

All the Rage.

GRIP put on his new LORNE hat,
And LORNE coat so neat,
And with his LORNE walking cane
He went up LORNE street.

The weather was forlorn and wet,
So feeling rather blue,
He went into the LORNE saloon
And got a nice LORNE stew.

The waiter wore a LORNE tie,
(The first he'd ever worn)
And served the oysters up on plates
All pictured o'er with LORNE.

He said he had LORNE whiskey,
(The real Highland stuff,)
But GRIP thought LORNE crackers
With the LORNE stew good enough.

Now GRIP is far from selfish,
So on his homeward way
He bought his wife some nice LORNE gloves,
And a LORNE bonnet gay;

Nor were the little ones forgot,
(The little ones at hum !)
He bought them all LORNE taffy
And LORNE chewing gum.

And GRIP made up his mind to this,
When his next dear boy is born,
He'll fall in with the fashions
And have him christened LORNE.

The New Court.*An Amateur Drama of the Period.*

Mr. PLAIN. Mrs. TINSEL.

Mr. PLAIN.—What a number of parcels at your door to-day, neighbour ! I counted five dry-goods boys, two shoemakers, and one tailor's 'pientice. Are you going into trade ?

Mrs. TINSEL.—Trade, Mr. PLAIN ! Not a tradesman ever in our family. We—that is, my husband—was an officer, Sir !

Mr. PLAIN.—(Aside. Yes, he has a corporal's pension).—I know, ma'am. But what *are* you going to do ?

Mrs. TINSEL.—Sir, people who don't know, nor has any idea what loyalty is, it's no use a throwin pearls before. We are going to Court, if you must know, Mr. PLAIN.

Mr. PLAIN.—Oh, indeed, I hope it is no serious matter ! Division, or Osgoode Hall, Mrs. TINSEL ?

Mrs. TINSEL.—(with dignity).—When I say Court, Mr. PLAIN, I mean we are to attend one of the drawing rooms of Her Honourable and Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE—and her husband. Of course, sir, *you* are not going ?

Mr. PLAIN.—Plenty without me. What will *you* do there ?

Mrs. TINSEL.—We shall be very well dressed, Mr. PLAIN, and we have two cards, which is four for us. I have mine six inches by a foot. Then we leave one with the Officer in Waiting of Her Most Royal Highness at the door, and another with Her Most Royal Highness's Gentlemen at Ease in the Chamber of Presence. And our names will be spoken to Her Most Royal Highness, who will listen in Her Most Royal manner, with Her Most Royal ear. And we shall walk in procession up to Her Most Royal Highness, and bow to her, and Her Most Royal Highness will bow. And we shall walk by etiquette one way, and turn by etiquette another way. And there will be soldiers and Aide-de-camps, and Colonels in Attendance, and Ladies of the Court. And everything will be Grand and Magnificent and Courtly. And we shall walk backwards a long way out, which is etiquette. And if we see the Princess in the Entry we do not recognize her, because she does not Receive there. That is Etiquette. And we are taking lessons in Etiquette from our dancing master, who has been to Court.

Mr. PLAIN.—But you don't seem to mention the Marquis at all ? Won't *he* be there ?

Mrs. TINSEL.—He will be there, or thereabouts, of course. But we have had Governor Generals before. This is the Princess, Her Most Royal Highness, Mr. PLAIN.

Mr. PLAIN.—Well, we had her brother, the Heir Apparent, here—a step above her in rank, Mrs. TINSEL. Why didn't you make such a fuss then ?

Mrs. TINSEL.—He couldn't hold no drawing room like this, Mr. PLAIN. Oh, it will be so great, so enchanting, so splendid to walk by Etiquette, and turn round, and bow, and walk backwards by Etiquette—Court Etiquette, Mr. PLAIN !

Mr. PLAIN.—Well, I'm as loyal as the next man, and if it helps good government it'll do me. But I don't see the beauty of your dancing master ceremony. In my opinion, if so be as all the fuss and feathers, and walking backwards and forwards, and bowing right and left, is the style in England, the Marquis and the Princess will have the sense to cut down about half of it here.

Mrs. TINSEL.—Mr. PLAIN, how could we be loyal without Etiquette, and walking by rule, and bowing, and cards, and announcings ? But you don't know nothing of loyalty. This comes of having no aristocratic ancestors, Mr. PLAIN. (Exit).

The Doctrine of Evolution.

It was one day

AS GRIP was calmly, slowly, gravely walking
About the world, and here and there a-talking
As is his way,

When he met there
A gentleman who looked exceeding doleful,
As if unsweetened cranberries by bowlful
Had been his fare.

Then GRIP did say :
“ Why is this gloomy countenance, my friend ?
Does meditation on your latter end
Affect you, pray ? ”

With gloomy stare
He said, “ Not of an end, but a beginning.
I grieve to think of how, 'gainst reason sinning,
The folks declare

The world began
Mosaicly—I say that's delusion,
The world was made, Sir—made by evolution,
Which prove I can !

There did exist
No earth, moon, stars on high, or sun to blaze, Sir,
Nothing in fact but one tremendous haze, Sir,
One great vast mist.

Then came to pass—
The sun evolved himself by aggregation,
Just as a lot of people make a nation,
Rolled in a mass.

Then what was lacked
Was made this way : His gravitation spun him,
And friction heated him, and overdone him,
Until he cracked

His outer shell
To pieces, which flew out in all directions
And formed the other planets and connections,
Now you can tell.”

Said GRIP, “ I see.
I fancied Evolution was much queerer,
But come to hear, there's nothing can be clearer
Than this to me.

But I shall pray,
You'll kindly take the trouble to explain one
Small point, which still I fancy quite a main one
In what you say.

How'd this commence ?
Who made the haze ? For that would seem to me, Sir,
The hardest thing of the whole work to be, Sir,
Perhaps I'm dense.”

GRIP can't pourtray
His face. He said, “ In prejudice rolled up
I leave you, Arab-like, my tent to fold up
And steal away.”

He stole, no doubt.
For GRIP in quick time missed his gold repeater,
And now wants no 'volutionists to meet, or
See them about.

The reporter of one of our exchanges, in noticing a lecture, says, “The hall, for some unaccountable reason, was uncomfortably cold.” Perhaps there wasn't enough fire on.