



THE CROP THIS YEAR MAY BE SHORT  
IN ENGLAND BUT THERE'S SCORN  
IN EGYPT!

#### NOTES FROM H GH SOCIETY.

(FASHIONABLE SCIENCE).

DEAR MR. GRIP.—This nineteenth century is full of civilization, culture and improvement. That is a truism, but what I have to say on the subject has not, I think, ever before appeared in any scientific journal. Yours, venerable sir, shall have the honor of first giving it to the public.

In every department of thought we have made gigantic strides. In philosophy, in history, in geology, in botany, in chemistry, in astronomy, in mineralogy, in anatomy, in ethics, in metaphysics, in theology, in morals and in dress. It is of the last mentioned science that I would speak, as it is the science of which I know most. I know enough of all the others to talk about (all in our circle must), but not enough to write about (none in our circle do). But in the science of dress we are one and all well versed, especially our sex. We apply ourselves to the task, we lend our whole mind to it, we study books, we gaze at engravings, we listen to harangues, we eagerly ask questions of strangers, we try experiments, we observe phenomena, in short we leave no stone unturned by which we may become proficient in the noble art of dress. We give to this engrossing study, our time, our talent, our care and our money. If philosophers and scientists did as much their favorite studies might then hope to attain the excellence of ours. I have nothing to say against these harmless old men or their pursuits, let them, let us all inquire into all learning, but above all, let us perfect ourselves in dress. And I can show you good reasons for this preference.

1. It is the one perfect science. Every one will tell you science is incomplete. The more you know, the more you feel your ignorance. There is still something to long for, you are unsatisfied. Now with dress it is not so; of course you must study and ponder, and try, and spend. But having done so the effort is over, the mind is at rest, and a feeling of completeness and satisfaction possesses you as you look at the result of your labors.

2. It is the only science that is universally appreciated. The others, if you know enough of them, and have the organ of language, you may talk of to your little circle of friends and a few of them may understand and admire you; or you may lecture and run the risk of being hissed from the platform; or you may write and a few equally learned men may or may not read your book, but the people you meet day by day know nothing of this, and pass you with, at least, unconcern. Mark the contrast. One who has arrived at the dignity of M. A. in dress, has but to walk the street, every eye follows her admiringly.

It does not require a college education to appreciate her excellence. She may be in a strange land and yet command attention.

3. It is within the reach of fashionable people. It is impossible for us, going out as we do, to give much time to books. We go to school as children but our heads are full of more important things than reading, writing, and arithmetic. The evenings are devoted to parties, etc., so it would be unreasonable to expect much of us. But the science of dress knows of no waste time; at the very parties that interfere with our other studies we learn most of it. We never take a walk, a drive, pay a visit, or go shopping, but we bring home some useful thoughts on dress.

4. It gives scope for originality. For the other sciences there is nothing but a beaten track to which the traveller must confine himself, in that of dress there is a large plain over which he can wander at will. Take astronomy for instance; declare that the sun revolves round Venus, that the moon is the morning star, the earth a balloon sent up long ago by Adam and suspended stationary mid air by gravitation. Why your be-in friends would laugh at you. Invent a new history, you will be shut up in a lunatic asylum; be original in theology, you will be burnt as a heretic. But strike out for yourself in your toilet, turn things upside down, inside out, back foremost, wear a startling combination, a graceful mixture of all that was considered ugly before and your success is assured.

5. It is the most universally useful science through life. You have often heard men say, and I am sure, honored Mr. GRIP, you yourself think, that study unfits a woman for her sphere. Be it so, we do not wish to study, we are content to live and be gay, and while our ambition goes no farther your monopoly is safe. But this one science can unfit you for nothing. Whatever our lot in life be we must dress. If we marry a nobleman we dress; if we marry a bishop we dress; if we marry a chinee washman, a bus conductor, a prince, a sultan, a poor doctor, a poorer curate, a gipsy chief, a mulatto or a negro we still must dress.

I could go on thus forever, but I must stop now, my dressmaker is waiting to fit my last dress, and I must hurry to her.

Yours sincerely,

JEMIMA.

#### CONSIDER.

Consider the lilies how they grow.  
Consider the creditors whom you owe.  
Consider the cash you spend each year  
In whiskey fixes and lager beer;  
Consider the head-aches that each morn  
Do represent each nightly "horn."  
Consider you're wife, if one you've got.  
Consider your business going to pot.  
Consider the friends that pass you by.  
Consider they wouldn't but for old rye.  
Consider the swell behind the bar,  
Consider his diamond like a star.  
Consider you're made a butt for scoff  
When you try in vain to "stand him off."  
Consider you've stopped, or if not you'll  
Consider yourself an A. fool.  
Consider, consider, for if you fail,  
Consider yourself some day in jail.  
Consider, consider, consider, consider,  
But what's the odds when your wife's a "widdler."

Thrashy boots and shoes should certainly come under the head of shoddy.

Our Funny Contributor says that when the history of his dealings with his creditors comes to be written it will be "an over true tale."

"Prince Arthur's Landing," sung out the purser of the Campana. "Is he?" said the newly arrived emigrant. "Where? I didn't know he was on board."

The *Globe*, in speaking of Hon. Mr. Huntington's defeat, says "it was a question not of politics but of race." That's it exactly; it was a race, and Mr. Huntington came in last.

#### EVENING THOUGHTS.

The bull-frog is busily croaking,  
The small frog is rattling away,  
The house-fly has put up his shutters—  
His business has closed for the day.

Mosquitoes are out promenading,  
Their harvest's about to begin;  
They'll tackle a fair lady's shoulder,  
Or pierce a gay cavalier's shin.

The night-hawk is skimming the landscape;  
The muskrat is out for a swim—  
As regards any fish that he catches,  
Bad for fish, but good—very—for him.

The toad, with his jewel so precious,  
Hops along by the Queen's own highway;  
The "Queen's Own" battalion is out, too,  
At a drill for the next review day.

The note of the bright bosom'd oriole  
Has died on the echoes at last,  
And become like the "Consolidated,"  
A thing of the dark, misty past.

The kine in the meadows are lowing,  
Bled to-day by the insects so still;  
The "bulls" of the stock exchange too, have  
Been bled by the "bears" to their fill.

The sheep on the road now are lying  
Calm after the heat of the sun;  
The "lamb" of this country, in general,  
Have been fleeced on the exchange for fun!

As long as sheep live there'll be sheep ticks  
To keep them from growing too fat;  
As long as the "lamb" crop continues  
There'll be fleecers, and don't forget that.

The potato-bug steadily labored  
From sunrise to set of the same;  
Now an ogre with Paris-green ducks him,  
And kills him—a new landlord shame.

The garden gate's hinges are creaking  
Beneath the unusual weight  
Of Willie, the good-looking bank-clerk,  
And "home-for-the-holidays" Kate.

All nature rejoices in evening,  
And people go out for a stroll;  
Just newspaper men have to work, to  
Together keep body and soul.

No! alas! in full many a garret,  
By candle or lamp burning low,  
Pale women and young girls are working  
At one never-ceasing sew, sew.

Oh! ye who in comfort are living,  
Remember the poor in your joy,  
Nor let the God pleasure o'er-rule ye,  
For pleasures of earth soon must cloy.

But be kind to your down-trodden neighbors,  
Give them help whenever ye may,  
E'en a smile or a kind word in season  
May shine to eternity's day.

CHARLIE JAY.

The Coming ornamental printer—Cumming,  
of Rosemont!



#### EXPLICIT.

YOUNG GENT.—And so your daughter has married a rich husband?

OLD GENT.—No, sir; she has married a rich man, but a poor husband.