

LATEST PRESS FASHIONS.

GATHERED FROM MOST LIE-ABLE NEWSPAPER SHOPS.

The Plumber Paragraph is worn — very worn.

The most fashionable newsboys are expected to boast *tenore robusto* voices — and ready change.

Party papers are still written on the bias.

A symphony in aldermanic candidate and able journalist may now be noticed at select sanctum parties.

Cashmere—more correctly merecash—continues to hold its own against new rivals in social fabrics.

Religious editors on most of the papers have eschewed bitters. They say there is poison and water enough in the straight liquors.

According to latest advices from retired blacksmiths, foreign-made editorials are out of date in back-country newspaper offices.

Social scandals command ready sale. The popular shade is old gold on colored coachman background.

The sheet-iron polonaise is still in favor with canvassers for high-class Montreal weeklies.

Soiled linen washing will never be monopolized by the Heathen Chinese, if certain alleged newspapers can help it.

A neat thing in elopement *gros grain* is the hired-man pattern. The dress should be carefully trimmed with the price of the last few loads of the grain.

The Beggar-my-neighbor toilet is a walking one. Though pretty long in the making it can be donned hastily. Hamilton aspires to lead the fashion in this costume.

New sausage jokes, cut short, may still come on. The home-made is preferable to the machine article.

Langry laughs are not yet crowded out. But there must be no Gebhardt train. The real material ought to stand alone—like a friend in need, as it were. Otherwise a little divorce starch can be employed.

Editors are smoking less and less boughten tobacco, but the bore brand is eagerly caught up.

The patch-work quilt item should be made up with great care. The least number of pieces permissible is 47,864½, new time. The old lady trimming cannot with propriety be a day newer than 83 years, 7 months, while the embroidery must not include spectacles or anything short of the finest cambric needle.

Fighting editors are contemplating a change from the snow poet comforter. They allege that the lambswool in it has a debilitating tendency.

Exchange borrowers are in future to appear decidedly more gored.

First-class proof-readers have at last been obliged to adopt the shorthand system of swearing, so as to get it nicely done within the time at their disposal.

Patent medicine interviews are a recent substitute for truly instructive newspaper material. People who will invest are not to go and say they got a recommendation in this quarter.

A real, nice, fresh article, but manufactured rather in excess of the demand, is the gay young man who wants his name kept out of the chapter on the police court. It is usually displayed on the bust.

The item-skimisher won't go back on a crooked article, but is more than satisfied with a straight tip.

The libel suit is still popular. It lasts long. The longer the better for the wearer, if an editor. Manufacturers do not find the profits heavy.

A MEETING OF THE BENIGN MOTHERS.

By invitation of Mr. GRIP, a meeting was held in that urbane gentleman's sanctum the other evening. There were present Mr. GRIP



AN INTERESTING BIRD-MATCH.

(in the chair), and Mothers Toronto, Queen's, Albert, Victoria, Trinity, and several others.

Mr. GRIP, in opening the proceedings, said he would merely state that the object with which he had called the Benign Mothers together, was to have his mind enlightened on the much-agitated question of University Endowment. He had heard and read so much about it of late that he found his usually luminous intellect (cheers) very much befogged. He trusted that good feeling would prevail throughout, and that this matter would be put clearly before him, and through him, before the outside public. (Hear, hear.) He would call upon his esteemed and learned *Mater*, Toronto, to state the facts of the case.

Mother Toronto, in response, thanked the chairman for the opportunity of making known the exact truth, without the distraction of controversy. The facts were simply these. She (Mother Toronto) had for many years been supported by the State in the great work of Higher Education. Her whole dependence was now, as it had always been, upon the Government funds for the wherewithal to render her work efficient. It had frequently been necessary for her to apply to the Government for an increase in the amount granted her as the exigencies of a growing work demanded. Such an occasion had arisen of late. She needed additions to her staff of professors, and assistance in other directions to meet the needs of her increasing students. She had accordingly made her wants known to the authorities, when upon a great outcry was raised by her respectful sisters here present, who had not scrupled to speak of her in tones of disparagement, not to say insult. They had called her a bloated old grabber, and used other inelegant epithets. She considered herself a very much wronged person to be thus used after all her arduous years of labor, and it was especially hard to bear abuse from mere upstart, one-horse, denominational—

Mr. GRIP—Order!

Mother Toronto intimated that she had finished for the present.

Mother Queen's was next called upon to explain the case on behalf of herself and the other Mothers present. She said it was true that Mother Toronto had done a noble work for many years. (Hear, hear.) For a long time she had done the whole work of Higher Education in the Provinces, and so was entitled to the whole subsidy granted by the Government

in aid of that cause. (Cheers.) So long as she did the whole work nobody had objected to her receiving the whole of the money. But for several years past she has not done *all* this work. She (Mother Queen's,) and her sisters besides her had fairly divided the labor with Mother Toronto, although they had never received any portion of the public money. They thought it was high time their claim should be acknowledged, and now was the time to acknowledge it when Mother Toronto was demanding more.

Mr. GRIP said this was very plausible, but it must be remembered that Mother Queen's and her sisters were doing denominational and not State work.

Mother Queen's begged the Chairman's pardon. That was a mistake. She and her sisters were not asking for State aid for their theological schools but for their Arts schools—schools in which they were doing precisely the same work as Mother Toronto was doing.

Mr. GRIP said that made a decided difference.

Mother Victoria said the whole question lay in a nutshell. The State grants a certain amount of money to aid Higher Education. If Mother Toronto was to receive the whole of it, she should be obliged to do the whole of the work.

Mother Toronto said she was prepared to do so. If her esteemed sisters would disband their colleges she would be very happy to receive all the Arts students of the province and put them through their course. She had plenty of room, and could easily get professors enough.

Mother Queen's intimated that she would see Mother Toronto blowed. (Cheers.) She was a puffed up old monopolist who lived on charity, whereas the rest supported themselves.

Mr. GRIP—Do you mean to say, Mother Queen's, that *you* never got a grant?

Mother Queen's—Never!

Mr. GRIP—Why, I thought you had the Principal Grant!

After this the meeting adjourned.

“Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion.”—Day's Business College, 96 King St. W., Toronto.