

sure to adiposity and Dave Davisism, and use more patchouli than those elsewhere. Oh! this is all fact, sir, and the result of the exercise of my keen powers of observation. Sherbourne-street has the most ordinary and commonplace lot of feminine patrons of any branch in the city: there is nothing particularly noticeable about them; they are 'absolutely commonplace and every-day' young women, though, as a rule, their costume is tastefully and well put on."

"Our knee is twitching, sir," we interrupted, "did not your keen power of observation enable you to notice the fact? We and our family invariably ride on the Sherbourne-street cars."

"Lucky it was not Parliament-street," coolly returned the visitor, "Parliament-street patrons of the street car service are, as proved by my statistics, the most homely lot in the city, sir, with no redeeming features whatever. Church-street runs to extremes, and I have noticed the prettiest and the plainest in the cars on that thoroughfare. You can pick out a girl as lovely as Venus on those cars, and, if you are searching for one as homely as a Fiji islander with the small-pox, you will get her there. Figures don't lie, sir, and my figures are the result of my keen powers of observation."

"How about Spadina-avenue?" we enquired, becoming interested, for we actually began to discover that there was some truth in what the statistician was saying.

"Spadina-avenue, sir, is, taken on the whole, from fair to middling: nothing particularly out of the way either one way or the other. I think, perhaps, there are more old maids on that line than any other, and possibly a greater percentage of false hair and teeth goes over that street than any other, but I may be mistaken. The dividing line, nowadays, between the Real and the Unreal, the Natural and the False, is often so faintly defined as to be, at times, almost imperceptible."

"A good sentence, sir," we said, "from what author did you crib it?"

"From GRIP," he replied, "GRIP, the golden mouthed: GRIP the St. Chrysostom of modern literature."

"You flatter us, but your flattery is dashed with veracity. Proceed."

"DIVISION II—MEN, MANNERS, &c. ON CARS. —There are more fat men on the Queen-street cars than on others, and they nearly always ride on the south side. As a natural consequence there is more good temper on that line than the rest, and a lady need never stand for two seconds on a Queen street car. I have observed that when a lady enters a car on Yonge-street, the men become so deeply wrapped up in their own thoughts that they fail to notice that she is unable to find a seat till a sudden jolt of the vehicle causes her either to precipitate herself into their laps, or to stamp on their choicest corn. The Toronto sample of the dude is oftener seen on a Yonge-street car, and the quality of the tobacco smoked on the platforms on this street is by long odds the most offensive and execrable."

Our visitor paused for a few seconds and then proceeded reflectively:

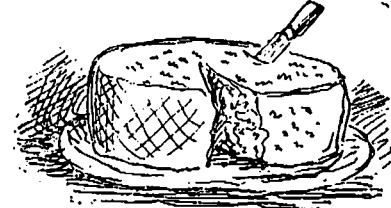
"It may be wrong, but I think persons of both sexes with good clothes, loud, flashy jewellery and dirty hands abound in greater numbers on the Yonge-street cars, and the man and the middle-aged woman with several large rings, watch chains like the cable of a seventy-four and garments out in the 'nobby, dressy style,' and who say 'Them there things hadn't oughter,' 'me and him doesn't,' 'I have went,' &c., flourish there in all their glory, and, as Solomon was an intelligent man of excellent judgment it is altogether probable he was never arrayed like one of these. I think the clerk who talks to his chum in a loud tone of voice about the 'high old time we had last night at 'Mike's' or 'Tim's'" and so on and who gives the rest of the occupants of the cars to understand that he is a very dare-devil, go-ahead, up-to-a-thing-or-two, and you-can't-fool-me young man indeed is about equally divided between King and Yonge-streets."

"How many more of your statistics are there?" we enquired as we looked out of the window and saw a bill-collector approaching our office.

"Oh! I have notes on Toronto's Breakfastology, that is statistics showing the different viands most commonly used for breakfast on our various streets; then there is—"

"Yes, just so, sir: well, we are in a great hurry this morning, kindly call around to-morrow and give us the rest. We are inter-

ested and shall be glad to see you." Your keen powers of observation will enable you to see the door over there; good-bye," and as the tramp of the bill-collector's foot resounded on the staircase we stepped into the elevator used for hoisting and lowering the lithographic stones and descended swiftly as one who fears he knows not what.



¶ A RELIC OF THE REFORMATION.

The above cut represents an interesting relic omitted from the exhibition of Luther curiosities. It is a Reminiscence of the Diet of Worms, which was contributed by an admirer of the Mitey reformer, but declined with thanks by Rev. Dr. Scadding.



Mr. Sheppard has it all to himself, but he does not abuse this monopoly by bringing on poor combinations. On the contrary, he gives his patrons the best things procurable in the dramatic line. This week a special feast for the gods is supplied by Devcne's allied attractions, though the performance secures the approval of the ground floor as well. The programme is unique in some respect, and excellent in all.

On the 19th Mlle. Rhea, the charming French lady who captivated Toronto on a previous occasion, begins a brief engagement at the Grand. The lovers of perfect stage-art will come out in force to welcome this star. Mlle. Rhea will be followed on the 22nd by Mrs. Langtry, who will display her beautiful face and wonderful wardrobe before crowded audiences. It is pleasing to learn that this lady has developed a decided talent in her adopted profession, and may now appeal to the public as an actress as well as a beauty. Her *Lady Teazle* is pronounced equal to the representation of the character by any lady now on the stage.

We have to thank Messrs. Mason and Rische for the courtesy of an invitation to view the portrait of the Albe Liszt, recently presented to their firm by the distinguished Maseto himself, and now on exhibition at the King-street warehouses. The painting is the work of one of the leading artists of Germany.

"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.

HE LAUGHED.

He was a tall, lanky, cadaverous, dyspeptic—who had used almost every decoction and preparation that was ever made. His friend, said his case was hopeless, but he laughed, for he had just procured a Notman's Stomach and Liver Pad which had already commenced to cure him. He is now cured as everyone else is that wears a Notman Pad.



"I STAND FOR JUSTICE; ANSWER, SHALL I HAVE IT?"

THE N. W. T.—I'M GOING TO BE REPRESENTED HERE LIKE MY SISTER PROVINCES, OR KNOW THE REASON WHY!