

HOW TO FUN.

Reader, did you ever hear of Dr. Johnson, that man of many words? If you have, you will have heard of that saying of his, "a man who makes a pun would pick a pocket." It is, however, a satisfaction to know that this cynical, *sin-I-call* it, aplozism did not originate with him, because, you see, he being a *book-worm*, only *burrowed* it from some other book written by some other old foggy. This can be relied on. Dear reader, you that are not a punster already and desire to become one, a very *Pundit* in the art, and are not *puney* and not afraid to *punish* the man of to-day who believes in such a *punctilious* notion, go for him, *punch* his *punthead*, draw from his nasal appendage the royal *pumaceous* fluid, *punctuate* and otherwise *puncture* the composition of his anatomy. The foregoing *sentence*, after *due trial*, is *judged* to be a warning to all those who undervalue the art of punning, and they are hereby *counseled* and *adjuvied* to *witness* its defence.

To become a punster, fix upon your subject, gather up your words, arrange them, and then lie in ambush for the first unsuspecting friend and fire them at him. Let us take the weather, a subject little discussed at any time. When your friend tells you it is a fine day, say: "Yes, as fine as any that Victoria has *rained* over." Your friend will laugh boisterously, he cannot help, then before the laugh breaks launch the following: "I *snow* you would like the *reign* pun, as you must *hail* what is never *mint*, when you consider we are but *dust*, the *wind* up of us all." Your friend may reply "I *see*." If he does not, *leaf* him with a *bough*, lest he find you a *stick*.

Should you personally attend to ordering your meat from the butcher, you have here a splendid opportunity. As you enter say: "Good morning, Mr. Butcher, glad to *meat* you." Butcher: "Morning, what is your cut?" Yourself: "If you *cut* let it be *fat*, I *lean* to that." B: "All right, sir." Yourself: "Mind, you *steak* your reputation upon what you *retail* me, good morning."

Should a friend meet you in close quarters and ask you for the loan of a *dollar*, answer him that you see no *cents* in lending him the dollar and shall *check* any such advance.

You may have a friend who is continually *running*, as this is *leap* year, to tell you of the latest joke that funny Mr. Mumps, the grocer, has *struck* his wit upon. Catch your friend on the *hop*, *barley* no words with him, but *ryse* his *amusement* with the following *wheaty* sentence:—"Yea, Mumps is a regular *teas*, he *spices* his sayings on *currant* events with so much caprice, that he is ever *raisin* a laugh." Married men, please skip this paragraph. Some of my readers may be bachelors, and at some time be expected to say something funny about a baby. If so, use the following formula: Take the baby on your knee—I give no instructions how to handle babies, that is not in the present lesson—look at it admiringly for about a minute, kiss it twice, and say: "Oh, you little *limb*, you quite *unarm* me, you're your daddy's *leg-eye-see*. You *nose* I'm not your daddy, you little beauty, (ear, ear, from mother). What, going to give me *lip* music? If you do I'll *hand* you to your mother, and *lay* it right away." This carefully delivered, with occasional glances of delight at the mother, who thinks the baby *de-light* of her eye, will make you ever welcome, and qualify you for the position of godfather.

Barbers are occasionally talkative, and should you desire to silence a barber when he commences to hum, beat the following to a strong lather and lay it on thick: "Confound your *barberous* puffs, they *pole* upon me. It is the unkindest *cut* of all to put me in this *scrape*. Let's *soap* to hear no more of it or these *scissors* ("sizers," showing hands) will *brush* you out."

This said quickly with italicised words well emphasized, will gain you the thanks of an unshaved world. No patent applied for.

Should you go out without your watch, and a fellow asks you what o'clock tell him to *watch* until you *find* time to tell him.

Here are a few ideas for general use. Tell a printer he's a *type* of a man, without *metal* in him; tell a baker he's a *loafer*; a butcher, he's a *ribald liver*; a sailor he's fond of a *schooner*; a jeweller, he's a man of *guilt*; a tailor, he's a *suitable* man to address; a carpenter, he's a *plane* man, and often *nailing*; the plumber, he takes pleasure in *panes*; and so on *ad libitum*.

Tell a strong-minded man that a pin's a pin only, at most times, but when buried in the calf of your leg, it is a *scarf-pin*. He will see the *point* of the pun at once. Should you see a man wearing a wretched pair of boots, tell your friend that that man's *understanding* is deficient. Of course you must *tread* your *shoes* straight when you tell your friend lest his *sole* cannot be *heeled* after being *lacerated* by such a *booteous* pun.

The foregoing examples will show the reader that the art of punning is not at all difficult, and I, therefore, dedicate this little lesson to all those desirous of becoming punsters.

TITUS A. DRUM.

Grip's Clips.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

AN ACADEMY EPISODE.

(Not Ontario Art Association, of course.)

CHAPTER I.—THE BETS.

Rinaldo Smith for many years imagined himself a neglected Turner, a sort of Chatterton amongst painters, but after twelve months in Italy he had made the discovery that he was the merest dauber. Still Rinaldo did not despair; his disposition and temperament were sanguine to a degree, so that when he had painted seven frightful pictures for the Academy, and his invited friend Tom Brown, also a painter, had laughed at them and abused them in round terms, he merely said:

"Bet you fifty pounds the Hanging Committee accept the lot."

"Done," said Tom Brown.

Tom Brown had painted two superb landscapes, ideal loveliness, on canvas—summer blossoms on one, autumn tints on the other.

"Very beautiful," said Rinaldo Smith, who although a duffer himself was no mean judge; "but the Committee won't look at them."

"Bet you fifty pounds they're accepted," said Brown.

"Done," said Rinaldo Smith.

CHAPTER II.—THE PLOT.

Mr. Alphonso Merryman, R.A., was consumptive, and staying for the benefit of his health at Cannes. One Monday morning he received a missive from a Mr. Rinaldo Smith, of whom he knew absolutely nothing. The letter asked him if he intended sending in any specimens of his work to the Academy of 1884, or whether the delicate state of his health precluded the possibility. Mr. R. S. described himself as a writer for the society papers; and the R.A., desirous of keeping his name before the public, replied to the letter stating that he intended reserving his forces for 1885, and that no picture of his would grace the walls of Burlington House in 1884.

Then Rinaldo Smith went to work on his dreadful botches of art and finished them.

CHAPTER III.—THE EXHIBITION.

"They are too lovely for anything," sighed Mrs. Smythe Fitz-Smythe "the most superb things ever turned off an easel: have you seen them, George?"

George had not seen them, but when told they were those beautifully tinted figure pictures of Mr. Alphonso Merryman, R.A., he referred to the catalogue and quite agreed that they were undoubtedly the features of the Academy, but unfortunately he couldn't quite see it.

"Not see it!" said Mrs. Smythe Fitz-Smythe. "Why, upon my word, if this isn't that rising artist Mr. Tom Brown coming this way. What do you think of these wonderful pictures of Mr. Merryman's, Mr. Brown, the public and the Press have gone mad over them?"

"My dear madam, I scarcely know what to say. They are so like some of my friend Rinaldo Smith's that—"

"Ah, Brown," said Smith, who by a strange coincidence came up at that moment, "they've not hung yours, I see."

"They have not," said Brown, in evident distress.

"You owe me £50."

"But I don't see your name in the catalogue. You've, therefore, lost £50 to me, so we're square."

"Not at all," said Rinaldo Smith, with a twinkle of humour in his left optic. "Not at all. The bet was that they would accept the seven pictures. Well, as a matter of fact they have, but it was simply because I put Merryman's name to them. I knew they'd accept anything that came from a Royal Academician, and I've won my £50, so you owe me a cool hundred."

"But this is forgery."

"My dear fellow, I've simply done it to wake up the public to the value of the Hanging Committee's judgment. I know they're daubs and I know yours were works of art, but the magic R.A., my boy, the magic R.A. is the sesame."

Rinaldo Smith has flown the country, but he has woke up a big artistic question, and perhaps in time Tom Brown's genius will be recognised, though under the existing system he stands a poor chance indeed.—*Moonshine.*

DANGER OF BEING "MISTOOKEN."

"You George Washington Agustus! Whar's you gwine wid yerself so soon in de mawnin', boy?"

"Gwine up to Cap'til Hill—dat's whar I'se gwine, I is."

"Deed you isn't, boy—deed you isn't! You isn't gwine to no such ungody place as dat, you isn't. Go foolin' aroun' up dar and you'll be mistaken for the son ob a member ob Congress, you will. You take dat pail and tote me a pail ob water, or I'll mash yer mouf wid a flat-iron, I will."

THE BANK DRAUGHT.

SCENE.—Bank in the Trongate. Highland drover presents cheque to be cashed.

BANK TELLER.—Large or small notes? How do you wish it?

HIGHLAND DROVER.—"Thank ye, she'll shust tak' it cold without sugar.—*Glasgow Bailie.*"

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.