

"Mr. W. Waugh Lander returned recently to Toronto after an extended course of musical study in Germany and Italy. For three years he prosecuted his studies at the Conservatory of Leipzig, under the tuition of Reinecke and other celebrated masters. Afterwards, at Weimar and Rome, Litz was his instructor. At Leipzig Mr. Lander obtained a diploma of high merit, and while under Litz that famous musician presented him with two medals as tokens of his appreciation of the abilities of the young Canadian. At the instance of Litz, also, while at Rome, Mr. Lander was presented to the Holy Father at the Vatican and to the Court of Quirinal. Mr. Lander will give a concert under his direction in Toronto in the course of a few weeks."

In reply to many inquiries we would say that Mr. J. W. Bengough is open for caricature lecture engagements this season (outside of the city) for Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays only. All particulars as to terms, etc., made known on application to GRIP office.

Ye Comedy of ye Cards.

(SCENE:—"Meeting of Trustees in the City of Humbelton." Mr. Pommedeterrehkins, Chairman of the Board.)

First Trustee.—I move that as reward of faithful service, That this man named (a teacher of fair fame, Of learning excellent, and record clear), Promoted be, and salary advanced.

Mr. Pommedeterrehkins.—(Rising in great haste and evident trepidation.) Pray you be cautious, gentlemen! this man may be An excellent teacher, nay, I've no doubt is, But yet I beg of you do not promote him, At least not yet.

Second Trustee.— Why, how is this? You have no doubt the man is a good teacher, And yet you beg he may not be promoted. Pray you explain.

Mr. Pommedeterrehkins.— But 't'at I am forbid To tell the secret things of mine own house, I could a tale unfold whose lightest word Would harrow up your souls, freeze up your blood, Make even your eyes, like stars, start from their spheres.

And each "individiggel" hair to stand as stiff As bristles some of you do scrape off swine. But this infernal blazon must not be To ears of *Syc.* or *Times*. Hist, hist, O hist! If two of you will come I'll whisper them What will effectually stop this promotion.

First Trustee.— Tell not to two what can't be told to all. Second Trustee.— Ma conshins! what is the matter wi' the man?

Fourth Trustee.— Another Eugene Aram? First Trustee.— Hut! tut! tut! 'Tis but some weak, foundationless report. *Sotto voce* (I know him well—a square man, through and through.)

Mr. Pommedeterrehkins.— Nay then, since you must know, a teacher there,

The frisky shepherd of a youthful flock, Who vows no lynx-eyes, youngsters *kins* can fool, Or once come Faddy o'er him, told me this— (And duller must ye be than the fat weed That rots in ease along the rotting wharves, If you don't stir in this). Once on a time, As he was pacing down the corridors Of our Collegiate Institute, he saw— Pray you hold on to your chairs with death-like grip, Steady your nerves to bear the coming shock, And screw your courage to the sticking-point. I would I could the dire catastrophe Of such exposure from our schools avert; But I to infamous and unenvied fame Must yield them up! He saw—oh baleful sight!

A sweet girl graduate and two downy lads Shuffling the cards, while through the lesson drawled The careless teacher,—Him you would promote!

(Here a strong wind blows the papers off the table; the hats of the Committee are blown off the pegs and roll in every direction, the members pursuing them. It is the combined force of the sights of relief which escape from the bosoms of the Committee when at last the full magnitude of the crime is known. They secure their hats, fix them with difficulty on their slowly subsiding locks, and file out, singing merrily "Who's your Hatter?" and "The Jolly Miller.") Next day two letters from as many teachers appear in the *Spee.* and *Times*, declaring "you're another," and "prove it or I'll wollop you," which is the *prelude to Act II.*)

ACT II.

SCENE.—The Council Chamber, Trustees, Reporters and others present.

Mr. Pommedeterrehkins.— We are assembled here to hear and answer All questions bearing on this pesky business. And I have brought you witnesses of mine own house Whom pray you spare. Mention I beg no names

For they detest this base publicity. But don't suppose I came here as your chairman Arraigned, before you. No, sir, not for Joe. I sent a letter to my first informant, Asking him copies here to lay before you. But he most saucily said, "Read the papers." So here we are, but I—not as your chairman, Oh, no, no, not for Joe.

1st Trustee.— All this trouble Might have been saved by your confiding in us. Mr. Pommedeterrehkins.— I did not dare confide in you, because A legal gentleman, learned in the law, One of this reverend and learned board, Assured me it was actionable. And while I Was safe my neighbour's good name to traduce It was all right. I'd tell you anything. But to be mulcted therefor shuts my mouth. As nothing else would. There was nought then left, But shrugs and hints and innuendoes. And this I thought might serve ulterior purpose As well and safer far than honest speech. (Here the Committee file out and return again.)

Enter Mrs. Pommedeterrehkins and daughter. Mr. Pommedeterrehkins.— So then you knew of these card-playin' tricks?

How comes it that you never told me it? Mrs. Pommedeterrehkins.— Because, my dear, you were a school trustee, And for that reason did not care to trust you; And then, again, your tongue it is so long. (Laughing chorus in which members all join.) Exit.

Mr. Pommedeterrehkins.— My daughter, I have asked you but two questions Which here you now will answer.

Miss Pommedeterrehkins.— Ahem! yes sir, Mr. Pommedeterrehkins.— Now question first—did you play cards in school?

Miss Pommedeterrehkins.— Ahem! well, yes sir. Mr. Pommedeterrehkins.— Now for question second. Was it as school trustee or as your father I asked you that?

Miss Pommedeterrehkins.— Oh! as my father, sir. (She puts her mouth to the telephone.)—"Say, did you play cards during recitation?"

Answer.—"No; it was no use trying. All we did Was but to shuffle them quickly out of sight Of two sharp eyes, too sharp for you and me."

Miss Pommedeterrehkins.— The cards were mine, I carried them to school, But not to play with. Oh my! oh dear no! (After further evidence, during which the Committee blow their noses and nudge each other considerably, the following resolution is arrived at, and closes the comedy.) Resolved, That there's no fire to justify this smoke. And, therefore, think it must have origin In regions underground. Tartarean shades Where dark-browed Envy bites his finger nails, Grudging the sunlight to the smiling earth. Exit.



CHRISTIAN SELF-DENIAL.

SCENE.—A door-step on Jarvis-street.

Lady of House.—(To wealthy looking tramp).— Why don't you go to work? Tramp.—Work, ma'am? I'm too religious to work.

Lady of House.—Indeed! Tramp.—Yes'm, it's a fact. You see if I go to work it will throw some poor fellow out of a job, and that ain't doing as you'd be done by. My poor dead mother's early teachings still hold their influence over me, madam! (weeps).

Q.—What sort of poultry would be most useful in machinery? A.—A Spring Chicken.

Barney to the Rescue.

ERISGOURAGH TERRACE, Halloween.

MY DEAR MISTER GRIP:— I'm just after readin' the London *Times*, which says that "a French savant, M. Delauny, has just published an able and interesting brochure, the purpose of which is to show that women is intellectually, as in every other respect, on a lower stage of development than man, and therefore inferior to him." Now, (savin' yer prisinee) sur, yez won't mind me scratching mo head a little over this announcement; first, becase this goes agin all me personal expyriance av faymale womankind; an' second, becase all that may be very true respectin' the faymale portion av the community with whom he associates; but it does not follow by any means that such a description av intellectual povorty applies to the faymale social an' domestic circle that we daily move in. By no manner av means, sur! Whisper,—to tell yez the truth, thim wur just me own sintiments in the days whin I was young an' inixpayrianced before I got acquainted wid Nora. Sure thim, meself had just sprung a little bit av a downy mustach, an' on the strenght av that, becad, nothing would do for me but to get married, an' let folks see what it was to be a man, so I coaxed an' wheedled Nora, till finally its off to the prasto she wint wid me, an' there wid grato solemnity I tuk her under me protection, if yo please. All very well, but meself wasn't a six-weeks owd benedick, whin behowld ye, I was afther findin' out that it was under her protection I was, an' as for the man bein' the head av the woman, faix thin, its a head she'd be afther puttin' on me if I didn't come under thim an' theru. Infayrior! Sorra an' infayrior hair in the head av her. Monsoor Delauny, in howldin' up the shupariorty av man says, "*Man eats more than woman.*" Yes sur, he does, an' dhrinks a sight more too, an' makes himself more av a hog generally, an' that's proof number wan av his shupariorty. "*The respiratory phenomena are more intense.*" You bet! listen to him shuorin' for instance; yes, now I confiss he is the woman's shupayrior in shuorin'. "*He absorbs more oxygen.*" Bully for him! that's where he gets all this gas about woman's infayriority. "*The skeleton of the female is lighter, etc.*" A splindid argyment. The skeleton av a man is lighter than that av-a-a-rhinoceros, say, *argo* the man is infayrior to the baste.—Amen. "*The women are more flat-footed than the men.*" Here the slanderin' vagabond! Mistor Delauny, can yez raley now widout blushin', tell us how many pairs av naked faymale feet yez have examined, or maybe perhaps now, did yez get yer information about wimmen's feet from some owd cobbler boyant? "*The female voice is always sharper than the male.*" Wisha now! tell us something we don't know; an' isn't a sharp shupariorty to a flat any day? An' thin he goes on to say that faymale Parisians have brains like gorillas, etc. Luck here Mistor Delauny, it's woman we are shpakin' av, not Parisians. Parisians nayther fear God, nor regard man, they marry for position, and the liberty av breakin' certain av the commandments, they are given up intirely to animal pleasure, in which case we don't look for anything but the brain dwindled to average animalism, just as any other life, animal or vegetable, will dwindle and decrease whin denied the conditions av healthy growth, and existence. "*All known legislators take for granted the intellectual inferiority of the feminine sex as compared, etc.*" Howld on there! There's owd Dizzy, (rest his soul) he was a kind av a logistator, wasn't he? Did he ivir take for granted the infayriority av the faymale sex? What legislator tuk for granted the infayriority av Queen Elizabeth as compared wid King John? or av Queen Victoria as compared wid, say,—George III.? What an infayrior intellect had Mary Somerville, or Harriet Martineau, or