

Herr Bendix' Pinnoforte Recital took place in St. James' School Room on Thursday evening, 1st instant. The tickets being complimentary were issued through the kindness of the Messrs. Newcombe to the leading pianists and connoisseurs of music in the city, and as a consequence there was as critical and appreciative audience as could be assembled. The programme consisted of 11 compositions of the best writers for the piano, beginning with Bach and progressing to Beethoven, Chopin, Moszkowski, Rubenstein, and Liszt, thus affording a display in every possible style. We regret that our space does not admit of our giving as full a criticism as we would wish to, and of the masterly rendering of each number, in lieu of which we must sum up our remarks by simply stating that in point of technique, style, expression and true interpretation of the above masters Herr Bendix proved himself to be one of the first pianists of the day, and that this was the general opinion of all present was evident from the thoroughly genuine and increasing applause he received as he proceeded through his programme. All present will be glad to hear him again. But all this fine playing would have been comparatively lost if Herr Bendix had not had the exquisite concert grand piano to perform on that he had—a Knabo of the justly celebrated firm of Baltimore, whose agents the Messrs. Newcombe are. Everyone was surprised at its exquisite tone and power, being its first hearing in public, to which it has certainly done every justice. We are sure that all present that evening will join us in according a hearty vote of thanks to the Messrs. Newcombe for the great treat they so liberally afforded us. G.W.S.

Grip's Directions to all Strangers.
WHERE NOT TO GO.

Many directions and suggestions have been laid before strangers visiting the Fair by advertising and interested parties as to where they should go and what they should see during their sojourn in the city. Some are in the interest of showmen, who will advise you to go and see "My Geraldine" at the theatre, or up to the Horticultural Gardens to hear the Buffalo band play and the Buffalo people roar and sing. Harry Piper, they say, has with malice aforethought despatched 45 agents to lead unwary visitors to the Zoo where the lion roareth. Others, probably subsidized by hack and coupe owners, will advise you to visit the University, the Normal School, the Cathedral, the Parks, the Horticultural Gardens. Commodore Turner will advise you to go to Hanlan's Point, others in the long shore nautical business will suggest Victoria or Lorne Parks. The places are all very well in their way, and Grip especially likes people to enjoy themselves in all harmless ways which they can do at any of these places, but it remains for Grip, Grip the great, Grip the disinterested, to tell you

WHERE NOT TO GO TO.

Firstly.—Don't go to a cheap boarding house by way of economy. Garret rooms are close and hot, and the fumes of cooking "vittles" in the kitchen arise to heaven or part of the way as far as your chamber. Beware, typhoid lurks around.
Secondly.—If you are a young man from, let us say, some remote point on the Toronto and Ottawa Railroad and unused to city life, but anxious to know the points, and if you fall in with some of the city boys who suggest the

propriety of going round town. Don't you do it. Don't go, or your head will ache in the morning.

Thirdly.—If a new acquaintance asks you to join him to call "upon a lady in the ward." Don't go; never mind why, but don't go!

Fourthly.—Should you be a lady young and fond of amusement and the nice young gentleman with whom you had a flirtation at the hotel table asks you "as the evening is fine" to go out in a skiff on the Bay. Don't you go, the boat may capsize or some other accident happen. By all means don't go.

Fourthly and lastly (for Indies).—Don't go to the confectionary stores too often. Don't stop in front of any shop window too long, go in and buy something. Don't get on or off the street cars while under way.

(For gentlemen especially.)—Don't go too often to the "bar." When you do don't stand there too long. Don't make too many acquaintances of either sex, and

DON'T GO HOME MAD:

Oh, That Horrid Toothache!

Whatever is uppermost in the mind
The tongue it is said will relate,
And so, for the present, to speak I'm inclined,
On a subject I heartily hate—
A subject that takes such a terrible hold
On my mind as well as my gum;
So firm is its grip, that I'm wholly controlled
By its power, and I cannot be dumb.

All the faces around me are grinning with joy,
While mine is distorted with pain,
And their pleasant expressions increase my annoy,
And make me appear more insane
Although now the weather is pleasant and cool,
I perspire from the crown to the chin,
And shriek, stamp, and rave like the veriest fool,
And kick up a furious din.

A tooth's at the root of this terrible woe,
That's racking my mind and my brain—
A stump I should say—(on the uppermost row).
O dear, what a horrible pain!
It once was the best and the whitest I had,
Not a spot nor a hole could be found;
But now 'tis decayed and entirely bad—
The enamel and all is unsound.

Oh, how it could munch from the morn till the night,
At whatever might come in its way!
But then it was free from this horrible blight
That caused its untimely decay.
Ah me! how my gum is enduring this rack
Of pain, 'tis indeed hard to know;
Each moment I feel it is ready to crack—
There's another electrical throe!

It shot with the speed of the lightning flash
From the root of the stump to my brain!
If a few more like that comes they'll settle my hash,
And free me forever from pain.
You can transplant the cabbage, the onion, or leek,
The "green kail" and savory forsooth,
And I would be freed from this hell in my cheek,
If I could transplant this vile tooth!

I'll go to the dentist! that's what I will do—
(Oh! there's that flash racking again.)
And get him to wrench from my gum one or two—
Ere I suffer I'll let him "draw" ten.
So now for the present I'll bid you good-bye—
No longer enduring I'll stay—
(There's a pang that has brought the bright tears to
my eye)

To the dentist I'm off, I'm away!
A. McN.

SLASHBUSH ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



Gustavus Slashbush sat by the kitchen table reading the *Mail*. Almira was taking off her new hat and gloves. She had been, she said, down to the town line "to see Ann Jane Griggs." As she spoke she sighed a gentle sigh and wiped her brow with her handkerchief, redolent of essence of cinnamon.

"Ah! Almira, Almira!" 'Tis not of Miss Griggs thou art thinking!"

The night was sultry, and the atmosphere of the kitchen close, but preferable to breathing

the smoke from the bush fires that settled like a London fog upon the farm, and caused much apprehension lest the "devouring element" itself would pay them a visit.

"Almira," said Gustavus, as he finished the English column of the paper, "it would never do—"

"What d'ye sov?" was the somewhat unladylike question that his assertion called from his sister, whose language, from some reason not wholly dissociated with fishing tackle, was the probable cause—but her brother, absorbed in his thoughts, did not observe it this time.

"No," continued Gustavus, "it would never do to abolish the House of Lords in England. It may do well enough in France where they have periodical changes from military despotism to communism; but in dear old England it's altogether different—they would be lost without hereditary rulers, and they love a lord. No, Almira, it would never do. The peers and the crown must stand or fall together. The ancient glories of Agincourt and Cressy and the good old times must not be forgotten. Of course there's not many of the descendants of the old feudal lords who used to do such tremendous feats of arms in impenetrable armour, leading their leather-jerkined retainers to breach "once more," and the pensions, sinecures, and perquisites of the descendants of the Stuarts' and Georges' countesses whose escutcheons were not entirely free from tarnish, as well as those of our Hanoverian cousins, are thought by some to be rather heavy on the taxpayers; but others, especially those who look for political and social advancement, are of an entirely different way of thinking."

"Oh! cheese that," said Almira. "I don't know what you're talking about. Are you going to take me to Toronto to see the fair? Everybody's goin'." Everybody—ah! that fisherman again!

"I will see about it," said Gustavus. "But to resume my subject of the House of Lords. You know, Almira, there are lords who do not sit in the House, they are not peers of the realm, merely 'courtesy lords'; sons of dukes and other great swells. I wonder," added the young philosopher, "how it would do to make them all 'courtesy lords'; they would have their estates and their titles, and the objectionable hereditary ruling be removed. They would be just as able to get a fine education and keep up a cultured class then as now, and the country would not fall into vulgar barbarism as some people fear. I do not think there would be much danger, for even in that refuge for European scallaways of all sorts, the States, the people are getting more refined. In Boston, for instance, the inhabitants possessed of means go in in an extraordinary degree for 'culehab'; and in New York, and in fact all over the States, the fashionable affect the English style of dress, though of course somewhat exaggerated and loud in detail, too much show of diamonds and jewellery in the mornings and that sort of thing; but it shows that even there a higher class is forming on the aristocratic principle; and the well known and historic suit-of-black with satin vest has been almost superseded by the bob-tail tweed suits of the English swell. Yes, Almira, I wouldn't mind being a 'courtesy lord' myself, I would like—"

"I would like you to go to bed!" roared old Slashbush down the stovepipe hole. "Stop that infernal chatter or I'll enlist ye into the brigade to help to put out the bush fires. And as for you, Almira, you're not going to Toronto," and the old man went off grumbling to bed.

