

(MONT)REALISTIC ART CULTURE.

It seems there lived—well, quite a while ago—
Some individual named Michael Angelo ;
Who made things like these poor Italians sell,
Plaster of Paris images, and busts as well,
Perhaps he was Italian too—but I can't tell.

Any way, he must have been a wicked man ;
He actually modelled after Nature's plan !
Copied her to the letter line for line !
Made legs—beg pardon—*limbs* like yours or mine,
And reproduced the human form divine

Without a stitch of clothes on ! " oh ! oh ! oh ! "
Well may you groan ; he put not even a stocking
Upon the limbs ; trunk, arms, all were bare !
Bare, cold, white marble—fact, the whole affair
Just as the Great Creator made it—there !

I beg your pardon if I made you blush,
I do regret your modesty to crush,
But, while about it, let me tell you all
Down in the Exhibition at Montreal
There's been—*apropos* of this—oh, *such* a squall !

Two marble copies of this Angelo's,
Some naughty man did wickedly expose
The sculptor's masterpieces I believe—but, oh !
You could'nt think of looking at them, you know,
Excepting from behind your fingers—so.

The Montrealers now stand a good deal—
They're fresh from their own special sculptor—Small-pox,
But shall they who resisted vaccination
With such pock marked success, be made to feel
Uglier by contrast of this incarnation
Of pure ideals—oh, 'twas a cruel hoax !
Montreal can stand the plague—but high art, no !
Not the ideals of this Angelo !

WHAT IS IN A NAME !

No one can call in question the political True-bluedness of the editor of the *Ingersoll Sun*, or of any other genuine Tory editor—particularly at this critical period in the country's affairs, when all eyes are turned to Ottawa, and another job at printing the Franchise Act Voters' Lists is on the *tapis* in every rural Tory sanctum.

But this young man so far forgets what is due to the Great Conservative Party, not to mention the Premier's nationality, as to begin a leading article with the Chief-tain's name spelt "Sir John A. McDonald." The only reasonable excuse which this well-meaning but thoughtless journalist can offer is, that he had in mind the Coming Chief, the *Rising Sun*—who doesn't spell his name *MacCarthy*.

It will be well with the young man if he can make this thing right before it is reported to headquarters, and the Departmental subscriptions are summarily stopped. And he had also better be sure there is no yawning libel suit abyss in his pathway over this *lapsus penneae*. Many a decent, honest man, perhaps in his neighborhood, may be on his very list of readers, is named McDonald. It is not safe, therefore, to recklessly fool with a reputable patronymic by mixing it up with that of profligate politicians in this fashion !

A MUCH NEEDED REFORM.

MR. GRIP :—

DEAR SIR,—I trust you will do all in your power to aid me in the furtherance of an object which I have in view, seeing that I have the welfare and the peace of mind of a large number of my fellow-creatures at heart. My scheme is to organize a society for the extermination of all writers guilty of making use of the following quotations and

expressions. One cannot pick up a paper without running across one or more of them, and it is high time that the writers who use them were put quietly out of the way. I would suggest that the mode of death be the compelling of the offenders to take a draught of half a pint of fluid from the Yonge Street slip, as death would be instantaneous and painless.

Here are a few of the objectionable sentences and words :

"Waiting, like Micawber, for some thing to turn up."
"Like Oliver Twist asking for more."
"Make a note on't," as Cap'n Cuttle says."
"Wee, sma' hoors ayont the twal."
"His occupation, like Othello's, is gone."
"No doubt," "however," and "nevertheless."
"Gotten," "gents," "sales ladies," "mine host, the genial and affable Jim So and So," "our prominent fellow-citizen," "luscious bivalves," etc., etc., etc., etc.
"I was ever thus," "long felt want." "Folded their tents like the Arabs."

And all quotations whatever from Pianofore, Patience or the Milkado.

No doubt there are many, many more objectionable phrases, which, if sent to Coventry, would cause the occupation of their quondam users to be, like Othello's, gone ; but, nevertheless, a beginning should be made, and it is to be hoped that newspaper publishers will, as Capt'n Cuttle says : "Make a note on't" and forbid such words and quotations to be used ; however, I shall hope for the best, and shall be satisfied if those who make use of the expressions given are put an end to ; I don't wish to be like Oliver Twist, asking for more ; I have long thought over this matter, and have wished something could be done to check these odious writers, but finding that in so doing I very much resembled Micawber, waiting for something to turn up, I ventured to mention the matter to you and to ask for your powerful co-operation in suppressing the nuisance, having once gotten which, I shall, no doubt, obtain my object and fill a long felt want ; nevertheless, I expect some opposition, of course ; however, I shall persevere in my object, for no work of reform was ever yet undertaken without meeting with resistance from those to be reformed. "I was ever thus."

Your friend and admirer, s.

EASY RIDDLES FOR THE YOUNG.

WHEN a table-girl at a restaurant gets married, how does she resemble a member of the Customs Department ?
By becoming a tied waiter.

AND what day in Lent would be most appropriate for her wedding ? Hash Wednesday.

IF Pullman cars are run on the proposed elevated railway, what diseases may be expected to increase ? Those of a Pullman airy nature.

WHEN the Attorney-General takes a matter into his most serious consideration, why is it like the extreme tip of a brindle bull-pup's tail ? Because that's the end of it.

AND why would it be a very serious thing for the *Mail's* Nor'-West correspondent if he should be taken ill ? Because he couldn't be cured being a Ham already.

[We don't exactly see this : it seems to us that the gentleman mentioned is very often too fresh altogether, and would stand a little curing.—Ed. GRIP.]

WHY is John L. Sullivan's nose like the *Mail's* ? Because it's a slugger's head organ. s.