

travelled. I made about 250 forward and retrograde movements per minute. The perspiration came dangerously near swamping my boat, and after all, when I turned my gaze to see what headway I was making, I found I had only gained about five feet. Alf's silvery warbles reached me from the club-house, ever and anon, and he shouted encouragingly to "keep her going, old fellow." At last it dawned on me that he was laughing at me, and I got hot—boiling over—fighting mad. I rose in the boat and shook my fist at Alf, at the same time emphasizing it with some good, plain Saxon. I was just in the middle of a round, hot sentence, when my footing gave way, as it were, and I went on an exploring expedition to the bottom. (By the way, I had heard that muscles grew in the water.) When I had been fished out and cleansed I was informed that I had not lifted the oars from the water during the whole contest. Alf then got into the concern and gave me an example in rowing, but I excused myself from again attempting the lesson, and said I would continue my course of studies another day. There is no doubt but that rowing is a health-giving exercise, and impartially develops each muscle; but the art of swimming should be first acquired, and after I have learned that I will be happy to take a second round out of a sliding-seat.

STUBBS.

PHIZIOLOGICAL DISCOURSES.

L. NOSES.

Some of GRIP's readers, when they see the above caption, may probably remark: "Noses; blow 'em." While such a terse observation undoubtedly shows the "blower" to be a great and original wit, it also betokens a want of respect for that important part of man's anatomy, the nose. Such disrespect should never receive the countenance of any one desirous of seeing the right face put upon affairs. May the time soon come when the nose shall be elevated to its proper place in society.

The nose is known as the nasal organ, because of the snorous quality of music, and the superb nose-trills which it discourses during the stilly hours of night. As a leader in the world's fight the nose has no superior; a man need only follow his nose to accomplish any feat. This is its leading feature.

One thing the nose always resents from any one but its owner, a pat. The mouth may do its share (from a schooner of lager, or a pocket pistol), but the nose will have none of it; it says as plainly as it can speak: "eyes on, hands off."

Let the phrenological professors argue as they please about the seat of deep, bitter resentment, we boldly assert that its seat is in the nose. If any one disputes this statement, let him tweak another man's nose and await the result.

The nose is distinguished by the variety of its species.

There is the Roman nose. This variety of nose was invented by Julius Caesar, a fighting man, and has ever since descended to most of the professors of the noble art, Wellington being a prominent example. Its most noticeable feature is its bridge, a veritable Bridge of Sighs on some people. Besides, so well adapted to receive a blow the Roman may be known as the Arch of Noses. Another variety is the Aquiline. This is its "go-to-meeting" name. It is commonly known as the Hook nose, and is largely affected by the Jewish fraternity. Its owner either deals in old clo' or diamonds; is rich, and ever willing to lend the "monish" when the borrower is willing to pay an outrageous interest. Such is the principal of the Hook nose gentry, and proves of greater interest to them than the borrower. This, reader, is a *Jee d'esprit* dragged in by hook or crook.

Then there is the Pug nose. This variety is most unobtrusive and unassuming. Wearers of the Roman sometimes speak disrespectfully of the Pug, forgetting that it has many advantages over other noses. It never pokes itself into other people's business; it is just the nose for a young man who is fond of kissing young ladies; it never runs the risk of dipping into a bowl of milk, and in a hundred ways the Pug displays its advantage over other varieties.

In vivid contrast to the Pug is the Snipe or Long Pointed nose. This is the Paul Pry of noses, and is eminently adapted for enquiring into other folks' business. Yet it must be admitted that its forwardness is somewhat in service to the owner, when it acts as a kind of buffer and strikes a post, thus warning the rest of the body of its danger. On the other hand, it may prove dangerous in informing his enemies who lie in wait around the corner of his arrival long before his eyes can see the ambush.

A most, in fact, the most remarkable variety is the Bottle or Brandy nose. I have a desire, in touching upon this nose to do so as lightly as possible, owing to its extreme tenderness and high pressure condition; fearful, that should undue weight be brought to bear upon it, there may be one blow up, and that its last. The Bottle nose is the outward register of the color and quality of the liquids that flow through the portals of the mouth below. It is also likened unto a light house or fiery beacon which shines to show how little water flows beneath, and to expose the rock upon which so many people have been wrecked. In horti-cultured language the Bottle nose is a bulb that blossoms without bearing fruit; its further peculiarity being that it shows a higher stage of development during winter than in summer; the colder the weather the brighter the blossom. But we have done; a noted journalist once obtained heavy damages from a man who had cast damaging reflections upon the high tints displayed upon the journalist's nose. The man said the use of the glass had caused them; the journalist said the use of the glass on the part of the man had caused the reflections. Although the journalist won, as he should have done, the whole was only a glass case, and could be plainly seen through as one bearing on the nose and what one knows about it.

TITUS A. DRUM.

Hanlan got wrecked on an Australian Beach, and he is now drifting on a Lee shore.

HER OPINION.

Frederick Cumming was a most peculiar cuss, And always quite extremely happy was, if he Could raise an argument and make a lingu'istic fuss On any subject; baseball or philosophy.

Now Fred was quite as fond of pots and jugs— Or what they held—as he was of disputing; He quaffed much beer from pewsters—called them "mugs"—

The beverage, as he thought, his physique suiting.

One evening he went home, and to his wife A learned disputation very soon began;

With beery argument and big words 'twas rife, And through an hour and fifteen minutes ran.

He argued on philosophy, and then On differential calculus and evolution; And next on politics for half an hour, when He showed some signs of nearing a conclusion.

"Now, what do you think?" thus he ended up, "Now what do you think?" with a maxilla wink, He asked; his tongue now from the flowing cup Growing thick; "Pray tell me, wife, what do you think?"

"I think," replies the lady, with a pensive smile, The while her shoulders she, half laughing, shrugs, And answers back in truly female style, "I think, you chump, you've had too many 'mugs'!"

—S

THE SUMMER EXODUS.

REFLECTIONS OF A BOHEMIAN.

Now the Browns, who've lots of boodle, With trunks, and maid, and pug and poodle, All move off 'mid great commotion, They are bound across the ocean; Probably they'll take a tour up Mystic Rhine, and do all Europe, From Rome to Edinboro' town— How I wish that I was Brown!

Now the Joneses, not so wealthy As the Browns, say it's more healthy To pass the summer months away At Orchard Beach or Saguenay; You can sit there calm and pensive— Besides, it's not half so expensive, As your Danubes, Rhines, and Rhones. Upon my word, I envy Jones!

Robinson, *paterfamilias*, Fancies he is rather bilious; He's a little cash to spare, Thinks he'll take the cool, fresh air, To long trips he's great abhorrence, So he thinks the wide St. Lawrence With thousand isles to gaze upon, Is far enough for Robinson.

Now young Smith, though high in notion, Can't afford to cross the ocean. Can't afford 'en Saguenay, For his bank grants him small pay; So he dons a corsair rig Like Sallee rover in full rig; And stead o' tramping foreign strands Pitches tent on island sands.

Thus we see a clear gradation, From the wealthy in high station, With lots of cash, and free from work, To the lowly banker's clerk; Yet, perhaps, young Smith now pities From his lair filled with muskitties, The poor man such as writes—well, Every one can't be a swell!

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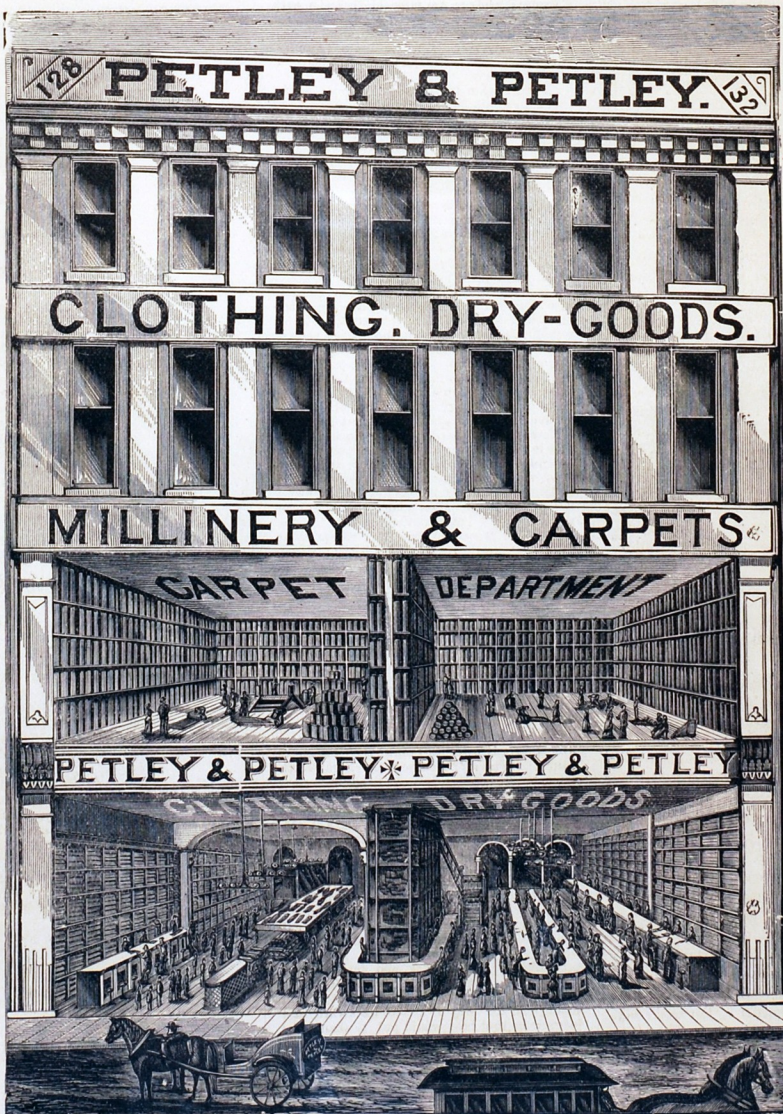
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TITUS A. DRUM.