

palace door by all the nobility present, and placed in the royal carriage, and, escorted by a troop of the Royal Horse Guards, was driven off to my hotel, having refused all invitations to spend a month at Buckingham Palace.

I found my table littered with visiting cards and letters of invitation from all sorts of swells, but these I shall be compelled to decline, as I must continue my travels after beholding the Tens and a few more of the sights of the world's metropolis. A certain crabbed old marquis intimated at Buckingham Palace that I might be gratified by beholding the interior of Newgate if I continued to conduct myself as I did at the palace, but the old ass was evidently jealous of my popularity, and I merely treated him with my well-known easy nonchalance and highbred hauteur, and having stamped heavily on his gouty toe, I squelched him with a frown.

I was soon in bed, and ere long was lost in the labyrinthine mazes of the land of dreams, in which Lady Maude—but no, never, never. —S.

(To be continued.)

DECIDED AT LAST.

A decision has at last been reached in regard to which is the cheapest place in the city to buy harness at. The name of the firm is the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opposite Hay Market. You can buy a set of harness \$15 cheaper of them than any other firm in the city. They have the advantage over small dealers as they manufacture in large quantities; 200 sets to choose from, all hand-stitched.



PHIZIOLOGICAL DISCOURSES.

I. NOSES.

Some of GRIP's readers, when they see the above caption, may probably remark: "Noses; blow 'em." While such a terse observation undoubtedly shows the "blower" to be a great and original wit, it also betokens a want of respect for that important part of man's anatomy, the nose. Such disrespect should never receive the countenance of any one desirous of seeing the right face put upon affairs. May the time soon come when the nose shall be elevated to its proper place in society.

The nose is known as the nasal organ, because of the snorous quality of music, and the superb nose-trills which it discourses during the stilly hours of night. As a leader in the world's fight the nose has no superior; a man need only follow his nose to accomplish any feat. This is its leading feature.

One thing the nose always resents from any one but its owner, a pull. The mouth may do its share (from a schooner of lager, or a pocket pistol), but the nose will have none of it; it says as plainly as it can speak: "eyes on, hands off."

Let the phrenological professors argue as they please about the seat of deep, bitter resentment, we boldly assert that its seat is in the nose. If any one disputes this statement, let him tweak another man's nose and await the result.

The nose is distinguished by the variety of its species.

There is the Roman nose. This variety of nose was invented by Julius Cæsar, a fighting man, and has ever since descended to most of the professors of the noble art, Wellington being a prominent example. Its most noticeable feature is its bridge, a veritable Bridge of Sighs on some people. Being so well adapted to receive a blow the Roman may be known as the Arch of Noses. Another variety is the Aquiline. This is its "go-to-meeting" name. It is commonly known as the Hook nose, and is largely affected by the Jewish fraternity. Its owner either deals in old clo' or diamonds; is rich, and ever willing to lend the "monish" when the borrower is willing to pay an outrageous interest. Such is the principal of the Hook nose gentry, and proves of greater interest to them than the borrower. This, reader, is a Jew d'esprit dragged in by hook or crook.

Then there is the Pug nose. This variety is most unobtrusive and unassuming. Wearers of the Roman sometimes speak disrespectfully of the Pug, forgetting that it has many advantages over other noses. It never pokes itself into other people's business; it is just the nose for a young man who is fond of kissing young ladies; it never runs the risk of dipping into a bowl of milk, and in a hundred ways the Pug displays its advantage over other varieties.

In vivid contrast to the Pug is the Snipe or Long Pointed nose. This is the Paul Fry of noses, and is eminently adapted for enquiring into other folks' business. Yet it must be admitted that its forwardness is sometimes of service to the owner, when it acts as a kind of buffer and strikes a post, thus warning the rest of the body of its danger. On the other hand, it may prove dangerous in informing his enemies who lie in wait around the corner of his arrival long before his eyes can see the ambush.

A most, in fact, the most remarkable variety is the Bottle or Brandy nose. I have a desire, in touching upon this nose to do so as lightly as possible, owing to its extreme tenderness and high pressure condition; fearful, that should undue weight be brought to bear upon it, there may be one blow up, and that its last. The Bottle nose is the outward register of the color and quality of the liquids that flow through the portals of the mouth below. It is also likened unto a light-house or fiery beacon which shines to show how little water flows beneath, and to expose the rock upon which so many people have been wrecked. In horti-cultured language the Bottle nose is a bulb that blossoms without bearing fruit; its further peculiarity being that it shows a higher stage of development during winter than in summer; the colder the weather the brighter the blossom. But we have done; a noted journalist once obtained heavy damages from a man who had cast damaging reflections upon the high tints displayed upon the journalist's nose. The man said the use of the glass had caused them; the journalist said the use of the glass on the part of the man had caused the reflections. Although the journalist won, as he should have done, the whole was only a glass case, and could be plainly seen through as one bearing on the nose and what one knows about it.

TITUS A. DRUM.

Now that we are in the "heated term" a Crash Coat and Vest, or else of Alpaca Wool, will have the effect of alleviating the distress, and R. WALKER & SONS do them the best.

WHERE THE SPORT COMES IN.

I'm a genuine sportsman, I am,
With the requisite patience and skill;
I can fish for a salmon or clam,
From a bear to a badger can kill.
I love most, though, to sit on a log,
And angle all day in the sun;
Though I catch but a calfish or frog,
I vow that I've revelled in fun.

When it rains I can sit there all day,
Though I catch not a thing but a cold;
On that log I'd be likely to stay,
Though my pants were to rot or to mold.
I must say that I get but few bites,
Omitting mosquitoes and flies,
Ants, and other such ravenous mites—
But a sportsman will fish till he dies.

There's the gadfly and black fly to kill,
The mosquito and deer fly to fight;
There's the cef fly that, go where you will,
Still obstructs both your organs of sight;
There's the wasp always nosing around,
And he makes one endeavor to shrink,
But the insects that crawl on the ground,
Are as bad as the winged ones, I think.

I have patiently sat on the bank,
A new hold for exploring black ants,
Brown spiders and sour bugs so rank,
Who made a highway of my pants.
I have fished on, unconscious and calm,
Midst the earwigs and bugs of each kind.
I'm a genuine sportsman, I am,
That, I wish to impress on your mind.

My tide of contentment is full
When the flies are so thick I can't see,
When my line from the water I pull
And fasten it high in a tree;
Then I jerk it, and tug all I'm worth—
And I fear that I swear at my luck—
When it snaps, and I find me a berth
On my back in the water and muck.

I pick myself up with a sigh,
From the nettles that sting to the quick,
And home in the gloaming I hie,
With such sporting most heartily sick.
I recount, with embellishment bold,
The grand sport I enjoyed through the day;
If the real facts in detail were told,
All the romances would vanish away. —W. H. T.



HE-RYE-IC RESOLVE.

Sandy.—The shops (hic) are a' closed; let's gang up tae yer frien' Tamson's, an' (hic) get a drap o' his whiskey.

Jock.—Did ye (hic) ever hae ony o' yon?

Sandy.—Na.
Jock, (pullin' a "face").—Its (hic) forty-rod! Come awa', (hic) then. We can only dee yince!

ON THE RISE.

"Leaves have their time to fall," says the poet, but wild strawberry leaves are on the rise just now, being utilized in such enormous quantities in making Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the infallible remedy for cholera morbus, diarrhoea and other summer complaints.