

A WICKED REPORTER'S WORK.

HOW A MUDDLED MAN MIXED A WEDDING AND A SLUGGING MATCH.

A most interesting ceremony took place last evening at St. Barnaby's church, between Jem Slugg, the well-known New York heavy weight, and Mr. V. Adolphus Spooner, a gentleman whose many accomplishments and shining talents, know chiefly to the members of our most exclusive society, have rendered him an object of interest to the sporting fraternity of the continent. Slugg was seconded by his trainer, Miss Clytemnestra Van Zoot, the acknowledged belle of the last three seasons, during which time she has received attentions from and put in good fighting condition, no less men than John Lightning Sullivan, S. Victor Dudeyton, Slade, Oscar Wilde, Mace, Freddie Gebhart, Paddy Ryan, Tug Wilson and other society gentlemen whose exploits in the ring have elevated them to the positions of idols in the hearts of our lovely fair ones. Mr. V. Adolphus Spooner was ably seconded by "Gougher" Jackson, a local pugilist of considerable fame, who has quite recovered from the injuries to his proboscis received in the recent sparring exhibition in which the hearts of many ladies were touched by his gallantry and utter *sans froid*. The Rev. Mr. Sanctimon, a sport whose memory will ever be held dear by the widows and orphans, in view of his long association with old timers, officiated with heavenly graciousness and good-natured piety. A space of twenty-four feet square was roped off, within which stood the contracting parties beneath a handsome floral wedding bell built of ten pairs of boxing gloves. The bride and her attendants were dressed in the usual sparring costumes. The former looked perfectly lovely as she sat on a chair in a corner, wrapped in clouds of filmy lace and a heavy ulster, awaiting the word to begin from the officiating minister. The groom, the favorite on whom bets were freely offered at two to one, wore the regulation pantaloons, black dress coat and sleeveless jersey, that showed to good advantage the hard muscles of his arms playing under the smooth and white skin like gliding snakes. The audience comprised all the well-known sports about town, the brilliant costumes of the ladies and the uniforms of the cops and the military gentlemen adding great splendor that was lighted up by the glances that shone from the eyes of the bride and by the electric light with which the hall was illuminated. Rev. Mr. Sanctimon stepped to the front of the platform and announced that the tussle would be for a purse of \$500 and two-thirds of the door money, adding that he felt sure that great blessings would fall upon the heads of the happy couple who were about to be united in the bonds of pugilism. He then called on the sparrers to toe the mark, whereupon low murmurs of "Bust his snoot, Jem," "Lay him out stiff, Jackson," "Blind his blinkers, Gougher," "Draw the first blood, Slugg," and shouts and yells of "Ah, how Clytie blushes," "the charming man," "what an exquisite moustache," burst from the lips of congregated gentility. The preliminaries having been arranged and the organist having finished playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March, the happy couple kissed each other, shook hands and then commenced the

1st round.—Spooner led off with a well-directed blow which caught Miss Clytemnestra Van Zoot under the left optic just as she was about to say "for better or for worse" in reply to a question from the master of the ceremonies, she dropped promptly, and not having answered "I will" soon enough to dodge a blow from her opponent, she was badly used by Spooner who made her retire to her corner from which she had not emerged when time was called, and the best man was vainly hunting for the ring which was stowed away in one

of his vest pockets. Spooner therefore won the first round.

2nd round.—Both men smiled sweetly as they toed the mark. Slugg poured in blows right and left upon the groom while the latter was placing the ring upon the finger of the bride, whose eyes "spake love to eyes which spake again." Spooner could not bear up under the terrible punishment. The clergyman pronounced the final benediction, after which V. Adolphus Spooner retired to his corner bleeding considerably from the nose, "and all went merry as a marriage bell." Slugg was declared the winner of this round, and was foremost among those who congratulated the blushing bride on the conclusion of the ceremony.

Rev. Mr. Sanctimon appeared alone upon the platform and, amid cries of "catch on to the dude!" from some roughs in the back of the hall, called on the candidates for fistic honors to commence the third round. But they did not appear, and it was found that they in company with several others had gone into the vestry to sign the register.

The exhibition then closed amid much confusion, during which the choir started to sing "For they are jolly good fellows," while the organ pealed forth "Only a pansy blossom." As the bridal party walked out of the church they were good-naturedly pelted with cigars, stubs by the assembled sports. The "toughs," as they are called, adjourned to the nearest saloon where at an elegant *déjeuner* the health of the pugilists was proposed by the bride in a very neat speech. Thus ended the most *chic* wedding that has taken place here for some time, and our local sports are to be congratulated on getting up such a successful exhibition of the manly art.

May joy be theirs.

The wicked reporter has gone to Maine where he has secured a position as a "terrible example."

C. M. R.



SQUINTS THROUGH AN EYE-GLASS.

THE FASHIONABLE MISFIT.

I began a poem on the above subject for GRIP, but produced only two stanzas. The first I think eminently good, and I give it:

As when great storms in tempests are blown o'er,
And locusts cease their flitting on the sea—
And ancient ladies tired from talk do snore,
A calm has come on this community.

The second is less full of poetic ornament, but more to the point. It runs this way:

Last week there came to our progressive town,
A travelling tailor from across the sea;
With cloth and tweeds in black, and gray, and brown—
With "lines he sells the aristocracy."

Then I desired to describe the agitation and the tumult, and the rushing of the more genteel among our local gentlemen to the lodgings of this tailor to get measured, and the scurrying of a number of other gentlemen who got suits last year "on time" to get out of

sight of the tailor; but the bounds of verse were too narrow to enable me to do the important event justice, so I turned to prose. I suppose your readers are aware that no gentleman with any standing or self-respect in this city will now be seen wearing Canadian-made clothes. All the cads do, but the *real* gentlemen, those who are English, those who talk like the English, walk like them, act like them, will not pain their friends or degrade themselves by getting their clothes made of a Toronto tailor. A few here in society for a long time held out and wore the Canadian-made garments, but they were at length frowned down. Then it is no trouble to get credit from Strickland. All you require is the English accent; and a number of very bright young Canadians in our banks practised this accent for three weeks before Mr. Strickland came, and made such progress that they had no difficulty in obtaining clothes "on time."

The qualities which give to the English-made garment its special merit are chiefly the cut and fit. Now the coat made by the Canadian tailor nearly always fits, and every common person, tradespeople, mercantile clerks, and such like go round with their clothes fitting them. But the English coat does not fit. I have known the vulgar standard to be so far departed from that one gentleman could use his coat as a pair of trousers. The fashionable-coat never fits about the collar; if it won't button it is worn open, and is "in the English style;" if it is capable of buttoning twice around, it is also "in the English style." Two young gentlemen who lately came to the city got into society at once by the misfitting of their coats. Several others that I know, though, got the cold shoulder, and very properly, although they did belong to good families, because their clothes fitted them. However, unfortunate occurrences of this kind are rare, because it is a point of honor among the Strickland customers for each member whenever he "goes out" to name all the gentlemen who wear Strickland's make.

I have heard it stated that some persons in Toronto are getting capital together for the object of starting an establishment wherein will be made misfits, in the hope that a large trade will be drawn from upstarts who, by wearing such clothes, will endeavor to work themselves into society; but I trust that through the medium of GRIP their unworthy aims will be frustrated. Meanwhile all who wear the genuine Strickland clothes,—colors like those worn by the Duke of Norfolk,—will stick together, and exclude from their social circle all who wear the vulgar Canadian-made coat or trousers.



Our visitors certainly cannot complain of a dearth of amusement to occupy their evenings this week. Having "done" the Exhibition with its vast variety of gape-compelling wonders, and having had a comfortable supper, the pleasure-seeker has only to drop in at the Horticultural Pavilion, the Grand Opera House, the People's Theatre or the Summer Pavilion (York-street), and he is sure of a treat. Besides these regular establishments, concerts are announced in various parts of the city.

A New Orleans lady claims she can prove that the soul is in the body. She might find that a difficult matter as far as corporations are concerned.—*Morning Journal*.