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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 Unthackered Snobs.

NO. 2. THE SNOB IN BROADCLOTH.

Having, in the first number of this series, spoken in general terms of the snob in petticoats, we proceed to do the same of the snob in broadcloth, after which we shall in future numbers particularize the different members of the genus more at length. If the female snob is not an agreeable creature she is certainly an improvement upon her upstart brother. The *pseudo* gentleman is perceptible at a glance. It is not alone his dress which betrays him. His fondness for display and general love of parade are conspicuous, but in the richness of his imagination, this clever imitation reveals the true inwardness of his disposition. "Liars should have good memories," is an admirable axiom, but it is not one the snob in broadcloth has committed to memory. Some of them may be free from the vice of deliberately uttering mendacious statements, but as every one of the breed is trading in qualities which he does not possess he is guilty of acting lies if not uttering them. In their dealings with women these fashionable prigs show a most unwholesome deficiency. Should they be loved unselfishly and devotedly by wife, sister, mistress or mother, they never think of feeling grateful for the devotion, but accept it as their rightful due, toy with it until satiated and then fling away the instrument of their enjoyment as a cumbersome burden, without the least compunction. These Philistines have no reverence for women. In their eyes honour is a mere bagatelle, and they gild over the most wretched vices with the most specious reasoning; dress themselves up in an appearance of virtue, talk loudly of their integrity, magnanimity and general high-mindedness, but are still libertines and dissolute men of pleasure. If the outside of the cup is clean what matter the dregs inside? It is these people who repudiate their debts of honour, are always betting but never pay when they lose, borrow money they never intend to return, cheat at cards, pull their horses on the turf, slander those whom they imagine have no power to retaliate, are adapts in white lies, and in a variety of petty ways show that they are floundering in a mass of mud. Every snob is a bully provided he thinks he can safely indulge in the practice. It is a perfectly safe pastime, requiring no long apprenticeship, and it is easy to fling a good deal of mud and abuse with the sure conviction that some of it is bound to stick.

In society the snob pays a certain amount of deference to custom, and outwardly frequently wears a fair appearance. He attends church more or less regularly, because it is the correct thing to do, takes the sacrament, and the older members of the species often send handsome

donations to neighbouring charities with the request that an acknowledgment may be made through the press. This is the homage which hypocrites pay to virtue, and very cheap homage it is. Some old snobs, as if anxious to atone for past misdemeanours, become active in good work. They build churches and schools, take an active part in philanthropical enterprises, become church deacons and lay delegates, and in general assume a glamour of respectability which is sometimes only short lived. If the private transactions of some of these aged gentlemen could bear the strict investigation which their public ones court, certain boards and committees would have failed in unearthing scandals which have brought desolation and tears to bankers, stock-brokers and the general public. Whilst outwardly these old reprobates appear both in word and deed strictly honest, inwardly they conduct much of their business upon those fluid and elastic principles which usually lead to a crash. Nearly all snobs show their claim to the title in their features, for most of them have a vulgar, coarse, flabby appearance, the very antithesis of the quiet dignity and reserve of the well-bred gentleman. According to the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, "a gentleman is always calm-eyed," and it is because it is an attribute of dignity, and dignity involves self-respect. Snobs usually speak in a loud and boisterous manner, though some specimens of the class, and they are the worst in existence, assume a humility which serves to gloss over their defects without curing them. All these members of humanity are loud in their dress. They have a profusion of jewellery and make a great display of watch-chain. To be fashionably dressed is the *summum bonum* of their existence, and in order to be up to the mark in this respect, they mortgage their salaries in advance, defraud those who trust them, and borrow from those they can persuade to lend to them.

The younger members of the class often assume airs which they have no brains to substantiate. Unless a man is fashionably dressed, he is, in their opinion, no gentleman. These young prigs pander to riches and titles. Position is everything and they wrap around themselves the mantle of good appearance and fancy they can deceive the multitude. In their more sportive moods they frequent questionable resorts, are familiar with bar-maids and bar-men whom they address by their christian names. They consume vast quantities of beer, not because they really care for it, but because it is the thing "you know," they are slangy in their conversation, use questionable adjectives to enforce their statements, speak of their sire as the "governor," the "old man," and as a general thing do not care about being seen in his company abroad. They have generally some little business on hand in which a woman is mixed up, and about which they talk mysteriously. Nothing pleases these genteel young men more than to be thought "Don Juans" and "Gay Lotharios," but they are men no true woman ever cares to love. The vulgar herd they may impose upon, but sooner or later they stand revealed in their true colours as *pseudo*-gentlemen.

Machine for Awakening Boys.

MR. GRIP, SIR.—As the extreme difficulty of rousing, at even a moderately early hour, a small boy who has been engaged in base-ball playing the night before, has been experienced by every one, I have at the cost of much mental labour invented a machine which I flatter myself will materially assist those who are compelled to engage in the above mentioned pastime. The cost is trifling when compared with the results. An ordinary bedstead is procured, and placed about ten inches from the wall; five dozen extra strong especially constructed alarm clocks are ranged round the room and are so contrived that as the weights descend they pull up a stout cord, which, passing over a pulley, is attached to the foot of the bed clothes. The

youth retires. At 7 a. m. the alarms start, and as they progress gently but firmly pull up the bed clothes. Suddenly an imitation leg covered by a real no. 10 man's boot (which has been concealed betwixt the bed and the wall and which is worked by a small steam engine) attacks the subject in the rear (the alarms going like mad) and whilst operating, by a simple mechanical contrivance the contents of three pails which have been warily hung over-head are overturned and at the same time the bedstead is caused to assume a perpendicular position (the alarms still going like fury) which it is calculated will induce the occupant to locate himself on the previously carpet-tack-covered floor. Here the patient is seized (the clocks still howling) by an ingenious steel instrument on the principle of a pair of sugar-tongs and deposited in a cold shower bath, his night costume being removed by a contrivance for that purpose (the alarms tearing and yelling.) The juvenile on being released will, it is confidently asserted, be more than three-quarters awake.

Yours, Sir,
INVENTOR.

The Matrimonial Question.

"Let us look the situation calmly in the face," said GUSTAVUS SLASHDUSH to MARTHA JANE MILLIGAN, his fiancée, as they sat under the broad verandah fronting the MILLIGAN home-stead, in the twilight of the balmy June evening. Nothing disturbed the serenity of the hour, except the occasional dull clang of the bell that graced the neck of the "muley" cow in an adjoining field, and the sound of grand-ma MILLIGAN's spinning wheel, which hummed and boomed like an embodied National Policy. Probably it was the hum of the last mentioned relict of by-gone time that suggested the thoughts he was about to give utterance to. "Let us view the situation from all its stand-points, not with the prejudiced eye of Grit or Tory, but as two of the people. Yes, MARTHA JANE, as two of the people. Let us assume," continued GUSTAVUS, "that we are married and we commence house keeping. It will be just such folks as us that the N. P. will most sensibly effect. Yet there are counteracting and indirect advantages arising from the measure that will to a great extent nullify the extra cost of living."

"All I know is," interrupted MARTHA JANE, "that sugar's riz, and tea's riz, and calliker's riz, too."

"Ah, too true, too true," resumed GUSTAVUS, "but let us not forget, there are other interests besides our own that must be fostered. Do you think, MARTHA JANE, that I for one desire to see this, my native country, remain as a mere agricultural or grazing field, while south of us the insatiate Yank keeps shooting—yes shooting his slaughtered and damaged wares into our midst, while our own factories are as silent as a young lady in meetin'? No MARTHA JANE, we can start the world together, live with less luxuries, buoyed up with the knowledge that we are doing something for the good of our country, for posterity."

"Come off the front stoop, MARTHA JANE, and tell that tiresome critter to go home!" were the shrill words that closed ERASTUS' peroration, as he looked up to the second storey window and beheld the dread form of his adored one's mother. "Guess I'd better go," he said, and as he passed through the front gate, he distinctly caught the sound of Mrs. MILLIGAN's piquant tones saying to her daughter, "You're just as big a fool as he is, MARTHA JANE, sitting out in the night air with that lunk-head half the night!"

A hot spell—a well contested spolling match.

The black fly is a "gnatty little fellow."

In old times malefactors had their feet put in the stocks. Now-a-days people who dabble in stocks often put their foot in it also.

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