



PORTRAITS FROM LIVING MODELS.

II.—THE BORE.

The man who has attained the years of discretion and has never met a bore is one who may be styled thrice blest amongst mortals, and I do not, in my heart, believe that such a one exists.

Bores may be divided into several classes, as their methods of persecution are almost innumerable, though all lead to the attainment of one object; i. e., boring.

To begin with, there is the literary bore who is for ever writing a "doosed good article" and who is quite hurt if you give him to understand that you have not read it; he is sorry for you as he feels that you have lost a treat, and if you will only wait a few minutes he will fetch the paper in which his effusion has appeared and will read it to you. It will be a wise step on your part to promise to wait till he returns, and no sin whatever to break your promise, and vanish round the nearest corner as soon as his back is turned. Uttering falsehoods to bores of any description in order to get rid of them is no more wicked than prevaricating to a creditor; both are highly praiseworthy. When the literary bore is so fortunate as to have a sketch or a poem accepted by some paper or periodical of good standing, his spirits rise in proportion as those of his acquaintances become depressed. He will make the entire round of the latter, poem or sketch in hand, and should any of them venture to hint that they don't see much merit in the production they may rest assured that the bore will not leave them till, in very weariness and exaction of spirit, they have confessed that its beauties were of so subtle a nature that they were hidden till the bore had pointed them out. It is very unwise, however, not to admire anything the bore may have written, as there is no shaking the creature off until he imagines he has brought you to his way of thinking. Unfortunately the law still looks upon boreicide as a crime, though the steady march of enlightenment and civilization will probably lead to the issuing of licenses for certain portions of the year during which bore shooting will be as lawful a pastime as that of killing game.

Then there is the important bore; important, that is to say, in that restricted locality, his own mind. By some means or other, though heaven alone, if indeed the bore is known there at all, knows what, this personage has persuaded certain people that he really is somebody, and he is constantly in receipt of letters from persons in authority, soliciting his advice, and these letters, you may be very sure, will be produced for your delectation; if you chance to be so unfortunate as to be on terms of intimacy with their recipient. No matter where he may meet you, at a christening, a wedding, a funeral, the opera, or a

dinner party, it is all the same to him; you are in for it; the letters are produced; your attention is drawn to the fact of the high social position of their writers and unless you throw out some remark to the effect that you are convinced that the world would cease to revolve were the bore put out of existence, you may prepare yourself for a lengthy dissertation on his own importance by that individual. He has an overweening opinion of his own sagacity, and should you happen to mention to him that you have been overtaken by some misfortune, no matter what its nature may be, he will console you with the reflection that, if he had only been consulted in time, all your trouble would have been avoided. Though this bore is not exactly the same animal as the "I-told-you-so" and "I-knew-it-all-along" creature, the distinguishing mark is generally so exceedingly faint that the two are often confounded.

The travelled bore is perhaps the greatest nuisance of the whole tribe. He is generally a good-tempered, jovial kind of being with a loud voice, and is in his glory if he can prevail on you to dine with him at some public restaurant, his delight being to make comparisons between the way meals are served in this country and at the tables-d'hote in *la belle France*: he always calls it *la belle France*, never simply France—all of which he does in a tone distinctly audible in every part of the room and which draws the eyes of all the other diners in your direction. The travelled bore is sure to introduce some anecdote, generally utterly pointless and devoid of interest, into his conversation, merely for the sake of showing off his intimate knowledge of foreign languages, and to let people know that he has been abroad. He invariably drags scraps of French, Italian or Spanish into his discourse, translating them for your benefit, as it is his peculiar fancy that no one understands them but himself, as indeed but few do, for his pronunciation of these languages is generally such as to entirely preclude the possibility of an ordinary mortal even faintly guessing at what he means. "Ha," he will explain, "how this reminds me of a little incident that occurred on my third visit to Pahree; ah! Pahree *la charmante* (Paris the charming) it is thee that I adore (*C'est vous que j'adore*). I was dining with—no, let me see, I was breakfasting, yes, breakfasting (*dejeuner a la fourchette*) with my friend Count Dedbetowski—a Polish exile in Pahree. Some little remark of mine appeared to be doubted by the Count, who was somewhat tipsy, (*entre deux vins*) 'half seas over,' as you English say, 'Sir,' I exclaimed, 'do you disbelieve my statement? Do you doubt me—an English gentleman; (*moi, un gentilhomme Anglais*).'" It does seem incredible, sir, (*Il paraît incroyable*), he replied, when the words were no sooner out of his mouth than I threw an egg fair in his face. He started to his feet with anger depicted in every feature; nothing dismayed I returned his haughty frown. 'I am insulted,' he said, 'be it so: it is enough.' Quick as lightning I was down on him with the repartee, 'Count, it is an *œuf* (*il est un œuf*),' pointing to the broken egg. The Count was so struck with my matchless wit that he embraced me and begged me to pardon him." And so on and so on, till you find yourself wishing that the bore would choke himself with a hot potato, and inwardly resolving that never will you again accept his invitation to dine in public.

Space will not permit a description of any more species of this immense class, though they are as numerous as Vallambrosa's leaves. Who does not know the amateur theatrical bore, who invariably speaks of actresses by their Christian names or as *the* Montague, *the* Merriville, and so on? Who has not met the athletic bore who is eternally doubling up his arm and requesting you to feel his biceps?

Lives there a man who has not seen and been bored to death by the domestic bore, who gives you every little detail of his household affairs, from a description of his last Sunday's dinner to the conversation that took place between himself and Mrs. Bore on the subject of the baby's new tooth? These and many, many more belong to the great Bore family whose members are scattered throughout the world and are found in every quarter of the globe: whose usefulness none may know, though, doubtless an unerring providence created them for some good end, though what it may be is beyond the knowledge of ordinary mortals. S.

PARTING GIFTS FROM THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

MR. GRIP does not vouch for the authenticity of the following list, but who will say that it is not an appropriate one?

- To Mr. GRIP.—A wreath of maple leaves.
- To Sir John Macdonald.—A complete set of the Statutes of Canada.
- To Mr. Blake.—A new hat.
- To Sir Hector Langevin.—A silver trowel.
- To Sir Leonard Tilley.—Two pounds of Li-
quor Tea.
- To Col. Williams, M.P.—A copy of "Can
you forgive her?"
- To Sir Chas. Tupper.—Picture of little Mrs.

To the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod,
—A gold toothpick.

To Mr. Mowat.—A copy of Sinclair on the
Division Court.

To Mr. John Ginty.—A Senator's toga.

To Mr. James Beaty, Jr. M.P.—A Wind-
sor uniform.

To Mr. John Cameron.—A nickel watch.

To Mr. M. J. Griffin.—A copy of Lord
Lorne's speech on the amenities of the press.

To Judge Henry.—Cavendish on whist.

To General Luard.—A hand mirror.

To Fishery Smith.—An invitation to dinner
—when they go to India!

To Sir R. J. Cartwright.—A prize in the
Macdonald Jubilee of 1884.

To R. M. Wells, M.P.—Bell's Life in
Ottawa.

To J. D. Edgar.—A copy of Lord Lorne's
poetry.

To Col. Gzowski.—A piece of advice.

To Mr. Bourinot.—A copy of Lindley Mur-
ray.

DIRGE OF THE CABBY.

Weirdly the wind was shrieking
With fitful blast and moan,
As a hackman sat on his cheerless box,
In the pattering rain, alone,
And none was there to cheer him—
No friend to tip him the wink;
No pal to offer to beer him,
Or ask what he'd like to drink.

But wait, wait, wait,
On thy old cab-box, Cabbee;
Whilst thou sighest in vain, in the pouring
rain,

For a fare to come to thee.
But the stately swells walk on
To the haven where strands a bar,
Whilst thou look'st in at the window pane,
And smellst the beer from afar.
And though thou art thirsty and dry,
None offers thy drouth to slake;
And it's oh! for the touch of a five cent piece,
Or the sound of a "whar'll you take?"
But it's wait, wait, wait,
On thy old cab-box, Cabbee;
And it's oh! for a fare, well fixed and tight,
That never will come to thee.

Is there none that is eager to ride?
No; nobody wishes a hack,
So away to thy home, oh, cabman go,
And give us no more of thy "slack";
For around the corner, behold
Comes a peeler in angry mood,
Who would wait here along to the cooler dark,
Which would do thee a power of good.
Don't wait, wait, wait,
On thy old cab-box, Cabbee;
For to-day is no day for a fare to come,
To be fleeced of his coin by thee.