

Grip's Gallery of Illustrious Canadians.

GOLDWIN SMITH BY GORDON BROWN.

We commence our series of condensed biographies with this gentleman, who, although not to the manner born, is entitled to the foremost place in this country, from a purely literary point of view. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH was born in the ancient City of Bristol, the birthplace also of CHATTERTON. At school he was distinguished for his quickness and scholarship, although he got into serious disfavor with the head master and the ushers from being suspected of a design to annex the High School to a large, and by no means select, common school over the way. Yet the youthful GOLDWIN showed his sense and integrity by opposing a plan got up by some clever but bad boys for the construction of paper lamp-chimneys, to be issued on the credit of the entire school, and to be warranted as good as glass. But GOLDWIN got into a bad habit of fighting with a boy rather smaller than himself, whose name was GRIP. They frequently struck each other, and many complaints were made that both these boys, who were the cleverest boys in the school, used to waste each other's time in calling bad names. GOLDWIN hit the hardest, but GRIP had a bad habit of hitting below the belt. However, GOLDWIN survived all that GRIP could do to him, and grew up to be a big man, and went to Oxford, where he was so successful, that at last he was promoted to Toronto. It has been the practice of some partizan but unprincipled journals in this country to throw mud at the Crystal Palace which over-arches the blossoming of this exotic genius, forgetful of the fragility of the cucumber frames which cover their own small area of manure. Here, it suffices to point out the vast compass of his erudition, the free range of his thought, the fountain of pure, clear, vigorous speech which flows from the "Grange," and the kindly encouragement held out thence to the young writer and thinker. Henceforward, any writer in the *Orbit* who shall call GOLDWIN SMITH any bad names, from "carpet-bagger" downwards, shall be condemned to learn by heart at least two pages of the *By-stander*.

(Next week GRIP hopes to publish the second biography in this series, the Life of GORDON BROWN by GOLDWIN SMITH.)

Tabitha on the Society of Decorative Art.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I am glad to see that you suggest that we should have a Society of Decorative Art in Toronto. I have known ladies who sent their drawins, carved work, and etcetra, over to the Society in New York, because they did not know how to sell them here. I think that Canadians ought to be too patriarchal to allow their art work to go out of the kuntry, because there is no sale for it here. I feel sure that if a kommitty of Toronto ladies would undertake it, they could organeyes a Society, like that in Montreal, to encourage the art work of the kuntry, and to assist ladies who are badly off to make a little money for themselves. Only last month I went off on a visit to Twitter's Clearins, and a young gal there was showin me some etchins she had done on wood. She had panel skreens, and fans, and table tops. Some etched with flowers and birds, and etsettra, and some with character tures; and others agin with them Chinese figgers. As I sed before, I'm not an art cricket; but I've seen enuff paintins and sich to know that she was an artist, and I tried to persuade her to send her work to the Montreal Society, but she sed she could not afford to pay the express. If she had any place where she could sell them in Toronto, she could easily send them there. I know that she sold them all to some summer-visitors at the Clearins for almost nothin, and I felt riled when I heard about it.

I know that a great many young Canadian gals have talents for art, but, of course, it wants direction and cultivation. I am glad to see that the Ontario Society of Artists and their Skool of Desine are doin well, but we want somethin more than that. Some people say that even if we had a Dekorative Art Society in Toronto, we might have plenty of work sent to us, but there would be no one to buy. I think that is a mistake. I have known Canadian people who have gone to Urope and spent their money in byin paintens and statoory, and of course they would have a better chance to get real art work there; but in some cases they have paid a large sum for work that was not artistik, and they might better have laid out their money in their own kuntry. Hopin that some of the Toronto ladies will take an interest in it, and send to Montreal or New York for a circular to find out how the society is carried on,

I sine myself

TABITHA TWITTERS.

The Girl with the Buttercup Hat.

A ROMANCE OF THE NOBLE WARD.

WILLIAM NASSAU PITT MCGOWAN

Was as fine a lad as ye'd wish to see.

A quieter boy was not in town,

(Except when he'd get on a bit of a spree.)

'Twas a sight to see him on the glorious Twelfth

When he'd rattle his dhrum with a rat-tat-tat,

Or taking a schooner while dhrinkin the health

OF BELINDA JANE with the Buttercup hat.

I'll tell ye the tale as he told it to me,

I'd believe every word that he'd say, do ye'moind.

Sure I used to nurse him on my knee

Before we left Belfast behind,

And came to Quarybec by the Allan loine.

And this is the story he told quite pat,

Though the poor boy's nearly out of his moind

All along av the girl wid the Buttercup hat.

"BELINDA JANE was my throe love's name,

And she lives in the Ward on Agnes Street.

Her 'pin-back's' made of muslin de laine,

And she's No. 3 boots on her purty feet.

Her father's a very respectable man

And her mother's the same, though she's rather fat;

She sports thred mittins and a monogram fan,

But the pride of her heart was the Buttercup hat.

"The other night when the moon was up,

And the bay was as smooth as a looking glass,

For a dollar and a half I sold my pup,

('Twas a beautiful 'bull' that would take no 'saxe.')

Says I to myself, 'It's a mighty fine night,

I'll get a nice boat wid a fancy mat,

And take a row in the bright moonlight

With BELINDA JANE and her Buttercup hat.'

"We got a foine boat, and I pulled away

As far as the Gap, till t'was nearly ten,

'It's quite delightful,' BELINDA would say,

As I'd head the boat for the city again.

But the night grew cloudy, and the wind arose,

And I thought it was time to get out of that;

For I knew she was anxious about her clothes,

But what troubled her most was her Buttercup hat.

"Soon the moon went down, and the wind and rain

Came over the water straight from the North;

I tried to make headway, but all in vain,

Though I used the sculls for all I was worth.

'She's filling with water, and we've 'ot no pail!'

Says BELINDA, who looked like a drowned rat,

'Never mind,' says I, 'you must try and bail

Her out with your lovely Buttercup hat.'

"With many a sigh she took off her hat,

In form it was like a big sugar scoop,

And down in the wet stern sheets she sat

And laded out the water like five cent soup.

At last we arrived at the boat house door,

Poor BELINDA JANE was soaked clean through;

In a towering rage she jumped ashore

And says, 'Mister BILLY, this will do for you.

"You great big snoozer, it is all your fault!

If it wasn't for you, it wouldn't have occurred.'

I tried to pacify her wid a treat of malt,

But she was in such a rage she wouldn't hear a word.

'If you call on me agen,' says she 'look out,

For I'll tell JOHNNY FOLEY just to knock you flat;

Sure the wather's running down me like a wather spout

And ruined entirely is me Buttercup hat!'"

And now the poor boy he's taken to dhrink,

And every dhrink goes to his head.

He says he cannot sleep a wink,

And only wishes that he was dead!

But he swears he'll break poor FOLEY's neck!

If he tries with BELINDA to fire off his chat,

He'll brak him all up like a total wreck,

As bad as BELINDA'S Buttercup hat!

Peace to his Ashes.

Under the head of "News from Montreal," we find the following item:

"The Board of Health has issued an order that each householder should have *his* ashes in a vessel separate from other refuse. The ashes are collected and used by the Road Department for making footpaths."

Has it come to this? Is cremation so popular in Montreal that the resulting handfuls of "pearl grey dust" have accumulated into the proportions of a nuisance? Must the good and great submit to be abated in a scavenger's cart, and, above all, are his feelings to be shocked by that most unkind cut about "other" refuse?"

Judging from the lively character of the average Montrealer as evidenced during the sweet simplicity of strikes and in the Arcadian pleasures of Orange processions, we should expect the footpaths to rise *en masse* to resent such an insult. If they submit tamely to be trodden down by the degrading boot-heels of the Board of Health, we must erase from our commonplace books the well-known line:

"Still in our ashes glow their wonted fires."

Next time we are cremated in Montreal we will have our stone pickle-jar conspicuously labelled "Hands off!"

Our funny contributor lately met an old and impecunious beau who, while boasting of his conquests among the fair sex when young remarked, "Ah! at that time the whole world was running after me." "Including the Sheriff, I presume," said our contributor.

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