



THE PIOUS SABBATH DESECRATOR, AND THE LOFTY MOTIVES WHICH INFLUENCE HIM.

four times Right Eminent, six Grand Masters, eleven Noble Grands, thirteen Worthy Chief Patriarchs, five Grand Counsellors, two Regents, one Vice-Regent, four Venerable Sages, eight Chief Rangers, thrice Master Workman, seven Right Worshipfuls, five Grand Chaplains, two Very Worshipfuls, one Rather Worshipful, two Grand Scribes, three times Very Excellent, twice Most Excellent and once transcendently Excellent Companion, two Grand Heralds, and once Serene Transparency. In addition to these, he held every naval and military rank in the country. He presided over the most flourishing and extensive tonsorial emporium in Washington, where the senators and representatives of the nation enjoyed the treble luxury of shaving, shampooing, and conversation gleaned from a thousand sources. His prices were never more than fifteen cents for hair-cutting and ten cents for a shave. Old Sardine, as he was familiarly called, was a man of mark, stood five feet six inches, weighed 101 pounds, and dictated without contradiction, for who dared to oppose him. Some people were envious, and of course spitefully ridiculed Major-General Smith's titles, calling them bombastic and meaningless, but just such folks would doff their hats to princes, dukes, marquises and such, and would be in their glory if permitted, by an editor, to treat him. S. S. died lamented, and was followed to his grave by several thousand Sir Knights and titled beings in regalias.

What countryman was Apollo? bluntly demands MYTHOLOGOS.—Undoubtedly a Welshman; the family name was Olo, and the prefix-Ap-signifying "Son of," is most undoubtedly Welsh. See the Ap-Shenkinse, Ap-Rhuyse or Ap-Rices and so forth. Further evidence of this is found in the Merionethshire CAPRICORN, a comic paper of the year 831, printed in the Welsh tongue, with an alarming scarcity of vowels. A translation, also very ancient, of this paper is to be seen in the British Museum, in which the following conundrum appears, which would seem to indicate

that Apollo was, as we have said, a Welshman, Pan or Pen being probably a native of Cornwall, a county not a great distance from Wales. This is the riddle referred to:

"Yf Ap-Olo threwe l'auinc into yc sea, Quhen he cam outte, qahatte would he bee?"

Answer:—A dryping Pannic!" Similar bits of facetiousness are to be found in the *Capricorn*, which appears to have strongly resembled the modern *Punch*; in fact some of the jokes in the latter are to be found in the *Capricorn* of 831. The paper, however, was remarkably free from the gross vulgarity that seems to be a feature of the American comic papers of the present day.

"Mr. Grip, do you know the origin of the word 'grog'?" If so, please tell me what it is," asks DEDINA.—Admiral Vernon is said to have given rise to the word, his nick-name being "old Grogan," but this story is false. The manner in which the word was first originated was as follows: John Smith, a loyal subject of his late majesty, George III. of glorious memory, resident in the West Indies, obtained permission to send his dread sovereign a punchon of rum, and with his own hand addressed it, "Georgius Rex; Old Gena-aikey," the initials of which form the word. The yarn about Admiral Vernon, then, would seem to be disproved. Grog, therefore, must be considered as a colonial contribution to the majesty of the English language and people.

GRIP'S FABLES.

FOR ALDERMEN AND THE VERY YOUNG.
THE OBSERVANT YOUNG MAN.

In one of my former Fables I told you about a young man who wanted to be taken for a Genius but only got mis-taken for a Crank. I am now going to tell you about another Youth of a Similar Species, but I find that I have to be Mighty Careful what I Say in these Fables, for everybody's Feet seem to have Corns on them, and since I began to

Write them—the Fables, not the Corns—that is a mild little joke, but never mind Laughing—I think that more than Forty-three people have called on me to Thump me, but I turned their Wrath away with a Soft Answer which was Better than being thumped, was it not? And Good Men have Written Letters to me saying I was a Bold Bad Man; all of which makes me Think that there must be a Great Si-mi-la-ri-ty in the Sizes of a Large Number of Heads as the Same Cap seems to Fit them All. I do not Wish to be a Bold Bad Man, but I am Afraid I am One, for All of those who Wrote to me and told me I was one, said how Good they were themselves, in fact some were Church Members—think of that, Children and Aldermen, Church Members who never can and never do Commit Anything Sinful. Oh! how Bad I felt I was when these Good, Pious Men said so, and I sat down and Cried—in my Sleeve. But I am taking up too much Space—ah! I find I have Done so already, so I shall have to Post-pone my Fable of the Observant Young Man till some Other Day.

And so, as there has been no Fable, there need be no Moral for the Printer to Mis-lay this time. Good By. Oh! how Bad I am

OVERWORKED.

TWO POPULAR CHARACTERS COMPLAIN.

"My gracious, old fellow," said the slice of lemon peel to the oyster, "you look mighty pale." "Pale!" exclaimed the other, "and why wouldn't I? Here I've been up, night after night, attending church socials, church choir oyster suppers, and soon, and I'm about played out. Me and two more was engaged to furnish the stew at the Blim-street Methodist two nights ago: next evening the Wesleyan choir borrowed me for their oysters blow out: all the work come on my shoulders, and I a ked myself, as I wandered about the stew looking for a chum,

"Oh! Solitude, where a.e thy charms?"

I to l you, old slice, it was mighty lonesome swimming around in that great turcen."

"Must have been," the other agreed, "but you'll get a rest now, eh?"

"Rest! not much!" answered the oyster, sitting down exhausted, "I've got to play a lone hand at the Congregational school teachers oyster supper to night: They borrowed me for the occasion?"

"It's stew bad," said the lemon, sympathizingly: "but you're no worse off than I am: I, all alone, furnished lemonade for 563 scholars at the Sunday school picnic two weeks ago, and since that I've done duty in two saloons, and I reckon, I've made fully 150 lemonades."

"My goodness, old man, you're as badly off as I am," said the oyster, "it's a lemoncholly business, ain't it?"

"You bet," replied the slice: "but I must be off and sour up for another gallon of lemonade: tra-la."

"By-by."



Manager Sheppard is at present in charge of the Horticultural Pavilion, where he has an excellent attraction in the shape of an operatic Concert Co. including Signor Brignoli, and several other vocalists of equal renown. They sing this evening.