



WHO'S RESPONSIBLE ?

(A SCENE FROM THE POPULAR CIVIC FARCE OF "WHO BURNED THE CONTRACT.")

JUDGE MACKENZIE.—WELL, WHO IS THE GUILTY PARTY? I CAN'T GO ON WITH THE INVESTIGATION, YOU SEE, UNTIL I KNOW WHO DID IT!

An Essay on ye Moustache.

What a wonderful institution! useful and ornamental is the moustache! What an ornament to a beautiful mouth! What a handy curtain wherewith to cover up a weak, defective, or repulsive one. The girl who marries a man whose mouth is completely hidden by a moustache buys a pig in a poke. Believe me, my dear, no one covers up a mouth that is fit to be seen. The mouth is the grand indicator of character, therefore beware of the man who dares not make his mouth visible. The most amusing thing in this amusing world is a young man, conscious of the new-born ownership of a moustache. Observe how tenderly he caresses it; he cannot for the life of him keep his thumb and forefinger away from it. He feels it, strokes it, pats it, pulls it, until the long-suffering on-looker is fain to walk to the widow to see if it is going to rain, in order to preserve his good manners, and repress his risibilities. No young mother ever smiled and chirruped more delightfully to her first-born baby, than he smiles and chirrups and coaxes that all but invisible bit of thistle down. Bless you, he wouldn't hurt it for the world, neither would he lift a razor to it to mar the corners thereof, were it not with an eye to its future good, that it may shoot and grow more luxuriously in the future, so that others may see as he himself sees it,—without spectacles.

Moustachios are of various kinds and colours, and in some cases are a very fair index of character. There is the moustache sinister, for instance, long, blacky, glittering, with poignard-like waxed ends pointing over each shoulder, through which gleams a row of cruel, sharp white teeth, and below which grins a mouth, from which, good Lord deliver us! And then, under the patronage of the inevitable eye-glass, with it dazzling cord; aw, well, you know, the aw-pale primrose, or yellow straw-coloured moustacho, with cherry lips parted by a cool Havana. A doosed amiable sawt of a feeble aristocrat you know, little good, little ill, generally pretty comfawtably off; a nice light foil in the mosaic of humanity, who lives on legacies left him by his cousins his uocles and his aunts; not indigenous to this country—simply a visitor, like "the first white butterfly" that in the sun goes flitting by. And here, rolling up street, comes the cosmopolitan jolly tar

moustache, brown, curly, abundant, a perfect match to the compact beard, strong, round and rampant, accustomed to face all kinds of wind and weather, ready to bristle contemptuously at all suggestions of danger on sea or land; the type of beard affected by the heroes of the *British Workman*, the kind of beard to see to the safety of passengers on board ship, and the last to leave the sinking hulk. And now the saints defend us! for of a verity here comes Rufus indeed! a *bona fide* burning bush "nil tamen consumeratur!" Well now, the woman who could plunge recklessly into that burning fiery furnace for the sake of kissing the not unamiable mouth smiling there, must be a remote descendant of Shadrach, Meshach, or Abednego—a heroine indeed. We suppose it is the constant ferocity of the blaze that causes the blue eyes above to twinkle so. No thank you, wouldn't care to marry into a turquoise and vermilion family. My! how hot it is! Then there is the grey, dapper moustache, owned by a little, dapper, grey man, dappling all over with oily smiles, the owner of a dapper little soul, of which the less you know the more you'll respect it. And there is the chestnut, or reddish brown, long and clean, with beard consisting of two wavy silken points, falling breezily in fishtail fashion over his coat lappels, always the property of a brown-eyed, tall, rather kindly sort of man, who has a trick of combing the tails of that beard on the street with his fore fingers. And you bid a brief good morning to the bluff practical man, with moustache a *la* scrubbing brush, hard, curt, straight to the point, only partially covering a mouth thin-lipped, curvaceous, decisive, the muscles—like his purse-strings—not easily relaxed. Now look at this moustache, dark, handsome, every way you look at it, with a dash of sunlight over it that suggests generosity and warmth; a fitting ornament for the mouth it adorns but not covers, most dangerous when in company with a fine nose, and soft, dark eyes, and the smile! and the merry teeth! Mercy! let's go before we are too far gone. And now, ye gods! clear the sidewalk, for here looming darkly up street comes one with the very beard of Jove himself, dense, dark, overwhelming even the owner. "Black it stood as night, fierce as ten furies, terrible as—" ahem, hades. The forehead above is but so-so, the eyes not overly intelligent, nose only nondescript, nevertheless

on the strength of that blacky beard, sir, that man will go forth conquering and to conquer. You respect that beard in spite of yourself, it is to the man what the plumage is to the peacock (fancy either without), and reason as you will, in this case the beard's the man for a' that! Then there is the moustache abominable, *canaille*, a damp, spongy horror, always in a chronic state of drip, filth unspeakable; the thick, square tuft military; the French, blacky, thicky, ferocious; and the yellow, bristling, long-pointed German, overhanging the inevitable goatee set on the red, massive, jocund chin. Now, Mr. GRIP, guess of what colour is the moustache and beard of

Yours truly,
JAY KAYELLE.



PROMPTLY PUNISHED.

Mr. Willie Norris is a clever little Canadian boy, and nobody can deny him the right to proclaim his opinions on the future destiny of his native land in any manner he may think fit, providing he doesn't injure other people in so doing. But Willie is apparently unable to do this, and consequently he has just earned himself a castigation. In a paper written for the last number of the *Canadian Monthly* he ventured to tread on the corns of the venerable Sir F. Hincks. The old gentleman does not seem disposed to submit to what he characterizes as falsehoods respecting his past political career, and he has therefore taken little Willie across his knee in a wonderfully vigorous manner. It is a pity if the question of Canadian Independence cannot be argued without objectionable references to opponents; though what Sir Francis Hincks' course in the Windward Islands can possibly have to do with the subject is something no fellow can find out.

Wendell P. Grip to the Rescue!

To the Secretary of the Land League, Ireland.

GALLANT SIR:

The receipt of your letter asking me to cross the Atlantic and assist by my eloquence the cause of Right and Justice to Ireland, is acknowledged with sentiments of profound pride, albeit with becoming modesty. My heart leaps responsive to this cry of my fellow-men, and swift as meditation or the thoughts of love I hasten to reply. I can scarcely command myself sufficiently to write this brief acknowledgment of the overwhelming honour done me—it is a sword that I would grasp at this moment rather than a pen. Already, believe me, my heart has flown across the billows and I am in spirit in your midst, not leading the legions of