



The Hailons at the Grand are marvellous beyond expression. Of a truth, they must be seen to be appreciated.

Remember the concert by Boud St. choir, in the church, this (Friday) evening. Mr. Lawson's past triumphs in this line give assurance of a grand success.

The Guernsey-Listemann Combination of Boston—a superior company of musical artistes supplemented by Miss Minerva Guernsey, a dramatic star, give two concerts at the Pavilion on Saturday next—afternoon and evening. Mr. Listemann and his colleagues are well known in Toronto, and former visits to be pleasantly remembered.

#### Notes from High Society

DEAR MR. GRIP,

Like Harry Lyndon, Esq., I move in the first society. When I go to a ball I dance with the most distinguished young men only, and when giving invitations always prefer an empty room to a mixed assemblage. Sometimes the room is nearly empty, but I don't mind that, it is at least select. I tell you this that you may be able to appreciate my notes; they are reports from the first drawing-rooms. Now, Mr. GRIP, I would have you know that to be of the proper tone one must be churchy; not religious, that might be in the way—but churchy. The little airs are quite becoming, only, as I said before, you must not mix them with religious feeling, that would spoil the effect. I was visiting some friends the other day, and observed how it worked even in little things. The young lady's dog came into the room, and sprang on her knee. "Dear Tanny," she cried, "what a pretty it is, and how sweet its ribbon is!" (It wore a large purple bow.) "But my dear Miss—," said I, "why did you use purple? It is so ugly." "Oh! but it's his Lenten ribbon, he'll have a nice new one for Easter, a nice white ribbon." "White, why white?" I ask. "Oh, white's for Easter, it is the canonical color." "But don't you think," I asked, "it is bringing Lent and Easter into ridicule to dress your dog so?" She looked vexed, and said that her sweet doggie should have his Lent and Easter ribbon too, so I dropped the subject, I did not wish to appear old-fashioned. But, Mr. GRIP, I appeal to you. First, does not this show the taste natural to the fair sex? Second, does it not show how admirably young ladies of high-church tendencies understand the truths symbolized by church decorations? Third, does it not show how very well fitted they are to undertake these decorations, as they often do, without guidance? And fourth, does it not surprise you that these decorations, after their taste, do not call forth more devotional feeling than they do? Yours,

JEMIMA.

For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain, the London reporter's peculiar. With delicious diversity of chronicling, we are told that the University Boat-race of 1882, was won by two, by five, by seven, and by ten lengths. The matter is not of vital importance, and will cause no great upheaval of the existing condition of things.—*Hull Bellman*.

But it is a matter of profound congratulation to us in Toronto to know that "our own" reporters never imitate those London (Eng.) reporters, not by no means.

#### The Tale of the Terrible Tupper;

OR, A TRUE POLITICAL HISTORY.

A certain Parliamentary man  
Now claims your close attention,  
And if you'll read these humble lines  
The reason I will mention;  
That most of this is strictly true,  
I'll state in confidence to you,  
And you will not  
Have cause to rue  
Your gracious condescension.

Some years ago, a poor young man,  
To Parliament they sent him;  
Unto his name was tacked M.D.,  
So M.P., too, they lent him;  
(I think it shows a kind of greed  
To use more letters than you need,  
And troublesome  
It is to read  
But dignity it lent him.

He had a voice both strong and clear,  
In fact he roared like thunder,  
And so he caught the speaker's ear,  
But was it any wonder?  
If I should shout, and roar, and yell,  
And raise a voice like merry—(well,  
The name of it  
I shall not tell),  
I'd burst that ear asunder.

It woke the Speaker from his snooze,  
And made his back feel creepy,  
(The night before he'd had a booze,  
And so he felt quite sleepy);  
But when the Doctor's speech was done,  
(A speech which favored No. 1),  
And when the vot-  
ing was begun,  
He did not feel so sleepy.

The next place that he made a mark  
Was in a mining venture,  
A scheme for digging diamonds dark,  
For which he got much censure;  
"I was charged that crooked was the go  
The Doctor vowed it was not so,  
(He said so and  
He ought to know  
About his little venture.)

An office in the Cabinet,  
The goal of his ambition,  
Was what he next did try to get;  
He got that swell position.  
His poverty he quickly ends  
By letting contracts to his friends.  
(In making money,  
Much depends  
Upon a man's position.)

And now the Opposition press  
Shout boldly out, CORRUPTION!  
The Government is in a mess.  
And verging on disruption.  
And when they to the people go,  
They meet a sudden, deadly blow,  
A perfect rout  
And overthrow,  
For dealing in corruption!

Then after staying "out" five years  
In Opposition sour,  
The people lose their former fears  
And place them back in power.  
The Doctor (now a doughty knight)  
Will surely do the thing that's right,  
And keep his white-  
Washed fingers white,  
On coming back to power.

Alas! it seems he won't do so,  
For, in his contract-letting,  
A firm called Underdonk & Co.  
The fattest things are getting;  
Although their prices higher far  
Than other tenders prices are,  
That does not seem  
The slightest bar  
To their contracts getting.

I think Sir Charles had best beware  
Of jobbing in this manner,  
For when a "job" is laid out bare  
It makes a pretty banner  
For Opposition folks to use,  
(The chance they will not likely lose),  
And if they do  
'Twill make him "blue"  
To see it on their banner.

JA KASS.

The following prize question has been propounded by the New York Debating Club: If a 50-cent piece with a hole in it is worth 35 cents, what is the value of the hole without the piece?

#### A New Webster Wanted.

The *Globe's* Montreal correspondent, in his list of "portion of exhibits" at the coming Third Annual Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy at Montreal, says some select things. He has evidently studied the art of descriptive reporting to some purpose.

He says Miss Richards has "some good charcoal life studies." Now, we know what "still life" is, and "real life," also but we do not know what kind of life "charcoal life" is. The only life we are acquainted with in connection with charcoal is fire—the emblem of life; but how can incandescent charcoal be put on canvases and not consume it? We must see Miss Richards's pictures if they do not vanish up the chimney like the old woman on the broomstick. Now we dote on new words. The English language is so poor, and is rapidly becoming so telephonic and phonetic, that we are thankful for any word which may indicate a whole opinion in one breath, and "Our Own Correspondent"—the *Globe's* we mean—has kindly furnished us with such a word; it is "meritable." He says Mr. Brymner, of Ottawa, is a coming man, and his pictures on exhibition are "meritable." Did he mean to "damn with faint praise," or to praise with faint damn, the coming man's works? For the life of us we cannot tell. But "meritable" is a useful expression, anyhow, and we are much obliged to the *Globe* for enabling us to add a new word to our reporting dictionary.



AN OLD STORY RE-TOLD

When Sir Charles Tupper was a little boy his papa presented him with a little hatchet. Delighted with his treasure he went about hacking everything that came in his way, and amongst other things he chopped up a very valuable cherry tree in his papa's garden. When the old gentleman discovered the ruined tree he was very wroth, and observing little Charlie standing near with his hatchet in his hand he said:

"Charles, is this your work?"

With a calm and guileless face Charlie replied: "Yes, papa; I could tell a story but I wouldn't: I did it with a jack-knife!"

"No," said the prominent member of a Vermont parish, "Jackson will never do for a deacon; he hain't got the qualifications why, darn it, I've cheated him on a horse trade myself."

Flogging in insane asylums Fogg thinks perfectly proper. He says they pound the patients, just as the railway men do car wheels, to see if they are cracked.—*Boston Transcript*.