



Lord Lorne and his Art Idea.

His Excellency and the fair Princess did the Art Society the honor of paying their rooms a visit last Friday afternoon. While there his lordship made a little speech in which he "trotted out" an original idea—namely, a suggestion for a Canadian Academy of Art. Mr. GRIP, who was an attentive listener to the noble MARQUIS, thinks the idea a good one, and hopes it may be practically carried out before very long. Eloquent speeches will no doubt assist the project, and good wishes will also do much to bring the Academy into existence, but a quantity of hard cash would undoubtedly do more than either. Let our public men bear this in mind, and act upon it. Happily there is no law to prevent a MARQUIS or a PRINCESS or other high-born personage from contributing liberally to so good a work.



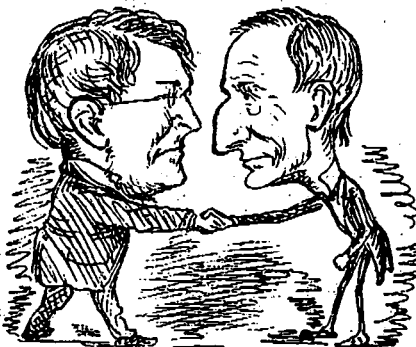
The Advertising Soullers.

Early in October HANLAN and COURTNEY are to meet in aquatic combat. The prize is \$8,000, offered by the Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company of Rochester. The sporting world is on tip-toe of anticipation over the coming race which, it is expected, will demonstrate just what each of the scullers can do in the way of rowing. Meantime the enterprising Hop Bitters makers are exhibiting their skill as advertisers, by converting the two celebrated oarsmen into billboard carriers. It was a happy thought, and ought to bring twice \$8,000 into the coffers of the shrewd Yanks who conceived it.



The Quebec Coon.

The constitutional question in Quebec seems to have resolved itself into a case of DAVY CRICKETT and the Coon, the venerable Legislative Council and the unfortunate JOLY playing the respective characters. The Premier must "come down"—there is no other way out of the dead-lock. We hear it said that the Local Government intend to abolish the Council, but it appears that the Council can only be abolished by a vote of its own members. In the meantime there is no danger of any of the old gentlemen entertaining that idea, and so long as they remain a solid body of opposition partisans, it is equally vain for JOLY to expect anything like fair play at their hands. Therefore, unless he intends to remain up the tree until a majority of the Council die off, and good *Rouges* be appointed in their places, he must make up his mind to come down handsomely.



International Courtesies.

HON. ED. BLAKE.—Very happy to welcome you, Mr. EVARTS, as the greatest lawyer of the United States.

HON. W. M. EVARTS.—Delighted to meet you, Mr. BLAKE, as the brilliant chief of the Canadian Bar.



After the Zulu.

They say the Zulu King's name ought to be pronounced KETCHEWAYO. General JOHN BULL, who has been pursuing him in vain for several weeks, is of opinion that the correct pronunciation is CANTKETCHEWAYO.

The Exhibition.

If you want to see machines
Want to carrots' view, or greens,
Bedsteads fine on which to sleep,
Oxen huge, or long-woolled sheep,
Augers with which wells you bore,
Spouts that lots of water pour,
All the things with which to dig,
Shovel, spade, and pick-ax big,
Wondrous houses built of soap,
Rolls of canvas, heaps of rope,
Wheat in kernel, wheat when ground,
Big sized horses prancing round,
Little fishes under glass,
Chickens steam-hatched in a mass,
Pictures bright and dresses fine,
Finally a place to dine,
If you wish to see these things,
Fly at once, for time has wings,
While it yet is open, go
To the Exhibition show.



Oshawa v. Whitty.

Little Miss OSHAWA has taken the pouts, because little Miss WHITTY has been privileged to nurse the royal dolls for a whole hour. This is very wrong. Children shouldn't pout, nor let their angry passions rise. If Miss OSHAWA wants to have the MARQUIS and the PRINCESS to fondle for a little while let her be a good girl like Miss WHITTY, and build a railroad and a big college, and have a town council that it is worth a traveller's while going out of his way to see. Then she shall have the royal visitors, so she shall.