

## THE ENGLISH GIRL.

(A COMPANION PICTURE TO PUNCH'S "AMERICAN GIRL.")

SHE has a nose of character—well formed, aristocratic,  
And carried at an angle that expresses mild disdain,  
Her temperament is just between the sanguine and lymphatic,  
And anything that's "not good form" gives her exquisite pain.

She takes a languid interest in the lower middle clauses,  
She's at all the "swagger functions," and she thinks his lordship  
"nice."

She has an air of learning imparted by eye-glausses,  
And her feminine emotions are always kept on ice.

She comes across the ocean—it's the proper sort of caper—  
And views New York and Boston in the usual tourist way,  
And expressions of astonishment unwittingly escape her  
When she finds the North Americans don't commonly cat hay.

She sometimes takes in Canada (if it is quite convenient)  
To "glance at our colonial possessions, don't you know,"  
She doesn't grow ecstatic but her judgment's kindly lenient,  
Though she's rather disappointed at the paucity of snow.

Who is this British damsel with deportment so patrician—  
Whose every movement stamps her as a blue-blood Vere de Vere?  
She's the daughter of a gentleman of substance and position,  
Who used to keep a chandler shop in Ludgate 'Ill somewhere.

## WOMAN'S QUEENDOM.

(BY OUR OWN KATE.)

## GOSSIP AND CHIT-CHAT.

## ARCHERY.

"The impatient weapon whizzes on the wing,  
But, if a woman shoots, don't hit a thing."

OH! isn't archery awful nice, girls! How sweet the sound of the arrows as they go thud, thud, with the dull sickening thud you've heard of, against things that happen to be some yards to either side of the target. But, of course, the main point is how one looks. A lovely woman in a beautiful ball-dress, with her nose perfectly erect, her left foot advanced, the arrow in her right hand and the beau just behind her, looks perfectly scrumptious. It's Cupid's own game, so if any of you girls are on the lookout for husbands, my advice is, go in for archery. You will naturally get an arch expression, and this is awfully fetching with the men.

Archery is getting to be quite a fad with the swagger people in New York, and has for a long time been a favorite pastime in England, don't you know. Toronto ought to have a club at once; it will never do for us to be out of the swim in this way.

There are a great many sweet legends about archery. For example, we read in the old vellum-bound books of how one day the Fair Clarinda "wente forthe to shoote a henne which ye same was scratchynge uppe her gardenne sedes, but ye aim of ye damsel was so muche less than true yt she shotte ye cow which was in ye field harde by." I think these old legends are so romantic and lovely, don't you?

## OUR LETTER CLUB.

It's awfully jolly to have a department for letters all to ourselves, don't you think so, girls? They come to me in stacks every week and save me a lot of writing, which I rather like. The subject up for discussion this week seems to be, "Is Woman a Funny Creature?"

DEAR KATE,—I don't know what others think, but I believe woman has as keen a sense of humor as man, nay, she enjoys a joke sometimes better than man. To illustrate: A lady friend who is married related to me the

following, just the other day. She said they were doing their house-cleaning, and her husband, who is a dear, good fellow, but knows very little about domestic matters, undertook to nail down a carpet. He had hardly got well started at the job before, in trying to hammer in a tack, he hit his left-hand thumb a terrible clip. My lady friend said she almost died laughing, it was so comical, while her husband (who passes as a man of more than ordinary brightness) merely stuffed the thumb in his mouth and rolled on the floor. I like GRIP immensely, so I hope you will print this letter.

NANCY LEE.

Dear Nancy, Your letter is real cute, and I will be glad to hear from you often. The case you mention seems to be conclusive as to the comparative wit of man and woman.

DEAREST KATE,—We are in the middle of our house-cleaning, and I have a batch of griddle cakes in the pan, but I feel that I *must* write you a letter, so I have just come right away to do it. Oh, Kate! I must tell you the *funniest* thing! I went out for a walk the other day with another girl (I suppose I must call her "girl," though dear knows she's a pretty stale maiden, but no matter—I never say nasty things behind people's backs, I think it's horrid). Well, we rambled away into the forest in Rosedale, and were just going to pick some lovely flowers, when a wild animal dashed out at us. How we did scream and run! Oh, Kate, we were nearly frightened to death. We just took hold of hands and *flew*. At last, oh happy sight—a man! We ran right into his arms, and quite took his breath away. He calmed our palpitating hearts, and when we were composed enough to describe the animal, he told us it was a chipmunk.

ANCIENT MAIDEN.

Oh, how frightened you must have been! A chipmunk; just fancy!

I have received such a lot of funny letters in answer to my request for comic essays on house-cleaning time. Here is the best of them:

DEAR KATE,—I am very fond of house cleaning—after it is over. Our boys like it, too, very much indeed. It is so like a picnic, they say. But we all resemble scarecrows, with rags tied on our heads, and our old dresses on. I think the best way to clean house is to give the contract to a hired girl, and go abroad on a visit until it is finished. Some sensible people that I know get over this annual difficulty by simply moving into a new house. I think it is a splendid plan.

LIVELY JANE.

Now we must pass on to our

## POT POURRI.

The fine art of gum chewing is not what it used to be in my younger days. As a general thing girls chew gum



T H

## A QUESTION FOR THE DARWINIANS.

If nature develops limbs and faculties in response to the demand, why isn't a Dutch hound provided with feet am'dships?