

## Grip Gossip.

NO. II.

Just as great Parties need a useful "whip,"  
Strength to maintain or win,  
So runs the policy pursued by Grip,  
That all may "take him in!"  
And read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,  
The whole Dominion round,  
Oft as his Representatives think best,  
To tell what they have found  
Of fashion, folly, fun or other fare,  
Which crop out day by day,  
Just like the mineral treasures everywhere,  
That block the traveller's way.  
To benefit mankind, and not for self,  
Grip visits many a town,  
Or keeps a correspondent—like himself—  
To keep blue devils down!  
And notes that if angelic woman fall,  
To ape the serpent's ways,  
How silvery webs of gossamer recal  
The tales of by-gone days—  
And if from pristine loveliness she makes  
To Gossip's ways a fall,  
Her view of human weakness much partakes  
Of wormwood mixed with gall!  
Stand we at the Club door at Halifax,  
To note the streets and stores—  
The world moves on, while fashion nothing lacks,  
And young Ambition soars—  
Observe how on the walks of Hollis Street,  
The pride of life they leaven,  
One is a dainty lass, with fairy feet,  
Her aunt wears number "seven!"  
Then meet opposing couples, outward bound,  
Exclaiming "lovely weather!"  
But for trite topics quickly run aground,  
They add "let's shop together."  
Calling at BLOWHARD'S, a new fashion mart,  
They glance to try their tresses,  
Then go through shopworn questions known by heart,  
And fix on two silk "dresses"—  
See next our own Reporter pass that way,  
Some item he is noting,  
Perchance some scandal he has heard to-day  
From Gossip's fancy floating.  
Passing the BROWHARD'S door he looks askance,  
Sees pleasure's votaries gather,  
At bouquets in the window takes a glance,  
Admires a bonnet-feather,  
Lists to the crowd of shoppers as they walk,  
The blade but wants a handle—  
And now the dear ones fast and faster talk  
Some non-pacific scandal!  
That's Mrs. A., her husband's gone to stretch,  
His legs—see her false hair!  
He's on the drinking tack, you know, the wretch!  
She's not so deaf—beware!  
There's the prize skater of the Rink!—her beaux  
Told her she "looked so nice!"  
That carnival, she tells the friends she knows,  
Was "a big thing on ice."  
There's L., whose little tattle, laugh and shout,  
Is simply too absurd,  
If mother swoons, or brother gets the gout,  
She tells it every word;  
She's not the Miss whose conversation's meet,  
Puts on such strange attires,  
She'd almost wash her linen on the street  
And dry it on the wires!  
By telegraph she lets acquaintance know  
Her wants and griefs and cares—  
Ah, there's the widow—crape two deep in woe,  
Let Tom avoid her snares!  
See MORNING GOOSE with her two DOLLY VARDENS  
Parading down the street,  
They live now just "fornest" the People's Gardens,  
That's their own phrase—so neat!  
Their "rus in urbe"—Tom says that's the Latin,  
And means—just out of town—  
But Greek to them although they seem so pat in  
The slang of County Down!  
Here come the TUFFS! in from the Cove—what airs,  
See how their heads they toss!

Forgetting that their mother lived down stairs  
And watched the shop—as Boss!  
There's widow FLINT with Mr. SPARK her beau,  
How slow and sad he seems,  
His looks betray—he thinks this world below  
Is made for love and dreams!  
He's well to do! why not decide—be done?  
He fears she may not do it—  
True—but he knows a fair thing's seldom won  
Except by those who woo it!  
Here comes young STREL, whose irony excels  
The beauty he's now trusting,  
Profane! and yet he ranks among the "swells"—  
To smoke and swear's disgusting!  
See that Miss CODDLE, looking sweet and fair,  
Bowling to all she passes,  
Her father now you know's a millionaire  
By cod-fish and molasses—  
There's dear Miss B., she's bound for her long home,  
By love or church-yard cough—  
But hark! the clock strikes—dinner time is come!  
Quit Gossip—Let's be off!

HUGH MOUR.

## Crooks from Grip's Basket.

THE public—who deem Parliamentary reports as provided by the morning papers a bore—will be pleased to learn that Grip's commissioner has secured a ticket to the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, and will hereafter regularly furnish us with THE SENSE OF THE SESSION—(if there should be any.)

A PRETENTIOUS and very freely patronized picture is at present on exhibition in the window of Messrs. NOTMAN & FRASER'S establishment on King street. It is a photographic group containing about one hundred and seventy-five vignettes, and for want, we suppose, of a better title, it has been labelled "The Toronto Philharmonic Society." It is, as *The Globe* pronounces, a splendid piece of work; moreover, it is a standing refutation of the opinion recently expressed by a visitor to this city that there were no really conceited-looking gentlemen amongst our citizens.

CANADA'S poet laureate, GUID ALEX. McLAUCHLIN, has enriched Grip's library with a new volume of new poems, just issued from the press of Messrs. HUNTER & ROSE. There are many capital things and much real poetry between the covers.

LATEST FROM THE LECTURE-ROOM.—The man who held forth last night, is advertised to hold fifth at an early date.

JEWELLERY.—One of the most precious gems in the British collection at present is a GARNET, that was recently found, not in the African diamond mines, but on the Gold Coast. This GARNET is of a fine flesh colour, and is deservedly held in high estimation by her Majesty the QUEEN, as well as by Englishmen in all parts of the world. GRIP is quite unable to say how many carats it weighs, but it's of no consequence whatever.

APT.

GLANCING through the advertisements of a prominent morning contemporary, the other day, we ran across the following appropriately-headed announcement—for we presume the caption is meant to describe the condition of the man who wrote:

"TEMPORARY INSANITY!—In spite of the maniacal legislation which has added new fetters to an already overtaxed commerce, and met a small temporary deficit with a permanent and commercially disastrous measure at the moment of anticipated national prosperity, we shall continue for a time to sell at old prices. Buy early, for prices must considerably advance."

INTERPRETED.

GRIP finds the following in the editorial column of the *Bowmanville Merchant*, and, as it may appear somewhat mysterious to those who see it, he begs to supply a few words of interpretation:

"TO CORRESPONDENTS.—By no means. We are too well known by the Reform party for any such ——— to injure us. The circulation is small and the influence next to nil. See Prov. xxvii, 22."

KEY.—Perhaps a rival journalist has asked the *Merchant* to extend the usual professional civilities. Perhaps the missing word represented by the dash is *Taxes*. Very likely the third sentence is a precious piece of candour, and refers to the *Merchant*. The Scriptural reference is, of course, a gentle hint to the rival journalist that he needn't reply.