



"So the world wags."

Happy the man, who, when he marries, can enter his house with the feeling that he really is "boss." To hear many a man talking to his male companions about the way he has this, that, or the other thing at home, one would imagine that he really was lord and master there, but, as a rule, and as everybody knows, these loud-voiced braggarts when abroad are, in reality, the most despicable, cringing and contemptible of henpecked mortals when their foot is on their domestic floor, and they have not spirit enough to declare that their names are MacGregor or anything else unless their wives approve thereof. Such a man was

THE CZAR.

There was a company of gentlemen engaged in a little game of cards in a prominent gentleman's parlor one night lately. It grew late, and fears were expressed by the party that they were trespassing on the kindness of the mistress of the house, who, by the way, was not present. "Not at all, gentlemen—not at all! Play as long as you please. I am Czar here," said the master of the mansion. "Yes, gentlemen, play as long as you please," said a silvery voice, and all rose as the mistress of the house stood before them. "Play as long as you please, gentlemen! But, as it is nearly one o'clock, the Czar is going to bed!" He went.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Who has not been disturbed and disgusted by the idiotic whisperings and babblings in church of beings, male and female, which seems to be the missing link between the missing link and the chimpanzee? Is it composed, mainly, of youths of the yawp-hobbadahoy, and young women of the dish-wolloper-at-home-dressed-to-kill-on-the-street species, although people who would be credited with having a little sense are sometimes guilty of misconducting themselves in places of worship. The following relates how

GOOD ORDER WAS SECURED.

A clergyman was recently annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to rebuke those who misbehave, for this reason: Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service, a gentleman said to me, 'Sir, you have made a great mistake. That young man whom you reproved is an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to rebuke those who misbehave themselves in church, lest I should repeat the mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service at least there was good order.

Though I am aware that all readers of GRIP are people thoroughly posted in every branch of education, still it is just possible that there

may be some facts in English history which have, so far, escaped them. With the view of keeping such up to the mark, I like to give any little historical anecdote which is not found in all histories of England, and believing that the following is one of such I will relate the story of

RALEIGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

As Queen Elizabeth, attended by Sir Walter Raleigh and a retinue of gilded courtiers, was one day walking through the streets of London, she came to a particularly muddy spot, but she hesitated to cross. Raleigh was about to throw down his cloak before her in order that she might cross dryshod, when he reflected that it was of costly velvet lavishly ornamented with old lace, and so would infallibly be spoiled. Accordingly, with great presence of mind he whispered loudly to Sir Christopher Hatton that he had always contended, and would with his heart's blood maintain that Her Majesty had the smallest feet and neatest ankles in the world, and that the calumnious report that she wore elevens was a malignant invention of the Spanish court. Nor did the ruse fail of its effect, as the Virgin Queen, lifting her royal skirts with almost exaggerated enthusiasm went through the puddle with characteristic resolution, and halting on the farther side shook her sceptre under the nose of the Spanish ambassador, demanding of the astonished diplomat with a royal oath: "Are they elevens; you Romish dog? Are they elevens?"

..

A gentleman residing in Hamilton was quite angry a few days ago; really angry; and this is what annoyed him. He is 'rawther lawdidaw, y'know,' and there are only one or two things he doesn't know,—in his own opinion. He is a kind of a manager, I believe, and is supposed to see that the bills against the company he manages are paid. A glazier sent in his account for setting a large light of glass in the office of the company which employs the young man as manager. The young man said he knew nothing about the mattah, didn't want to be bothawed, y'know, dem glazials and tradesman, any how, and taking the account he wrote across it, "What is this? (sic) H. B." and returned the account to the dem'd glaziah. That twadesman or mechanic, however, had a superlatively smart book-keeper; and, directly the latter's eye struck the returned bill, he smole, and taking his little pen, he wrote "Can't say: but if it was turned this way—?—should fancy it was a note of interrogation," and once more sent the document to the haughty manager: and then that person was angry, and condemned all glazials and mechanics to the realms below. Blawsted insolence, wasn't it?

THE LATEST AMERICAN IMPORTATION.

THE DUDE.

I'm a very superior creature  
To the common-place masher, you see;  
Though of similar figure and feature,  
I'm a being of higher degree,  
Of a very much higher degree.

You may search thro' a dictionary,  
But my title, as yet, is taboed,  
Though my genius is not ficti-onary.  
For I am a genuine "dood,"  
Or, properly spelt, I'm a "dude."

A "dude," you must know, is a fellow  
Who affects most superior style;  
Gloves lavender, pink or pale yellow,  
A button-hole bouquet and tile,  
The toniest kind of a tile.

His body is laced in a corset,  
To give it symmetrical rigor,  
And into close compass to force it;  
For that's what he calls a good figure,  
He thinks it a very fine figure.

Of course he's a species of nin-com-  
Poop, but his hands he won't soil

By work; but exists on his income,  
Which saves him from having to toil,  
For a living he seldom would toil.

A "dude" sometimes works just a little,  
But his labor ne'er injures his health;  
He prefers the high post of lickaspittle,  
Or toady to some one of wealth,  
And he lives on a part of the wealth.



His brain is a kind of a mixture  
Of custard, blanc mange and bad beer;  
In his optica glass is a fixture,  
And he has't a single idea;  
No; he scorns to possess an idea.

His tailor supplies every garment  
For nothing; the "dude" advertises him,  
(Now "dude" don't get mad: there's no harm meant,  
Such insolence really surprises him),  
But it's true, if it really surprises him.

Like the masher, the females he leers at,  
But he does it with far greater grace;  
And his visage club windows appears at,  
And he thinks a good deal of that face:  
Yes; he thinks a good deal of his face.

In fact he's a superfine "masher,"  
He is never too boorish or rude;  
He may be a bank clerk or cashier,  
But for all that, he's only a "dude,"  
That's just what he is; he's a "dude."

THE BILIOUS.

dyspeptic, or constipated, should address, with two stamps and history of case for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A busy doctor sent in a certificate of death the other day, and accidentally signed his name in the space for "Cause of death." The registrar says he wishes the profession would be as accurate generally.—*Phila. Med. Times.*

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" for all scrofulous and virulent blood-poisons, is specific. By druggists.

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