



THE REASON WHY.

"Goodness gracious! Simperton, that's a terror of a face you've got," remarked Boodleby to an acquaintance whom he had not seen for several days, and whose visage was in a fearfully dilapidated condition, both eyes being bloated and nearly closed, lips out and nose pointing north and by east, a little easterly: "How did you get mashed up like that, and where have you been?"

"Bin out o'town," mumbled Simperton as well as his mutilated mouth would permit him, "and that big brute of a gorilla, Captain Spurrowel, did it."

"What for? Haven't you had him arrested? Heavens! what did he maul you that way for?" queried the other.

"For taking a pair of boots belonging to his wife away with me when I left town a short time since," replied the unlucky Simperton.

"Well, he must be a fiend to hammer you like that for such a trifle, but what the mischief did you want to take Mrs. Spurrowell's boots with you for?"

"Oh! nothing particular, only she wouldn't go with me barefooted, you know: she was in the boots."

"Oh! ah; yes; that's another thing. Trala," and Boodleby departed leaving Simperton to ring at Dr. Glauber's bell.

PICTURES FROM LIVING MODELS.

V.—THE GENT.

Perhaps John Leech in his pictures in *Punch* has done more to immortalize this animal than anybody else. He certainly "had him down fine," as the slangy young man of the period would say, and "the Gent," as depicted by that great artist, is true to nature.

The Gent, that is the true, bona fide, Simon Pure, genuine article, is an English production, though he is to be found in this country, but he does not appear to flourish out of Europe, or to attain his full splendor and objectionableness on this side of the Atlantic. He is, as a rule, harmless, though provocative of profanity on the part of those with whom he comes in contact, and on this account may be considered as an evil. A Gent, to be a Gent, must also be a Cad. The two are inseparable, and let no man confound the Gent with the gentleman. He is invariably of short stature; dresses in a very loud and pronounced style, (his clothes being of the fashion known to Gents and tailors as the "nobby" and "dressy," and it is safe to make the statement that Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed like one of these gents. nor, probably, having been a man of much intelligence, would he have desired so to be), and is the very essence of vulgarity; drops his H's and puts them in whenever he thinks proper with a

recklessness that is not without its charm, but he is always under the impression, until rudely undeceived by some such incident as the following, that he passes for a native of whatsoever country he may happen to be honoring by spending his time and money in, for he is generally well supplied with the latter article, having been left a legacy by some deceased relative, who would have done more



wisely had she, for it is invariably a female, insisted on her money being buried with her. The rude awakening from this dream referred to is as follows:—

GENT. (enters cafe in Paris).—Oh! garson: vooly voo donnay mwor oon tas de cuffy, s'il voo play?

GARCON.—Oui, M'sieu. Would you like to see ze *Times*? (Handing that paper).

GENT. (*sotto voce*).—'Ang the feller: now 'ow the doose did he find hout I was Hinglish, Hild like ter know?

The Gent is quite condescending, nay, even patronizing towards foreigners, though in his inmost heart he feels a thorough contempt for them for being so. He is quite unabashed, no matter how exalted the rank of those in whose company he may chance to be thrown whilst on his travels, and enters into conversation with my Lord This or Sir Somebody That with as much apparent indifference (that is if those high and mighty personages permit him to do so) as though he were talking to one of the vulgar herd, but he is really swelling with exultation all the while and is devoutly wishing that some of his brother Gents "at home" could only behold him in his glory, and we may be very sure that those same friends of his will receive a full account of what he did say to "Is Grace" with a great deal of stuff that he did not.

Surely all of us have, at some period of our lives, come across the Gent. Certainly those of us who have been to Paris and London have done so, and possibly we have all wondered why and for what end he was created. His use has never yet been discovered, though he probably has some mission to fulfil on this earth, and if he does no more than to cause us to feel a heartfelt gratitude that we are not all Gents, he is entitled to our thanks for doing even that much. And now, as perhaps the Gent is not a subject of much interest to Canadians, he may as well be allowed to depart, and accordingly we bid him adieu.

Five persons have been made sick in Philadelphia from eating Bologna sausage. Some one has probably been throwing physic to the dogs.



CHARGED WITH TAKING BRIBES.

"STAR" GRAHAM.—HERE HE IS, SIR; WE'VE CAUGHT HIM AT LAST. INVESTIGATE THE CHARGES, AND LET JUSTICE BE DONE, THOUGH THE MONTREAL GAS GOES OUT