

into a Circle, the members being known as the Select, who nightly held meetings in which revelry and instruction were agreeably blended, when I heard remarks in the distance which I at once recognized: "Joe! Joe! why, d— that boy, he's asleep again!" and there entered the room Wardell, followed by the Fat Boy, Tupman, Snodgrass and Winkle. Such a shaking of hands! "Now, Joe," said Mr. Wardell, "Joe! why, d— that boy, he's asleep again! Sam, wake him up." Sam went up to the Fat Boy, yelled "pie" into his ear; the Fat Boy readily awoke and was despatched to call up the remainder of the Circle.

"I have entirely discarded my treatise on Tittlebats," remarked Mr. Pickwick to me, "because I find a greater field of labor in the drinking water of Toronto."

I withheld any remark upon this doubtful compliment, but thought a deal.

In came the Circle. Such a gathering! Every noted one of Novel Land. It would take columns to give the names alone; yet I felt quite at home amongst them.

Count Fosco offered me *bon-bons*, and chatted quite freely upon his treatment of the Woman in White. Seeing Squeers a little distance away, I excused myself and interviewed him to ascertain his views upon Canadian education, but I could get little from him. His one eye glared savagely at Nicholas Nickleby who stood near by conversing with Poor Miss Finch. It was indeed a strange sight. Handy Andy walked with Aurora Floyd, talking about horses; Mrs. Gamp favored Rob Roy with her opinion of the ladies of Toronto in general; Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday, close companions, argued the slavery question with the Cheeryble Brothers. So taken up was I with the scene that I did not at first observe that Mr. Jingle was addressing me.

"Glad to meet you—first time—like Toronto—fine city—pretty girls—able aldermen—very." I thanked Mr. Jingle for his flattering remarks, and asked had he ever visited Hamilton. "Yes—often—not too well pleased—girls tolerable—aldermen ambitious—slow—no free library—no park—streets dirty—very." Before I could ask further he had transferred his attentions to Mrs. Mantellini who was passing.

Next followed a "musical and literary *melange*." Valentine Vox entertained the company with an exhibition of ventriloquism; Mr. Jingle recited a Shakespearean scene; Dick Swiveller tooted several tunes upon his fute; Mr. Samuel Pickwick discoursed learnedly upon the antiquities of Toronto and exhibited several aquatic wonders which he had discovered in its drinking water; Uncle Tom sang a plantation melody; all these and many others were received with many demonstrations of approval. The entertainment concluded, we were next invited to partake of a cold collation which sprang from somewhere, I know not how. Sam Weller and the Fat Boy did wonders in the way of waiting; I did wonders in the way of eating; speeches and toasts followed, and—I remember no more.

OLLA PODRIDA.

A "PUNCH" CONUNDRUM.

When a man has neglected to take proper care of his teeth and they decay and he visits a dentist, to what expression does he often give vent, under that practitioner's manipulations, signifying a tooth-powder that would have saved him from his present misfortune?

ANS. Odonto! (Oh! don't, oh!! There is a tooth-powder called Odonto!!! Oh! don't, oh! is what the patient would say!!!!) *Punch* trade-mark attached.

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The weakness of Tennyson's latest official poetical productions may be attributed to his

lack of leisure, as he is engaged in writing another historical drama, a sequel to "Becket," and can only devote the odd hours to his duties as Poet-Laureate. It is the old story of a public officer neglecting the public business for his private affairs.

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WHERE IS HE?

Though tidings from the North-West daily come,
At times quite cheering, then again more grave,
How is it that the papers are all dumb
About O'Soup, Ned Farrer's Indian brave?

We hear of Poundmaker and oke Big Bear,
But amongst the names of all the red-skinned troop
I search in vain: I never can see there
That of Ned Farrer's Indian friend, O'Soup.

[NOTE.—This "broth of a boy" is probably boiled to rags before the hot fire of our fellows.—Ed.]

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HE STUTTERED.

Everybody knows the "stammering barber" of Queen Street West, and a large number of Toronto's citizens are pretty well acquainted with the chairman of the School Board, and know that his opinion of himself and his abilities is no mean one. Well, E. P. dropped into "the stammerer's" establishment to get his hair cut in order that his plug hat might sit easier above his ponderous brain. He sat in the chair of torture silent and dignified. At length the tonsorial artist ventured a remark; he said, "Y-Y-You have a re-re-remarkably th-th-thick head—" and then he paused, his jaws working convulsively and his eyeballs starting from their orbits; he evidently wished to say more but couldn't. E. P. turned round and glared at him, fire flashing from his eyes: the barber gasped, hit himself violently in the stomach and added "—of hair, s-s-s-sir."

Anyone who knows E. P. will see that the addition to the first part of the sentence classed that barber as a mendacious flatterer. Why didn't he leave well enough alone and let his little speech stand without the second part? Why, indeed?



WHAT IS IT?

A bewildered Hamilton man sends us the above *fac-simile* of a cut which graces the heading of a paper called *Justice*, published in the Ambitious City. It is only fair to say that Art is not exactly in the line of the publication in question; its chosen sphere is domestic economy, and, as a labor organ, it may paradoxically be said to be a capital organ. It is edited with marked intelligence and ability, notwithstanding this cut in its heading. We are earnestly requested to explain the picture and so save hundreds of Hamilton people from the asylum. We have taken the matter into our Mowat, and without committing ourselves

to any precise opinion, we submit the following theoretical guesses:

1. It represents Clow, the restaurant man, preparing to cut up a turtle, with a couple of the cooks' assistants waiting to carry off the parts to the soup kitchen.

2. It is a picture of Joe Rymal displaying the Franchise Bill, and offering to bet that neither of the parties can guess what it is like.

3. It is King Solomon trying to decide which of the women he will cut in two for claiming to be the mother of such a child.

The reason old maids are odd is that they are unmatched.—*Boston Globe*.

An angler's paper speaks of the "shrinkage of trout streams." A trout stream may shrink, but the trout never does. It generally expands and increases in weight after being removed from the stream by an angler.—*Norristown Herald*.

An ostrich-egg weighs nearly thirty times as much as an average hen's egg; but to hear the hen's remarks after laying an egg, one would suppose she had beat the ostrich out of sight. It is a good deal the same way with human beings. Some will make more fuss and brag over their little thin-shelled achievements than others do over an invention or work that becomes historical.—*Peck's Sun*.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

DEAR GRIP,—I look to you, as the wielder of a powerful influence over the masses upon this continent, for relief against a monster evil that has tormented and tantalized society too long. I refer to the sentence, "*To be continued in our next*." No matter where we read, in newspaper, magazine or any periodical, the words rise like a hideous phantasm before our eyes. Sometimes they appear in a contracted form, "*To be continued*," but their effect is equally disastrous. Could all the evil occasioned by the sight of these words be gathered together, what a terrible indictment could be made out against them. Who during his youth has not experienced the following? Say he was reading that highly exciting romance, "Doughty Dick; or the Villainous Vulture of Valparaiso," and had reached this exciting part: "The Vampire was in sight. A few moments and the monster would be in the hands of Doughty Dick. At a bend of the road a mysterious form barred their way. What could it be?" Now what followed? "*To be continued in our next*." These words stood then, and stand to-day, accountable for more wickedness than the whole of the story preceding them. Again, as we grew older, and read "The Boy Admiral; or the Buccaneers of the Caribbean Sea, there came the following passage: "The directions of the cipher had thus far been faithfully followed by the Boy Admiral's noble band, and the millions of doubloons would be in their itching palms before night-fall. As they dug, hour after hour, their commander paced the plateau with impatient steps. Suddenly a deep gloom fell on his fair brow. It was seen at once by his brave men, upon whom it had a most depressing effect. Hastily calling his hand together, the Boy Admiral said:

"*To be continued in our next.*"

When we arrived at manhood's estate we found the same principle observed, be the story one of love, adventure or intrigue. To-day sees no improvement. Just at the most exciting point the hideous phantasm rises and cuts off further supply for the time. Now, dear GRIP, make your influence felt for good, and help to abolish this flagrant evil.

Yours learnedly,
ROGER RATTLECAT.