

## MR. SAMJONES RETORTS.



THE veritable Samjones—he of the Toronto Art League—asks space in our columns to hit back at the writer who dares to drag his name into the Joker Club, with its trivialities, in our issue of the 13th. He says :

DEAR GRIP,—I cannot but think “some enemy hath done this.” Some printers *imp-er-son-hating* me—who, taking my name—in the *vein* wherein he seeks the *ore* he’s *smelting*—as he puts it, in his *tin-pot* style. (As Artemus Ward used to say, this is *ironical*.) But look, for instance, at the work of the fiend, and say honestly is it in my *vein*—it is *vain* to ask, but apart from *vanity* it is not a bit like it. *Listen* to his *hark*ing back to the flood—to deluge your readers with sodden chestnuts about *Ham*, the *pork* retch-er, but that shall not save his *Bacon*—let him prove his *philosophy* by abandoning such *Hogwash* for something more *litterary*, *etherial*, *poetical*, than

*Origen* and the early fathers—such fathers as some of them were, of most unsavory memory (we should think it would *pater* get father off.) I would *passover* the next batch and say a *Jew* to them all, and *parse* sentence on them as passable sentences, but for the hangman’s nooze he coils around Goldwin Smith, about getting the “hang of matters” and “being suspended.” It is really *Euro-pe* that such lines should pass in this *in-continent* way? I should think *knot*. When my double next calls for ‘arf and ‘arf, give him that *double*, too. Let him make rocky jokes when he comes to the second *pint*, about his pot of luck among the *quartz*. I would willingly pay my share to help lay him on his *bitter bier*, however *hale* and *stout* he thinks he is, and until that happy consummation, let him beware meeting the original and genuine professor,

SAM JONES.

## MY LANDLADY’S TONGUE.

SOME evils of life would make anyone fret,  
And some knuckle under, some over them get,  
But I wonder if ever a poet has sung  
To the praise or the length of his landlady’s tongue?

My landlady’s tongue is in splendid condition,  
For latitude, longitude, shape and position,  
It’s as long as a law-suit from Chancery flung,  
A fine institution—my landlady’s tongue.

To Queen’s Park on Sunday our spouters repair,  
To prove this and that, and declaim and declare,  
But the stream of all twaddle, anarchic and young,  
Untapped flows for aye from my landlady’s tongue.

Ye judges of gashes, go look at her mouth,  
It runs due east by north and half west by south,  
And her toothless old gums are like sausages strung,  
For what teeth could exist in such region of tongue?

My landlady’s tongue is perpetual motion,  
Calm and smooth, or convulsed like the waves of the ocean,  
And sneezers of gin, quaffed her dear friends among,  
Have a magic effect on my landlady’s tongue.

GEORGE MOFFAT.

## NOT QUITE BLAINE TO HIM.

“I DON’T exactly see the Behring of this,” as Lord Salisbury observed, while he wrestled with one of Mr. Blaine’s arguments.

## CLASSICAL.

JONES came down town the other day with a bandage over his optic. His eye was binged right up, his wife having (accidentally) struck him with the broomstick. To anxious enquirers he explained that he had a *mare clausum*. For the benefit of those not up in Latin he rendered it freely as a “closed see.”

PROVERBIAL FOLLY—The Republican party proposes to go into the November campaign leaning on a Reed.

## A RARE CHANCE FOR YOUNG MEN.

IT is said that one of our wealthy Yonge Street drygoods merchants, whose establishment is not far from the corner of Queen, has promised to deliver a lecture this winter, in which he will explain the process by which he has accumulated a fortune while uniformly selling below cost. Every young man who wishes to get on (to it) ought to secure a seat for the occasion.

## OUR SOCIETY.

“RATHER a good looking young fellow, that coachman,” commented the philosopher, as he stood on the corner of King Street watching one of our fashionable outfits roll by. “His features are almost as refined as those of the lady he is driving.”

“Yes,” assented the Old Inhabitant, “I shouldn’t wonder. You see, her father used to be his father’s hired man a few years ago.”

## HE HIT IT.

“WOULD you,” said the preacher, in his address to young men, “would you attain wealth, with its possibilities of good, and gain the respect of society, and a position of influence, then I will tell you what to do.”

“Invest in land just before a boom, and sell out before the same bursteth!” roared a rude person from the back benches.

## CRITICISM.

“THAT’S a splendid negative of Lawyer Blackstock,” said the art critic, examining the cut in the *Mail*.

“You don’t call it a *negative*, do you? I thought a negative was a photo on glass,” replied Grimshaw.

“So it is. I call this a negative because it is just the opposite of what Blackstock looks like, you know.”

## THE SUMMER REST.

“HOW well our clergyman looked! I think he shows the results of his long summer vacation and his trip across the ocean, don’t you?” said Mr. Grumpleton’s wife, as they left the church last Sunday morning.

“Yes!” replied Grumpleton, sententiously. “The sermon plainly indicated a prolonged absence from books and thought!”

## AN ELASTIC WORD.

IN courting days ‘twas deepest bliss  
Upon the lake to go,  
This loving pair, then oft enjoyed  
A most delightful row.

In wedlock bonds they’re linked for life  
This loving pair, and now  
The neighbors say they oft enjoy  
A most delightful row.