

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDEN.

The grubest Genet is the Ass; the grubest Bird is the Owl;  
The grubest Fish is the Oyster; the grubest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 22ND MARCH, 1879.

**NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.**—Subscribers will please observe that the date marked on the address-slip, opposite the name, indicates the time up to which the subscription has been paid.

**The Local Member at Home.**

At last the jolly M.P.P. has to his family gone,  
To read his wife the blue books, and tell her all he's done;  
After the story has been told his better half will say,  
"JOHN, I'll take that little salary which MOWAT did you pay."  
"Ahem," says JOHN, "there's one small thing that I forgot to mention,  
The Local Government, you know, has just reduced our pension."  
"Now, stop right there, you wicked man; you know that that's all bosh,  
For though that may go down with some, with me it will not wash;  
If all your session money's gone, then give me an account  
What it was spent on, how, the date, place and exact amount."  
"My dearest love, MATILDA JANE, to go into details  
Would cause you only heartaches and disappointed wails,  
Balls, concerts, suppers, theatres and incidental benders,  
Have cleaned me out completely of all my legal tenders;  
I had to borrow money from a comrade at the Mansion,  
To do Diplomacy, KELLOGG, the Pinafore and FANCHON;  
My wickedness in this will be to me a serious lesson,  
But let the matter drop, love, and I'll make it up next session."  
"All right, my boy," MATILDA cries, "I'll wipe it off the slate,  
But should such things occur again, dreadful will be your fate."

**Hints on Etiquette and Deportment.**

For the use of the Young Ladies and Gentlemen of Canada, with suggestions how to speedily remove vulgar habits, inculcated on Farm, or in Shop or Office, by PROFESSOR B. GLIDE STUNNING, M. C. Late Custos Rotylorium in the U.S. Observatory of Fantastics, Ohio.

BALLS.

Gentlemen, on entering dressing room, should take care that refreshment flask is removed from overcoat to dress clothes, and deposited where most convenient, and least conspicuous, as man in charge may be unscrupulous, and consequent intoxication, with confused ideas as to ownership of coats and hats may follow. *Mem.* Avoid depositing same in tail pocket, as such proceedings have often led to the most direful consequences.

On entering Ball Room, be careful that your hair is properly arranged in order that you may not be obliged to complete your toilet with pocket comb before the pier glass. People have been known to object to this.

When soliciting lady's hand for dance, and she pleads an engagement, do not tell her that is "too thin"; she may not understand you, and it would be as well that you should not ask her to give the other fellow a "stand off."

In addressing an elderly lady, to whom you may have just been introduced, do not ask her if you "had not the pleasure of meeting her daughter at the Prince of Wales' Ball in '61." Time flies rapidly, and the date of event brings up "long time ago" idea; don't do it.

While up in Quadrille or Lancers with golden haired partner, do not compliment her on his luxuriousness, or shade; she may think you satirical. You can't sometimes always tell.

If on solicitation you are unable to secure the desired partner for *valse*, avoid posing against mantel piece. You may imagine that it will indicate your indifference to the little disappointment, but the critical eye sees the blighted being in you; therefore at once retire; refresh, return and obtain prettiest girl you can substitute for former object of attention. This will fetch her if anything will.

ROYALTY.

To gentlemen the approach to the *Royal Presence*, though awe-inspiring to a very great degree, is not attended with the disturbing influences that appertain to ladies, arising in a great measure from the wearing of trains by the latter. I have found that it takes six, and in some cases (from North York) eight months of steady city drill, to teach the average Canadian girl how to kick her train clear off from her foot.

**Rule.**—Ladies, before approaching Throne, should ascertain that all their belongings are properly made fast, and the materials thereof are secured by lashings of sufficient strength, to resist the usual extraordinary wear and tear of a Reception.

After being presented, ladies are supposed to partake somewhat of the qualities of a steamboat, and back out from the *Royal Presence*. This is a very difficult proceeding, and to the novice it is almost an impossibility to do so with fitting grace.

**Rule.**—After bowing, draw back the left foot after the manner of facing about, then in a circular manner throw back the right foot snarlingly outward, extending it to the rear as far as possible, at the same time knocking the train to its greatest extent in the same direction, and remain steady. Repeat the same motions, commencing with the right foot, and so on until the required number of retrograde paces are completed. Then turn slowly to the rear and disappear among the giddy throng.

Ladies from Garafraxa and other outlying districts should be warned against the unfortunate habit, (doubtless acquired in the rustic rambles of childhood) of raising the feet in walking above a certain elevation from the plane of the ball room floor. I find the greatest difficulty in correcting young ladies who have been nurtured in the vicinity of a cedar swamp, from this ungraceful mannerism. Phantom logs and prostrate underbrush they appear to see always in their path.

As we are now approaching a period in our social history, when matters of *Etiquette* and *Deportment* will be considered above all other requirements an absolute necessity in our childrens' education, I have taken advantage of Mr. GRIP's kind offer to allow me from time to time to throw out occasional hints gratuitously in his columns, my sole desire being that we may become a nation of *Etiquette* and *Deportment*.

**The Insolvent Law.**

To the Editor of Grip.

SIR—I am one of the old school. I do not believe in the childish humanitarianism of to-day. No, Sir. If a man owes money, what does Scripture say? Deliver him to the judge; the judge to the officer, clap him in quod till he pays the uttermost farthing. That's common sense, Sir.

Talk of men getting undeservedly into difficulty! If they do, that's their own look out. Suppose they have got wives and families. What of that? Shouldn't have got married.

Sir, I believe in the old way. Put 'em in gaol if they can't pay up; let 'em starve and rot there, unless the creditors choose to forgive 'em. Don't they own 'em? Haven't they bought and paid for 'em? If they, or any of 'em, likes to starve his debtor, why shouldn't he? The old times of the Fleet and Marshalsea were the days. Used to teach these debtor fellows. Humanity! Faugh! No such thing in business, nor shouldn't be.

Therefore, Sir, I say that the Insolvent Law should be repealed, and give us the Good Old Times again, and the debtors fishing out of gaol windows for a copper to keep 'em alive, and too good for 'em.

I am yours,

SKINFLINT.

TORONTO, March 10, 1879.

**Fable III.—The Hare and his Many Friends.**

ONCE there was a Hare who had many friends. "Ah" said one, just before election, "if our party were but in office, how quickly we would provide for you." "The worst thing that I have to say against the present Government," said another, "is their failure to recognize your great merit by a suitable appointment." "If I were but Premier again" said the Fox, "my anxiety would be to get an office good enough for you."

The Hare worked well during the election excitement, and waited patiently to hear from his warm admirers. At last a cry was made that the Wolf was at the door. "Give me a seat in the Cabinet," said the Hare to the Fox. "My dear fellow" replied the Fox. "I am so busy training an Elephant which has been left on my hands, that I have no time to attend to you, but here comes the Lion, one of your warmest friends." "You know you promised me something" said the Hare. "Yes, yes," said the Lion, "but I fear your dear friend, the Bear, would be jealous if I robbed him of the pleasure of caring for you." "Of course," said the Bear, when spoken to, "I have the greatest admiration for your abilities, but the fact is the Calf who comes behind wants just such a person as you are for his companion." "Alas," said the Calf when appealed to, "I am myself left without an office." "Then," replied the Hare, "it is as the Bear truly said, we are fit companions," and the Hare and Calf walked away together, and were interviewed by the Wolf.

**MORAL.**—Fair promises sown before elections may not blossom into official appointments afterwards.

**SPEAKING** of sugar beets reminds us that "beats," as a general rule, don't have much "sugar."

**WHAT** do they weigh down upon the Swanee River?—*Fovial Finmuel Briggs*. They probably weigh swan's down there.

**Is** an ice boat fitted with sliding seats?—*St. John N.B. News*. They are probably steered by rudders made of slippery (h)elm.