

## WELL DONE, HAMILTON!

IT is popularly supposed by outsiders that there is a feeling of jealousy, if not something worse, between Toronto and Hamilton. This impression has resulted, no doubt, from the habit the two cities have fallen into of poking fun at each other, many of the jokes bandied between them being, to say the least, in questionable taste. That a feeling of enmity really exists, unless it be in the shrivelled-up minds of a handful of the meanest citizens of both, is not true. Amongst the most enthusiastic visitors to the Hamilton Carnival last week were Toronto people, and amongst the very best reports of it published were those of the two leading dailies of this city. We are proud of Hamilton, and rejoice heartily over the splendid success she has just achieved. Indeed, GRIP has long suspected that for genuine public spirit in some directions, Hamilton is just a little in advance of her big sister. The trade display in the procession at the Carnival is admitted to have been better than anything Toronto has done in that line; and although we have of late gone music-mad, it is noteworthy that we have never been able to organize and keep up a good amateur dramatic or opera company such as the Ambitious City boasts. So, while we would not utterly frown down the fun-poking, so long as it is good-natured, we would take this opportunity of reminding the people of both cities that they are citizens of the one country, and ought to feel a genuine pride in one another's achievements.

## DYING FOR NAPKINS.



THE following touching appeal we find in the Work-Table Notes and Queries department of *The Queen* of July 27, '89. *The Queen*, we may mention, is a High-Clauss journal published in London:

SERVIETTES.—How are afternoon-tea serviettes ordered? I wish mine to be very handsome, and desire minute details, as I am an exile in Canada.

There is no signature appended, it will be observed, but we may safely assume that this unhappy exile, who is famishing on the bleak and barren shore of Canada for want of a few awfternoon-tea serviettes, is some superior being who is graciously condescending in the meanwhile to draw a living from the Civil Service fund at Ottawa. It would be too bad to keep a person of such delicate constitution in suspense on the question of awfternoon-tea serviettes a moment longer than is absolutely necessary, and as *The Queen* will not be able to furnish the information for nearly a fortnight, we hasten to the rescue ourselves. We beg, then, to say that the articles in question are generally ordered by post-card, if you have to send abroad for them, as of course you have. They are kept in stock, to be sure, by all the dry goods dealers of Ottawa, but it might be very inconvenient for you to get them on tick, as Ottawa merchants are becoming very shy of exiles of your class. Send to London for them, by all means; and, as you are anxious to have them very handsome, the manufacturer might be asked to work a beautiful design in the centre, representing an Ass feeding at the Public Crib, with a view of Rideau Hall in the background. Or, on second thought, might we suggest that instead of the London-made serviettes coming to you, you might go to them—and



## QUITE APPRECIATIVE.

MR. GOODHUSBAND (who has been good-naturedly reading aloud for the last half hour)—"Arabella, I don't believe you've been listening a bit!"

Mrs. G.—"Oh, yes, Jack, I have. I've heard every word the servant girl has said to her cousin in the kitchen!"

stay? There is no law against exiles of your class leaving Canada. We can raise all the suckers we need out of native material, and you need not fear that the vulgar Canadian money you are living on will go to waste.

## A SUMMER SONNET.

IN summer time the festive bank clerk  
Sports a suit of snowy white,  
Plays lawn-tennis, twirls his racquet,  
Thumps the air with all his might;  
Mows the lawn until the perspiration  
Makes his moustache curl;  
Marks out "courts," puts up the net,  
And talks of "love" to his best girl.

In summer time the wild Italian  
Turns a crank and gently plays  
Ancient airs that make you weary,  
Songs that have seen better days,  
And the burly, greasy fishman  
Wakes you in the early morn,  
Yelling like a savage Zulu,  
Sometimes tooting on a horn.

These familiar scenes remind us  
This is glad some summer time,  
When our fascinating "cousin"  
Always spots an ice-cream sign;  
When to brawny Mr. Casey  
Sporting men all raise the hat,  
'Cause his style is very "catching,"  
When he "takes 'em off the bat."

E.A.C.

## THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE.

PROFESSOR NEWFANGLE now proposes the substitution of Dr. Brown-Sequard's elixir of life in the execution of criminals, as being more prompt and effective than electricity.