



A JINGLE OF GOLD.

A MONEYLESS dude once did want to
Wed a wealthy young girl of Toronto,
But he got the G. B.,
For this maiden, you see,
The dude's little racket caught onto.

"EARLY CLOSING."

MR. JUSTICE ROBERTSON
He sat in Osgoode Hall,
And from his grave, judicial lips
These learned words did fall:

"I find the City Aldermen
Choked off the fair petition
Against the early closing law,
And spurned the opposition.

"I find they hustled through the Act
Without their usual dozing,
And now I'm going to salt them down
For this too early closing.

"My judgment is the law is null,
With emphasis I say it;
The Corporation to foot the bill
Or make John Baxter pay it."

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION."

DEAR GRIP,—Your generosity to a fellow scribe is so well known, that I appeal with confidence to you for aid in righting an unconscious wrong. My attention was directed to an able article with the above title in a brilliant contemporary. And though rather late in the day, I ask you for space to defend the writer of that article from the aspersions of his critics, on the ground that his motive is not understood, as I have the temerity to imagine I can interpret it. Having assumed such a *nom de plume* as "Jimmy Rembrandt," it was doubtless deemed but consistent to write up to the title, hence the intense gloom and murkiness of the shading to fit the "Rembrandt" (with a sly touch of familiar freedom in the Jimmy to counteract the over-awing effect of the great surname.) So that those who have been indignant in their comments on this article, are over-hasty in their judgment, and the one-sided partiality complained of, the unfairness and black abuse, the seeming scurrility and malignity thereof are merely the result of dramatic fitness, the *make-up* of the part as I hope to presently demonstrate. Meanwhile, it may be instructive to glance briefly at the article, as it appears in its superficial aspect, before disclosing the key to the author's design. Mr. James Rembrandt then, to speak respectfully, opens with a long prologue full of high faluting about Ideal Art-life and Bohemianism, with no apparent purpose beyond the old device of contrasting the good conduct of fairies and angels with the diabolical villainy of this most vile and iniquitous hanging committee. These heat once proceeds to arraign, and in good set terms. But to boil down this *cauldron* of seething wrath, and get at the *gravy-men* of his charge—it resolves itself into two supplementary crimes this committee were guilty of, viz.: of flooring or skying all the works of

"undoubted merit," talent and genius—when they did not altogether exclude them—and hanging on the line nothing but their own "daubs," "fence paintings," "calsomining," "chromos," "mechanical house-paintings," "school-girl and learners' essays," etc., and all this—and more—from motives of greed, spite, jealousy and fear. Let us see for a moment how these charges are substantiated. He asks, indignantly, after a few favorites of his own it seems. Where were they, Cresswell, Perre, Ede, Homer Watson? The answer is simple—on the line, every one of them—or in as good positions as the works of any of the committee. Then he takes a note, as he says, of "some of the specimens of so called art," the first of the hanging committee he falls foul of is T. Mower Martin, whose "square yards" of chromo imitation displaces the color and vigor of Perre's and Jacobi's. As a specimen of this critic's fairness and judgment, this a good sample. Whilst he stands quite alone in his admiration of Jacobi's vigor (though Perre's color is much more like nature), he is unfortunate in his first selection of the tyrannical monopolist, T. M. Martin, who displaced them, inasmuch as that gentleman was *not* on the hanging committee, and I understand just rivalled our critic in the vigor of his kicking anent the way his works were hung. But his piece de resistance is his next victim, Mr. G. A. Reid, who with all his works he most religiously renounces. Here he has real sport. Everything Mr. Reid has done—or left undone—is just about as wrong as it can be. He is a "chromo man," calsominer, a Noah's Ark sham, an idol maker, an image worshipper or charlatan, the bare contemplation of whose many atrocities just puts our critic into a condition approaching rabies. He can't tolerate him at any price. He flies at his heads. He bites at his heels, and so fastens his teeth into his calves, that torn pants and bloodshed would be inevitable where it not that he finds the calves so wooden and the paint gets in his teeth, which reminds him of his Noah's Ark and happy childhood, and he quiets down into a maudlin fit about Watt's Hymns and the German Ocean, dog-eared primers and bird's nesting, and gets the nasty paint from the wooden animals out of his dear little teeth and feels more soothed altogether, but what connection all this *childishness* has with the subject in hand must exist only in fancy. But it would be too tedious to follow our erratic hero seriatim through his three columns of criticism. He says some just and sensible things I gladly admit, and where not blinded by passion and prejudice, has doubtless art-instincts fine enough to help form an opinion, but in this critique I refer to he allows his feelings to run away with him. It goes without saying that the artists of Toronto are very like other men that some bad pictures were hung and perhaps a few good ones skied, but our "Rembrandt" does not say this, he will not admit what he should *very well know*—that even much of the seeming partiality is the result of necessity. It is fair even to admit that for one of the committee to hang two portraits of himself is in questionable taste, but our critic would not be satisfied to even have it thus courteously set down. But, as I hinted earlier, this seemingly lop-sided critique of Rembrandt Junior is not what it seems; we must read *between the lines* to get at the hidden meaning. To take a section of a subject, light on a prominently weak spot or two, exaggerate them till they are caricatured out of recognition; hide behind clouds of abuse their merits, and present this jaundiced view as the true picture of the whole, is of course only what appears to be, weak malice, ignorance and conceit have no real place in our author's plan. This "Bottom" is at heart too good natured and considerate to fright the ladies with his roaring if you take his meaning right—he will "just roar ye as gently as any sucking dove." What this great art critic *really* means in this subtle allegory is—if I interpret aright,—somewhat as follows: "You see dear friends, how a warped and morose nature would view these things—in what an ugly light it is possible to place much that is fair and comely and of good report; ergo—given a fair impartial mind, and the *exact contrary* is the result. My murky Rembrandt shadows were intended, but to intensify the high lights of obscured merit. You just take the black picture I painted for you and turn it upside down—or inside out—and you will get a much clearer view of the *Truth* about the recent Academy Exhibition."

SAM. JONES.

MR. JACK HORNER
Sat in a "corner"
Of wheat, which he bought everywhere;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
Which made him a millionaire.

CAPITAL news—Ottawa items.

A SHAKESPEARE bust—Donnelly's cryptogram.