



Spring Fashions in Lindsay.

As an encouragement to editors on the road to wealth and glory, we have pleasure in presenting the above carefully executed and accurate portrait of Bro. Barr, of the Lindsay Post, coming out in a beautiful \$5,000 spring (libel) suit. The material is of good jurylike quality, and the pattern is what is known amongst tailors as Court dress. We congratulate our happy confrere and hope he may long be spared to grace the streets of the capital town of Victoria.

After the Montreal Blake Dinner.

From our Specially Impertinent Reporter.

WINDSOR HOTEL.

OLD BOY,—Such excessive indignation is most unbecoming in a man of your position and pretensions. I blush for you. What if I did hint that that twenty dollar bill had a "dimsy" look about it—am I not at liberty to say precisely what I please, and are you to presume to lecture me on the propriety of any subject I choose to broach? Perish the thought. I too can be indignant. On reflection, your apology will no doubt be ample, and in anticipation of it I will inform you that the bill was genuine. I submitted it to an expert at the bar of the Windsor, and he pronounced it as good as the bank from which you say you received it. This being the case, I extend the olive branch—send me a few more from the same mint and I will endeavour to forget the warmth and intemperance of your language.

The entente cordial being restored, I proceed with my report. The return of mild, spring-like weather is slowly restoring me to my wonted health. The air of Montreal is no doubt salubrious and the city very attractive. I hope soon to be able to see more of it—have already taken one drive in a close carriage. Its prominent inhabitants, of every shade of political opinions, are still thronging to my rooms at the Windsor (am compelled to engage one of the reception rooms permanently), and thanks to my pleasing address and fascinating manners I am immensely popular, apart from the eminently attractive periodical I represent so ably.

Yesterday His Worship the Mayor waited upon me. Mr. Beaudry can be exceedingly polite. Approaching with a most graceful bow he exclaimed, "Have I ze honaire of addressing ze great Monsiour GREER." "You bet," I replied, with a bow as low if not as graceful as his own. "Ma foi! mon cher Monsiour, I speak ze Engleesh quite as better as an Anglais, but I not know what is ze 'youbet.'" His Worship certainly appeared bewildered, but an idea seemed to strike him suddenly, and he continued, "Ha! ha! n'ais ou, je comprend bien, it is a—what you call it? A—ait—a quelque chose which makes ze laugh—certainment you have ze great honaire Monsiour GREER." "Hit the right nail," said Mr. Mayor, "I replied with an engaging smile. "Hit ze right nail, ha! ha! But you ha e ze droll way to speak. Hit ze

right nail, what is that?" "Why, spotted the bull's-eye, of course, you old hippopotamus," I answered as sober as a judge. "Spotted ze right nail,—hit ze old hippopotame,—youbet ze bull's-eye. Peste! je ne comprend pas, but n'importe I have something to you say." "Proceed, Mr. Mayor," I intimated graciously, "proceed, I am all ear." "Ciel! but you are droll. Do I not see you are all here—ha! ha! Mais écoutez moi, you have speak of me in ze GREER, you have make ze leetle joke at me—bien—now you shall say in ze GREER that I have ze great injury." "Est il possible?" I exclaimed in His Worship's native language and with uplifted hands. "Est il possible? Who has dared to injure so great a personage as the Mayor of Montreal?" "Ze Aldermen, ze Glackmeyer, ze—what you call it?—ze City Clerk," he almost shrieked. "I have asked for a room for my coat and my steek and my chapeau, and they have given me a passage—mille tonnerres! I will not have a passage—sacre polissons! non! I will not." "Gently, gently, Mr. Mayor," I interrupted, "don't get excited, I beg. If you have a grievance it shall be righted, I will see to that, and trust me, my interference will be successful." Oh! but the gleam of delight which shot athwart His Worship's face as he listened to this assurance. The scene was quite touching, and I felt this was one of the moments for which we great men live. Mem.—When I speak of 'we great men' I have no reference to the Mayor, but am merely assuming the editorial 'we' for the nonce. So profuse were His Worship's thanks that they really became wearisome. One does not do a good action merely to be thanked. That is not the sort of high moral principle I have infused into all connected with Grip, from the editor down to the most juvenile of its inky devils. (This insufferable vanity would be amusing were it not so truly pitiful.—Ed.)

I succeeded at length in bowing His Worship out and was about ringing for a B. and S. to restore my somewhat shaken nerves when—confusion!—he returned. There was a simper and a blush, actually a blush, upon his august cheeks as he advanced and said, "Mon cher Monsiour GREER, I have here a leetle, a-very-leetle-poem I have write on ze great injury I have suffer. Ze Engleesh it is very good, and perhaps you will present it in ze GREER." Anything to terminate the interview, I glanced at it hastily and promised. Here it is:

*Je suis le Maire de Montreal,
I'll have ze best room or none at all.
Out, I ze great boss,
Will old Glackmeyer toss
From ze room that I want for moi-même,
Or I shall feel shame,
And then for revenge meec enfant will shout,
And whenever comes out,
I'll be ze Mair, ma foi! be sure,
I'll be ze Mair for three years more.*

An elegant bit, isn't it? Nothing so execrable ever before appeared in Grip, but it will be effective. When the Aldermen of Montreal, each one of whom is a diligent student of Grip, read the threat in the concluding line, His Worship will have carte blanche to select any room he pleases for his own use, even if it be the council chamber itself. Behold the advantages of extreme popularity, and so au revoir to His Worship.

Another queer sort of person was with me today. None other than the great George Washington Stevens. I had met him before in one of my numerous saunters in St. J—ahem! ahem!—doar me! I am forgetting that beastly "brief but brilliant," and must reserve the great G. W. for my next.

Yours,
S. I. R.

P.S.—Don't forget that the Windsor is an expensive caravansary, and that they charge full prices at the bar.

S. I. R.

"Our readers outside of Montreal will please understand that His Worship is at war with the City Council because he is not permitted to have the City Clerk's room for his own use.



The Wild Bear.

It is not often that we have, in these latitudes, a "show" like that depicted above, and perhaps it may have escaped the knowledge of a good many of our citizens that some remarkable exhibitions of bear-dancing have lately been given in Toronto. The entertainer in question took his stand in the vicinity of Bond street, having as his attraction a genuine royal Russian bear. No sooner was the announcement of the performance given than the gentleman was surrounded by a densely packed and eagerly attentive audience, who were greatly interested, and no doubt also edified by the exhibition. The performer first delivered a brief lecture on political natural history in general, and then proceeded to show that he knew all about Russian bears in particular. The animal was then put through a variety of evolutions, some of which evoked laughter—which, however, whenever it occurred, was promptly checked by a frown from the more sedate part of the audience.) The performance was brought to a close with a critical address by the bear's master, in which he pointed out the peculiarities of Bruin's claws, teeth, and general disposition. From these he deduced in an interesting manner the prophetic destiny of the critter—which, we regret to say, is decidedly dismal.



**Principle and Interest.
The Bank Clerk's Joke.**

She.—This is Charley. He was very clever, but a great scamp.

He.—Then you think a fellow without principle can be interesting?