

THE RESOURCEFUL DAUGHTER.



Mr. Bloggs and daughter go into a restaurant for luncheon—

Where some stupid person sits on Mr. Bloggs' shiny plug.

Miss Bloggs proposes an exchange of headgear and all ends happily.

A DINNER AU CHEVAL.

MOST men appreciate a good horse, though it is not every one who can see all his good points. Like the deeds which good men do, his usefulness often continues after he is dead. *Par example*, it is said that horse flesh has of late become such a stable article of diet in Paris that the racy viands are fully installed at most of the leading restaurants, and regularly served throughout the season. Obviously, it is meat that it should be so. The poorer classes have long had choice bits in their mouths, and we are not surprised to see the *élite* come to a stand at last, they being judges. Here, for example, is a favorite *menu*:

CARTE DU JOUR
POUR LA
SALLE A MANGER.

SOUPS.

Horse-Tail.	Snaffle, <i>a la reine</i> .
ROAST, FRIED, ETC.	
Roast Saddle, after mile heats.	Mustang, curried.
Fried Withers, unstrung, <i>a la Shakespeare</i> .	Sliced Thoroughbred, Pony Sauce.

ENTREES.

Colt's Head, on a Charger.	Stallion Hash, <i>au detour</i> .
Filet au Filly, garnished with Fetlocks.	

PATISSERIE.

Blood Pudding, from best-blooded stock.	Sliced Pic-balds. Whip Syllabub.
---	----------------------------------

DESSERT.

Arabian, in great variety.

Manifestly, the horse is no longer delegated to an ignoble place before the cart, for both horse and *carte* are now placed before the guests of mine host. This is a signal inn-ovation which must be equally welcomed by all concerned; and, since the French are notably a horse-pitable people, such kind of butcher's meat ought to go off at a galloping rate with the constant demand. Between the courses and the coursers the correspondence should be perfect, with a fair field and no heel-corks.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

HIS WORSHIP AT DINNER.

AN interesting society item appeared in the city papers the other day referring to the presence of Mayor Clarke at a dinner party given at the residence of Mr. Eugene O'Keefe in honor of His Grace Archbishop Walsh. The other guests named were leading clergymen and laymen of the Roman Catholic Church in this diocese, Mr. Clarke being the only "dissenter" present. A very pleasant evening was no doubt spent, for Mr. O'Keefe is a genial Irish gentleman, and the Catholic clergy are everywhere noted for their sociability. Naturally enough, however, the general public felt a curiosity to know something of the particulars of the occasion, and this yearning was left entirely unsatisfied in the paragraphs referred to. As usual, GRIP alone was enterprising enough to secure a full report by his special Keyhole Reporter. From this interesting document, which is too long to be given in full, we cull an extract which will prove interesting:

There was no formal speaking after justice had been done to the good things under which the table groaned. When the Pilsener beer and cigars were brought on, the happy company merely indulged in a general conversation, lighted up with occasional corruscations of wit and humor. By way of variety, Mr. O'Keefe delighted his guests with some readings from GRIP, the story about the row in the Orange lodge over the closing of the saloons on next 12th of July being particularly enjoyed. As the laughter which this evoked died away, His Grace, turning to His Worship, said: "By the bye, Mr. Mayor, you are a member of the Orange order, aren't you?" "Not very much," responded Edward, slightly blushing. "Indeed? You quite surprise me—very pleasantly surprise me, I may say. I have seen you so frequently alluded to as an Orangeman that I never for a moment doubted that such was the fact." "Your Grace is perfectly right," said the Vicar General, "Mr. Clarke is an Orangeman. Everybody knows *that*." "I trust your Grace will not misunderstand me," put in His Worship, "I do not mean to deny that I am connected with the Order in question. At the same time I have answered you truthfully in saying not very much. I mean I am not very much of an Orangeman." "Ah," said the Archbishop, with an air of