

forming a Royal Society on the ambitious plan proposed. It is foredoomed to be a fizzle so far as "literature" is concerned, though the scientific section is strong enough to do good work. We certainly need some sort of organization to secure intercommunication between Canadian literary men, but Lord Lorne hasn't hit upon the happy thought as yet, though he deserves credit for his honest attempt at it.

Mr. Phipps' articles in the *World* on Canada's outlook have attracted wide attention. It has been the fashion in newspaper circles to refer to Mr. Phipps' utterances as "vagaries," but the truth is, there are few if any of our journalists who are so able, painstaking and effective in dealing with public questions. Phipps may be wrong on some points, but he is at all events able to give a *reason* for the faith that is in him—and there are some editors we know of who are not.

Our Public Library is now almost within our grasp, and only the culpable neglect or procrastination of the City Council can make a failure of it. The library and fixtures of the Mechanics Institute are offered as a nucleus for the Institution at a price which is positively a spring bargain.

A "Bull" Resolution.

The land leaguers of Hamilton have spoken, and lest the world should dare to insinuate they are not thoroughly Irish, they have spoken to the following effect:—

"That we sincerely hope every true friend of Ireland will use his earnest endeavour on every occasion and in all places to frown down and stamp out with the firm arm of justice all individuals or organizations who in any way sympathise with outrages or assassinations as a means of remedying the evils of Ireland or any other country."



The dramatic performance given in the Royal on Monday night by the Queen's Own Rifles was a successful affair, and called forth a fine audience.

The Choral Society faced a crowded Pavilion on Tuesday evening, when Mendelssohn's "Athalia," was given in good style. Mr. Oliver King, formerly court pianist at Rideau Hall, was heard for the first time in Toronto, and, being an excellent artiste, was well received.

The exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is now in progress at their gallery, King-street West. The Society comes out strong in oils this year, and as a whole the exhibition is considered by many the best yet held. Paintings by Mr. Parre and Mr. H. Watson are attracting special notice. We will pay our usual respects to the catalogue *via* the pencil next week.

Mr. Oliver King, pianist, and Mr. Prune, the great violinist, make another appearance at the Pavilion this (Friday) evening.



- A holy animal—a mouse.
- A chargeable commodity—Gunpowder.
- Foot-rule—when you kick a man down stairs.
- A gorge-us window—that of an eating house.
- Motto for a young doctor.—Patients and perseverance.

The forlorn hope—when one asks a girl to marry him for the third time.

"I conjure you to listen to me," as the magician said to his audience.

If your sweetheart is sitting on your lap, and the chair gives way, it's a *col-laps*.

When is a sailor liable to throw an artist overboard? When he casts off the painter.

When a girl persists in tight lacing against her physician's orders, it's a case of wilful waist.

Cant, to sing or whine.—*Chambers' Dictionary*. Many people say, "I can't sing." Strange, ain't it.

When Jones was informed the other morning that he was the happy father of twins, his exclamation was, "By Gemini!"

John A. would make a good photographer, he is so good at grouping, of negative qualities, and poses with excellent effect.

Vanderbilt is said to be worth one hundred millions. This tends slightly to keep fellows from slapping him on the back and calling him, "Van."

Jumbo was raised on Miles' Premium Yeast.—*Philadelphia Record* advt.—This is a wilful falsehood; when Jumbo was put aboard ship he was raised on a derrick.

[Our Funny Contributor asked us the other day in what respect he differed from Notman and Frazer. We gave it up; and our contributor answered that while cloudy weather did not affect them, it did him. This is all very well this time, but we would humbly inform our Contributor that in *Grip* photographic advertisements are worth — cents a line—E. GRIP.]

"Notes From High Society."

DEAR MR. GRIP.—Allow me to express my pleasure at the appropriate heading you gave my letter, but to correct a mis-print in the first line. I referred to the famous Barry Lyndon, Esq., and your d—, no, I'll not write it— makes me say *Harry*. Now, Mr. GRIP, your wisdom will show you that this error shows one to your polite readers in the light of an ignoramus, for if a woman is ignorant of novels, she is ignorant indeed. Novel-reading is indispensable to a lady; whatever else she reads, she *must* read novels, and the less of everything else, the better. For instance: history? No, that is dry, besides no one talks history in society. Philosophy? stuff! What man likes a woman that can pin him in arguments? Politics? odious! What are men for? Religion? On Sundays, of course, but not at other times. None of these things do for conversation in society, and that is all we want. Society furnishes husbands, therefore we must please society. Does this surprise you, good Mr. GRIP, does it sound un-

maidenly? Well, it is not our fault. Do we not see every day that the chatty, sentimental girls are preferred to the grave and thoughtful ones? And have not our mammas, our nurses, and elder sisters taught us that to be "preferred," that is, to triumph over other girls, is the second best thing in life, the first being a good match.

Well, as I said before, a knowledge of history and the sciences is of no use in society; they will not admit of the nice little graces, the pretty glances, soft intonations and double meanings, that make the joy of the ball-room. Then, on the other hand, novels are very useful. An industrious novel-reader coming out at sixteen or seventeen, is not embarrassed by any amount of nonsense men may talk. She lives in an atmosphere of sentiment, so a little more does not affect her. If she is a fool she believes what they say, and takes it all for granted quickly, and as if she is used to it, if she is wise she doubts it all, but enjoys it nevertheless. In neither case does she become so much excited as to forget the position and circumstances of the gentleman, as might be the case with one of your histrionic, philosophic, astronomic young ladies, when suddenly let down from their exalted heights into a world of fashion and sentiment. No, no! If catching a husband be the aim of young ladyhood, (and who denies the fact?) she must waste no time over useless reading. Novels, and novels only, will serve her purpose.

Yours sincerely,
JEMIMA.

Carmen Colleg'alo.

ATR.—"A Life on the Ocean Wave."

A life at the Varsitee,
A home in the Residence,
Where the boys are wild and free,
And vacant of common sense.

Then hurrah for the prison drear,
And the various nightly spreads,
The punch and spirits and beer,
And subsequent aching heads.

Hurrah for the luscious grub,
Which the steward so freely deals;
The regal splendor and state,
And the lavishness of the meals.

Hurrah for the gowns so torn,
The fluttering, mystic rags;
And the slippers gaudy and worn,
That clatter over the flags.

And a cheer for the dear "profess."
Who worries and fines the boys
When we rouse him out of his den
With our lightsome cusses and noise.

Hurrah for the life we lead,
The jolliest ever you saw
And the kind of men we breed,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

FIGURE-BOUT.



IMBIBING THE SPIRIT.

(For the after effects of which see the columns of the Morning World.)