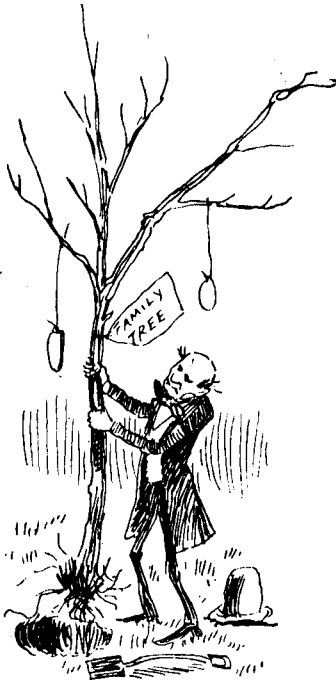


## THE CANADIAN NOBILITY'S VADE MECUM.

DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION) TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS KNIGHTS  
WHO PUT THE REST OF CANADA IN THE SHADE.

1.—A Lesson in Arboriculture—How to Grow a Family Tree, or a  
Recipe for a Pedigree.



IF you wish to have a pedigree  
of very ancient date,  
And a big bright bold escut-  
cheon, that no one can  
translate,  
You must read a lot of books  
upon the old nobility,  
And see from what small  
seedlings sprang up each  
great family ;  
Read a library of catalogues  
with peerages galore,  
You will find 'em in the  
Museum—a providential  
store ;  
There's the catalogue of  
honor, a fine folio by Mills,  
In compiling which the au-  
thor must have worn out  
many quills ;  
There are Lodge's genealogy  
of living British peers,  
And Burke and Dod on  
knighthood, each the work  
of many years ;  
Not to mention Young, Mon-  
les, Douglas, Dugdale,  
Collins and Debrett,  
Sims, Nicholas, Grimaldi,  
and a score of others yet ;  
And when you've safely  
waded through this mire of  
ancestry,

You can then begin to cultivate your special family tree.  
I have not any sort of doubt results will be like this,  
You will start about the Conquest, (though before is not amiss),  
With a knighthood or a countship : then each coming century,  
You can safely grant a title on some branch of your big tree ;  
Such as Custos Robulorum, or the Champion of the King,  
Noble Order of the Garter, Thistle, Rose, or—anything !  
And don't forget Lord Chamberlain, and other sinecures,  
Each pedigree possesses some ; you may as well have yours ;  
And a good fat old Bishop, as a set-off to the Earls,  
Who fought for brave King Charlie, in the days of frills and curls,  
And a lord who fought a duel with another lord and died  
About a decade after, through remorse at homicide ;  
And the reckless Earl who squandered all the money that had been  
Your own, with some large castle, if he'd only lived serene,  
And not blown all his fortune at the game of rouge-et-noir,  
And all his cerebellum without saying *au revoir* ;  
Which explains quite satisfactorily why you oughter feel  
A certain high-bred uppishness, though shabbily genteel ;  
And why you don't associate with Jones, who is a prig,  
And why you do consider eating onions *infra dig*.  
This is the chief result of having quite a pedigree,  
It educates your very high-toned manners to a T.  
It enshrines with a sort of don't-come-near-me mystery,  
And a very great advantage is a fine old family.

## THE ARTFUL ADVERTISER.

DEAR GRIP,—In contradistinction to the man who  
spells his name "Mee," with a big M and two e's, is the  
party who gets his Celtic patronymic artfully introduced  
into the delusive paragraphs in the daily papers of the  
city, and is meek and lowly enough to commence it with  
a small letter.

This artful dodger must feel that he is transgressing the  
unwritten law which forbids imposing on the public with  
bogus news-items in the shape of business announcements  
and puffs. So he wants his cognomen to appear just as  
inconspicuous as is possible and writes it without a resort  
to capitals. If this be true, it is testimony to a remnant

of fine feeling in him. But it makes his crime none the  
less.

The advertiser who remorselessly gulls people with  
fictitious flummery of this sort is almost as bad as the  
newspaper which publishes it, and not far off, in lack of  
moral sense, from the reader who repays the sell with his  
patronage.

The poet has beautifully said :

The advertisement  
Is more powerful  
Than the hand-bill.

But there is a right advertisement and a wrong adver-  
tisement ; a sensible advertisement and a silly advertise-  
ment ; a mustard-plaster advertisement and a pole-cat  
advertisement.

There are some orders of advertisement. I would  
cheerfully pay the advertiser liberally to keep from com-  
ing under my notice and rousing a blood-thirsty feeling  
in my naturally sluggish veins.

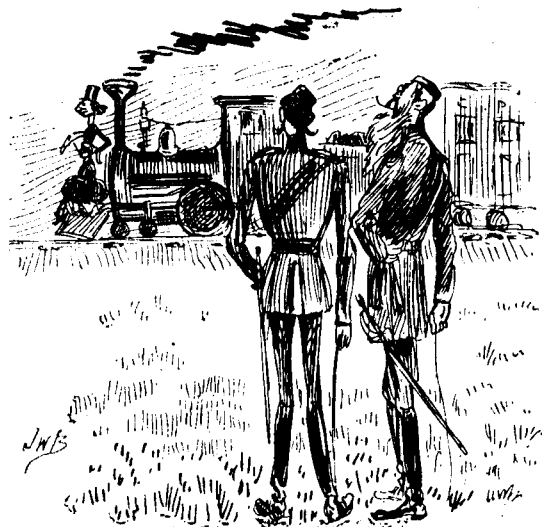
The smart man who gives a business-puff turn to an  
otherwise legitimate item always excites the demon in me  
and I want to set fire to his shop. When such a para-  
graph contains the smart man's name beginning with a  
small letter, it simply makes me weak and sick.

Enclosed please find my card, so that in case anybody  
wants to resent this letter of mine you can direct him to  
me. I will reason with such an one. I will gently, but  
firmly remonstrate with him. I will scarify him. Only  
as a last resort will I kill him.—Yours in righteous indig-  
nation.

ANTI-FOOL.

P. S.—Since writing the above it has occurred to me  
that, in view of the exorbitant advertising tariff, one cent  
a word, an advertiser who spells his name without a  
capital letter is simply economising space. I will be  
prepared to consider such an excuse if the case be not too  
flagrant.

In the Southern States after seeing snakes and getting  
bitten, whiskey is taken in large doses. Here in Canada  
we take whiskey in large doses first and see snakes after-  
wards.



## ITS PRACTICABILITY DEMONSTRATED.

Gen. McNeil.—Weally, I think twoops ought to be able to pass  
ovaw the Canadian wailwood without great difficulty.

Gen. Stuart.—Yaas—seeing that Lady Macdonald wode the whole  
way on a cow-catchaw, it ought to be tolewabiy safe inside for the  
Bwtitish soldier, assuredly !