



"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."

After long and weary search, Jones secured a servant girl—a pattern of truth and goodness.

Visitor.—Is Mr. Jones at home?

The Gal.—Yes, sir; but he is unable to see anyone to-day.

Visitor.—Is he ill? Not anything serious, I hope!

The Gal.—No, sir; he's drunk.

ON-LOOKER.

No. 1.

One with a flash begins and ends in smoke;
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,
And without raising expectations high,
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.

That sagacious bird who presides with such gravity over the management of our Canadian Punch, having found me out in the retirement of my well earned corner of repose, and dragged me from my *sanctum sanctorum*, now introduces me to the public. Not so much to give me that publicity which I so heartily detest, but in the hope that my long experience in living here in your midst may prove a benefit to the present generation as I touch upon the many thoughts, fancies and follies that I have gathered up in my checkered career—gathered from all sorts of characters, who in the past or during the present have acted, or now act, their part on life's stage.

A very common feeling of the race may tempt you to wonder who I am, but the knowledge would not help you much, for, like Topsey, "I have growed," and taken root solitary and alone, and my studies have ever been centred in my fellow-men.

I live alone and yet am not alone. I am old and yet am young; have been born, been educated, have thrived and still exist, and yet now in my old age have no one to care for but my books and my own thoughts. I have travelled every land, have spoken every language, have poked my physiognomy into every nook and corner; and though well known by sight to many, yet none knew me by name. I have assisted an ancient historian in "Toronto of Old," and have carved out the "National Policy." I have prepared the best *bon mots* of Sir John, and inspired the speeches of the "Prince of Proverbial Philosophy." I have written "Essays and Reviews," and stood godfather to "Canada First." I am quite familiar at the "National," and took part in the burial ceremonies of the "U.E." I have applauded "Nickenson" at the "Lyceum," and clapped hands for "Neilson" at the "Grand," have marched with Col. Otter—and the Queen's

Own and counted on the 10th Royals. I have been taken for everything under the sun, even to being "the Wandering Jew." Thus I have lived in your midst, speculated on all things around me, until I have become versed in the duties of men, the thievery of politicians, the conventionalities of life and the shortcomings of both sexes. These it has been my great pleasure to criticise with my seven familiar friends, as we gather weekly in "Jewels" private room, and over our pipes and "lemonade" to spend an hour in social intercourse with no intruders until GRIP, becoming possessed of the password, procured entrance and now forces the company to make their proceedings public. The responsibilities of the future rest upon this sagacious bird, and as it is evident each of the seven will require to give his experience, it will be but right that having given so much of my own personal history the public should know who are the seven who will thus have the pleasure of making their bow—we trust to an appreciative audience—we are but "on-lookers" on the world around us (not simply "by-standers") and "current events" have ever a charm for us even if we mourn the want of our "Canadian Monthly" budget of news. We "Mail" no free copies to our readers, but as the "Globe" is our stage, we ask for a liberal distribution of our ideas, and "GRIP" has made this department, his task and pleasing duty.

Our name is of no consequence, and having conscientious scruples as to giving our age, we simply conclude by stating that any kind friend who thinks "the cap fits him" will find out, the true meaning and intent by addressing any communication to Room 505 Club Chambers, in care of your obedient servant,

-LOOKER.



ANOTHER "IDENTIFICATION!"

Dr. Wild, (reading placard on bill-board)—Ha! I'm on the right track! The children of Israel can't be far off where Manna is advertised by the grocers!

It was at a festive party given in honor of the son and heir, who had lately returned from the great city to his quiet country home. "And what do you do in town on Sunday?" called out the old Puritan from the head of the table. The young man blushed and pretended that he didn't hear, which roused his father's worst suspicions, and some of the guests near him began to exchange glances, for they had always supposed him to be a steady church-going youth of unimpeachable character. "Come! out with it!" bawled the old man; "what do you do with yourself on Sunday?" And the young fellow, driven to desperation, was compelled to confess: "Well, I generally wash my feet on Sunday."

THE MODEL GIN'RAL OFFICER.

"I deem it inconsistent with the traditions of the Queen's troops to retire before any number of Egyptians." —WOLSELEY.

I'll now take off my uniform and turn a wise philosopher. What's the use when I've a peerage, and rank a Gin'ral Officer, To go again to Egypt? except, perhaps, to read inscriptions, Hieroglyphics on the works of dead and gone Egyptians; And even that I leave to those who want to write a thesis On Tamerlane, or Genghis Kahn, Ostrus or Rameses, Or "remarks upon the old canals," which long ago were dug by Mummies p'raps, I leave to boys of Eton and of Rugby; For I deem it inconsistent that I again should cross over The stormy seas—I'll take my ease, for I'm a Gin'ral Ossifer.

For I'm Lieut. Gin'ral Wolseley, Lord of Egypt, G. C. M.G., G. C. B., D.C.L., and, by Jupiter! an LL. D., For I'm a "man of letters," which none I hope will e'er dispute, For have I not been trying to teach the "young idea how to shoot?" I remember in the old times with the "cat" we used to tickle 'em When'er they'd make a blunder in learning their curriculum; And when their belts were slovenly, they'd be sure to catch a tartar then, I'd give them twenty-one days cells, and they'd come out much smarter men; For I deem it inconsistent that a commandant should gloss over Such faults as these—I think so now—and I'm a Gin'ral Ossifer.

When first I joined the army it was in the year of fifty-two, I used to be a howling swell, and live reverse of thrifty, too, But they sent me off to Burnah to fight the Chieftain Myntatoon. Who by the way turned out to be a very brave and gritty coon; For I got sorely wounded by a great big and nasty ball, So for a change they sent me away to St. Sebastopol. I laid around there in the mud, on the soft side of deal benches, Till in a sortie I was shot while working in the trenches, But I deemed it inconsistent that just yet I'd have the moss over My grave—for here you see I am a jolly Gin'ral Ossifer.

It was then I got a medal with the clasp of Medjidie, And they ordered me to India, which made me rather fidgety; When we cleaned out the Nana, that scoundrel most infernal, I was given then a Brevet of a bold Lieutenant-Colonel, So off I went to China, in charge of beef and bacon, On the Quarter-Master-General staff, 'till Taku forts were taken; In '70, in Canada, I had to shake and shiver While travelling the portages a marching to Red River. And I deemed it inconsistent that all night I'd roll and toss over, But mosquitoes don't care a red cent for any Gin'ral Ossifer.

But as we couldn't find the foe, of course, we had no fightin', And (harrin' the mosquitoes), my duty was a light one; So I packed off to the Cold Coast and occupied Ashantee, And sent some nigger "curios" home to the dilettant. I was ordered then to Natal, and afterwards to Cyprus, (That charming acquisition, so rocky and so virgous), But after that I had a rest at home as Quarter-Master, When lo! the war clouds in the East were rising fast and faster, Then I deemed it inconsistent the grub too long be boss over, So I packed my bag for Egypt like a sturdy Gin'ral Ossifer.

I said, we'll find the enemy no matter now how far he be, And we soon at Tel-el-Kebir made short work of Arabi; For I deemed it inconsistent that troops of all descriptions That serve the Queen, should e'er retire when fronted by Egyptians; And I deemed it inconsistent not to see the fort and gain it, And I deemed it inconsistent not to charge them with the bayonet, And I deemed it inconsistent that each corps should not be trying To be the first within the rebel lines and set the foe a flying, And I deem it quite consistent that Egypt will be bossed over, At least, that's the opinion of a model Gin'ral Ossifer.

MORAL.

Take my advice, young gentlemen, who wish to wear a uniform, Read for the Bar, or join the Church, or study letters omniform,