



### NOT IN TORONTO, OF COURSE.

MRS. SLIMBORDE—"Sarah, this coffee is rather thin, isn't it?"

SARAH—"I haven't made the coffee, yet, mum; that's city water."

### A SINGULAR TRANSACTION.

HE had a keen speculative look in his eye as he stopped in front of a real estate agency and examined the plans in the window. After a minute or two he entered and priced a lot the location of which appeared to suit him.

"Fifteen a foot," said the agent, "and cheap at the money. I don't think you'll do better."

He paused, and the would-be customer paused, and nothing was said for half-a-minute or so. Then the customer said: "Well?"

"It's just as I tell you," said the agent, "you can have it for fifteen."

"Can I buy it right now? Isn't there anybody else very anxious to have it?"

"No—nobody that I know of."

"That's singular. Are you sure that there isn't another fellow who wants it real bad, and who is pretty sure to call around to-morrow and snap it up if I don't close at once?"

"No; there have been no inquiries after it lately."

"Singular—very singular. And the value is sure to double in a few months, isn't it?"

"I don't think it at all likely."

"The proposed Belt Line is to have a station in the immediate neighborhood, I suppose?"

"Not that I know of."

"Owner leaving town, I guess, and selling off all his property at a sacrifice?"

"Not at all. He's a fixture."

"Hard up, perhaps, and bound to have money?"

"No, he's wealthy."

"Property likely to be immensely increased in value by the Court House or the new Upper Canada College?"

"Seeing it isn't within a couple of miles of either of them, I hardly think it possible."

"Last lot, sold off cheap to close an estate?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I'll take it, but I swear it's the only deal of the kind I ever made. You're a curiosity in the real estate line, you are. Most remarkable piece of business—most re-markable."

### "GRIP'S" CRONY CLUB.

#### FIRST NIGHT.

A CHOICE company, representing all the talents, gathered in MR. GRIP's spacious and brilliant banquet-hall, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Crony Club. MR. GRIP (who was, of course, in fine feather) presided, and, in opening the proceedings, said:

GENTLEMEN,—I presume the objects and scope of this weekly assembly are well known to you all. Its main purpose is to afford a pleasant vent for characteristic efforts of genius, and we hope to have contributions, either musical or oratorical, in due course, from all the Canadian celebrities of the day. The selection of the star of each evening will be the result of chance—the gentleman who draws the blank from this bag of ballots is to be obliged to entertain us either with an original song, speech or recitation.

The ceremony of drawing was then proceeded with, and the blank fell to the lot of

MR. F. H. TORRINGTON.

"Gentlemen," said that modest personage, "I'm a very poor singer. In fact, I have had serious thoughts of taking a term at the Toronto College of Music, to see if I couldn't learn to sing just a little. But I am even a worse speaker, and as for reciting, I can do nothing at it at all. If one of Mendelssohn's 'songs without words' would be in order I think I could give you that, with some credit, on the organ—"

"No," interposed the Chairman. "Songs must be strictly vocal, though you may play your own accompaniment, if you wish."

"Very well," assented Mr. Torrington, "I will do my best to give you a little motto song, which may be entitled

"DON'T YOU THINK?"

Toronto's quite a city,

Don't you think?

But its streets are far from pretty,

Don't you think?

I'm referring to the paving,

Which is slightly misbehaving—

It justifies some raving—

Don't you think?

But in some things we're improving—

Don't you think?

Musically we are moving,

Don't you think?

I remember when I came

Music languished—'twas a shame—

Now we're somewhat known to fame,

Don't you think?

Still we've got to persevere,

Don't you think?

We want more Professors here,

Don't you think?

We need colleges a score,

Bands at least a hundred more,

Philharmonics three or four—

Don't you think?

We are short of 'Sociations,

Don't you think?

We've too few organizations,

Don't you think?

But above and beyond all,

There is really now a call

For a decent music hall,

Don't you think?

It is simply a disgrace,

Don't you think?

That we have none in the place,

Don't you think?

We *shall* have it; I don't care

If I sacrifice my hair—

And, as usual, I'll "get there,"

Don't you think?