

The Coming Circus.

LEARNING that COLES Circus is on the road hitherward, our office-boy throws up his hat and bursts forth:

Old King COLE
Is a merry old soul—
And a merry old soul is he;
In east or in west,
His show is the best
That ever the folk did see.

There's the kangaroo,
And the monkeys, too,
And a big antarctic bear;
There are tiger-cats,
And blue-glass bats,
And a girl with snow-white hair.

'Twill make you laugh
When the tall giraffe
Goes ambling around the ring.
When the ostrich winks,
And the walrus blinks,
And the dodo tries to sing.

We pri' thee go
To the wondrous show—
The biggest that ever you see?
For old King COLE
Is a jolly old soul,
And he passeth the press in free.

Curriind Evonds.

Mein Leiben GRIP:

I would like id dot you youst skvelch dot Irisher vonce oud of you blease, and let me dook his place mit some Currind Evonds. I dond haf wroten a ledder now a long dime ago. I been fon der goundry, und yust return back already. I vos by der Shtates to got a jop in dot shlauter-market vot I hear about ven I go mit sausage by dot Embire Glub. I vos in Germany vot you call a butcher, und got all dot peesness on der top von my finger ends down fine, und ven I haf to gone oud dot sausage peesness on account dot I make cat's meat by dot House Dinner von dee Glub, und got found myzauff out mit fraud—I dought I leef dot goundry onahow und go by der Shtates. I vos vork in der shlauter market all der vile between dis dimes, und maybe I been yet oufer der boss didn't dolt me I can go. He says dot vork is all blayed oud. He gives up dot factory altogetda, und dug oud. He hears JOHN A. vos goin do been der Premier already, und make der shlauter market peesness dot id dond pay, so right away he goes by onzolvency, und dook all his money mit him some odda blaces. Ven I dond got me no more skitivation, I go back by Doronda to saw der poys, und vot der Government's goin to done about dot.

I vos down by Brockville mit HANLAN, und sawn dot races, HANLAN is a bully poy, I dolt you. He beats der Dutch. A feller fon Ni Yarrick comes by me in der Rever Haus, und makes himself mit a big pile ouf schtyle, und says he got a feller vot could got away mit NED kvicker as vink mit skullin. Vaul, I dond say much; I just put my hat my nose ofer, und make der observation, "Vot's dot do you soy?" Und der schvell he vos getting himzauff mat, und vonded to bet me about dot, but I dolt him nein, I wouldn't take his money fon his pocket oud. Der Shtates can't afford it. Youst now dey pay us sife millions dollars. He says dot vos youst for a cod. Vaul, I dolt him it would been youst a cod if I bet on HANLAN, because only two dings vos certain about dis life—Der faist vos death, und der next is dot HANLAN beats. Dot feller goes oud und—dond want to bet me any more.

I am glad dot you got a schblendid Park by Doronda since I been away Day behindt yesterday I took myzauff down mit KATREENA und der schmall SCHWACKLEHAMMERS of der family, und schpend der day. I enjoy dot drip mit der good shdenamer boad Maxwell, but I regret id dot I must say der Captain vos mad. It is no fun dot a man gets mad in a hot day like dot, und schveats himself like der duce. Vot he vos mad about? Vaul, ven he came by me to dook ub dickets, und he sawn I had half a dosen, he vos angry. He says dots too bad? He says I am a newshaper men, und must got a vree pass like der *Globe* und *Mail* und schmall bapers like dot. I tell him all right; dond got excitement about it; of its against der rules of der gambany dot newshaper mens go dot vay, I vill got myzauff a vree pass, I dond vond to make some droubles at all. My frient HAMILTON he wants me to sung some of my songs at der concerts next dime, und I would advise efery von to been on handt ven I do. It vill beat REDSTONE.

Yours,

SCHWACKLEHAMMER.

The Letter from Rome.

The Pope has sent a letter to M. LAFLAMME. It was previously sent to M. GRIP, to see if it was all right. M. G. having cabled back that it would do, sent it. It is in middle-age Latin:

Roma, Junum unum, 1878um.

Filium Dilectissime.

Tu es bonum socium, et unum parvulus homo.

Nos audiebant semper et nunc, ad auribus noster pene sunt frangimur, de te portare insigniam fidorum contra inimicos, contra infidelibus, contra diabolicus Orangeibus.

Tu es nunc, et semper erat, purum totis suspicionis doctrinorum infidelorum. Pax vobiscum, sis ac tu es, et age illum quantum major.

Tu venisti in campum Gritorum; hic est malus; Gritibus est abominatibus, quia illae non donabant nobis representibusses in Ontarium.

Tu procedibis extra illum, et quatiebis pulverem pedibus vos.

Et junge te cum Toribus factionibus, et persuadebis hac gentem ad donantem nummos, et constructans Maynooth in Canadensis.

Et face manum tuum violens contra hac MACNAMARA, qui est diabolus, et filium diaboli.

Accipe benedictum. Collige nummos et jacte illam ad me.

Scriptis manum meum,

LEO.

The Orangeman's Soliloquy on Going to Montreal, July 12.

To go, or not to go—that is the question;
Whether I'd better stay at home and read
In next day's *Globe* about "outrageous riots,"
Or take up arms against these Orange troubles
And by opposing, end them.
To go; to walk;—no more;
And by a "walk" to say we end the heart ache
And the thousand annual ills the Cause is heir to;
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished!
To go; to walk,—to walk, perchance to fight!
Ah, there's the rub! for in that public walk
What rows may come (when BLAKE's Act
Shuffles off our armaments) must give us pause.
This is the respect that makes our staying home
So right and wise,
For who would not go down,
Enjoy the trip to Montreal, and see
The grand turn out, and spend a day in sport,
But that the thought of something in that place—
That undisciplined city from whose bourne
No Orangeman whole returns—
Puzzles the will, and makes us rather stay at home in peace,
Than go down there and get our heads caved in.
Thus common-sense makes home-birds of us all;
And thus the wild Young Britons' "Resolution"
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And Papist bigots bent upon a row
With this regard their bludgeons change for ryc,
And lose the fun of ruction.



MAYOR BEAUDRY, of Montreal, feels perfectly at ease about the approaching 12th. In addition to the city police force he will call upon the military columns of the *Gazette*.

SOME ridiculous persons are under the delusion that Rev. Mr. JOHNSON, Anglican clerk—we beg pardon, parish priest—of Weston is a person of Romanising proclivities. Nothing of the sort. It's all a mistake. He is no more Popish than Archbishop LYNCH or Bishop BETHUNE.

OUR friend the *Yester* has fallen a victim to that fell disease, consumption. But a short time ago he was a fine, blooming youth of eight pages, but already four of them have faded away. GRIP hopes the process of evaporation has now ceased, and that what is left of the *Yester* will live long and merrily.

FATHER JOHNSON is not only thoroughly evangelical, but, according to his own account a learned and discreet person. GRIP has often marvelled at his "learning." For example, here is a beautiful metaphor from his letter in Tuesday's *Globe*: "They (the Occasional Papers) are so desperately illogical and unreasonable that they are like pulling a pig by the tail, sure to make people think and go the other way."