

overheard one of the latter say to the other, "I'm glad he's gone; d'ye know I felt so ashamed of being seen with him with that awful coat on." Soon after I met my friend, and made some remark about having seen him with two young ladies. "Ah! yes," he said, "but, by Jove! I felt almost ashamed of them: those terrible hoops, you know; horrible things." Thus was the feeling mutual. The old coat has gone: hoops must go. Hoop-la!

I was told an amusing anecdote the other day about an amateur *Pinafore* company. The young man who was playing the part of Sir Joseph Porter was a facetious youth, and in one of his songs substituted, for the original words, this line,

"I'm very fond of wearing those tight eelskin pants,"

and the chorus of young ladies had got as far as

"And so are his—"

before they noticed what the young man had sung. Then there was a sudden silence, and the line was never finished. It was naughty, wasn't it? But I think anything that would make a *Pinafore* company, especially an amateur one, feel uncomfortable, justifiable.

Whatever good points Gen. Luard may possess as a military man, he certainly does not appear to know what his conduct as a gentleman should be. "An officer and a gentleman" seems to be a misnomer in his case, if the reports of his behavior at the Cobourg Militia Camp be correct. Having found fault with a man for being sunburnt, or rather for looking dirty on account of his tanned skin, the gallant general "turned to the officer in command, one of the most respected in the regiment, and politely informed him that he (the officer) did not look any too clean himself, and could not expect his men to be tidy with such an exemplar." That's very nice, before a whole regiment. The general afterwards, at a luncheon at which he was a guest, gave the lie direct to Col. Williams of the 46th, thus showing himself an exemplar of good manners and gentlemanly conduct.

I have been favored with a "private view" of the advance sheets of the forthcoming work on "Fraudulent Conveyancing" (sic) by Mr. Malcolm Graeme Cameron, of Goderich, who, although he has been nearly seven years a barrister, recently had the honor not to be made a Q.C. From my cursory perusal I should think the work likely to be interesting to laymen as well as to lawyers, as the following *excerpta* will show:

#### PART I.—The Fraudulent Conveyance.

Chap. 1.—Rotten Steamers on Inland Waters, with sketches and sections of the "Asia," "Waubuno," and of several Toronto Island Ferry boats.

Chap. 2.—Toronto Cabs in Exhibition-time.

Chap. 3.—Street Railways without transfer tickets.

Chap. 4.—(Fickson's Express, or Fast Trains for Second-class Passengers, etc.

#### PART II.—The Fraudulent Conveyancer.

Chap. 1.—The Country J.P. and the Junior Benchers; a tale of misplaced confidence.

#### PART III.—The thing Fraudulently Conveyed.

Chap. 1.—Apples in the Long Study, by J. Gentle, B.A.

Chap. 2.—Watermelons in her Bedroom, by Mrs. Wickson.

Chap. 3.—My Private Flask, by a S.O.T.

Mr. H. K. Cockin, whose contributions to *GRIP* over the signature "Porcupine" have been duly appreciated by our readers, has accepted an appointment as vice-consul of San Blas, Mexico, and will shortly leave Toronto, to assume his duties. Mr. Cockin is a genial gentleman who cannot fail to be popular in his new sphere if they appreciate good looks and good nature away down there. I wish him all possible success.



#### IT IS STRANGE.

THE OLD MAN DISCOURSES TO HIS GRANDCHILD.

Oh! I'm in the sere and yellow leaf; yes, mellowing is my foliage;

'Tis very long ago, my dear, since I was but a child; and dimly in my memory looms the raspberry roly-poly age.

When I was by the hope of sweets and lollipops beguiled.

I'm sixty-five to-morrow, pet; my hair is whitening rapidly;

I don't enjoy young people's chat nor juvenile society; it seems to me that young folks now-a-days talk very rapidly,

And lack respect towards seniors, or what classic folk called piety.

Old age may cause this feeling and the young may be as dear they were.

Yes, I may be mistaken, but what really is peculiar is that girls who long ago were just my age, yes, pet, I swear they were.

Are now no more than forty. Why, just look at Jimson's Julia.



When I was twenty-three years old, that lass was twenty-three as well;

I know it, for we spoke of it with great familiarity—Now I am sixty-five and she three score and five should be as well;

She's only thirty-nine, my pet, a very great disparity.

How is it? I can never tell; it seems that eminently when once it reaches forty—if it ever gets as old as that—

Grows backwards and gets younger. Wild, Doctor of Divinity,

I'm sure ne'er made a statement which would seem to be as bold as that.

It's so, though. I'm an old man now; I've seen young ladies growing up,

And as they neared one score and ten their years showed signs of sluggishness,

And, as time passed, I saw their age was gradually slowing up.

They only grew one year in four, tho' losing all their sluggishness.

I won't attempt to solve this thing, my dear, it is not soluble;

The fact remains, observed by other folks as well as I, my pet.

But run away and play, my dear; your grand-dad's been too volatile

And wants to rest his puzzled brain and take a nap. Good-bye, my pet. SWIZ.

#### AN UNKNOWN POET SPREADS HIMSELF.

DEAR MR. GRIP.

Hearing that a calcium light is to be used on the city hall tower, I have ventured to drop into poetry, like Tom Hood (the chief charm of which is the triple and sometimes quadruple rhymes at the end of each line), in celebration of the event. I know that a contributor to your paper is supposed to send his name and address with his M.S., but, fearing that mine might leak out and being but ill-prepared to die just now, I have refrained from doing so in this case. Some people don't appreciate the kind of genius that prompts such effusions, as the following, and are apt to think that one who can warble as sweetly as I have done in this my Ode, should be compelled to go and do so in a land that is fairer than this. I am unwilling to go just yet; hence my reticence respecting my identity. Now, brace up your nerves for I am going to sing.

#### MY ODE.

Hurrah, at night, for the bright white light  
Of the calcium lamp; its power our tower  
Throws well thro' the darkness, and we see the  
Great charm of making the night quite bright  
As this glorious lamp does, oh! so slow  
Are folks to adopt aught new; too true!  
They cleave to the old gas lamp, stamp clear  
And muddy thr' streets where they're ne'er clear  
Where to step, where not, in a coal hole roll;  
Bruise legs and knees, swear, wear their pair  
Of trousers through and fall, call, bawl,  
And rise all sore, rear, tear their hair  
And vow that the city they'll sue—do too.  
As I did when I fell with a yell, pell-mell  
With a nauseating sickening thud; blood, mud  
Spread thick on my face, on my nose, hose, clothes  
And I heard full many a loud shout out  
"My eye, what a guy!" that's why I cry  
'Gainst walking in darkness and tomb-room gloom.  
But the calcium light shines far; stars, Mars  
Grow pale and dim by its rare fair glare,  
And those who see it vow that they say day  
Can't beat it's too quite bright white light.  
The cats don't know what to think, wink, blink;  
And the owls, perplexed by its hue, tu-wh-o.  
And the cocks all crow as they say "hey-day!"  
The Sun is up, cock-a-doo-doo-doo."

SWIZ.

[Gifted being, in the hope that an outraged public will rise up in its wrath and seek you out and hasten your departure from this mundane sphere, we have published your poem. Why, oh! why didn't you try to swim the whirlpool before you inflicted us with this sore evil? Your ode, following so closely on the heels of the *Globe* watch outrage, can never be forgiven. The writer of such an *MIS* is sure to be the victim of a *Nemesis*, which pun is only equaled in villainy by your ghastly production. ED. GRIP.]



The attraction at the Grand for the remainder of this week is Mr. Lytton Sothern, a brilliant young comedian who is playing in the pieces made famous by his father the late E. A. Sothern. Young Sothern is declared to be "not a chip of the old block but the old block itself." The world has not yet lost "Dundreary," since the name of Sothern is still allied with a genius equal to the task of presenting that character in all its richness of wit and humor.

A nipping air—the one the musquito sings before he bites.—*Philadelphia Herald*.