

**STREET CARIANA.**

Ladies, true womanly women, always pity the sufferings of poor dumb animals, as the following little anecdote or dialogue will prove. It actually occurred, and the scene was a crowded Sherbourne Street car; time, between 4:15 and 4:35 p. m., Saturday, June 20.

1ST LADY.—I do think it would be such a shame to run Sunday cars as some of those horrible newspapers suggest; so hard on the poor horses, you know. I'm sure they work quite enough through the week, and this street is so steep and quite a drag all the way up on the poor animals.

2ND LADY.—Yes, indeed, but I must get out here. (Car stops on the south side of Gerrard Street, and the poor horse has to use all his strength to start the car on the incline. Just as the vehicle is fairly under way, the tender-hearted Lady No. 1 stops it again on the north side of the street and gets off, having saved her precious "limbs" the fatigue of walking five yards and given the "poor horse" as much labor in starting again as if he had drawn the car a dozen blocks.)

If these very sympathetic women would only get some one who knows about such matters to "post" them concerning the amount of force necessary to be used on the part of a horse to start a heavily laden car on an incline of say 1 in 35, they might be a little more considerate of the noble animals, instead of "giving themselves dead away" as Lady No. 1 did in the foregoing instance.

Oh, yes! ladies are very thoughtful, and do pity those "poor horses" so much—but it don't look like it.



**TANGLED.**

*Sobersides* (in charge of his friend).—Now, then, look where you step!  
*Boozer*.—Tha' (*hic*) tha's jus' the trou (*hic*) ble; I can't (*hic*) step where I (*hic*) look!

**DR. JOHNSON IN CANADA.**

"Sir," said Boswell, as he and his illustrious companion strolled down Johnson's Lane, and found Mayor Manning's gate barring their further progress, "What is your opinion of a man who would thus obstruct a thoroughfare that, by right of length of usage, may be said to be a public one?" "That, sir," replied the doctor, rolling his head from side to side and shaking vehemently at the offensive gate, "that, sir, is a matter of opinion. The personage, even though his position be that of chief magistrate of a municipality, who would thus inconvenience the populace in order to secure a modicum of personal gratification is acting in a manner derogatory to his dignity and incompatible with the requirements of his

position. He is no better than he should be, sir." "As a man is known by his walk, sir," remarked Boswell, "then, so is Mayor Manning known by his *gait*." "Sir, the man who would make a good pun could never get it into London *Punch*," answered the lexicographer, as the two retraced their steps, and entering Jim Pearce's, called for a snifter.

"I met an extremely dull fellow yesterday, sir," said Boswell, as he and the Colossus of Literature sauntered about the Horticultural Gardens, "who informed me that he was a literary man and wrote for GRIP. I could scarcely credit his statement." "The fellow, though not actually censurable for mendacity, doubtless indulged in a most ignoble species of prevarication," replied the doctor, "he may write for GRIP; nay, further, he may even hand in his contributions to the presiding genius of that eminent publication, but, had he possessed the faintest semblance of a regard for veracity, he would have supplemented his statement by informing you that his contributions were invariably consigned to the receptacle for waste paper. A dull fellow, sir, can never hope to see his productions in the columns of GRIP." "But, sir," said Boswell, with no little vanity, "I have contributed to GRIP, and my articles have been published in its columns." "That, sir, is a proof that there is no rule without an exception," answered the doctor. "I felt," adds Boswell, "that I deserved the reproof, and I thanked my preceptor in my heart for the delicate manner in which it had been conveyed!"

"I took a trip across to the Island yonder, this morning, sir," said Boswell, as he and the doctor were refreshing themselves with a whiff of pure air at the mouth of the Don, "and I was gratified by being introduced to Mr. Edward Hanlan. What a glorious career, sir, has that young man pursued, and how vastly he demonstrates the fact that muscle is superior to mind. Though totally illiterate he has accumulated more wealth than even you, sir, with your gigantic intellect, and when I mentioned your name to him he confessed that he had never heard of you. I am more than ever convinced, sir, that a man does not require brains to become famous." "Bozzy," replied the doctor, "I foresee that you will become famous." "But I said, sir, that brains were not essential to fame," answered Boswell. "Exactly so, sir," rapped out the doctor. "I intimated as much when I said what I did concerning you."

"I was honored by an introduction to Dr. Clarke, of the Asylum, sir," said Boswell, "who escorted me through that splendid institution and instructed and edified me by his discourse. Although the vast building is crowded with its unfortunate inmates, I am told that there are scores of lunatics awaiting vacancies to be admitted. I am even told, sir, that there are immense numbers of these poor creatures at large, some of them holding official and other positions. It is a matter for serious reflection, sir; but its truth cannot be denied, for, since coming to Toronto, I have met people at large who I am convinced were little better than idiots. What do you think, sir?" "I have met one, sir," replied the doctor.

**PARAGRAPHICAL PATTERN.**

There is still a chance for General Grant, and he may yet recover if the proper method of treating him be carried out. This mode is as follows: The four physicians now attending the General must hold a long consultation, and this consultation must take place in New Zealand, or Yokohama, or some place far enough

away from the patient to ensure his being left undisturbed by those doctors for at least three weeks or a month. This is the General's hope.

How very vastly the philosophers of old differed from those of our own time. Just listen to this, translated from the Greek: "Diogenes, in one of his walks, met a young man who was so imprudent as to inform him that he was on his way to a feast. The philosopher instantly took him in charge and carried him back to his friends, as one who lacked the sense to know when he was running into danger." Nowadays a philosopher in a similar case would merely say: "Bully for you! Come along; I'll go with you, and as it is an honor for you to be seen in company with a sage, I'll allow you to pay my shot." That's the sort of a hair-pin a nineteenth century Diogenes is.

Yet the ancients revered and respected these old fogies. The idea of a man sleeping, as Diogenes is reported to have been in the habit of doing, in a tub! We, of the present age, call such men tramps, and the police run 'em in. Again, would any man reputed to be in his right mind go prowling about in broad daylight with a lamp in his hand, looking for an honest man? Any fool would know that he could never find such an article just as well as Diogenes knew he was on a wild-goose chase. Diogenes would soon see the inside of a lunatic asylum if he lived in these times and cut up any of his capers.

Some journalist remarks, as something extraordinary, that "a member of the choir at St. George's chapel, Windsor Castle, has sung there for seventy years and is still at it." The same, as regards singing, might be said of certain *primes donnes*, and, from all appearances, they intend to keep at it.

"Men may come and men may go,  
But they go on for ever."



**THINGS ONE SHOULD SAY DIFFERENTLY.**

*AMATEUR VOCALIST* (who prides himself on his singing, to *hostess*).—Oh! my dear Mrs. Hantboy, my friend, Mr. Baritone, is quite indisposed this evening and he requested me to take his place at your *musical*.

Mrs. H.—A thousand thanks, Mr. Reed-Pipes; it is extremely kind of you, I'm sure. (At the break-up of the *musical*.)

Mrs. H.—Good-night, Mr. Reed-Pipes: thank you so much for your assistance. Pray tell Mr. Baritone that I hope he will soon be better, and say that I missed him very much indeed. I do hope he will be able to come to my next *musical*.