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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

The Book of Unthackerayed Snobs.

NO. 3. THE HOTEL CLERK.

We have no desire to be hard upon the hotel clerks, those gorgeous models of chivalry, whose aim in life soars little above that of attracting public admiration, and whose time and purse are greatly diminished by the kind attentions they pay their tailors. We never meet an hotel clerk without experiencing a sense of awe, and feeling that we are in the presence of a superior being, for King Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. The thoroughbred hotel clerk, not one of those hybrid specimens who unite the duties of bartender and clerk, but one whose soul is far above working a beer engine, is nothing if not supercilious in manner and resplendent in his get up. Notwithstanding that these gentlemen are supposed to be perfect encyclopedias of knowledge to the ignorant enquirer, to put one of them to any trouble by asking for information has always appeared to us a wanton piece of cruelty, calculated to disturb that serene and impressive dignity, of which the auxiliaries are a middle parting of the hair, waxed moustache ends and paste diamonds. It has often been an enigma to us how the hotel clerk gets rid of his money. As a rule they have no children or encumbrances of any kind. They have no household expenses to meet. Their income is an unknown quantity; but whatever its amount, it is obvious that it is chiefly used as pocket-money. Should a question arise, or a subject be started about which there is a diversity of opinion or a deficiency of knowledge, the hotel clerk, speaking with authority and not as the Scribes, is quite ready to bet, or to use his own language, "back his opinion" by depositing the contents of his pocket-book against the contents of yours in the hands of some mutual acquaintance or bystander; and as the amounts he offers to stake are generally larger than any you are likely to be in possession of at the time, naming them with an air of unconcerned indifference, the logical conclusion is, that his salary must be a very handsome one.

We believe the hotel clerk's chief idiosyncrasy is his unruffled self-conceit. Whether he summons the bell-boy or porter, writes out the dinner bill-of-fare, adds up your bill, chews the end of a tooth-pick or surveys himself in the glass, he assumes the air of one who evidently thinks no small things of himself. The hotel clerk first and after him the deluge. Some of these gentlemen are so very far gone in self esteem that they affect a sham asceticism, being reserved in their manner, answering in monosyllables and speaking in subdued cadences, as if a scarcity of speech and modulation of the voice were the indications of true dignity. The best passport to the good graces of these indi-

viduals is dress. Should the guest arrive travel stained and in modest attire, the clerk sniffs him at once and relegates him to a room at the top of the house. On the other hand, should the guest appear in a vest of many colors and have the appearance of being some tailor's walking advertisement, shining with ointment and smelling of bandoline, he is received with a smirk and a smile and assigned one of the best rooms in the house. Hotel clerks may change their climate, but it is not often they change their manners, and to all guests they bear themselves with a supercilious air, as if the obligation was all on their side and they regarded the travelling public as interlopers, trying to make their way on cheek and upon whom a very strict watch should be kept.

It sometimes happens that the clerk has to assume the duties of a bartender, and when this is the case he is often a cad as well as a snob. These gentlemen usually perform their duties in their shirtsleeves, pulled well up the arm and held in place by a band. To see them prepare a mixed drink is the acme of nonchalant dexterity. They go through a sort of legerdemain performance with the tumbler, throw it up in the air, catching it as it falls in a manner which seems to say "just see how very smart I am." These gentlemen are mostly sporting characters. They know all about the winners of go-as-you-please matches, are well up in the names of the winners of aquatic events, and have a horsey manner about them, as vulgar as it is common with members of the brotherhood. In a pocket in the back part of their pants they carry their money, and when they offer to make a bet they drag it out and slap it on the bar-counter or office desk with a laugh, as much as to say "You can't bluff me." These men are even fonder of dress than the clerk, pure and simple, and as a general thing they are louder in their taste. Large rings adorn their puffy looking fingers and a glaring neck-tie is set off by a pin, fashioned to represent a horse-shoe, a bridle, or something or another sporty and horsey. Like their brethren who only perform a clerk's duties, their hair is a credit to the hotel barber, and if divested of some of the attributes of their more aristocratic brother, they assume more or less, putting on airs and affecting a deportment peculiar to hotel snobs and well-known to the travelling public.

The Senate.

It was still raining in torrents. The strong North Easter blew in fitful gusts, each succeeding blast waxing stronger and stronger, causing the somewhat rickety window frames of the SLASHBUSH mansion to shake like a newly imported Englishman undergoing his first attack of the ague. The melancholy, sad-eyed cows stood patiently in the storm, gazing to leeward in an irregular row, like a squadron of the Body Guard before the Parliament House at the opening of the Session. GUSTAVUS had taken off his boots, and was sitting beside MARTHA JANE MULLIGAN, (who to the great satisfaction of GUSTAVUS, was storm-stayed, and could not go home).

"Now," ejaculated GUSTAVUS "shall we or shall we not have two houses? It is better that we keep on two houses?" "Why what on airth be you talkin' about, GUSTAVUS?" answered MARTHA JANE. "You know we'll have to go and live in AUNT MELLISSA'S old log house, and it will be a favour to git that."

"Ah, MARTHA JANE," said the ever admiring and romantic GUSTAVUS, "what care I whether log hut or baronial hall calls me master, so long as you are its fair mistress! but 'tis not of our domestic fortunes I speak! I referred to our Parliament Houses, and as to the expediency of our abolishing the Senate Chamber; or, in other words, confining the country to only one House. Now there is something expressive of dignity in the mere name of Senator that awakens feelings of worthy

ambition in our Canadian youth. True, a Senator is not exactly a lord, as he possesses no hereditary or feudal rights, yet he stands in the same relation to our House of Commons as the peer does to the English House. Besides, look at the old Roman Senator in his toga, sitting on his block of Parian marble, or addressing the great CÆSAR with his lictors and Praetorial Guards around him. Why, even the wretched Yank, in spite of all his short-comings, still clings to his Senate. I tell you, MARTHA JANE, that when I hear the vile proposition to do away with that august body howled in my ear by that vulgar radical, when I behold that infamous measure upheld in that vilest of all recrement sheets, the *Globe*, when I know—"

"How de do, MARTHA JANE?" said the head of the SLASHBUSH family, who had just came in from the farm. "Rainin', aint it? GUSTAVUS, put on your boots and go down to Uncle EPHRAIM's medder and get that hay-rake you left that, you careless critter." GUSTAVUS obeyed and went forth in the face of the tempest.

The Scientist's Soars.

(Appropos of the 1st July.)

One tranquil night I stroll'd, my mind
In contemplation cast;
The sky was clear, the forming dew
Precipitating fast.

I gazed above, the myriad stars
In silent brightness shone;
I thought of mists and nebulae,
How orbs their courses run.

When lo! a startling sight appear'd,
I was as one distracted;
My hair on end stood paralyzed,
Like light doubly refracted.

A star—its orbit seemed to run
Ten million miles a minute;
Transfixed I gazed, and wondered what
The dickens could be in it.

In frantic haste I then rushed home,
And search'd thro' star lists long;
It was not there, and so I feared
The heavens had gone wrong.

Then to my telescope I flew,
Its ponderous frame adjusted;
With look intent the orb surveyed—
Just then the blamed thing "busted."

This second shock my nerves unstrung,
I fell down in a swoon;
The doctor came and said I was
Afflicted by the moon.

'Twas false—revived, I reached the point
Where late the star had been;
But all in vain, alas! there were
No fragments to be seen.

Just then upon the threshold stood
My son and darling wife;
And I explained what nigh had caused
Cessation of my life.

How thro' the optic glass I'd seen
A wandering world destroyed;
Just as the one (as they well knew)
That formed each asteroid.

My son—he laughed, my wife did too,
My son nigh cried "You loon,
Repressing this he said he guessed
It was a fire balloon.

For they had to the Gardens been,
To see the fireworks grand;
Made not by Nature's fingers deft,
But by another Hand.

Among the rest, a fire balloon
Rose lessening in the sight;
(He reads the classics)—and assailed
The myriad orbs of night.

But as of old, the Titan bold
From heaven high was hurled;
So fell to earth that fire balloon,
Which was my bursting world.

And ever since, if e'er I speak
A scientific word,
Strange smiles gleam round the family board,
And I feel quite absurd.

Running a newspaper is very much like running a bicycle. If you stop treading the wheel, down you'll go.—*Wheeling Times.*