wind catches it, and whirls it over the block into some back garden, do you, all hot and muddy, look round and meet Miss Estella Howard walking with that Lord Mounteagle, (you yourself like walking with Miss Howard) and smile in answer to her stately low? No, you grin, a discomfited and foolish grin; Lord Mounteagle grins, a triumphant and derisive grin: Miss Estella's smile almost borders on a grin. There are some grins which are free of ill feeling. We have met somebody who always grins; you have never seen him when he is not grinning; he might be said to grin from (y)ear to (y)ear. Then there is that irrepressible grin when we meet somebody we know well (and have a partiality for); a long straight road is necessary, it begins with a premature smile while we are yet far off, expands as we approach, and is at last almost painful in its intensity. There are also the proverbial grins, like a Cheshire cat (cats do grin, we have seen them), and the broad grin.

The former is what school-girls bestow on enamoured school-boys, it is the first attempt at the coquette's smile, rather reminds us of a young cock's first attempt to crow; the latter is what the flattered youth returns. I think these few examples are sufficient to point out the main difference, but it is impossible to draw an exact line, so nicely does the one border on the other. For instance, if you told Mrs. Grundy (who we have heard it whispered dyes her hair) that your husband was so fond of old ladies, he would be delighted to go and see her, even we who have studied the subject, would not venture to say whether she received this well-meant compliment with a smile or a grin. We remember playing a game of cards called old maid when children, and when, amidst the shouts and applause of the little ones, and the broad remarks of the boys, Miss Spriggs turned up old maid, did she smile? We cannot say, the glittering spectacles prevented our seeing the eye.

We have to consider the feelings which cause these facial expressions in order to determine the grin or smile.

With these few hints we must leave it to your own discretion to determine who grins when they meet you and who smiles. Be not deceived by the counterfeit. Look at the eye.

### A FACT.

Do not despair. As an offset to the ill odor which of late has arisen from the city of Hamilton, just sniff this green leaf from Eden, and realize that in this city, at least, there yet lingers some traces of primeval innocence. A resident of Park-street went to a church picnic the other day, leaving for the benefit of tramps and others concerned, the following refreshing legend, tacked on the street door: "Gone to Ainslie's Wood for the day. Key in window, as usual."