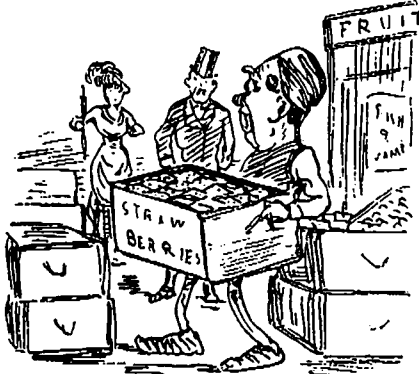


## DRAMAS OF REAL LIFE IN TORONTO.

THE SIDEWALK STOPPERS.



**FRUIT MERCHANT**—Now is the winter of our discontent Made glorious summer with its crop of strawberries! Roll out those barrels on the public sidewalk; Pile up these boxes to impede pedestrians. It is our privilege to block up the road, And drive pedestrians to the middle street.

**YOUNG LADY**—The water-carts through Yonge-street lately passing, Made puddles with unwonted irrigation. My delicate brodequins that cost five dollars, High-heeled, bronze-laced, gold-buttoned, flower embroidered, Are drenched with mud, because these Yonge-street merchants

With fish, and fruit and boxes block the pavement. **FRUIT MERCHANT**—You must submit. I choose to pile my boxes

Upon this Yonge-street pavement far and wide; And if the ladies' boots get wet and spoiled, Why, then, what matter? It is good for trade!

**BUSINESS MAN, No. 1**—Now this is shameful, more than twenty minutes

I've tried in vain to get along the street, For I am in a great haste to meet a bill.

**FRUIT MERCHANT**—Pity, ha ha! that the bill can't meet you.

At least half way, you'll hardly meet it else. **BUSINESS MAN, No. 2**—The bank is closed at three. **FRUIT MERCHANT**—But here, though inconvenience it entails.

The earlier closing principle prevails, For Yonge-street sidewalk, you had best believe, Is closed from early morn till dewy eve. (Finale. Exit all omnes except Fruit Merchant.)

## NOTES FROM HIGH SOCIETY.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—



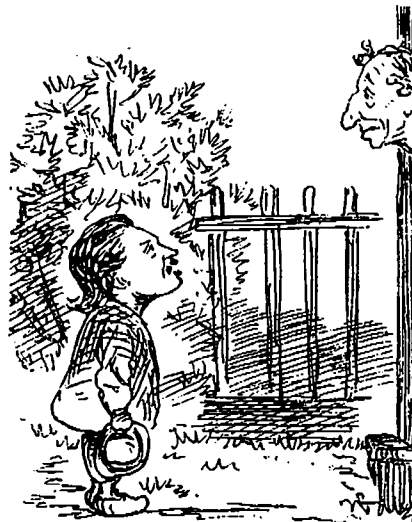
AVE you ever noticed in your happenings in at fashionable gatherings how very common is truthfulness, how very rare is deceit? If you have not, I have, and have often said to myself, "how beautiful is truth!" I chanced to be beside a pretty young lady at a ball and saw a gentleman of middle age make his bow and request "the pleasure." She was so sorry, why had he not come earlier? her programme was full, she was so very sorry! I admired the girl's feeling. As he moved off, consoled, a younger man came up: "Might he have the pleasure of a dance?" "Certainly," and down goes his name for two. How beautiful, indeed, is truth!

Again,—I accompanied some friends to the skating rink last winter. One of the ladies was asked to skate by a gentleman who couldn't talk small-talk. (You may smile, but such people actually exist, occasionally.) She promised, but when the tune was struck up, had left us. After some time we found her in the deepest recesses of the dressing room, hiding from "that man." On no account would she skate with him. The tune over, she emerged, sought out the gentleman, and told him with a sweet, frank smile, that she had really quite forgotten that she was engaged for that time till it was over, and hoped he would forgive her. Impressed by her

penitence, he suggested that they might have a skate to-morrow evening, to which she joyfully assented. *Vive la verite!*

Again,—A gentleman, and one who rather boasts of his honor, met at a dance a young girl with whom he was slightly acquainted. She had been brought up in the country by old-fashioned people, so was even younger than her age. He danced three times with her, declared her the best waltzer in the room, flew to her between the dances, looked unutterable things, and easily made her believe that his happiness that evening depended on her, consequently, hers very soon depended on him. He asked leave to come and see her, but he never came, and when she met him some days after, smiled vacantly, bowed and passed on. She was a little surprised, and wondered if she had offended him, but I was able to explain to her the utter truthfulness of her friend, and others like him. For sure he is an honorable man, so are they all, all honorable men—and women, too.

Yours,  
JEMIMA.



## LOOKING FOR A PLACE.

**CHAPLEAU**—Avez vous a place for a smart garcon, who is not particular what he shall do. Salaree not an object so much as a good chance to try ze Quebec experiment in ze larger sphere!

## SEKUNDSITE'S VISION.

**DEAR MR. GRIP**—Will you kindly allow me through your pages to give to the public a full, true and particular account of what I saw with my own eyes, "not Lancelot's nor another's," one night last week. It was a beautiful night, clear and soft, odorons with the smell of roses and clover and catnip. The stars were out for an airing, the planets ditto, and the lady moon looked smilingly down on the city of Toronto and me in particular. Every dog within a radius of ten miles was out baying loudly, the cats cur-wow-ed among the tender cabbage plants, or struck terror to the hearts of the Colorado bugs, as they went plunging and tearing through the potato patch; the frogs sang as they only can sing, and silence reigned supreme. To remain within doors reclining on the bosom of Morpheus, on such a night, would have been treason to a poetical temperament like mine. So I locked my door and took a saunter down through the University grounds, with the intention of getting inspiration to compose an ode to Taddle, which I thought of sending to the *Century* at a dollar a line. I had just composed these two lines,

"Flow gently, sweet Taddle, among thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise," when suddenly I smelt a skunk. Whew! great Caesar! accompanied by a strong sensation of sea-sickness, which drove the poetry out of my soul. While lost in amazement at the olfactory capabilities of that animal, I grew so dizzy that I behoved to sit down rapidly on the bank until I came to again. But, sir, it's a wonder I ever came to at all after what I beheld in five minutes afterwards, and the fact that I am now alive to tell the tale I attribute to my very temperate living, that is, in general, you know. First I became aware of a soft, damp fanning of my face, for all the world as if a blue, mouldy zephyr were waltzing in my immediate vicinity, and then, as the smell increased, I discovered that it arose from the very stream whose praises I had begun to sing. There was a strange sighing in the air, what the Scotch people call a "soughin'," and quite unintentionally I began to think of that night Obudiah Brown lay a'dying, only he got better, you know. I looked all round but could see nothing, only a strange, white, ghost-like vapor that kept rising slowly from the Taddle in the clear moonlight. Now, however, a dark cloud came looming over the roof of the university, floating darkly upward till it covered the face of the moon like a pall with a silver edging. Then what had at first seemed vapor now in the dim light assumed phosphoric shapes innumerable, pouring out and filing over the grounds with frightful celerity. Small monsters, like one sees in a drop of water magnified, rolled and gambolled in the air; long, gaunt, hollow, wan-visaged skeletons staggered past, clapping their bony hands in hideous glee, while horrible shapes, having red bodies with livid blotches, sported their death's regalia, and shouted hoarsely from their swollen throats. Finally there loomed up a dark figure, horrid, malodorous, blind, and bleeding from sores all over his intangible body, the Demon of Disease. With a horrid leer, he produced a flute, the shin bone of a human leg, and, to my horror, struck up "Mony Musk," at which all the black spirits, and white spirits, red ones and grey, started to dance, philandering and gallivanting with one another, till the dance waxing fast and furious, they flew whirling round and round overhead, like dead leaves and dust in a whirlwind. Suddenly he stopped, and in a loud voice cried, "Attention, spirits and scourges of the human race. Once more Mammon has favored us; once more cupidity, or stupidity—it's hard to say which—has won the day, and left us to prosecute our labors for the extinction of mankind in peace. The people of this city are very fond of themselves, but they are fonder of money. To banish us from these glimpses of the moon would cost money, therefore we remain." "We re-c-c-main," sighed the spirits, by way of "hear, hear," I suppose. "They love health," resumed the Demon, "but money is dearer far. Should they ever adopt as their motto, 'health at any price is cheap,' we are undone. I cannot let this opportunity escape without complimenting the captains and privates of the following brigades for the zealous and successful way in which they have invaded, and the signal execution they have done in, the homes of the people of this city,—Malignant, Scarlet, Diphtheria, Small-pox and others. The medal of honor I award to Captain Typhoid, who this last year has done such signal service. May his shadow never grow less. At the same time I would urge upon you the urgent necessity for special exertion, especially among the students who frequent these banks, who, by their knowledge of science, stir up the people to war on us with sanitary weapons, with a view to our extermination.

"I must warn you that at the present rate of