

MR. NEEBRITCHES ON TORONTO'S ANTIQUITIES.



ISTER GRIP,
DERE SUR,—avin ad
a good dele of lach-
ur timb on my auds
of late i employed
it in impruvink of
my mind by a-wis-
tin yure hold istor-
icel relickts in this
citty. now the res-
ult of my reserchis
is this that i am con-
vinced that no one
need leve toronto
to go to hegypt or
hany of them hoth-
er fantastickle plai-
ces in search of cu-
rossitys wen such
are to be ad rite ere
in hour midst. wy
hi harsk, wy visit

the land of the faraoahs to vov the perry-
mids and mummys wen we ave moar wazer-
able hantiquities hat hour werry dore, so to
speak. hi doant hallude to the hold maids
which is so habundant ere; far from it: i
hadoar the female sock hold or yung hand my
nativ shivelrv wouldn't permit me so to speke
of hany woman, but hi meno him the first
plaice, curossity, No. one: the parlyment bild-
ings. wy, Mr. GRIP, sur, its a pawsetiv dis-
grais to a civilised peple to permit such a
dlapidated hold rewin to remane standin.
carst yure heyas hacrost the hoccan hand let
them alite on hour magnificent pile of bildins
at Vestminister; there's a hedifice as his
worthy of the naimb of onses of parlyment;
but the mizsuhl hold ruckry as you calls the
hontarier parlyment bildins is wus than the
menest hold stable of a stingy country barri-
net: tru the plais is good enuf for some of
them tellers as comes from the hackwoods, and
owls wen the hainount hofferred to bribe em
isn't suffisht—the brolin brude of bribers as
the gloab calls them—but there is some intel-
ligiut men in the hontarier legislachour. hand
they desurvs a more sootable plaic wairein
to spout thare elokwents. Wots the matter
with that mister moat: wo eard im called the
little tirant; wy doesnt he kick like a stear
for better bildins: hi woodn't demene myself
by settin for parlyment hin no sech a contemptibl
ole: wy the plais reeks of filth and hold hage,
hand the horrices his the moast rikkitly hold
shunrydans of pig stys hi hever see; and this
is a kentry which claims to kno wots wot.

Wot hi says is this: hif hour hontarier legis-
later is wuth keepin hup at hall, then the
members deserves a better plaice to meet hin:
wy don't Moat take the matter hinto his moast
serious consideration and ave done with it.
Toronter had hought to be thurrorly ashaimbed
of hany such a bilden a digracin hof er.

Hanother rellet of a bigone haige is the de-
tectiv fource: lor, bless you, thare hisin't a
buggler hor a theaf or a hany kind hof a
mallyfactor as doesn't kno hevery one of
them detectifs a mile hof: they seem to be
selected, not so much for thare hability to de-
tect as for thare size and wate; yes, and sighs
and wait is there motter; the man wots rob-
bed does the sighin and waitin, tho, wilst
the detectifs is harfter a cloo. Now, hi don't
think a mau maiks a bit better detectif be-
caws he ways two undred and sixty lb. he is
hapt to run too much to flesh and too little
hintoelock; you'll agree with me that the best
detectif on the fource is the littlest. now,
wud it be pawsihl, do you himagine, for hany
of hour detectifs to disgiuse themselves so as
the crooks couldn't get honto em: no, sur, wy i
wood kno that reburns black heyas hany-
wair, hand odgins couodn't no more get rid of
his corporashn and semmy military walk than

i can elp lookin gentlemenly, and has for
newall hand reid hand brown, wy thare very
size givs them away: fancy detectif reid workin
hup a case disguised as a woman! my heyee,
woodn't he be a strapper! heighteen stoan
wood make a considerubl big femail, hay,
mister GRIP.

Fathesly, yures,
CHARLES NEEBRITCHES.

HUSBAND.—It is no good going anywhere
but to the Golden Boot, 206 Yonge-street, for
boots for our boys. They always fit and wear
well.

MR. LANOUCHERE says that Kaiser Wilhelm
is suffering from indigestion caused by a heavy
meal, to wit: "hot lobsters washed down with
Rhine wine." Likely enough; any man, em-
peror or no emperor, who has to "wash down"
his food is very likely to get a touch of dys-
pep. But if, as I think probable, the old gen-
tleman "washed down" those fish without
first removing the peel, he has only got what he
might expect. There is, I believe, nothing
more indigestible than an unpeeled lob-ster.



ABOUT SNOWSHOEING.

Perhaps it is a little late in the day or late
in the year—no, early in this year—well,
say late in the winter—that is, last win-
ter,—for advice about snowshoeing and how to
become a snowshoer; but better late than
never as the old maid said when she got mar-
ried on her ninety-third birthday, and if my
advice won't suit for this winter it will for
next.

The first thing to do is to join a snowshoe
club and adopt the uniform which will consist
of a tuque, a coat, a sash, and moccasins: it
is left at the sweet will of the member whether
he wears trousers or not, but they are usually
worn; no one, however, can tell whether you
have them on or not, as the coat comes down
pretty low.

The first thing in the matter of uniform is
the tuque; this may be made by cutting off the
foot of a long red or blue stocking, sewing up
the lower end and attaching a tassel.

The snowshoeing uniform coat is made by ob-
taining a blanket—you will see several hanging
about in front of the dry goods emporiums and
your cheapest plan is to snatch one and bolt,
sending in your name and address to the detect-
ives to insure immunity from arrest. You
next sew a row of buttons up one edge and
having bought a number of holes to correspond
to that of the buttons, you sew them on the
opposite edge to the buttons. Your big sister
will then make a hole in the blanket through
which you put your head and there you are.

Fit need not be studied in the matter of a
snowshoeing coat. The more it fits you like a
sentry-box, the more *en regle* it will be. At
anyrate if you are particular about a fit, the
store-keeper from whom you stole the blanket
will give you all the fits you want.

The sash and moccasins I am afraid you will
have to buy, likewise your snowshoes, for it's
snow-shoer thing to depend on being able to
get a uniform for nothing and shoes to boot.
There is but little sport in snowshoeing unless
there is snow; in fact it is snow sport. Sum-
mer is a poor time to learn to be an adept at
this art, but your snowshoes may be utilized
as lacrosse sticks or battle-dores: in the case of
Hamilton young ladies they may be used as
trellises to place in front of a house and train
creeping plants up.

When you have acquired the art of walking
on snowshoes and have about played yourself
out tramping for miles and miles along the
deep snow on the side of the road, you will sit
down and wonder why you couldn't wa k along
the hard, beaten road at half the expense of
wind and muscle, without any snow-shoes at
all. Then you will wrench off your snow-
shoes; fling them over the fence and walk
home as much like a rational being as a man
in a blanket coat and old stocking tuque can.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

TORONTO, Mairch, 1885.

DEAR WOLLIE,—Ye'll be glad tae hear I've
gi'en up the book-agency business. It was naair
than I cud stand, to be a' the time chap-
chappin' awa' at fo'ks' doors, an' after stannin'
i' the cauld wi' ma tae's stinnin' an' ma fingers
dinlin' for naething awa' but to get the door
steekit i' ma face just as I wad be i' the mid-
dle o' a fine peroration about the book I was
sellin'. No—I cudna stand it anither meenit,
an' had serious thoughts o' listin' for the Sou-
dan, only I didna approve o' Gladstone's
policy oot there, an' think I cud hac manag'd
things a gude deal better if I had been at the
head o' affairs, sae ye see, I couldna' consci-
entiously gang an' fecht under him. If Glad-
stone had taen my advice lang syne, an' just
gi'en Ireland tae the Irish, the hale thing also
wad hac been settled lang afore noo, for an'
he'd just let them alane they wad be like the
Kilkenny cats, they wad fecht wi' ane an-
ither till there wad be naething but the twa
tails left. That's my way o' settlin' the Irish
question—but Gladstone's a man that'll no
listen to advice. I canna say, however, that its
a'thegither his fault that they are gau' tae be
sae hard up for men. I see the muckle
Rooshian bear is gettin' up on's hind legs
again, there's naething i' the world frightens
him like the tune o' the "Hunder Pipers"—
but whaur they're gau' to get a hunder pipers
noo beats me. The landlords drave oo' the
braw Hielanman tae mak room for their game,
an' noo they can send oot their game to fecht
the Arabs an' the Rooshians. But a' this of
course has naething tae dae wi' my book-
agency; an' noo I maun tell ye the maist re-
markable circumstance that decided me tae gie
up the book-bisness. I canna help laughin'
yet when I think o' it. Ae day I cam up tae a
vera respectable luckin' hoose, an' a sort o' a
presentment gart me gang up the stair an'
chap at the door, wi' ma valeecce i' ma hand.
After chappin' I waited a wee, an' then gettin'
nae answer I tried the bell; an' naeboddy
comin', thinks I, I'll just try the door tae see
if onybody's in. Tae my astonishment, the
door opened quite easy, an' thinkin' maybe
the folk o' the hoose micht be deaf, an' me
bein' anxious tae mak a sale, I just gaed
daunderin' awa' in, but saw naeboddy. Maybe,
thinks I, they are a' on the tap flat, an' wi'
that I gaes slippin' up the stair. I wassna'
half way up, however, when I sees a woman's
head keekin' oot o' a door at the head o' the