



### Beaconsfield's Successor.

The Marquis of Salisbury has been appointed leader of the English Conservative party.

### Business and Culture.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—I would like to know how it is you are always so jolly and never seem bored. I am always bored; maybe you would be, too, if you had to sell dry-goods to all kinds of customers. Mercy on us! how few there are to whom it is not a trial of patience to sell anything, and who pay their money without imagining they have been cheated! And how few expect a salesman to be a human being, and not a machine for smiling and displaying the latest cut of clothing! Then it is such a dreadful bore to be eternally dickering about odd cents. What the deuce does a man of culture care about odd cents? My boss don't seem to take much stock in culture; he says a pushing salesman is what he wants, and that I have not got enough push about me. Pushing salesmen be blowed! Maybe a Jew pedler would suit him better, they are usually pushing enough. One of them pushed a dollar and a half out of me a few days ago for ten a cent ring. Another clever salesman (not a Jew this time, but a Christian) sold me a pair of number five boots and made me believe they would stretch. I would like very much to stretch them on him. Our head clerk, Mr. Fitznoodle, is a model salesman of the pushing species; he has an enormous moustache and can make the most delightful grimaces. I never could make those things very well. I wonder if they belong to culture or not? If they do, baboons must have some pretensions to culture, and Darwinism may be the correct thing. My moustache, too, is very imperfectly developed, and it is a source of daily mortification to me that I shall never be able to rank with Fitznoodle in this respect, and he knows it. Some people pride in wealth or lineage, some in culture, and others in the size of their feet. Fitznoodle delights in the peerless magnificence of his moustache and the tone of lofty dignity it gives to his expression when debating a reduction of seven cents in five yards of gingham to a particular customer, and the possible effect of such reduction on the future of the cotton trade or the success of the N. P. I am beginning to think that I never was cut out for the dry-goods business, and that probably poetry would suit me better. Poets are always cultured folks, and never have to do anything but roll their eyes and spin out verses that no fellow can understand. I would like that sort of thing first rate, only it must be a bore to learn. You see they never have to push any sales, people always buy their books because it is fashionable, though they never calculate to read them through any more than one of Blake's speeches. I don't think much about pushing salesmen, anyhow; if they all had to pay 100 cents on the dollar some of them would be badly pushed themselves, and if there were fewer stores there would be less need for pushing sales. A good deal of the pushing business goes on this way:—A pushing wholesale man

gets more goods on credit in England than he can pay for; he sends out drummers to push them off to retailers at long credit too; they, in turn, push them off to customers who don't need them enough to pay cash for them; and after a while all hands compromise at so many cents on the dollar, and begin to get ready for another push. Hoping you will expose this business, I remain, yours truly,

PETER PESTLESS.

### Our Montreal Commissioner.

(From our Specially Impertinent Reporter.)

WIND OR HOTEL.

OLD BOY,—I was informed yesterday by the Head Porter of the Windsor, that few guests of that palatial establishment since the departure of the graceful and ever-to-be-regretted Lord Dufferin have received so much attention from the representative men of Montreal as I have enjoyed during my stay here. I thought I observed an admiring twinkle in his eyes as he spoke, and immediately handed him a quarter. To the casual observation on my part, that perhaps I owed these attentions to my great ability as a writer, he replied, "Tor, sir, yes; why I know'd you wur a great writer myself, first time I seed yer hold yer pen." Not wishing to encourage too great familiarity, I allowed this remark to close the conversation and turned away. Somehow I didn't like the flavour of the rejoinder and half regretted my quarter—but who shall say? The stamp mark of genius may even extend to the holding a pen, and perhaps this man was a keen observer. If I did him a passing injustice I will be magnanimous and own it upon a fitting opportunity.

"Hand out your snaker, my boy—delighted to see you again—had half an hour to spare this morning and thought I would look you up." This was the breezy way in which my friend George Washington broke into my rooms on the day I mailed you my last report. The "city watch dog" is by no means shy or reserved in manner, but keen, active, and cool; ever ready with his quips and quirks, he is quite an observable figure among the public men of Montreal. If George has any failings, extreme modesty is certainly not the most prominent of them. Perhaps my own sensitive and retiring disposition led me to notice more particularly this trait in his character. But even when most self-assertive, the merry imp in his eye sparkles so good-naturedly that my breezy friend is quite popular with the citizens. Why cannot I too be breezy? What proud distinction would be mine if I had but the courage to let myself out. *Memo.*—Must take a leaf from my friend's book.

"Gurr, my boy, you must have an accident—break your arm—or—or suppose you dislocate your jaw—shan't be able to keep you here much longer unless something happens." "Not necessary George," I replied meekly, "not necessary, I am a great sufferer." "None of that, you blooming young reprobate, or I'll murder you—but I say, ha! ha! the editor must be a great sufferer too, or he wouldn't suffer you to stay here so long,—not even asked for a medical certificate, has he?" "Don't! George, don't! I beg of you—can't stand the discussion of these delicate topics in the shattered state of my nerves—can't really." "Poor boy!" my friend ejaculated in a tone of exaggerated sympathy. "Poor boy, poor boy—been-to-the-the-atre-lately?" "Y-e-e-s." "Thought so; find the glitter of the Academy soothing to your shattered nerves, eh?" "Y-e-e-s, George." "Thought so—go to the last performance at the City Bear Garden?" "No-o, George; felt really too ill to venture out, besides you were not one of the performers." "Bosh! Gippy, bosh! you're a smart fellow, but what a jolly young humbug you are, hoodwinking the Editor with your 'one ride in a close carriage,' and you running all over town as lively as a bee in a clover field. Wrong my boy, wrong; better have an accident,

I tell you." "I'll think about it, George. Which arm had I better break?" "Both, you wicked young sinner, but I say, Gurr, my boy, I'm going to cut up didos in that Bear Garden. Mean to teach that scavamouche old Beaudry what's what—offered to take his place for two hundred a year and do the work well,—always do my work well, and he gets two thousand for mulling it. Most likely run for Mayor myself next year, and get elected too. People know me, old boy, and they like me, got the true Yankee clear Grip in my consti-too-tion you know; always down on jobs—lots of tin myself and can't see what people want with jobs—I—" "Stop! George," I interrupted, "stop, you're running yourself out of breath." "Shut up, you miserable young scribbler, I've not got my name for nothing I tell you: one George Washington was the father of his country, and another, as smart a man as he ever was, means to be the father of the city." "Undoubtedly, George; but excuse me, when you were a little boy did you have a hatchet, and had your father a chorry tree?" "Lots of them, can't fool me on that line, heard that story before, but don't you interrupt me again or I'll move the previous question." "Certainly not, by no means, but suppose old Beaudry turned out and you installed—*apres G. W. apres?*" "Oh! then I mean to prance round as George Washington Stevens, M. P., member for Montreal Centre, and no mistake—rather an improvement on the present member, eh, Gippy?" "Y-e-s, George, I think so, and *apres* when you're Premier—if I should hanker after a private secretaryship, would you, George, eh, would you?" "No, I wouldn't, my dear—not a bit of it—you'd be getting sick and taking a drive in a close carriage; just when you were most par-tieu-larly wanted—make you clerk of the pen and paper department if you like—that's more in your line, you pen-scraping little humbug." "But, George, you see I'm curious; surely with your great abilities you've done some first-rate literary work yourself?" "Guess so, Gippy, lots of it; want a man to run your paper? I'm there: ain't many things I can't run, from a hotel down to a humorous weekly. I'm all alive you see, and up to snuff promiscuously; that's why; but time's up, I—" "Stop, George, don't go, just one question more: have you never you know—never—just lisped in numbers cos the numbers came—never figured as a full-blown poet in the corner of a country newspaper?" "Never, old doggerel grinder." "What! never?" "Bosh! none of that; but I'm up to it if that's what you mean,—want something spicy for next week's Grip? Just give me about five minutes and you shall have it." "Take your time, George dear, and put plenty of spice in—I'll publish it." In less than five minutes George handed me the following:—

I'm called the city watch-dog, and well I learn the name, I bluff the Council schemes and block their little game. I'm all alive and kicking, I ferret out a job, And show it up, believe me, before you can say 'Bob.' I watch the city railway as a cat would watch a mouse, And when I speak in Council, then I bring down the house.

For economy I go in, retrenchment and what not? And I save the city yearly quite a decent little pot. And I mean to be the Mayor and kick old Beaudry out, For bless you I can do it, sure pot, beyond a doubt.

"Bravo! George," I exclaimed, after reading the above, "bravo! old doggerel grinder, yourself. You deserve a leather medal for the elegance and force of your composition. Do some more, George, do." "No! no! must be off, some of dad's sore-headed tenants to look after. Ta! ta! mind what I say, you have an accident right off. That's the ticket for you. Bye-bye." Execut George.

Well, Old Boy, what do you think of G. W.? Don't you pay any attention to that flight about a bee in a clover field, or to all his nonsense about an accident. George must have his joke, everybody knows that.

Yours,

S. I. R.