

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 escutcheon, 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 author 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, Monles, 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 porter 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 advertisement ; a sensible advertisement and a silly advertisement ; a mustard-plaster advertisement and a pole-cat advertisement.

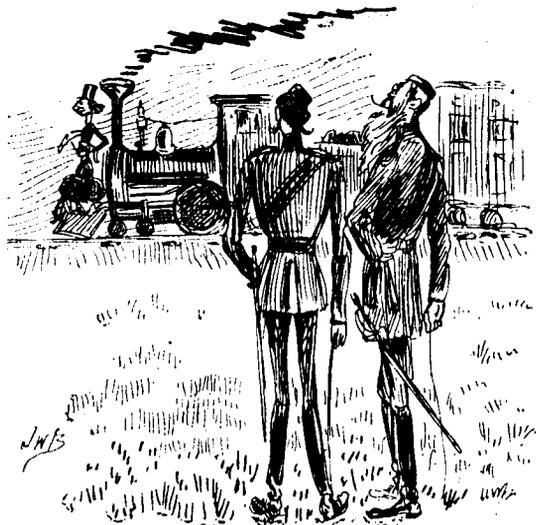
There are some orders of advertisement. I would cheerfully pay the advertiser liberally to keep from coming under my notice and rousing a blood-thirsty feeling in my naturally sluggish veins.

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 paragraph 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 indignation.
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 afterwards.



ITS PRACTICABILITY DEMONSTRATED.

Gen. McNeil.—Weally, I think twoops ought to be able to pass ova 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 Bwitwish soldier, assuredly !