

quite aware he had been invited simply for the purpose of drawing a crowd. It was not pretty of him to say this, but it was gospel truth, and we sincerely thank him for it. It was a greatly needed rebuke to the sycophancy which has long prevailed in society here, and which has particularly affected art circles. Nothing can be attempted in a public way without the "patronage" of royalty or its representative, and a lot of disgusting toadyism which is inseparable from "patronage." Sir Alexander Campbell is not likely to do any greater service during his term of office than he did in delivering this blow at flunkeyism—whether it was the result of boorishness or wit.

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AH, there! The Grit and Tory parties will resume their trembling when they learn that we were "away off" in giving the membership of the New Party as 300 in connection with the cartoon in our last issue. The Secretary of the Executive Council writes as follows:

PARKDALE, 25th May, '89.

DEAR GRIP,—In your able cartoon and comments on Canada's New Party, you have very much underestimated our numbers. At the date of our inauguration, March 21, '88, we had fifty-seven members; at our annual meeting we had upon the membership roll 1,060. Since the Convention, only about two months, we have more than doubled our membership, and to date we have over 2,300 pledged advocates of Canada's New Party.

Yours for God, Home and Country, Wm. MUNNS.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST."

THE man who wrote that never educated six daughters, and not a musical ear among them. I'm inclined to think if he'd listened to Mary and Jane's scales for over two months, he'd have changed those lines to

Music hath power to turn the gentle breast savage.

The girls have fairly banged all the melody out of two pianofortes, and now they want me to give them a "Baby Grand." I tell you, sir, they want "up-right" great-grand-fathers to hold out against the attacks of their twelve hands. Seeing we had so many girls in the family I thought that the two eldest could provide all the music the household wanted, and the rest would take up some other accomplishment, like painting plates and imaginary flowers, and non-headache producing amusements, but my wife said "it couldn't be done; that no young lady could be considered educated unless she played the piano, or the violin, which was more fashionable." So in an evil hour I said the two youngest had better learn "to fiddle," as I didn't think their four sisters had left me enough nerve to stand any more piano. Heavens and earth, what I've gone through since! I've found out that there is more agony in one string of a solitary violin than ten pianos with a harmonium thrown in. Parents, be warned! Pray that your daughter's arms may be long and bony; if she has soft round arms she'll never rest until she can hold a bow in her hand, wear a short-sleeved dress, and show off all its pretty curves, worrying out a tune on a violin before company. You may not enjoy listening to a jumble of sharps and flats, and mis-hits at octaves when your girl is learning "The Maiden's Prayer" on the piano, but that is softly falling water to hearing her scratch out the notes of a tune on a violin. When you undergo that agony, if you aren't reminded of the time when your dentist pierced the nerve of your tooth, it will be because you are stone deaf. People don't understand why fathers pinch and strain to send their girls to boarding-school, when they can be educated for nothing at the public schools. It is because they won't

hear them practising. You think I've no music in my soul? I say I have; and if I haven't heard a kaleidoscopic arrangement and reassortment of the notes of a piece in a dozen or so different tunes on four or five thousand separate occasions beforehand, I could enjoy "Whoa Emma," or "Annie Laurie," as well as anybody—but not on a violin. Practising on a half string of catgut is calculated to break the tympanum of any father's ear.

J. M. LOES.

LINES ON THE HEEL OFF A LADY'S SHOE FOUND ON YONGE ST.

AN eighth of an inch less heel—no longer the queen of parade,
Serenity checked plays false, no longer is present to aid;
Pride rescues the faltering step whilst homeward she bendeth
her course.

A quarter of an inch less heel—this time unattending remorse,
She steps as a mother should who goes to the peace of her hearth,
Content with her lot—a wife, her children, a queen upon earth.
A half of an inch less heel—again she is back on the farm,
Or walking the lane from church, she leaneth, sweet faith, on his
arm.

A quarter is only left—who cares for propriety's rule?
A rollicking, hoyden girl, just fresh from the trammels of school.

It is now positively asserted that many Hamilton people omit the "h" in spelling sugar.

TORONTO rowing clubs propose to form a navy. The U. S. Government will bid for it when formed.

WHEN the grocers are forbidden to sell spirituous liquors, where will the fashionable drinker get it from?

MRS. GUPPY says she doesn't want any Chicago pork. In the market report she read "it was active and strong" last week.

"CONSTANT READER," who thinks that when Sir John Macdonald cuts an offending member, he might be called Surgeon Macdonald, will kindly call at this office. The coffin is already ordered.

A YOUNG lady (presumably from Boston), entered a Montreal drug store last week in search of some "should have risen." On inquiry, it was discovered that what she wanted was "otto of rose."



RECIPROCITY.

MR. CULLY—"You don't object to my smoking I suppose, Mr. Mylde?"

REV. MR. MYLDE—"N—not in the least, if you don't object to my being sick."